

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), Ed. WARD S. CARTER, EDITOR AND MANAGER, Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 27

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

THE END OF THE WAR.

The War in South Africa began October 11, 1899, when the time limit of the Transvaal ultimatum expired, and the Boer forces crossed the frontier into Natal. It was virtually ended September 19, 1900, when the last Boer army was driven out of Komati Poort, on the Portuguese frontier, and dispersed into small bands, some of which crossed into Portuguese territory and were disarmed, while others fled into the mountains. The intervening eleven months were taken up with almost continuous fighting, often on a small scale, but spirited and obstinate. For the first four months Natal and Cape Colony were the battle-grounds, but since the relief of Kimberley, last February, the fighting has been mostly in the Free State or the Transvaal.

Neither the size of the Boer forces nor the extent of their losses is accurately known. Practically, the entire male population of both republics took the field, and they were reinforced by foreigners and by sympathizers from Natal and Cape Colony. To crush the Boer forces, England was obliged to send out more than two hundred thousand troops. The British losses, excluding prisoners but including those invalided and sent home, were more than two thousand officers and nearly thirty-seven thousand men. The money cost to England has been perhaps four hundred million dollars.

Nothing but extreme provocation on the one hand or the most beneficent return results on the other could justify a war fought at such terrible cost. If, as many think, it might have been averted by a little more tact in the negotiations which preceded it, a heavy responsibility rests upon those whose errors of judgment or temper precipitated it.

The result of the war is the absorption of the two republics as colonies of the British Empire. This settlement must be accepted as final, since the Liberal leaders in England who opposed the war disclaim any attention to disturb its adjustments.

Much now depends on the temper in which England administers the two colonies. Leniency, justice and political freedom may avail to efface past differences. The French and English live together amicably in Canada, and the Dutch and English enjoy equal rights in Cape Colony and Natal. The most obstinate racial antipathies yield in time to a wise and conciliatory policy.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

One day a young man passing through a town in which he formerly had lived decided to look in upon the village high school. It was ten years since he had been one of its pupils.

"They all look so young to me now," said he, in describing his visit, "that I could hardly realize it was the same school. And when the teacher told me the average age of his scholars was greater than it used to be, I was almost bewildered. As a small boy, the fellows there looked so old and wise to me that I longed to join their ranks and when I finally did so, the school still seemed rather old and very serious. Now it looks as if the pupils were but children."

This is a common experience, not only in regard to schools, but in everything else that greatly concerns our lives. Unconsciously to us our point of view is moving all the time. The thing we have not attained looks large; after it is ours it seems small. This is the case with accomplishments of every kind, the learning of a

trade, the acquisition of a language, or the preparation for a profession. The difference in appearance "before taking" and "after taking" is as distinct as that which is portrayed in the patent medicine advertisements.

It is well that our point of view in life is thus progressive. If it were not we should be so filled with complacent satisfaction over anything that we chance to accomplish as to lose incentive for pressing on to farther conquests. It may not come amiss to remember sometimes, when about to approach a new and difficult undertaking, that whereas it may look large then, after its mastery it will appear quite different.

RAILWAYS AND FORESTRY.

In days when wood was burned in locomotives more generally than now, railroad companies often purchased large tree-tracts from farmers who needed ready money, and converted their whole product into fuel and ties. By this practice entire forests were swept away, and along some railway routes farms bought merely for their woodland lay stripped and unsalable until, in twenty-five or thirty years, a new growth could take the place of the old.

The evils of this waste have been learned by experience, and a wiser policy now commends itself to the agents of our great transportation industries. The public will gain by any movement to indemnify the plundered land; consequently it is gratifying to know that the principal transcontinental railway companies are becoming interested in planting trees. It is stated that several of the companies have combined in the employment of a competent forester to examine the country along their lines, talk with railroad men and arouse a popular sentiment in favor of planting forests.

In substantially the same line of improvement a railway company which operates a line along the Southern coast has lately shown itself a patriotic promoter. Its influence, in many regions hitherto strange to all interest in arboriculture and its beautifying and benefiting effects, promises to awaken the people, and especially the young, to the advantage of making waste places green.

The effort is a humane one, if only to popularize Arbor Day and make sure that every celebration of it shall show material returns. But the study of forestry in any branch is essentially patriotic and conservative, and against the too ready instinct of mercenary destruction everywhere the country calls for teachers and patrons of a saving science. Toward supplying this want the alliance of the school and the railroad will be a hopeful beginning.

Notes of Interest.

This year's list of accidents in the Alps numbers 79, of which 53 resulted in instant death.

Owing to the big vintage and scarcity of casks wine is selling at one cent a quart at many vineyards in the Bordeaux districts.

A cousin of Dr. Livingstone, Mrs. MacQueen, who was Kate Livingstone, is alive at the age 104, at Salon, in the Isle of Mull.

Over 2,000,000 francs have been taken at the door during the 193 performance of "L'Aiglon" at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt.

Sims Reeves is 82 years of age and still singing. Though he was a choir-master at 14, his first appearance on the stage was in 1839.

Shetland has had a wonderful herring catch this season, 330,400 crans, valued at over \$1,500,000. This is a record for all Scotland.

London has seen the biggest dog show of the century at the Alexandra Palace. It was held by the Ladies' Kennel Association, with 6,000 entries and \$50,000 worth of prizes.

An official map of Vesuvius on a scale of one in ten thousand has just been issued being the first since 1876. A new plan in relief of the cone of the volcano has also been made.

Paris's moving sidewalk, which has turned out to be the most striking feature of 1900 exhibition, has now, like other public conveyances, the occurrence of a case of child-birth to record.

Bizet's Carmen was performed in the Baoune bull ring recently with the intercalation of a real bullfight. The innovation was not successful as the fight was not satisfactory to the audience.

On Oct. 7 the English Catholics celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the reestablishment of the Catholic hierarchy in England with the appointment of Cardinal Wiseman as Archbishop of Westminster.

Ohats Es seated Oano, Splins, Porforated, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Young Queen.

Some of us may have been unaware to what perfection those fruits have been already matured in the virgin soil of Australia, but if there was surprise in any quarter it was pleasurable surprise. The whole country felt a thrill of pride as the work of her sons was revealed to her, and revealed to her at a time when the ties between her and them had been newly consecrated by common effort, and by common sacrifice in a righteous cause.—"The Times."

Her hand was still on her sword-hilt—the spar was still on her heel— She had not cast her harness of grey-wad-dimmed steel; High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold and brown, she Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen rode to be crowned.

And she came to the Old Queen's presence in the Hall of Ours, Thousand Years, In the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers among their peers; Royal she gave the greeting, royal she bowed the head, Crying:—"Come, my Mother! And the Old Queen stood and said:

How can I crown thee further? I know whose standard flies— Where the clews same takes the Leucum or the mottled Kasatonas five. Blood of our foes on thy battle-dimmed speech of our friends'—"Ours" motto, "I've" has, ad, alive, "How can I crown thee further, O Queen, of the Sovereign South?"

"Let the free nations witness! But the Young Queen answered swift: It shall be crown of our crowding to hold our crowns for a girl. "In the days when our folk were feeble by sword made sure on the land, Where were we could power to beg our crowns a thy hands."

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the jealous cincture prest Roped with the pearls of the northland and red in the road of the West— And the Young Queen, out of the Southland Laced-ed down at the Old Queen's knee, And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent years to be.

And the Old Queen stooped in the Stillness where the jeweled head dropped low; Daughter no more but sister, and doubly Daughter— "Mother of many princes— and child of the child I bore, "What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not wished before.

"Shall I give thee del'ph in dominion— rash pride of thy sex— one foretold— Nay, what would I see her— we know what that last is worth. "Peace to thy utmost borders and strength on a road untried. "These are del'ph dimmed at the secret will of God.

"I have swayed troubled councils—I am wise in terrible things— "Father and mother and grandson I have known the hearts of the Kings. "Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom or the gift of wisdom above? "Ally, we be women together—I give thee thy people's love;

"Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant prayers or vows. "Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother's "God require thee my Sister, through the seasons years to be, "And make thy people love thee as thou hast loved me!" —Rudyard Kipling.

The Man Beneath The Bed.

What cosmic whim has fathered him Or made his hide exist, Cannot be told by Solon old Or learned etimologist; He seems a dream, yet myriads deem Him to be the victor dead, And by the score are looking for The man beneath the bed.

Inquailing mind of womankind Industrious search doth wage Night after night to bring to light This remoted personage, And though with will they're hunting still, Their efforts have out led To hope uncrowded; they've never found The man beneath the bed.

This is a time when acts sublime Are due to sex of Eve, And who shall say, in coming day Will need they may achieve? Will one of her, to Christopher Columbus' genius wed, Win heed of zeal, and yet reveal The man beneath the bed?

The Searcher.

I come from somewhere up the street, I make a sudden sally To knock a copper off his feet And scuttle down an alley. I ring my bell to terrify The walk'ng population, For when I'm in condition I Can frighten all creation.

I ring and ring to let them know The e's trouble for them brewing, For when I come or when I go, There's always something doing. I ride in front of trolley cars, And they reverse their power; I never use the handle bars At thirty miles an hour.

The children all with terror shriek When I go past them humming, The mothers are too scared to speak, When e'er they see me coming. I ring and ring to let them know There's trouble for them brewing, For when I come or when I go, There's always something doing.

To splash the mud on passers-by I scotch right through the gutter I love to hear the women cry And hear the fat men sputter. I jolt men's hats, fling pass, And say I'll see them later, And then bear down upon a lass With a perambulator.

I ride till I am out of breath, But that will never please me, I've got the public sea-ed to death, A fact which well repays me. I ring and ring to let them know There's trouble for them brewing, For when I come and when I go, There's always something doing.

—From the Morning Oregonian.

The Wise Man and the Fly Paper.

There was a man in our town And he was wondrous wise; He got some sticky paper which He spread out on a chair;— He spread it on a chair;— and then Forgot that it was there, And, being weary, sat him down Upon that self-same chair. And when at last, he rose to go He waddly reached around And danced in frenzy to and fro And made a wicked sound: "Of all the fools this one who first Did think of catching flies On sticky paper was the worst!" He said—and he was wise.

GROCERS WANT TO KNOW WHY.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

grocer, who feels justly indignant over the way the committee have acted, had to pay a large account into which he was drawn by the grocers' picnic committee asking him to become responsible.

The committee who run the picnic attempted at first to conduct the affair as a private speculation, but not meeting with much encouragement from the many grocers about town, they were forced to abandon their scheme and conduct the picnic under the auspices of the city grocers.

Were Glad to See Them.

Many of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Jack McBriarty gathered at the station on Wednesday afternoon to bid them goodbye upon their return to Baltimore after a brief visit to this city. During the few days they were here, the numerous friends of Mr. McBriarty had much pleasure in making the acquaintance of his charming wife, and on one evening, at least, a considerable number of them assembled and much enjoyed a brilliant musical entertainment. Mr. McBriarty's position with the Merchants' and Miners' Steamship Co. is an excellent one and his services are much appreciated by the management of the line.

THE FRENCH M'VOEUVRES.

Marvellous Perfection of France's Great Military Machine.

The most interesting thing in all the recent manoeuvres, and the thing which gives the best idea of the colossal work to be performed by the railroads in case of a genuine mobilization, was what was called the dislocation of the army corps. This movement in reality pictures the commencement of a war and the vast preparations that have been made for the deadly start. For the infantry especially it is an operation of the very highest importance. Extreme care in regard to material and men is necessary to perform the feat with the required rapidity. The trains which carry the troops are run by officers of the regular and territorial armies, trained for years in that branch of the service. The unit of embarkment is the battalion which with horses and wagons fills an entire train. The boarding of the train by the men is an astounding operation in the eyes of a civilian. When close to the railroad station the soldiers, formed in two lines, are divided into sections, each just sufficient to fill a car. The chief of each carload is always a non-commissioned officer. Corvees, whose places are carefully guarded in their squads look after the transportation of the horses and the baggage. Innumerable gangways are run out from the rails to the floor of the railway station, and the horses are hurried on board. The heavy wagons, such as caissons, commissariat wagons and the wagons of the caninieres, are run on board by main force by men who have been trained to the trick for years and who are commanded by experienced officers.

The operation is performed with astonishing ease, leaving little or no chance for a blunder, which might not only cause a serious accident, but might delay the train or block the road. All the cars are numbered like the groups of soldiers and when the men reach the platform each group finds itself in front of the car which bears its number. In a jiffy they are all on board the train. In the cars there are corners for the knapsacks and racks for the rifles. Nothing is neglected. The trains follow each other with precision. The rapidity with which an entire army corps can now be mobilized in France is something marvellous. The French owes this to the sacrifices which they have made for the perfection of their immense war machine.

At last the battle begins. The distant flashes of the Lebel's in the woods and meadows would remind an American of a swarm of fireflies flickering in delight before a coming thunder-storm. Very often the battle is really over for the military experts before the engagement commences. But all the same, it is a grand and picturesque effort. The long and hard training of the troops facilitates the handling of them, so that the different positions of the two army corps work like the sections of two gigantic machines. The deep toned growling of artillery, angry snarling of infantry, accompanied by ever changing bugle calls, shouts of the troops, swelling in force and fury at irregular intervals, like the gust of a wind storm in the woods, make music enough to warm the heart of the most ardent admirer of Wagner; while the red flashes of the field guns, suddenly bursting from the most unexpected points, present a scene well calculated to please a soldier. The whole thing is a grand game of hide and seek, and when it is over the victors and the vanquished cheer each other lustily after which they once more storm the canteens, take a long rest and have an all-around good time.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

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PAGE 16.—A short story entitled "The White Horse Guest." It tells marriages and deaths of the week.

In the French Army there is a place for everything and everything is in its place. But it must be remembered that it took France thirty years of immense sacrifice to bring that army up to its present degree of efficiency.

A Rat Showed him the Mine. The actions of a trading rat led N. B. Ingoldby to the discovery of a rich gold mine in Arizona. He named the property the Rat Mine.

Mr. Ingoldby is in Denver on the way to his home in England. He has been spending several months near Mammoth on the San Pedro River in Arizona. His purpose was to enjoy the hunting and make a collection of the animals and minerals of the Southwest. He pitched his tent in the canon of the San Pedro in the San's Caterina Mountains.

He had no neighbors and was of a long unable to account for the disappearance of small articles that he left lying about his camp. At last he noticed that when any thing was taken, something was always left in his place. This was unusual a big of stone or wood. The culprit he found to be a large rodent of the species known as the trading rat. The habits of the animal made an interesting study for Mr. Ingoldby, and he often lay awake at night to watch for his visitor.

A silver spoon was missing one morning, and in its place was a piece of quartz carrying free gold. This still more excited Mr. Ingoldby's curiosity, and after several attempts he succeeded in following the animal to its home. Nearby was the ledge from which the gold bearing quartz had been taken. Mr. Ingoldby made an examination thorough enough to prove that his discovery was of considerable value. On his return from England he expects to open the mine.

Kerschdorf near Heidelberg, has a lively ninety-one-year-old blacksmith and church warden who recently climbed to the top of the church steeple and tied a new rope to the bell after the younger men in the village had refused to risk themselves.

Charles Lamb's 'South Sea House,' at the corner of Threadneedle and Bishops gate streets, in London, is to be taken down to make room for a new building. It had become the 'Baltic' exchange, and was sold recently for \$1,750,000.

Johannes Brahms's house at Gmunden in the Salzammergut, has been converted into a Brahms museum. It contains the composer's piano, several autograph scores and a great many relics contributed by his friends.

England's revolutionary heroes are being rehabilitated. Cromwell's state has been set up at Westminster, and now a statue of the great commonwealth Admiral Robert Blake is to be seen at Bridge water.

Heinrich Grimm's successor as professor of the history of art at Berlin is Professor Heinrich Thode of Heidelberg, whose wife is Richard Wagner's daughter. The cause of Hermann Grimm's retirement, bad health.

Askington—Who was your friend whom I saw you walking with this afternoon? Teller—Hoh! He wasn't a friend; that's my brother-in-law.