

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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RESULT OF THE ELECTION.

The great liberal victory of Wednesday last throughout all Canada was not unexpected, but it is none the less gratifying to find the people supporting the progressive policy of the Laurier government.

Looking at it from every standpoint the result in the province of New Brunswick is the most satisfactory of any in the Dominion. We had five liberals in the last parliament and today the conservatives have only five. It was a complete and decided reversal of opinion and we have to thank the leadership of the Minister of Railways for the great result. His victory in St. John by the tremendous majority of over 1000 votes was the triumph of the campaign. His opponent, GEORGE E. FOSTER has discovered what the people of St. John thought of him and Dr. STOCKTON has had a former verdict emphatically endorsed. He has found out that Colonel TUCKER was not as he represented him, and discovered to his sorrow that his career as a politician is ended. Why it ever should have begun is a mystery. Religious prejudice accomplishes strange results at times and the elevation of STOCKTON and PITTS in former years to positions of responsibility is one of the things that can only be accounted for in this way. The political death of Dr. STOCKTON is something therefore that will not be regretted.

The decisive victory throughout the province is a matter for great congratulation. The liberals have cause to regret the defeat of Col. DOMVILLE in Kings and the loss of Queens-Sunbury but the victories were so decisive that it shows some energetic personal work must have been done by the conservative candidates. Mr. GEO. W. FOWLER was an old campaigner in Kings and his friends were hopeful of success from the start. We think the people of Kings have made a great mistake in defeating a man who has done as much for them as Col. Domville. He has paid attention to their wishes and was in every way deserving to be their representative.

Hon. A. S. White was a comparative stranger to Queens county while Mr. Wilmot was a popular resident. The result was not surprising, and yet when we think that Kings and Queens both returned local government candidates by large majorities but a few weeks ago it is disappointing.

It would have been better for Col. DOMVILLE and Mr. WHITE had these elections not taken place because they gave their friends over confidence which in almost every case is fatal to success.

CITIES THAT RISE AGAIN.

Nearly twenty five years ago St. John was practically a "ruined city." The great fire destroyed the most valuable portions of it. And yet to day this city of ours is greater in every sense of the word than it was then. The Youthless Companion in a carefully considered article on the same subject points out that this is true of many communities.

The flood that swept down upon Johnstown, Pennsylvania, on a May night of 1889, left desolation in its wake, but not discouragement. The Johnstown that was submerged was a city of twenty-one thousand inhabitants. The newer Johnstown counts more than thirty five thousand.

Others of our cities have been temporarily overthrown by other agencies. Portland in 1866, Chicago in 1871, Boston in 1872 were reduced almost to ashes. But

the men who made them survived, and new cities have arisen, larger, fairer and more substantial than the old.

There is a reason for every one of these places. They are natural centres of trade, hence the forces of industry, commerce and finance united, more or less consciously, to sustain the brave hearted citizens who rebuilt them. Galveston has equal claim to exist, and she will be aided in the same way.

The real test of wisdom, unselfishness and courageous enterprise comes when rebuilding begins. The temptation is to do things hastily, in a slipshod way. In order the sooner to resume the interrupted money making. But the strong men of Galveston must hold the people back, rather. Now is the time to consider the future and correct the mistakes of the past.

If there is any method of strengthening the city's defence against water, it should be adopted. Streets should be straightened and widened. "Fire limits" should be fixed, and it should be understood that wooden buildings erected in the business district are to be removed as soon as they have served the temporary need. Sanitary arrangements, sewers and pavements should be planned in a large way, looking towards the greater Galveston.

On the morrow of a calamity these sound like exorbitant demands. But other "ruined cities" have substantially met them, and only by meeting them may a community hope to find "the soul of good in things evil."

A few weeks ago high water along the Mississippi River swept away the last vestiges of old Kaskaskia, once the western outpost of civilization in America. Fifty years before there was even a military fort at Pittsburg, Kaskaskia was a thriving village. Long before Chicago was dreamed of Kaskaskia, wharves were crowded with vessels from New Orleans. The traffic of all the west gathered to it. Men and women crossed the wilderness to find the charm of life there. The white uniform of France, the scarlet of England the motley of continental troops, the sulky figure of Pontiac, in turn moved through its streets. When the state of Illinois was carved out of the vast Northwest Territory, "sacred forever from slavery," Kaskaskia became its first capital. The "Father of Waters," however, which had brought it prosperity, worked its doom. The great flood of 1844 wiped out the peninsula on which it stood, and little by little its upper mines have fallen into the encroaching stream. Kaskaskia is gone, but its name and story are part of the very warp and woof of American annals.

A Chicago school has lately furnished a very pretty instance of childish sympathy and childish resourcefulness. Some people having complained of a dog which had no home and no visible means of support, a policeman was detailed to shoot the animal. When he appeared near the school-house with his revolver, one of the little girls asked him what he was going to do. He told her, and she begged him not to shoot the animal. "But I must," he said, "for he hasn't any license." "We'll get him a license if you won't shoot him," said the little girl, and so the policeman granted a few days' respite. The little girl interested eight or ten of her friends, arranged for a "show" consisting of speeches, recitations and music, to be given by themselves, and persuaded their teacher to announce it, with its charitable object. They cleared enough money to raise the dog from a condition of vagrancy to a position of affluence and independence. They paid his license fee, bought him a new collar, and were even able to deposit a small sum with the butcher to provide their canine friend with juicy marrow bones and choice cuts of chuck steak in days to come.

Little has been said, and probably as little thought, of the beneficent work done by the railroads in aiding and promoting the measures set on foot for the relief of stricken Galveston. Thousands of refugees from that city received free transportation to any part of the country, and immense quantities of supplies were rushed forward without charge. This ready response to the cry of human needs characterized all the great railway systems of the country, the express, telegraph and telephone companies. The cash value of services thus rendered is as impossible to estimate as the amount of human suffering and misery they helped to alleviate.

Smith's Opportunity.

The commissioners decide that the most valuable oyster beds of Long Island belong to Smith. Come on, Smith; there's an oyster apiece waiting for you.

Hawkins—"I see a man out West rescued a widow from drowning, and she married him in three days." Robins—"What caused the delay?"

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In the November Woods, I see again the leaf strewn walk, Where lengthened sun fire shine; Golden fringed are the stately pines; And here with them I talk, Together they kindly welcome, There well known voices roll; Into the sadness of my soul Like waves from the brooding sea.

Your voice true heart they surely know They blend in one deep tone, The parting words we said alone, In their shadows years ago. All things about me are the same, Still the chill November air Still th' sigh for seasons fair. Still your own dear name,

Together their fond words were ours, But you were sweeter far; Then all these low voiced whispers are, Among the withered flowers. We lingered till the stars of night. In glory looked to see, That fearful hour to you and me; But you were all my light.

When you were here that made all, Those passing autumn rags A sapphire gleam in happier days, Not but a wintry pall, But still down in my heart my own. We walk in dreams of love and peace, Those memories dear can never cease, Though summer long has flown. —CYPRUS GOLDB.

The Ducks Are on the Wing. The nippin' wind is whistling and the gray clouds scurry by; Upon the edges of the rakes the thin ice-ribbons cling; The morning breeze is sighing through the rushes, And guns are gayly popping—for the ducks are on the wing.

The canvas-back drops quickly from the clouds toward the lake; From the marsh's weed-grown mud the lazy mallards swing; The dainty teal flies swifts and low when daylight's colors break. And all the air seems throbbing—when the ducks are on the wing.

The drake's discordant clamor sounds across the wind-stirred flood. And through the frosty, bracing air the countless pinions stir; The old sand-blind is waiting, and the fever's in our blood, The red-gods loud are calling—for the ducks are on the wing.

So get the 12-bore ready, the old hunting coat as well, Decoys and ammunition, boots and every needed. Leave this dull world behind you for awhile, and go to dwell Where Nature bids you welcome, and the ducks are on the wing.

To the Public. My age is fourteen months or so; I've taught myself to walk, But I am now concerned to know How I shall learn to talk; In fact, how any babe who lives Both day and night among His idiotic relatives Can learn the English tongue.

And therefore I would make it clear Nor deem the act amiss What chance have we when all we hear Is language such as this: "Ze precious sug!" "O wotsy woots!" "His muzzer's tamin' pet!" "Ze lity, ritty, wintz damns det?" "Now wats does damns det?"

They tell me that a drink's a "diak;" My fingers "fingles" are; That "ink" is "ink," or also "fink;" And that a car's a "tar." With "tumpy tump" and "bow wow wow," And "diddy, diddy, de," And his phrases that, I vow, Are useless, quite, to me.

So when from mother, aunt and all I've gained a moment's grace, With none to clutch me lest I fall, O stave me in the face. I've printed out this statement rude The letters learned with pain From cans of patent baby food And hope 'tis not in vain. —Edwin L. Sabin.

Off With the Old Love. Put away the caps and mittens, That our baseball heroes wore; Fold the sweaters and the stockings— They're not needed any more; Take the cushions from the diamond, Put the balls and bats away; Strip the halos from the heroes— They are only common clay.

They who late with fashion glances Set the grand stand hearts in throbs, Now, ununiformed, are roaming In the cold world, hunting jobs. And the "buzzer girl" so fickle Slighted her old-time idol's shrine, Traces gridirons o'er the diamond, Writes "eleven" over "nine."

She who lately smiled on shortstop, Wore his colors everyw ere, Shakes him for the husky half back, And his shock of nobby hair, All her talk is now of "fackles," "Touchdowns," "goals" and falls and halves, And her time is spent in mixing Healing liniments and tans.

Put away the caps and mittens, Start the grand old national game; Loose the 'leven with the pigskin, Bid them rush and Maul and Maul, We will be patient till springtime— Shall the wearing nine restore, When with fans we'll grow fanatic And with routers root once! —Louis Leigh.

He—Isn't that your chaperon over there? She—Yes; she's as blind as a bat without her glasses. 'Too bad, isn't it?' 'Oh, I don't know! I've got her glasses in my pocket!'

Mistress: 'Why, Mary, you have dated your letter a week ahead.' Maid: 'Yis'm; it will take over a week for it to get to me mother, and she wouldn't care to be reading old news even from me.'

'I see that Mrs. Blikins has colored help now.' 'Has she?' 'Yes, she got so tired of having people ask her if her hired girls were related to the family.'

'That bunch of jokes,' said the vaudeville manager, hasn't one in it that is less than 30 years old.

'And the crowd that comes to your theatre,' retorted the would-be monologist, 'will average less than 30 years of age.'

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

THE STORY OF THE FIGHT.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE]

agent and no one can tell what will happen as a result.

Good work was done by all who entered heartily into the campaign. That fault should be found at times was to be expected for every man thinks his way the best but the result is the best evidence of the success of the plan of the campaign. Mr. Milligan as general secretary had a job nobody wanted. He did his work well and though remonstrated with again and again because he could not satisfy everybody in the province and breed orators at will he kept on doing the best possible with the material at hand. He deserves credit.

So do the speakers. They are too numerous to mention here but the people know them all.

Workers were not wanting. It was a pleasure to see such an old campaigner as Col. Blaine with his coat off in Dukes and young men in line on all sides. No wonder the result was what it was. The day was fine and the voters came out with alacrity and pleasure.

Queer Things in Obitua.

Miss Louise Hodgkins, in a letter to Zion's Herald dated early in the present year, describes her arrival at the city of Chinking on the bank of the Yangtze River. The primitive character of the city is not due entirely to its age, for it has been largely rebuilt since the Taiping Rebellion a date that in China corresponds to our "before the war." With a chance to begin afresh, the inhabitants only crowded closer to the shore, leaving the hills to the fort, the barracks and the various missions.

It was ten o'clock at night when the writer reached this Chinese city. A bright starlight enabled her to follow a friend through the Concession, along the unpaved streets and up to the heights beyond.

"What are these curious haystack mounds?" was the newcomer's first question as she picked her way among strange hill locks.

"Oh, these are graves," was the reply. "Didn't you know we lived in the very middle of a graveyard?"

There were hundreds of them, each surmounted by a cap of fresh sod of the size and shape of an inverted milk-pan. This sod is the new cap provided annually for the traveller journeying to the undiscovered country. Miss Hodgkins did not chance, as often happens, to stumble over a coffin left uninterred until the family Solon should declare that the propitious moment for burial had arrived.

"And what are these?" was her question a few minutes later, as by the light of a coolie's lantern, she and her friend stumbled among graves and mud-puddles, and came suddenly upon what looked like the top of the traditional prairie-schooner, save that it was a trifle broader and thatched.

"These are the huts of the very poor," was the answer; and huts they were. Windowless, doorless,—except for an entrance hole,—fireless, floorless, they were all the shelter the occupants had through winters as severe as those of New England. The deep breathing within and the occasional bark of a dog gave constant token that the travellers were passing through a thickly settled neighborhood.

Next morning, under the sunlight, the graves looked numberless, but they were soon to blossom with violets and dandelions. Far below, too far for its squalor and wretchedness to be seen, stretched the city, while under the windows of the house was the parade-ground.

Breathlessly the newcomer inquired what the soldiers at drill were doing with the long fishing rods, with which they appeared to be running violently at each other, uttering wild Indian yells.

It was explained that this was an ancient form of onslaught come down from the days of Confucius at the latest. Its object is to trip up the antagonist with the long stick, throw water in his face, and in the midst of his bewilderment at this extraordinary treatment to cut off his head.

The writer found it hard to believe her eyes and ears. And all this was after the recent China-Japanese War, when the Chinese found out to their humiliation, but evidently not to their enlightenment, what the enemy would do while they were shaking sticks and fans at them.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

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RAILWAY TRAVEL IN RUSSIA.

Cheap Rates for Great Distance on the Siberian Road.

The cost of railroad travel in Russia over the great Siberian route is beyond criticism. There is nothing in the world like it, says Henry Forman in Scribner's Magazine. A few years ago when it was discovered that the people were not making sufficient use of the railways, the heroic decision was made to put railway travelling literally within the reach of everyone. The zone system of charges was adopted, the tariff made cheaper the longer the journey, and the rats put at an astonishingly low figure for the whole empire. Irkutsk is 3,371 miles from Moscow and the journey thither occupies close upon nine days. The price of a first-class ticket is 62 roubles, and there are supplementary charges of 12.60 roubles for "express speed," 7.50 for the sleeping berth, and three roubles for three changes of bed linen en route. Total, 86.10 roubles; \$44.30. And this is for a train practically as luxurious as any in the world, and incomparably superior to the ordinary European or American train. The second class fare for the same journey is only £6, or less than \$30, and the third class passenger, travelling by the ordinary daily train, and spending 30 hours or more on the way, can actually travel these 3,011 miles for the ridiculous sum of about £2 14s, or, say, \$13.50.

Giant Oregon Fungus.

A remarkably large fungus, one of the kind which grows on the trunks of trees or stumps, shaped like a bracket, has just been added to the free city museum. It is 4 feet 6 inches lengthwise the surface, 3 feet across and 13 inches deep and weighs about 250 pounds. W. J. Collins, one of the men employed in stringing the telegraph wire to Tillamook for the Oregon Telephone and Telegraph Company, discovered it in the woods on the Trask River and wrote to L. L. Hawkins about it, stating that all who had seen, pronounced it the largest they had ever seen and offering, if it were desired for the city museum, to send it to the railroad station at North Yamhill free of cost. Mr. Hawkins at once asked that it be forwarded, and yesterday it arrived and was placed in the museum, the railroad company bringing it from North Yamhill for nothing. It took eight men to get it out of the woods to the road and Mr. Hawkins had to procure several men to assist him in getting it into the museum. The surface of this giant fungus, originally smooth and velvety has become mossy from old age and has been soiled in handling, but it is wonderful on account of its great size.

McJigger—Our friend Jenks is either going to extremes in the matter of mourning for his late wife or he's looking for a new one. Thingumbob—Why, how is that? McJigger—He has dyed his hair and mustache jet black.