

PROGRESS.

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ENGLAND'S RESOURCES

The British reverse at Ladysmith and the capture of such a large number of troops have raised the question as to how many soldiers England has available. There has been an impression that the land army of Great Britain is weak but this is not so. The regular army in England and the colonies at the beginning of the year was composed of 171,391 men. The great bulk of this force was in the British Isles. One army corps is in course of despatch to South Africa and the reserves of that corps alone have been called out, namely, 25,000 men out of a total of 83,000, forming the First Class Army Reserves.

Very recently the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolsley in a public speech stated that two army corps could be despatched to any part of the world as quickly as transportation could be provided, and other corps shortly afterward.

If every regular soldier in Great Britain and Ireland is shipped away for foreign service the garrisons are at once remanned by the militia, composed of 132,493 men, and the yeomanry cavalry of 11,891 men.

In the event of the militia and yeomanry being sent abroad to reinforce the regular army, then the government will call out the magnificent volunteer army of 263,963 men. Needless to tell any military man that in physique, workmanship, spirit and intelligence, the volunteers are the grandest force England has ever possessed.

Finally, conservative military estimates place the number of men in private life who have passed through one or other of the military services as above one million. The above facts prove that the military resources of England are practically inexhaustible.

FAILURES OF YOUNG MEN.

The most potent causes of failure on the part of young men is a topic that is receiving a great deal of attention from thoughtful people in the world today [and the ex-president of the World's Fair at Chicago who has had a great deal of experience in the direction of young men's institutions says, that chief among the causes which bring positive failure or a disappointing portion of half-success to thousands of honest strugglers is vacillation. The lack of an undeviating application to one pursuit is a cardinal weakness in the younger generation of toilers is almost every line of effort. The young men who keep their eyes fixed on a definite goal never yielding an inch until their efforts are attended with absolute success, are not as common types as we might wish. Indomitable will is a quality of character that the young man of today may well afford to consider and cultivate. Uniform courtesy—kindliness of disposition expressed in graciousness of conduct—contributes, to a larger degree than is generally appreciated, to the advancement of the young man who fosters this trait. On the other hand, surliness and even indifference militate against the promotion of the one who is so unfortunate as to allow these repellent forces to influence his relations with others. Politeness is so easy of acquirement and so profitably entertained that we may well wonder its cultivation receives so little serious attention. Certainly, the failure rightly to prize this element of character gives the key to many a life failure. The disposition to look on work as a task to be thrown off at the earliest possible moment is a too common failing, and is the reverse of that stalwart faithfulness which attracts the attention and approval of employers

and gains promotion and advancement for those who thus identify themselves with the interests of those who they serve. It is with the young man as with the farmer; he best succeeds who plows deepest. To scratch the surface of things lightly is not enough to insure a bountiful harvest. The crop of such a seeding is a failure. He who would win must go deeper, must live more seriously and with greater determination and fixedness of purpose.

Electricity as we know it is just a hundred years old. In 1799, the Italian scientist VOLTA gave definite form to the method of producing the current; and it is from his name that we have the term "volt meter" to describe the instrument which measures the force of the current and "volt" as the unit of that measurement. We know several persons who would like to wait around and see what developments along this line may be reached at the end of another century.

The Wagner and Pullman companies have joined forces, but the public is not likely to benefit by the change. Neither concern has been in business from philanthropic motives, and the present high rate for sleeping accommodations will undoubtedly be maintained. The companies will make more money and the public will neither gain nor lose, except as the consolidation effects the chance of rate cutting competition.

Two prominent English writers have died recently, GRANT ALLEN, a voluminous and sometimes fascinating author who touched on many themes but whose best work was done in his earlier years and FLORENCE MARRYAT daughter of the once famous Captain FREDERICK MARRYAT, herself an author of many fine qualities. Her works included "Life and Letters of Captain MARRYAT" "Little STEPHEN" and "The Heart of JANE WARNER."

A temporary agreement has been reached between the governments of the United States and Great Britain, with the acquiescence of Canada, upon a boundary line in the disputed Alaskan territory. The line is drawn across Chilkot Pass, but the location is immaterial, the main point being that local friction is avoided by an arrangement which fixes a line without affecting the claims of either party.

Ohio and Kentucky are enjoying political campaigns warm enough for the most ardent partisan. In both states the situation is beautifully mixed and a victory for either party in either state would be conclusive of nothing more stable than superior party management. There is more manipulation than genuine discussion of issues.

The experiment of using coke for fuel in locomotives on the Boston & Maine Railroad is said to have proved very successful. It is cleaner than coal, is smokeless and dustless, and is free from the sparks and cinders which frequently ignite dry wood and vegetation along railroad-tracks.

The Boers are not so ignorant as some people would try to make out. Their system of education is a thorough one and they take particular pride in their schools. One million dollars annually is set aside for educational purposes.

On January first Russia moves a step forward by using the Gregorian Calendar. Hitherto Russian time has been 11 days behind that of the rest of the Christian world.

The hero of Manila has surrendered at last. A widow of unlimited means and forty years is his conqueror.

Indian Summer is a thing of the past and November winds reign supreme.

News from the Transvaal grows more encouraging

Football is King.

The Partridge Was Bull-t Proof.

A good story comes from the country regarding the mistake of a well-known and popular game warden who fired several times at what he thought to be a partridge. When he discovered that he had been peeping at a knot on a pine tree he was so disgusted with himself that it is rumored he thinks of giving up his job.

In Large Attendance.

The attendance at the Currie Business University of this city is larger than ever for this time of the year. Forty-five new students entered during the past few weeks, and there are now about 185 in attendance.

A Conundrum for Principal Latog.

DEAR PROGRESS: Why are the Boers like the lady students at the Halifax Ladies College? Because they hang around Laings Nek.

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Harbor Bar. The stars are bright in Heavens firmament, The ocean lies asleep, no blot to mar Its surface, only here and there the lights Of ships becalmed, beyond the harbor bar.

Far down the bay the lighthouse fitting gleams, Now red, now green, the sailors guiding star, Full many a seaman by its light has won A haven safe, in side the harbor bar.

I sit and smoke and think of days long past, When but a child, no cloud my sky to mar, I launched my barque upon the sea of life, And ventured forth, beyond the harbor bar.

And now long years have passed, and times decay Has changed the old surroundings, once so dear, And tossed about by love, despair, and woe, My barque's dismantled, its last anchorage near.

Through storm and calm, the sunshine and the rain, The light of faith shone like a guiding star All through the long, long years, and now I steer For Heaven's light, beyond Daub's harbor bar.

(CHARLES MCINTYRE.)

The Trackwalker. With head bent low and shoulders stooped, And slow, home-kenning eye Fixed on the rails, a sill'n shape, The trackwalker goes by.

A five-mile strip of grimy stones, Bedecked with an iron band, Is a his world. June snows that drift In daisies o'er the land.

He heeds not, nor red autumn flukes That rustle down the air, Nor the bell and bar to keep in place— This is his only care.

He quits his task three steps before The rocks begin to rise and part, Then stoops, while still the pebbles whirl, To make a loose bolt fast.

The rain hid in sudden flood, Now rust and silent frost 'Tis his to fend; and men ride by In cushioned east at cost.

O his long march and lonely watch, Nor give a backward thought To the bent shoe and a sliding feet Whose toll their safety brings.

Morn is to him a sentry beat To tread through sun and rain, His noon a place to turn and start Back into night again.

A ceaseless trapper all his days, New lanes he never may roam— In yonder orchard is his house, Aere 'twixt the rails his home.

Unmourned, unmissed, he died to find (The last line reads all it old) That whose walks a railway track Aright has walked with God.

—William H. Woods.

Must the Lobster Go? We've gazed with resignation on the passing of the ark Nor care a continental for the legendary roc And the doo, and the bison and the ornitho-mythos.

May go and yet the passing brings no shade of woe to us. We've seen the ship go seaward that the megatherium Forever and forever is departed, dead and dumb: But a woe that hovers o'er us brings a keen and bitter pang.

As we weep to see the lobster vanish off the coast of Maine.

Oh, does crustacean daintiness of the lodge-holes of the sea Tune my lute in minor in a treacherous key. You've been the nation's martyr and 'twas wrong to treat you so.

And you may not think we love you; yet we hate to see you go. We've given you the blizzards and hot-potted you, and yet

We've loved you better martyred than when living, now you're dead. You have no ears to listen, so, alas, we can't explain plain

The sorrow that you bring us as you leave the coast of Maine.

Do not fail to mark our feelings as we bitterly deplore The passing of the hero of the dinner at the shore? Ah, what's the use of living if you also can't survive

Until you're able to furnish us the joy of one "broiled live?" And what can ever supplant you as a cold dish on the side?

Or what can soothe our longings when it salds you're denied? Or what can furnish thunder to the legislative brain When ruthless Fate has swept you from the rocky coast of Maine?

I see, and sigh in seeing, in some distant, future age Your vanishing shell reposing under glass upon a plate. The while some pundit lectures on the curios of the past

And dainty ladies shudder as they gaze on you as a relic. And all the folks that listen will wonder vaguely at The fact that once lived heathen who could eat a lobster.

Thing like that. Ah, that's the fate you're facing—but laments are all in vain— Tell the dodo that you saw us when you lived down here in Maine.

—Lewiston Journal.

The Season's Scrimmage. The field awaits. A way with fears. All hail the sounding of the trumpet— The wildering rush—the ringing cheers— The line of rebounding smash.

Be this the watchword: "Eighty-five— Nine—sixteen—forty-two!" We mark it well as stout we strive To wear the black and blue.

We know no South, we know no North, Nor East nor West, we know, 'Neath starward elms we sally forth, And Stafford's portico.

Our cause "Six box box bully seal" Whinge whang hurra hurra dirr dirr! The slogan moves us mightily Who love the black and blue.

And some will fall amid the fray— Oh, envied sons of men! P rebance, the surgeons helping, they Will live to fight again.

We've bilzoned on our college scrolls We'll write them brave and true Who add the titles to the rolls Of Knights of Black and Blue.

Our brothers, 'spite of heat and storm, Have fought their way to fame. At home, in padded uniform, We'll smelt to their game. Bring out the arnica and lint, The splints a d stretchers too, And cheer us while mid din and diet We bear the black and blue.

—Edwin L. Sabin.

To a Diamond Ring. Thou bauble of inconsequential size That gleams all ke on joy and misery! Circle of fate! No cobblestone that may To make a pave, but caps thy usefulness.

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

THE HERO OF THE BRAZOS.

He was Only a Farm Hand but His Deeds Were Heroic.

Near the city of Hempstead, in Texas, there lives a farm-hand who has proved himself a hero of peace, and whose name should be remembered by the people of his country with all the gratitude they willingly bestow upon the heroes of our armies.

One of the great rivers of Texas is the Brazos, a stream subject to vast floods, which often rise so suddenly that the people living near it have no time to escape the rush of the waters.

In early times a colony of Franciscan friars established a mission on a mound near the bank of the river. They built a church and a village, and taught the neighboring Indians. A hostile tribe, however, swept over the country, ravaging and burning, and their seemed to be no salvation for the friars and their converts behind the feeble defences of their mound. But of a sudden the waters of the river rose, and terrible floods swept away the savages, and saved the little garrison.

Then the friars, so the story goes, saw plainly the working of the Lord, and they called the river which had enveloped them 'Los Brazos de Dios—The Arms of God.'

But the Brazos is not always merciful. During the recent floods in Texas its waters played a mighty part in the destruction of life and property. One night, as the flood was beginning to overspread the farming lands, a young man named Fritz McGee was awakened by the distant roar. He rose, hurried out, and after some difficulty, secured a single frail rowboat and started alone on the work of rescue.

All through that terrible night he worked among the negro cabins scattered over the flooded bottoms, and before morning he had rescued seventy-five human beings, men, women, and children, and had conveyed them to high and safe ground. It is doubtful whether a single man ever before saved so many lives, one by one, in so short a time. Fritz McGee, farm hand, rowing his fragile skiff through the darkness over the turbulent water, is a figure to stir the noblest feelings.

The Religious "Slot-Machine."

In the Adirondack Mountains, at a place of popular resort, there is a chapel where the contributions are often liberal in the summer season, but where the contributions still chiefly consist, as far as bulk goes, of small coins. The rector of this church, who is a man of dignified and ministerial appearance, is accustomed to go with the Sunday offering to one of the hotels, and receive a check for the amount of it.

One Monday morning he was counting the money at the desk of the hotel cashier, and was at that moment scraping together the nickels and coppers, which were in abundant supply. Just then a bell-boy came up who seemed to have something on his mind.

"What is it, my little man?" asked the rector, in his most honeyed tone.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the boy, "but are you the man what runs the slot-machine down stairs?"

The boy could never understand why all the people, including the rector, laughed at him. The laugh was really on the Sunday contributors to the church funds. Many clergymen, we have no doubt, will sympathize with this supposed proprietor of the slot-machine.

"Specialties."

All retailers like to have and announce their specialties; and sometimes, it seems, such commercial specialties may take on a very general character. A travelling man tells the Washington Star that, while visiting lately a small but enterprising town in West Virginia, he came upon the following sign:

THE BEEHIVE STORE.

Ronceverte, W. Va. Dealers in General Merchandise and Country Produce of Every Kind. SPECIALTIES: Coffins, Caskets and Burial Supplies; Salt, Bacon and Lard; Hides, Furs and Live Foxes.

In addition to these somewhat diverse specialties, the proprietor of the store carried on the business of a fire insurance agent.

she was in Earnest.

"When she will, she will, you can depend on't," is a line which many men have quoted of many women. The saying is often unjust, and the woman is often justified, but now and then the cap fits perfectly.

Not long ago a fast express was bow-

ling over the sands of Arizona. Just how it happened was frequently explained and never understood, but as the train sped along the side of a parched river, it suddenly left the rails, rolled down the bank and landed in three feet of muddy water at the bottom of the river-bed.

Within the cars there was some natural confusion. Men, women and lunch-boxes were thrown into a heap, and not an umbrella nor parcel was left in the racks.

One by one the occupants of the rear car extricated themselves from the mass, and sought for means of escape, while attending various wounds caused by broken glass. Every exit was jammed tight. Just then, in the midst of the doubt and confusion, rose a woman's voice in emphatic demand.

"Let me out! Let me out! If you don't let me out, I'll break a window."

INJURY TO THE EYES AT SCHOOL.

Some Reasons why Children Have Defective Eyesight.

Much attention has been given during the past few years to the eyesight of children. Tests of vision have been made in schools all over the world, and the results have been astonishing, if not alarming. It has been proved that short-sightedness exists among pupils in school and colleges to a much greater extent than was supposed, and what is more disquieting, the number of pupils who have defective vision seems to be steadily growing larger.

Another fact brought out by such tests is that the proportion of those suffering from imperfect eyesight increases with the advance in studies, being least in the lowest classes and greatest in the highest.

A German investigator discovered this thirty years ago as the result of an examination of the eyes of ten thousand students in the schools at and near Breslau. In the primary schools he found about six in every hundred children suffering from poor eyesight; in the intermediate schools the number of near-sighted pupils had increased to more than ten per cent., in the high schools to twenty-six per cent., while in the university sixty students out of every hundred were myopic, or short-sighted.

A similar ascending scale of defective vision has been noted among school children in other countries, although the proportions are not so high anywhere else as in Germany and Russia, a fact explained by the excessive strain put upon the eyes in reading German and Russian characters.

That the prevalence of defective eyesight among children is in great part due to the overtraining of a weak organ is not open to question. Unskilled laborers, and others who have not been obliged to strain their eyes in early life, have usually good eyesight, but skilled workmen, type-setters, and so on, who use their eyes for close work and begin to learn their trade young, are often near sighted.

Dr. Casey A. Wood of Chicago has recently drawn attention to the strain put upon the eyes of very young children by certain of the kindergarten tasks; but this subject is too important and too large to be compressed into a single article, and we must consider the means of protecting the eyes in another article.

Well Done.

At half past two in the morning, not long ago, the crew of a train on the Delaware Railroad discovered that the signals at Gain's Crossing were set to stop coming trains in both directions.

An investigation was made and the block operator was discovered at his desk in the tower, bleeding and unconscious. He had been assaulted and robbed, but before losing consciousness he had managed to set the signals that prevented the possibility of collisions. We are inclined to prophesy that the world will hear again from this brave young man.

Not Contagious.

The reminiscences and recollections of W. G. Grace, the veteran English cricketer, contain at least one good story—a joke made by Tom Emmett, a famous bowler.

One Saturday afternoon Emmett was bowling for his club, but the fielders dropped catch after catch with such systematic persistences that he lost his temper, threw the ball on the ground, and said:

"I'm not going to bowl any more. There's an epidemic on this ground, but thank heaven, it ain't catchin'!"

DYEING 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.

'This,' said the medical student, as the echo of the boarding house gong resounded through the corridors, 'is where we get our bone and sinew.'