

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Cambridge street, St. John, N. B. by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR AND MANAGER.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O., or Express order, or by registered letter. OTHERWISE, WE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAME.

Discontinuances.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrearages must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 3.

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

THE CONCERT OF THE POWERS IN CHINA.

It may seem a misnomer to apply the word "concert" to the action of the powers since the occupation of Peking. The discussions, proposals, counter proposals and compromises suggest rather the jangle of sounds when the instruments of an orchestra are being put in tune.

When the allied forces went to Peking, it was not to make war, but to restore order. They constituted a magnificent police force. The powers are now in China, not to conquer it, not to divide it, but to secure adequate punishment for the crimes which have been committed and to prevent the recurrence of the crimes.

It would be a satisfaction if exact justice could be meted out to all who are responsible for the crimes which have shocked Christendom. But there must be a government to deal with, to preserve order and to be held accountable for pledges. Politics, fanaticism, patriotism and the purely financial instinct are almost inextricably entangled among the causes which have led to the existing crisis.

Life Insurance. "We cannot tell how long you are going to live," said a life insurance man one day to a prospective patron, "but we can tell with marvelous exactness how long ten thousand men of your age will, upon the average, survive."

It thus appears that insurance is a device for making any individual's money losses through misfortune approximate the average loss from that cause. For example a man's house which is insured burns down; most of his loss is met by the company, which has collected a few dollars a year for fire insurance from each of thousands of men.

The principle of other forms of insurance is similar. We should not desire, if we could, to shift every risk from our own shoulders to those of the community. Each individual ought to strive to do better than the average, as each individual does wish to outlive his expectation of life, and so to make the average results a poor financial return to him.

This is an age of freedom in dress and appearance. The story books of our grandparents spoke of the eccentricity of a man who allowed a beard to grow on his

face. Of twenty-two contributors to a new Encyclopedia, whose portraits have been recently published, all but five are strangers to the razor. The familiar group of portraits of U. S. Presidents shows no well-bearded man until ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S time. The three military presidents, GRANT, HAYES and GARFIELD, each wore a full beard. Both of the leading presidential candidates today are closely shaven.

A capacity for taking pains in business plans and products is more and more a condition of success. Australian butter-packing may serve as an example. Shipments are secured against deterioration by placing the butter in boxes made of plates of window glass, the edges being closed by applying gummed paper. The boxes are covered with layers of plaster of Paris, and then wrapped in specially prepared waterproof packing paper.

THIS SEEMS A HARD CASE.

Joseph Johnston's Life Insurance and Where it Went.

PROGRESS has received the following letter which speaks for itself:

Joseph Johnston who was killed in the war in South Africa was brought up by an aunt of his, from the time he was three years old. When his mother died his father got married again, and still Joe stayed with his aunt, Mrs. Johnston in this city; she being a sister of Joe Johnston's father (a Miss Johnston before marriage) and a Mrs. Johnston after marriage) until he went away to the war, they educated him and clothed and fed him and his father was a man that was doing well in the North End of this city. After he went away his father had his address changed from the one he had in the city, to his residence on Victoria street, North End. Although Joe had always lived in the South End. He did not even know he had gone away until afterwards.

Official Reports for Kings County, June, 1896.

Table with columns: Parish, CON., LIB., and total counts for various parishes like Cardwell, Greenwich, Hampton, etc.

Majority of Col. Domville.....515

Taken as Personal.

"It is as simple," twittered the young lady, as "A, B, C!"

Whereupon Mr. Arthur Biddle Chum-gudgeon looked at her in a pained manner, acquired his hat and went away.

At a fashionable ball a lady said to her partner: 'Do you know that ugly gentleman sitting opposite to us?' 'That is my brother, madame.' 'Ah, I beg your pardon! I had not noticed the resemblance.'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Titled Leave. The leaves in gold and crimson dress, Roam down the foot-path tree; Comes there my love my life to bless, Blushing to meet with me.

Around about the homestead eaves, The parting swallows dart; So parting with the falling leaves, Would break my love's sweetheart.

The evergreen the reed on livid, The j' bswort and the rose; My love her sunny smiling gives, When autumn sunset glows.

Through all the woods the fall winds call, For sweetest song birds flower; Yet in my love I find them all In one sweet tone.

The sun streamlet on ward glides, Towards the star studded sea; But more than all 'neath besides, Is my true love to me.

A Woman's Song.

Do you call me a rose, With the time of roses past? Find a truer name than this For the brow and the lips you kiss.

I was never rose or star, One's too near and one's too far, I'm no p'ble and no pearl, But a living, loving girl.

Call me wife, and so arad, dear, Call me neither that nor rose— The day I see'd you, I did not dread When the snow falls on my head.

The End of a Summer.

'She will not know me!' He breathed a sigh: 'My maid of the many graces, When my courteser comes to buy Her silks and her satins and her laces.'

'She will forget summer days so dear, Forget all my fond d'votion, I'll be glad when she sees me here, Her silks and her satins and her laces.'

'He will not know me! Her heart was sad; 'My lad of the fond d'votion, There at his club, amid laughter glad, He'll forget those days at the ocean.'

'He will forget how we waded the sand, To me no more he is drinking, He'll be glad when he sees the same grand With its silver harness clinking.'

He seized his hat, for his heart was sore, And fled from his post of duty, Sat down to lunch, still living o'er Glad days with his summer beauty.

He ne'er could forget those times of fun— But his reverie came to smash, sir; For the girl he loved was the self same one Who brought his corned beef hash, sir.

In Memorial Hall at the State House.

I stood alone in the quiet dusk, Beneath an arch of the vaulted room, And watched the brilliant colors fade At the stealthy touch of the creeping gloom.

I saw the deepening shadows rest On stately busts of honored dead, And where the lofty columns stood Tall phantom pillars rose instead.

And soon I heard soft whispered tones, Then ghostly chattering, murr'ring sighs And sometimes laughter, now low moans, Then earnest questions, stern replies.

I heard the sound of cannon's roar Come wafted faint from I knew not where, Then beat of hoofs, the swiftness of flags And crash of sabres filed the air.

Dim phantom forms swift passed me by And misty horses reared and fell; Red drops of blood and tattered lags, Then martial notes I knew so well.

When lo! the place was filled with light; I stood alone in the vaulted room; But ne'er a whisper, ne'er a moan From those so near in the creeping gloom.

No sign whatever to make me think I had aught but dream'd of that battle scene Except some silken tattered flags From niches gazing down serene.

The Comin' Out.

When our Dolly is eighteen, She shall have a comin' out, Lots of tea in little cups, Sandwiches to hand about.

All the people up the road, Parkers, Barkers, Carters, too, Merits from the mountains high, Kate and Mary Montague.

And the folks that live in town, Lawsons, Dawsons, Lily Steale, Keiths and Kellys, all will come, Just to say how glad they feel.

Golfers, most polite young men, Philip, Kenneth, Bob and Bill, These will gladly flock to her, Chat and eat and drink their fill.

Even summer friends will troop Gaily to the festive scene, Dolly will be sought by all, Dolly be the moment's queen!

Then when they have gone away, Dolly will get out her broom, Sweep and dust, and set to rights Everything within the room.

Ready with the morrow's dawn, For the same old household strain, For when Dolly has come out, She will just go in again!

A Carlew Song.

Quenched are the fires of red and gold; Now falls the year's long night; And on the world's wide hearth behold The heaped up ashes white.

Yet, underneath, the embers bide, With fragrant hearts aglow, Until she comes to brush aside The ashes and the snow.

The bluebird once shall call, and then The wind shall hiss her name,— April—and these dead flowers again Shall waken into flame.

'I think I shall take Ruth to Niagara.' 'Didn't you just go there on your wedding trip?' 'Yes, but now we want to go and see what it looks like.'

Chairs Re-seated Once, Spins Perforated, Duvet, 17 Waterloo.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

WELCOME TO THE BOYS.

the service will occupy prominent positions on the float. The drivers' seats will be decorated with flowers and bunting.

The Polymorphian and Neptune Rowing Clubs have prepared to out do them selves on this occasion. In fact every citizen and every business man along the line of procession through which the parade will pass have endeavored to exercise their ingenuity in showing in some respect their appreciation of the return of the gallant volunteers.

The celebration will not end until Saturday evening when a banquet will be given by the ladies of the Red Cross Society in St. Andrews rink. The description of that as well as an adequate idea of the celebration must await another issue. But PROGRESS is glad today to be able to publish so many of the portraits of those who have fought for their Queen and country.

Some of them have already returned, others being with those who are arriving today and some again, alas, who lost their lives in South Africa and whose absence will temper the joy of the present moment.

A RATTLING FIRE.

How a New Rifle Worked in the Hands of New Recruits.

The Civil War was fought almost to its close with the Springfield muzzle-loader, but some of the last Union regiments were armed with the Henry rifle, then comparatively new, a fifteen shooter, with a magazine which had to be taken out to be refilled. Some of the things that happened after one regiment was armed with Henrys are described below in the words of an old soldier.

"My old regiment," said he to R. B. Townshead, an English writer who has lived in the West, "got most terrible used up in one of them last campaigns before Richmond, and there wasn't more'n fifty of us left that wasn't either dead of wounds or sick or invalided out of the service. So what did they do but send us back to the base and reorganize us with a fresh lot of officers, and about nine hundred newly drafted men.

"There were a pretty poor lot. I tell you, us fellows as had had four years of it and knew what soldiering was, we felt mighty sick at being paraded with all them l'et sweepings of the draft.

"Well, they took our old Springfield's away from us, and armed the regiment with them fine new brass mounted Henry magazine rifles, and sent us right on to the front.

"I liked the new gun well enough; 'twasn't a bad gun, the Henry; you hear me talk! But what I and my old chummies didn't relish was the notion o' going into action alongside of them nine hundred raw recruits. We hadn't much use for them, you bet! But there was no help for it, and the general he shoved us right along up to the front, and then them recruits had to go under fire for the first time.

"'Forward!' says somebody, and we run forward till we come to a pasture with a fence on the far side, and a wood beyond it. There was a good few rebel sharpshooters in that wood, and right away they begun to belt a few shots into us. We'd ought to have run on, but we all stopped.

"'Fire!' says somebody. And then you'd ought to have heard them raw recruits whaling away. Every last man of them had his magaz'ne emptied in about twenty-five seconds. Then there come a lull, for they'd all got to stop firing at once and pull out their magazines and fill up with fifteen more cartridges.

"And in that lull what d'you reckon we heard?

"'Why?' said the old soldier, in answer to his own question, "a noise like a hail-storm over in them woods where the rebels were. It was only the leaves and the small twigs falling down from the high tops of the trees where them recruits' bullets had gone.

"I reckon they must have fired about fifteen thousand rounds up there. Fell down just like rain, them leaves did. You see fellows like that, when they're excited, are dead sure to fire too high.

"Nor they didn't scare them rebels, neither! Why, one of them halloed across the pasture to us, 'O Yank!'

"Well, many a day I've talked with 'em like that before, across the field o' battle,

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself. Read it. PAGE 2.—Graveyards of gold—How this metal disappears in India and China. PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic news of the week. PAGE 4.—Editorial, poetry and other articles of interest. PAGE 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social items from all over the provinces. PAGE 9.—Liberal party candidates and a partial list of the many thousands who signed their nomination papers. PAGE 10 and 15.—First instalment of a serial entitled "For a Woman's Sake." PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading—Dr. Talmage returns from his tour—Other matter for Sabbath hours. PAGE 12.—Watch on bank clerks—How this class is followed by detectives. PAGE 13.—Latest items from the fashion world. PAGE 14.—Romance of a modern DeWitt who served the Boer cause well. PAGE 16.—The general manager's story—a tale of railroad life. Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

and so I sung out back, 'What is it, Jonney? Do you surrender?' "Surrender—no!' calls out the rebel. 'But, O Yank,' says he, 'say! Where d'you get them cogee mills?'

How a Dog Stopped a Dog Fight.

On one of the most pleasant side streets of Cleveland live two dogs—a large, dignified hound and a saucy, small fox terrier. The two are the best of friends, and the big dog is always watching over the little one and doing his best to keep the pert fellow out of a fight. But the other day his watchfulness failed. Another terrier came and yelled defiance at the hound's comrade and when the big dog arrived upon the scene it was to behold a frantic, tumbling, snapping heap, of which his favorite was part.

He seemed to consider the state of things, then gave a sigh of patient dignity and began to walk around the combatants, keeping a critical eye on the struggle and evidently acting the part of umpire. His favorite was getting the worst of it, but he did not interfere. Maybe he thought the punishment of defeat was better than any he could bestow. He watch'd silently till all at once his friend gave a yelp of real pain and trouble. Then suddenly the big dog awoke. With a bound he was beside the other two. With one tap of his paw he sent the victor over into the dust, grabbed his favor te in his mouth as a cat grabs her kitten and made off to his own back yard.

During the next hour he licked, scolded and fondled the repentant terrier. And now the two are more devoted than ever, though the little dog seems more meek and decidedly more obedient than of yore.

Forgot to Count Them.

Great men often have not only the quality of absentmindedness but a sort of simplicity of intelligence which might be called foolishness in people to be known to be less gifted than they. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the late Liberal Ministry in England, and who is beyond question a highly gifted man and able statesman, tells a story of this kind of simplicity at his own expense.

He had suspected for some time that a man servant in his employ has been stealing money from him. At last he resolved to set a trap for the man. Taking a handful of gold coins, he laid them down on his writing desk and went out. Presently he sent his servant to the room to fetch some article. When John had returned he went promptly to his room to see if the coins had been touched.

On the table, in the place where he had left them, were gold coins. But were there as many as he had left? He did not know, for he had neglected to count them before he laid them down.

'By this incident you see,' said Sir Wm. in telling the story, 'that I was born to be Chancellor of the Exchequer!'