

PROGRESS.

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CAMPAIGN ORATORY.

It is interesting to note the different methods of speakers in the present campaign. Some of them depend simply upon their eloquence and their power of holding the attention of an audience by their gift of language, others deal almost entirely with facts and figures which are not always suited to even intelligent voters. The managers of the campaign endeavor as far as possible to combine the practical and interesting talkers and send them in pairs.

It has always been doubtful just what effect stump speaking has upon the electorate. Old campaigners are not disposed to consider it of first importance though admitting that it would be disastrous if their opponents did all the talking. In this connection the opinion of Senator DEPEW, one of the greatest of American stump speakers, is of interest and value. He estimates that platform oratory will make a difference of Republican vote of the party is predominant, many a voter sees no reason why he should take time to go to the polls at a sacrifice of business or pleasure. The stump speaker "shows him why." Part of his business is to "bring out the vote."

If a campaign orator is a man of national reputation, his speeches provide material for local speakers, and every point he makes is used again and again in those arguments that arise whenever two men meet in campaign time. But a campaigner's chief purpose, of course, is to persuade the doubtful and convert his opponents. How shall he best do this? A shrewd politician once said that the first requisite to successful oratory is, that a man should "talk as if he knew what he was talking about and believed every word he said." Senator Depew, admitting this, goes a step beyond.

A speech, he says, should have a solid foundation of facts which cannot be successfully disputed. It should be put in plain English, so that every one may understand it. The argument should be relieved with illustrations, historical or personal, and occasionally pointed with an apt story. There should be no abuse. The weaknesses of opponents may be ridiculed lightly, but to call names or impute unworthy motives is the height of folly.

Probably the reader has sometimes found himself enraged or wearied by campaign orators who disregarded one or all of the above instructions. If so, he does not need Senator Depew to tell him that such speakers do their cause no good. But we have quoted the views of one of the oldest and ablest of American campaigners to emphasize the timely truth that a young man who wishes to serve his party on the stump must be honest, discreet well informed, and respectful of his hearers and himself.

GENEROUS TO GALVESTON.

The almost total destruction of the city of Galveston by flood was similar in many respects to that which overtook St. John in 1877. Fire was the cause here and flood in the Southern City and while the loss of life was small here, thousands perished in the more sudden disaster in Galveston. In another respect the misfortune of the two cities were very similar. The sympathy and assistance of the people on the whole continent were extended to both. Though more than a month has passed since the hurricane which reduced Galveston to ruins, but the need of the survivors has not

yet passed out of mind, nor have contributions to the relief fund ceased.

The promptness, liberality and diverse character of these contributions make one of the most impressive incidents of modern times. Money, food, clothing, tents, medicine and disinfectants poured in upon the stricken city. Even before the bridges were restored whole trainloads of provisions were waiting close at hand, and locomotives, which had hurried their charitable burden half across the continent, were fretting at the delay, almost within sight of the sufferers.

The money gift of New York City alone aggregated a quarter of a million dollars, and Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco and many other cities gave with proportionate generosity.

Such a great outpouring of sympathy and substantial aid is remarkable in two ways. It shows how deep and strong is the current of practical Christianity and brotherly love in an age often called so cold and materialistic; and it brings out no less strongly the influence of invention and industrial progress on the moral life of a people.

What would have been the fate of a community on a disaster like the Galveston hurricane had fallen seventy-five or even fifty years ago? How long would it have taken even the news to reach the outside world, and how much longer for aid to reach the sufferers? Pestilence and starvation would have done their work, and thousands of those who survived the storm must have perished for lack of the help and in ignorance of the sympathy which the railway and the telegraph now bring so promptly to the sufferer.

Great inventions and vast industrial enterprises of the age are drawing men closer together, and making charity more effectual and sympathy easier of expression.

"THE DEVELOPMENT OF SPORT"

The Bull Dog Contest and the Shock it gave to Many people.

Dog fights are a rare event in the city of St. John and there was some surprise and consternation when the following paragraph appeared in the evening Globe of Tuesday.

ONE SPECIES OF DEVELOPMENT.

The sporting fraternity was talking last night and today of a great event which occurred "out the road" on Monday, an event which eclipsed in interest the great meeting in the Opera House in the minds of those given to that kind of amusement. It seems that Mr. H. R. McLehane, who has been engaged for some time in the development of a superior breed of dogs, and other enterprises, brought from across the water a bulldog of great fighting powers. Another Portland man, whose name is said to be Bogan or Rogan, has, or rather had, a bulldog of whose prowess he was very proud. On Monday the dogs met in mortal combat, within a short distance of the city, and a fierce fight resulted. The spectators speak of it as a "great battle," which ended in complete victory for the imported dog. The local dog, reports say, killed in thirty five minutes. The fight, according to all accounts, was conducted under the usual dog-fighting world, and hundreds of dollars changed hands. The stakes were \$200 a side. The result is that the development of fighting dogs can now go on concurrently with projects for reform in municipal, provincial and Dominion politics.

There is no doubt about the truth of the paragraph as a whole, but there were details that might have been given and would no doubt have proved interesting reading. Still, out of consideration for a considerable number of the members of the Development Club, who have no wish to see the organization brought up in such a connection, the interesting portion of the contest was just as well kept from the public eye. Some of the gentlemen prominent in the club, who claim it was started for the development of sport, must have received a rude shock when they read this paragraph.

An Event at Loch Lomond.

The ladies of Loch Lomond had a pleasant evening Thursday when they gathered in the agricultural hall and had a pie social. A short programme of music, recitations, dialogues etc. was followed by the auction of the pies. Mr. S. H. Barker was the first gentleman to sell the pies and there was a good deal of effort on the part of Mr. Benjamin Stackhouse, who followed him to get better prices than he did. Coffee and other refreshments followed the auction and everybody had a pleasant time. The proceeds of the sale were something over \$40.

To a Correspondent.

The letter of W. P. B., referring to some police matters, will receive attention next week.

'My wife,' said the tall, lantern jawed man, 'is as womanly a woman as you could find, but she can hammer nails like lightning.' 'Wonderful!' sang the chorus. 'Lightning,' the tall lantern-jawed man continued, 'seldom strikes twice in the same place.'

A quarrel recently occurred between two maiden ladies. Said the younger one—'I wonder if I shall lose my looks, too, when I get to your age.' The Elder One—'You will be lucky if you do.'

Chairs Re-seated Cans, Spins, Perforated, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

London A'Becket.

Eight hundred years and more ago, The cry went all abroad; "Come Rescue from the Infidel! The birth land of the Lord." The brave crusaders, valiant knights, Disdaining death or loss; Would teach the haughty Saracens, The glory of the cross.

Fast came the gathering of arms, Quick tread of martial feet; The coat of mail the flashing sword, Clattering on the street. Old England's sons went forth to war, And one a leader brave; A valiant prisoner was made, And sold to be a slave.

His master's daughter young and fair, Was grieved at his distress; And soon by signs they understood; What neither could confess. One garden gate was by the sea, A ship was close at hand; At night she set the captive free, To seek his native land.

He turned and by his pliances said, Some day when ends the strife; To meet me you will find the way And then become my wife. She wept for him and so resolved, To cross the water's blue; London A'Becket, that was all The English tongue she knew.

By night she left the self same gate, And long beside the shore Cried "London!" till a boat came in, Home came she never more. The master in the ship was kind, Still all that she could say Was "London!" and so there at last, They sent her on her way.

By fragrant fields and English lanes, "London," was all her word, "And true hearts pointed out the road Wherever she was heard. And when at last she entered there, A'Becket on she cried; A'Becket! ever on she called, And on his name relied.

O what if he she loved was dead; And they should never meet; He lived! and word was brought to him Of who was in the street. An eastern lady pale and sad, They said kept up that cry; A Becket, saying all day long None knew the reason why,

Out hastened he and wild with joy, He heard the maiden call; Who loved him in the Holy Land, And for him gave up all. The toil was ended and the pain, The struggle and the grief; He clasped the angel in his arms The strength of love is chief.

His wife in truth became she soon, What happiness was this; His name had been her guiding star, Her love his crown of bliss. God puts that holy love of His, Into your heart and mine; Its presence with us ever is, A messenger divine.

—CYPRUS GOLDB.

Philadelphia, Oct. 1900.

Our Men of Purpose.

What has the country boy to say Of country boys that "made their way"? The breeze from the standing at the stile, Nods toward the homestead with a smile, Points to the plow, the field, the mill, The "by sesh" horse on the hill. And tells with pride how from the farm A Lincoln's sturdy voice and arm, A Garfield's eloquence and might, A Whittier's prophetic sight, The faith of sturdy men at Washington Our cause upheld, our battles won, And strengthened in its trial hour, The bulwarks of our country's power.

What has the city boy to tell Of city boys who served us well? He points us to a thousand strong— Renowned in story and in song, A thousand who have "won their way," Whose names shine like the stars to-day, He tells how from the town there came A Franklin's never-ending fame, An Irving's sun that has not set, The genius of an Everett; Beneath the city's roofs and domes There sprang the peerless wit of Holmes, The treasured power of Motley's books, The eloquence of Phillips Brooks.

Waah, then, brave toiler in the town, Strong cowboy, in the pasture brown! When youthful purpose clearly sees Exemplars in such men as these,— John Edson, like our men of old, To speed the common Age of Gold; Join forces in their noble strife To seek the purest joys of life; Join hands together, and be brave Their legacy of faith to save. Whatever drones and doubters say, Be men of purpose, boys to-day.

"Cash" and Cupid.

He met her at the counter— She presided o'er the wares, And she sold the silks and satins And such feminine affairs, She was willowy and charming, With a subtle sort of dash, And her voice was most alluring When she sweetly caroled "Cash!"

So he wooed her at the counter, Among the gretardines and lace, And he vowed that all the fabrics Paled to chrysopea by her face. Oh, he wooed her and he won her, With his air and his mustache, And he vowed he loved to listen To her sweetly murmured "Cash!"

Now, however, she still wishes To surround herself with lace, And with velvets, silks and satins, And leads him a merry pace. For she murmurs o'er the outlets, And she carols o'er the hush, One insistent constant solo Whose recurrent theme is "Cash!"

Lullaby.

We've wandered all about the upland fells, We've watched the rabbits at their play, But now good night, goodby to soaring swallows, Now good night, good bye, dear day.

Puppy heads are closing fast, pigeons circle home at last, Sleep, Liechen, sleep, the bats are calling! Pansies never miss the light, but sweet babe, must sleep at night; Sleep, Liechen, sleep, the dew is falling.

Even wind among the quiet billows Rests, and the sea is silent too. See soft white linen, cool, such cool white pillows Wait in the darkling room for you.

All the little chicks are still, now the moon peeps down the hill, Sleep, Liechen, sleep the howl is hooping, Ships have hung their lanterns out, little mice dare creep about, Sleep, Liechen, sleep, the stars are shooting.

—Ford M. Escher.

THOSE OFFICES OF MR. KELLY.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

ment in its endeavor to further the interest of the farmers, had an idea that some instruction in the line of fattening fowl would be beneficial, and it seems that Mr. Kelly thought he would be a very capable man to look after such an institution. PROGRESS does not know why they differed from his views, but the fact that today he is included in the ranks of the opposition seems to be sufficient evidence that he did not obtain the appointment.

Last year there were some senatorships vacant, or about to be vacant, and it seems that Mr. Kelly, not having lost courage because of his former applications presented his claims for a senatorship. The letter was written on either March 13th or 18th (PROGRESS is not quite sure of the date) and his former liberal friends in St. Martins are somewhat inclined to think, that because these three applications of his were not attended to, in a manner satisfactory to him, the reason for his present position as a politician is not quite so obscure as it would seem to be.

Too Far and Too Near.

An old photographer, who for many years made triumphal tours of the country with his tintype studio on wheels, tells in Lipincott's Magazine of an amusing development due to chemicals more subtle than any in use in his dark room.

One Fourth of July a young farmer and his sweetheart came to him to have some tintypes taken together. He posed them on a flight of stairs, with a balustrade between them. When he came from his dark room after developing the plate, the young fellow stepped forward and said: "Sa-s-y, couldn't ye take that over again?"

"Why, what's the matter?" the photographer asked in surprise. "We aint going to like that picture a bit" was the evasive answer.

"But why not?" the photographer persisted. "Wal," the young man blurted out, blushing to the roots of his hair, "she's too far off!"

He refused, however, to pay fifty cents for a new sitting, and at last took the tintypes as they were. The next day however, he came back to the gallery very wrathful.

"Sa-s-y," he shouted, when he saw the photographer, "take that girl off this picture! I'm mad with her!"

A Library in a Cracker Box.

The British and foreign Bible society has published a unique and important edition of the Scriptures, said an attendant upon the recent world's missionary conference in New York.

It is a translation into the Uganda language. The volume is in shape very long, but it is only three inches wide and about three inches thick.

A peculiar reason occasioned the adoption of this form. In Central Africa the white ants and other insects rapidly destroy a book unless it is well protected. The representatives of the Church Missionary Society accordingly recommended to the Bible Society that they should issue this edition in a form that would fit into the tin biscuit boxes of a certain firm, which are very generally used in Uganda families.

This has been done, and the ant-proof biscuit-box is just large enough to hold this Bible, a small Bible history, and a hymnal and a prayer-book. The missionaries say that this little library in a tin box is exceedingly popular in Uganda.

Poor Sermon.

Mr. Amos Boggs had his own ideas as to what constituted a good sermon. When he was asked his opinion of the learned discourse given by a clergyman from the city, who was spending a few days in Shawville, he stroked his beard and replied:

"If there was anybody there that called to findout the r'd to Heaven, they'd have been a mite disappointed, I reckon," he said, slowly; "but if they wanted to know how to get from Egypt to Jericho and back, they'd have found out. It jest depends."

Tragically Humorous.

The Chicago Record tells a story which reads like a queer negation of the good old injunction, 'Honor to whom honor is due.'

A peculiar telegraphic correspondence was carried on between the capitals of Saxony, Bohemia and Russia. Some one in Dresden had a maiden aunt who was taken sick and died in a hospital at Prague while on her way to Vienna.

The nephew was notified, and he telegraphed to the Prague hospital authorities to send the body to Dresden, for entombment in the family vault.

When the coffin arrived and was opened it was found to contain, not the body of the aunt, but that of a uniformed and be-

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

PAGE 1.—This page is right before you. Read it. PAGE 2.—An interesting article on dogs and cats on board ship—other bright miscellany. PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic notes of the week. PAGE 4.—Editorial, poetry, and a budget of local matter. PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social items from all over the Maritime provinces. PAGE 9.—Town Tales including: A tramp that proved a mystery. The fountain ran dry. An absent conductor. With the "gods" in the gallery. PAGES 10, and 15.—First instalment of a serial—Captain Despard's Dilemma. PAGE 11.—Sunday reading—Mrs. Bottom's heart to heart talks to King Daughters—other Sabbath reading. PAGE 12.—Big Sim's Wanderings—A tramp who has seen much of this world. PAGE 13.—Chat of the Bondoir and frills of fashion and items from the woman's realm. PAGE 14.—Another interesting article on the Indian Famine. PAGE 16.—A "Medicine" hog—A tale of adventure. Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

dized Russian general. Immediately the nephew telegraphed to Prague: 'No dead aunt but Russian general. Where dead aunt?'

From Prague came the reply: 'If dead aunt not arrived, then Petersburg.' The next telegram went to the railway authorities at St. Petersburg, and read: 'What do with Russian general? Where is dead aunt?'

And from St. Petersburg was received the reply: 'Bury general in all silence. Aunt just buried with highest military honors.'

His Prescription.

A physician who was slightly deaf but did not like to acknowledge it, was summoned one evening, just as he was on the point of retiring for the night, by a ring at his door bell.

He called through the speaking tube: "Well?" "Doctor," said a voice in reply, "this is Harrison Yearick. I—"

"Harrison? Got the earache? Heat a brick, wrap it in dampened flannel, and keep it close to your ear till morning."

"But that isn't—"

"That is all I should prescribe for you if I should see you, Mr. Harrison. If it isn't better in the morning, let me know. Good night."

And disdaining further conversation, he crawled into bed, while Mr. Harrison Yearick, who was suffering from neuralgia, went away to find another doctor.

Catching Monkeys.

The fondness of monkeys for mischief makes them the ready dupes of a shrewder intelligence. The manner of entrapping them is explained by a South American writer, who is familiar with life in town and in forest throughout the equatorial belt.

One of the simplest methods consists in cutting a number of holes in a gourd, making them barely large enough to admit the monkey's hand. The gourd, thus prepared, is filled with corn and secured to the trunk of a tree. Then it is shaken violently, so as to attract the attention of the monkeys. A few grains of corn are scattered in the neighborhood of the trap.

The gourd is the dinner bell of the monkeys. They no sooner hear the well-known sound than they descend from their aerial homes, and each in turn, seizing the gourd, grasps through one of the holes a handful of corn. Then they struggle in vain to withdraw their hands without relinquishing the prize. At this critical moment the concealed author of their mishap suddenly makes his appearance, and tying their hands, carries them off to his cabin in the woods.

Patrick (just recovering from the effects of ether, in the hospital)—'Oh where am I? where am I?' Dr. Sawbones (with a wink)—'In heaven.' Patrick (looking around)—'Then I'd like to know phwat your'e doin' here?'

Citizen—'Mr. Greatman, I heard a curious debate the other evening. The subject was 'Can a politician be a Christian? What is your opinion?' Mr. Greatman (local statesman)—'He can, but he'll get beaten.'

Posticus—'The trouble is, I never had a show.' Cynicus—'What's the matter with the exhibition you're always making of yourself?'