

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT 21

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

AN UNJUST SENTENCE.

It is quite likely that by the time PROGRESS reaches its readers the senate of the University will have settled the question now in dispute between some of the students and the faculty. It is sometimes since there have been any differences in the institution and it must be a matter of regret that his year, when the prospects of the university appear brighter than they have been, any such difficulty should have arisen.

In brief, five senior students have been expelled from the University and fourteen suspended until Christmas by the faculty. The severity of this sentence would naturally lead one to think that the offense must have been of a very grave nature but to the surprise of everybody the facts, as far as they can be learned, show that the seniors, in obedience to an unwritten law, tried to convince some of the members of this year's class that they were freshmen. To do this they locked up a few of the class in the gymnasium after depriving each of a shoe, necktie and etc.

Now this on the face of it does not seem to be a very dreadful case—deserving perhaps of a smile on the part of any professor who might learn of it, but nothing more, and yet the faculty declared that five young men should leave the university without their degree and with the black mark of expulsion against them for all time. Why it was nothing more than a boys' prank, such a joke among undergraduates as each and all of them should enjoy and think nothing of. When one recalls the days of old and the daring fun of the students who afterwards graduated with honors and today are making their mark in the world, such an incident as this appears insignificant.

Discipline is a good thing. Without it a lecture has no value; it is necessary to keep some students within bounds and to regulate their life outside of college halls, but it should have nothing to do with the innocent practical jokes of undergraduates.

The names of the fourteen men who stood up and said they were equally guilty with the five expelled seniors, should be handed down to the classes of the future. That is the right spirit to show. The boys who were unwilling that others should shoulder all the blame may not be the hardest students, but they will be men some day and better men for having been outspoken and frank. If all the students of today were loyal to one another—as they used to be—there would be little difficulty in governing the university. Conflicts with the faculty are bound to arise from time to time, but a united body of undergraduates would not wish to see the college injured by the act of any of their number, nor on the other hand would they submit patiently to a hasty and unjust sentence.

THE PARIS AGAIN AFLOAT.

It was only a short time ago that the news was flashed from the other side of the water that the steamship Paris was a wreck. Now we are told that the owner of the American line have repurchased the Paris from the underwriters, and will shortly put her on the regular service between New York and Southampton again. The surveyors report that the vessel is much less seriously damaged than one would have supposed possible. The exact figures in connection with the retransference from the various underwriters to the steamship company have not been given, but it is easy to see that under almost any conditions the deal is to the advantage of all concerned.

The vessel was insured for \$1,000,000,

and abandoned to the underwriters. The wreckage company which took her off the rocks was to get half her salvage, it successful, otherwise nothing. The company was successful at an outlay of \$30,000 or more, and their half of the salvage value is said to be \$375,000.

Now the underwriters resell her to the steamship company for her salvage value of about \$750,000, or after paying the wrecking company \$375,000, and the steamship company pays for her alterations and repairs, the underwriters save practically all they get out of the deal, for the Paris was constructed for the passenger service and not for freight carrying, so that she would not be profitable for any other line than that for which she was originally built, and if her lengthening and repairs cost \$500,000, she is still cheap to the company, which would today be obliged to pay at least \$2,250,000, if not more, for an entirely new ship, delivered not earlier than two years from date.

PROFITABLE CONVICTS.

The State of Georgia is probably the only place in the world that wants more criminals than it has. This is not because its prison halls are empty but for the reason that each convict is worth \$100 a year to the state. An interesting transaction is recorded in the Macon Telegraph which makes it certain that there is a big boom in prison labor and a greater demand for convicts. It seems that JIM SMITH has sold his total 'holding' of leased convicts to JIM ENGLISH at a handsome profit. What sum he got for this 'fine bunch of 50 able bodied men' the Telegraph is unable to state, but we are assured it was a good price, and convicts of all kinds are in strong demand. These men have been put to work in the Durham coal mines, where there are now 300 convicts and more are wanted if they can be had.

While Mr. SMITH has sold out his state convicts, he continues to work his misdemeanor convicts, which he hires from the Oglethorpe Co. commissioners at reduced rates on account of their short terms. He has about 50 of these, and wants as many more on his plantation.

The activity in coal, iron and lumber has caused an unusual demand for this class of labor, and the present system of leasing the convicts seems to be generally successful. When the new law went into effect the lessees were paying only \$11 a head per annum for convicts, but when the latest bids were open few of the convicts brought less than \$100. They seem to be profitable as chattels. The convict market is quoted firm, and the courts in Georgia will find a way to provide more convicts, most of them negroes.

The statement that the courts will find a way to increase the supply of convicts is certainly encouraging. We, in the North, may have some difficulty in grasping the full import of the situation, but it must naturally occur to those of us who have become acquainted with Judge LYNCH by reading the press that he is not entirely in accord with this prison labor scheme. The suggestion would naturally arise that if he ceased his labors there would be no lack of convicts.

Editor STEWART of the Chatham World is an old Telegraph man and he has a few words to say in his forcible fashion regarding the transfer of the paper. He says the price \$23,500 is \$4,000 less than the late Mr. ELDER paid for the Telegraph twenty-seven years ago and the conclusion he arrives at is that under the new regime 'it will soon lose its status as a legitimate newspaper and sink to its level as the personal organ of a politician. Dr. HANNAY, the poet and historian, is to be supplanted in the editorship by an Ontario man, and machines and matrices are to replace compositors and type. It will be a machine paper in every sense of the word.'

There are a number of good citizens connected with the 62nd Fusiliers as officers. We are proud of them when we see them in the full glory of their uniform parading the streets or at their dreary labor in the drill hall. We understand that they have preferred a request not to be left on colonial shores when the loyal men of Canada are fighting in the Transvaal. Such a spirit is to be admired and is entirely convincing that our soldiers are not toys, fit only to parade at exhibitions and on Sundays. And yet what would we do without our own Col McLEAN and Officers EDWARDS and STURDEE?

The article we print on the ninth page respecting the use of the megaphone in foggy weather is interesting. The principle of the discovery appears to be right and there does not seem to be any reason why the megaphone should not overcome many of the difficulties now in the way of navigation in foggy weather.

It seems that Mayor WINSLOW of Chat-

ham dared to send a message to the Montreal Star, somewhat similar to that of Mayor SEARS. And all of the Tupper press is after him. It is dangerous nowadays to have an opinion—and express it.

Where is the King's County cavalry?

PEN AND PRESS.

Mr. Albert Dennis of Pictou, who is well-known in Nova Scotia newspaper circles, announces that he will take charge of the Pictou Standard again after the 31st of December. Mr. Dennis is energetic and has a wide circle of friends in Nova Scotia. He is both able to make the Standard a livelier and better known newspaper than any other man in the province.

Mr. W. H. Golding, formerly of the Record, is in St. Stephen this week reporting the proceeding of the New Brunswick Sunday School association. The committee could not make a better choice.

The representative of the Montreal Star, who spent some time in the Maritime provinces this year, is writing some interesting articles as a result of his trip. One on the Eric die Lszrette—a much worn subject—and another on the development of Cape Breton appeared in the Star last Saturday.

Dr. A. B. Walker is coming out as a newspaper man inasmuch as he is engaged writing a series of articles on the Negro race for the Star, of Montreal. We in St. John know Dr. Walker well and the Star gives him a flattering introduction to its readers calling him 'a deep thinker, a ripe scholar, and a fine lawyer; and a proud student of everything that relates to the Negro race—its welfare, origin, traditions, types, characteristics, genius and its destiny. He is also a master of sciences of archeology and anthropology. He is the acknowledged leader of his people in Canada. In heart and sentiment he is loyal and patriotically British, and proud of his British birth and heritage. His ability and learning are so well combined and so nicely balanced that he may be fittingly called the Negro Aristotle, or one of the foremost Negro thinkers now living.'

The November number of the Delineator is called the winter number, and contains in addition to the usual authoritative announcement of Fashion's reasonable dicta, a generous amount of Literary Matter of Exceptional Excellence and a profusion of Household and Social discussions of real practical worth. The Delineator Publishing Co. of Toronto, Limited, 33 Richmond St. West Toronto, Ont.

The regular issue of The Youth's Companion for October 19 is the annual announcement number, and contains a full illustrated prospectus of the contributors and contributions already engaged for 1900. The list of writers embraces many of America's most famous soldiers and sailors, while statesmen, scholars, travelers and gifted story-writers of both sides of the Atlantic will vie in the enrichment of The Companion's pages during the new year. New subscribers who send their subscriptions now will receive free this year's November and December issues from the time of subscription.

A Cell gave Row.

From the Chatham World.

The University of New Brunswick seems to be unfortunate in its management. The senior played a trick on the freshmen, one night recently, by intercepting some of them en route to a reception and locking them up in the gymnasium, and the silly faculty expelled the five students who were recognized among the offenders. Fourteen others immediately declared themselves equally guilty, and these have been suspended. They will, they say, leave the institution, and thus the college loses nineteen students who should have been spanked for their escapade and kept at their studies. The imposition of a fine of \$5 each, the money to be used in supplying refreshments for a college conversation, would have been a sensible and sufficient punishment that would have healed the wounded sensibilities of the freshmen, maintained discipline, and restored harmony. Expulsion for a prank like that! The majority of the professors must be in their dotage.

Two Handsome Girls.

Without doubt the publishers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal, have this year excelled themselves. The two pictures, 'Battle of Alma,' in colors, and 'Pussy Willows,' are now being distributed to the subscribers, and we must say they are most attractive. The publishers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star know no limit in improving that great paper to please its readers. That wonderful paper, including both the pictures for One Dollar a year is certainly a record breaker, and every home in Canada should take advantage of it.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Dued, 17 Waterloo.

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

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Symphony. Born in Heaven and wrung around, In the love of the undying; Eternal power within has found, Since our mothers above us smiled. There is no skill acquired art, In the course of night of pain, Where sympathy cannot new life impart, To the fevered body and brain. Body and soul in its earth born clod By sickness and trouble torn; I scolded by the sympathy's might of God When the flesh most feels its thorn! Strong in itself to strengthen still, The heart of all human wo; Sweet voice of a young Father's will, It helps us that will to know. The grief of the Master's tears revealed, His love is our greatest need; And love by His precious life blood sealed, Was the strength of His gracious deed. His sympathy comforts our spirits now, When the storms of time beat high; And many a sorrow manifold brow, Is blessed when He is nigh. By many a dying bed tonight, My sympathy find a place; And tending still in soft child's light, Bring peace to the anxious face. Be loving and tender be kind and true, Sweet gentleness ever be— Your heart's desire in all you do; That your mercy the world may see. O sympathy sweet in His holy name, The I ver of all the weak; O strength to the stiff ring moral frame, How cheering the words you speak. O let us be men and women fair, When e'er with the weak we deal; To lean on the anchor of loving care, Is better than transient zeal. (VERSES GOLDIE. Japan Litter, Oct. 1899.)

Those of the Past.

We are the living, our hearts all a-sorrowing, When have you gone from us, where are you now? You have told for us, In the world for us, Why have you left us here counting our cost? You're the great God men of ages forgotten, You, the great fore-men of our to-day, In your vast numbers, Oh where do you dwell now? Where have the y lost you—on what lonely way? Back to the elements long they have given you, Hearst all a bleeding with sorrow and pain— All that we know of you, All that we have of you, Is the great work of your hand and your brain. Nature, who helped you, who bent to your will— power, Many the years you have gone back to her, You and your mischief— Such does our hearts confess, We never knew you just as you were. Oh, the vast army of those who have gone from us, Where have they faded; oh where are their souls? Follow the heart in us, None apart from us, We too are going, but where are our goals? We, who are God-men, will join the mystery, All souls of hearts will be bleeding and sore— Why must we leave you all, Why must we grieve you all, Why must we join the men gone before? You who have led in creeds and religions, You are the only ones who can reply— Hope in the soul of you, O joy in the whole of you— Faith is your act, and answers your why. —Ames Oppenheim.

A Morning Prayer.

Let me to-day do something that shall take A little sadness from the world's vast store, And may I be so favored as to make O joy's scanty sum a little more. Let me not hurt by any selfish deed Or thoughtless wrong, the heart of foe or friend; Nor would I pass, in seeing with the need, Or shy by side where I should defend. However meagre be my worldly wealth, Let me give something that shall aid my kind, A word of courage or a thought of health, Dropped as I pass for trouble's hearts to find. Let me to night look back across the span Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say— Because of some need set to heart or man— 'The world is better that I live to-day.' —Ellen Wheeler Wileox.

The War Song of the Boer.

The hardy Boer now singeth, As to his feet he springeth, A song that's full of ragged, jagged rattle, And loud and true. He leads his trusty rifle And chants his chunky rife— This wondrous, cambrous melody—the war song of the Boer: 'Was hoog in ons heider lug Transvaalse vrieheidsving. Ons vjande is weggeveg; Nou blink'n bilj r dag.' It look like barb-wire fence, Let me break glass comenc'ing; It tangles, jangles, mangles—then it wrangles on more. It cannot be unraveled. Once from his throat its traveled— This tripe twisted, doubled & ted war song of the Boer: 'Was hoog in ons heider lug Transvaalse vrieheidsving. Ons vjande is weggeveg; Nou blink'n bilj r dag.'

Sonnet and Bonnet.

Take golden haze O autumn days And write some rhymes upon it; Add 'tiding year' And 'twilight clear'— You've an October sonnet. Take piece of felt, Give it a welt And stick a feather on it. A twenty dollar price-mark's all I I's an October bonnet!

OBJECTION TO THE FAIRERS.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE)

The amount of the deficit is of course yet unknown, and it is difficult to see how it can be much less than last year.

The grand stand receipts are larger than ever, and will show a surplus on behalf of the special attractions and horse races, which is not only in favor of these shows, but these figures alone do not indicate the number of people they bring to the exhibition, as there are thousands who would not go to the exhibition at all if these attractions were not provided.

President Lorgley, in a published statement, says: 'The public have formed altogether an exaggerated view of the ill consequences of a deficit, so far as the government is concerned, as each year \$4,000 has been voted for the last twenty years toward a provincial exhibition, if the deficit of the Halifax exhibition is exactly \$8,000, the government of Nova Scotia loses nothing. If the deficit is less than that, as I think it will be this year considerably, the only effect is that the government is in. Of course the city has to bear its share, but as the bringing of at least twenty thousand visitors to the city of Halifax is directly worth from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars in money to the city, and indirectly worth many times that in the growth and development of trade, the small deficit of two or three thousand dollars a year would be a bagatelle to the city compared with the enormous advantages it derives from this annual exhibition.'

A New Premium List.

The Welcome Soap Co. are sending out a new premium list, which includes a large list of the best current books and literature, a fine collection of artists' proofs in engravings and colored plates, photogravure views of Canadian scenery nicely arrayed for the parlor, vocal and instrumental music, toys for the children and other useful and desirable presents, which they send to the users of the famous Welcome Soap, absolutely free of all charge, beyond the returning of 25 Welcome Soap Wrappers from the Welcome Soap cakes. They have other more valuable premiums at special terms, such as ladies and gents' watches, cameras, opera glasses, etc., etc.

The well known Welcome Soap has been in high favor for years, there is none better in our markets for all household purposes, and the push and enterprise of the manufacturers in giving such extra inducements as above to their customers, is resulting in a largely increased sale and consumption of this favorite soap.

Took the Shell Back.

A week or two ago Mr. M. H. Ruggles and two or three friends brought Harry Vail's shell from Halifax and yesterday morning Vail was busy taking it back with him again to that city. He says he is in good shape and expects to win. The race comes off next Wednesday.

DO YOU ENJOY LUXURY in your laundry work in the way of smooth edges on your collars? If so get them done at UNGAR'S Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

'Marry you?' the young woman scornfully exclaimed. 'I wouldn't marry you if you were—' 'Jupiter Olympus, the Czar of Russia, or the Count of Monte Cristo?' sarcastically interrupted the young man. 'No!' she rejoined, 'with increasing scorn. 'Not even if you were the man who sent Dawey to the Philippines!'

'The English yacht,' said the driver of the carriage, stopping his horses a moment to read the bulletins, 'is slowly beating its way to windward.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed the young woman on the back seat. 'Can't Sir Thomas afford to pay its way? I thought he was a millionaire!'

'We couldn't get along with 2 office boys.'

'Not enough work.'

'That wasn't it; each was afraid he'd get here in the morning before the other.'

The Father—And this young man, is my ultimatum.

The Son—Oh! That's better than I had expected. I had feared your mind was made up.

'Young Gayby calls his dad's new wife his front step mother.'

'Why is that?'

'He sits on her almost every day.'

Still Making a Hit.—'That lecturer used to be a pugilist.'

'So now he's an expounder.'