

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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KINGS COUNTY ELECTION.

The election in Kings resulted as all thought it would. The return of Dr. PUGSLEY by such a majority must be most gratifying to his friends. If his opponents are bitter his friends are earnest and he had plenty of evidence of this fact on Thursday. The opposition of the Sun to the new attorney general is of a peculiar nature and savors of sarcasm rather than argument. A man like Dr. PUGSLEY cannot be injured by such means, and the gentlemen who control the morning conservative organ had personal knowledge of this fact on election day. The people of King's preferred Mr. PUGSLEY to Mr. SPROUL for the best of reasons. One is a representative man, recognized as a leader in his profession, and well calculated to represent his county to the best advantage; the other is also a native of the county, better acquainted perhaps with many voters than the attorney general, because he has had greater leisure and, it may be, more frequent opportunities to meet the people, but intimate acquaintance is not always a passport to political support and this Mr. SPROUL has, no doubt, discovered to be true in his case.

His candidature was a mistake. With his eloquence and knowledge of the methods of the people he might have been a great support to the conservative party of Kings in the coming election. As it is he has dealt them a blow from which it will be impossible to recover before the federal elections are on. His opposition to Dr. PUGSLEY was unnecessary and, it would almost seem, of a personal nature. Be that as it may Mr. SPROUL has discovered the fact that with all the eloquence of his friends combined with his own, with all the arguments and assistance of the conservatives of St. John and elsewhere the people of Kings county take no stock in the crusade against the local government, nor will they vote against Col. DOMVILLE and the liberal government.

ENGLAND AND CHINA.

Who, "Diplomaticus" is, who discusses at such length and with great vigor in the latest issue of the Fortnightly Review the question "Have We a Policy in China?" is not public known. In our mother country much more than in our own land, leading statesmen are in the habit of appearing under assumed names in the pages of prominent reviews, for the purpose of defending the government's policy if they themselves are in office, or of attacking it if they belong to the opposition; whose duty it is to oppose, as famous British cabinet officer once remarked when it seemed to him that his political opponents were not keeping their end up.

Sir W. V. BARCOURT used to write over the signature of "Historicus." He may, do so still, for aught we know. It is not altogether impossible of belief that this doughty and battle-scarred ex-leader of the liberal party is the author of the Fortnightly article. There is no law which forbids a great man to use one or another of any number of pseudonyms which may happen to please his fancy or serve his purpose. Perhaps, then, "Diplomaticus" is BARCOURT in his old age discussing the Tories' foreign policy with the same sharp pen which he used when in his comparative youth he made the signature "Historicus" famous by discussions of the Alabama question. Be he who he may, "Diplomaticus" is

evidently someone who is pretty close to the inner circle of those English political leaders who are looking forward with great hopefulness to the next general election as an opportunity for putting an end, for a while, at any rate, to the existing Salisbury-Chamberlain regime.

He begins by telling a little story and pointing its little moral. One evening in the winter of 1898, he reminds his readers, Lord SALISBURY dined at the Constitutional Club. It was just after the triumphant settlement of the Fashoda crisis, and the atmosphere was redolent of patriotic self-satisfaction. The premier was in his most jubilant mood. He made a speech "humbly admitting that all the prizes bestowed on his statemanship were deserved, and he improved the occasion by gently rebuking his followers for the ill considered criticism with which some of them had ventured to comment on his treatment of the far Eastern question. Then he proceeded to exclaim that the minister would be happy who in the future days should be able to render to Englishmen as good an account as he himself and his ministerial associates could render on that occasion—that they had used the force entrusted to them not violently, not sentimentally, but with calm and courageous calculation for the advancement of the interests of the empire and the benefit and civilization of mankind.

"Diplomaticus" goes on, after having told his little story, to remark that at the very moment that this complaisant sentiment was echoing in Northumberland avenue, merchants in the treaty ports of China were discussing with alarm the latest news from Peking. The reactionary government of the Dowager Empress, then scarcely three months old, had embarked on a gigantic programme of military reorganization. Well known fighting generals were in a mysterious conference in the Forbidden city, and picked troops from the north were forming camps in the suburbs. The arsenals were working day and night. Heavy artillery and great consignments of Mauser rifles were pouring into the country from Europe and America, and all over the empire special delegates from Peking were busy inspecting the provincial fortresses and their garrisons, and urging the viceroys to see to the efficiency of their local levies.

"What was the meaning of it all?" asks the Fortnightly writer, and he answers that the shrewd China hands of Shanghai were under no illusion. They were unrepentant critics of Lord SALISBURY. Three days after the speech at the Constitutional Club, their organ was describing the Dowager Empress armaments as a reaction against the policy of 'calm and courageous calculation.'

A day of reckoning with the foreigner was coming. That day of reckoning Gordon foresaw years ago—when the far eastern interests of the British empire would suffer as they had never suffered before, and when the civilization of mankind would be confronted by the "Yellow Peril" with its back to the wall.

In successive paragraphs "DIPLOMATICUS" forces home a measure of responsibility, for the present bideous crisis, upon the jingo government of Great Britain. He says there are occasions when the policeman's stupidity and neglect of duty render him more culpable than the actual thief. The seizure of Kiao-Chau by Germany was theft, he says, and it precipitated the horrors, but in this case, it seems to me, England has been the star-gazing policeman.

The Fortnightly Reviewer brings his sharp arraignment to an end by asking the 'really important' question which all this suggests, "What is Great Britain's policy in China today?" All former schemes, he says, have broken down. There is every reason to believe that we are only at the beginning of a very serious, perhaps an epoch-making crisis. The question of the disposal of an empire of 400,000,000 souls may have to be considered by the powers; and although it is unlikely that any scheme of partition will be entertained or even broached, it is still more unlikely that China will emerge from the present struggle with her old boundaries unchanged. That Russia will annex Manchuria and that Germany will want some rectification of frontier in Shantung is almost certain. But, if these fresh grabblings are tolerated, who is to prevent Japan from making a descent on Fokien; and if anybody tries to prevent her, what will be Great Britain's attitude?

We have hinted that Sir W. V. BARCOURT may possibly be "DIPLOMATICUS." We find in the very last paragraph additional color for this suspicion. He has in earlier parts of his article charged Lord Rosebery with "Slundering," and here he says, after declaring that their past record in dealing with the far East is not calculated to inspire confidence in the Tory ministers, "The country cannot turn to their opponents with any larger measure of hope."

THEY DIDN'T SEE HIM COME.

But he Got Here Just the Same and Was Gladly Welcomed.

The reception given Mr. Weldon McLean, the boy lieutenant on his return from the war on Monday last, was such an enthusiastic one, that the townspeople and particularly the friends of Private McDermott who was due to arrive here two days later than the young officer, arranged a send off for that brave lad who had the thrilling experience of having fallen into the hands of General Crooke and was ordered to be shot as a spy. Merchants and citizens hung out flags and bunting, while those of the fair sex put on khaki colors and ribbons to do honor to the Soldier of the Queen. The bandmaster of one of the military bands of the city thought it would be the proper thing to get the heroes already returned to be at the train to greet their comrade on his arrival. The boys were pleased with the arrangement and dressed in full khaki they met up town and marched in a little squad towards the depot under escort of the gallant bandmaster. On the way to the station the veterans of Paardeberg related stories of the hardships experienced while crossing the veldt dry and parched. Just then the open door of a Mill street grog shop attracted the attention of the soldiers and all the old feelings of parched and dry throats in a moment returned to them. They couldn't stand that thirsty feeling again, so on the invitation of the musical man they entered and lined up in front of the bar. They wet their whistles with long pulls at half and half and told more stories.

The tramp from D'Ar Junction to Belmont was related with such graphic effect that the boys coughed and the bandmaster could almost feel the sands blowing in his eyes. It was up to one of the boys in khaki to stand treat and he stood it. Other yarns were spun and after each some of the soldiers bought until a good hour slipped by.

The whistles on the factories at one o'clock reminded the boys that they had a duty to perform in the railway station. After pulling themselves together tilting their khaki gaiters they marched down the street and into the depot where they found a few freight men pushing trucks but no crowd.

HE WOULDN'T WORK.

This Man Would Allow His Wife and Children to Starve.

In St. John we have all kinds and conditions of men. The latest is the indigent and lazy man. However, PROGRESS is glad that the individual in question is not a citizen or a native of St. John.

About four or five weeks ago a family, consisting of husband, wife and many young children arrived here from some point in the United States. The male portion of the family were in a fearfully dirty condition, while little children had a starved out looking appearance. Their equal was only too apparent.

After some difficulty they succeeded in securing a habitation at the southern end of Germain street. While living in that locality the man of the house was offered work by some charitably disposed merchants in that vicinity. Strange to say he actually refused the proffered toil, which many another man would have been glad to obtain. He hadn't time to do that kind of work, but he had plenty of time to devour the food which found its way into the house. The fate of his wife and children does not worry him. Since the foregoing incident he has removed his quarters to another part of the city and may be expected to turn up in any corner with the charity cry.

Both Were Honored.

On Wednesday last the motormen of the street railway service had all the cars on the line profusely decorated with small flags and bunting in honor of a brother motorman who on that day led to the altar the lady of his choice. It so happened however, that the merchants all over the city hung out flags and bunting. The letter were in honor of hero McDermott returning from South Africa. There is no doubt but the celebration in honor of Mr. Campbell but the motorman feels that his was by far the best event.

She—Did you marry me for love or money?
He—What's the difference which I married you for? I got left, either way.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Maud Muller Down East.

Maud Muller once on a summer's day While helping the farm hands cure the hay, Was seized with a wild desire to shake Her country home and the prosy rake, To pick her duds and leave her town And work in a store like Mandy Brown. So off she scooted, the sly young maid, And up in her garret bedroom layed, Until home-pear, gingham and ribbons bright Were packed in the family reticue tight. "I'm going to town, dear Ma!" she said, As cut her doorway gate she sped. A passing boat took Maudie on, And all rustic and rural she reached the town. For hours she wandered up and down But nowhere found friend Mandy Brown. Nigard drew its curtains close about And the country Miss found hers still out. Then she sat down on a step to cry And wished she was home with her sweetheart Si. That night she slept on a police court cot Along with the city's wanderer tots. But an "ad" in the morning papers brought Friend Mandy Brown to court on the trot. Behind a high desk handling cash We next find our heroine winning her hash. But ambition a restless thing And it bubbled in this maid like a spring. Off she hied to Boston town Famed for "down easters" and beans so brown. A department store there her form enclosed, And on bargain days she bought fine clothes. Wore shikens and mensish shoes, Teets plugged with nugget, cheks a la rouge. And her native tongue well she couldn't say "car" For to her there was no such letter as R. She loved the "ther-at-ah" and dabbled in golf, Spent weeks at the beaches, at country folk scoffed.

Talked of "Chopin" and knew "Paderevski," Rode a wheel, used a sang and was generally fisky. Oh yes! dear Maudie was fast getting on But life in big city soon lost its "charm" The dear old home in that far off part Came back to her weary, aching heart, And professed-like she went for Ma, Likewise honest Silas and loving Pa. So the fastest train on the homeward way 'Was hurrying her home that elfin day Back to the fields all sweet with hay Where the larks and bees sound their blithesome lay. Home 'mid real friends, where the larder's full, Where sentiment, love and friendship rule; To live in peace, to marry in joy, Where life is a pleasure without alloy. —W. H. G.

The Cod Fisher.

Where leap the long Atlantic swells, Where shall the no-th wind-demon fells, In foam-tossed stretch of bill and dale, And flims the 'pud-drit down the gale; Where, beaten 'gainst the banding mast The frozen rind-top clings and cleaves, With steadfast front for calm or blast His battered schooner rocks and heaves.

To some the gain, to some the loss, To each the chance, the risk, the fight; For men must die that men may live— Dear Lord, may we steer our course aright.

The dripping deck beneath him reels The flooded reppers spout the brine; He heeds them not, he only sees The tugging and the tugging line. The grim white sea-jog o'er him throws Its clammy curtain, damp and cold, He mends it not—his work he knows. 'Tis but to fill an empty hold.

Oh, driven through the night's blind wrack He feels the dread bere's ghastly breath, O hears draw him through walls of black A throbbing engine chanting death, But with a calm, unwrinkled brow, He fronts them grim and undismayed. For storm and ice and lightning bow; These are but chances of the trade.

Yet well he knows—where'er it be, On low Cape Cod or bluff Cape Ann— With straining eyes that search the sea A watching woman waits her man. He knows it, and his love is deep, But work he works and bread he bread, And though men drown and women weep, The hungry thousands must be fed.

To some the gain, to some the loss, To each his chance, the game with Fate; For men must die that men may live— Dear Lord, be kind to those who wait.

Richard Cory.

Whenever Richard Cory went downtown, We people on the pavement looked at him; He was a gentleman from sole to crown, Clean favored and imperially slim. And he was always quietly arrayed, And he was always human when he talked, But still he fluttered pulses when he said "Good Morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich—yes, richer than a king— And admirably schooled in every grace; In fine, we thought that he was everything To make us wish that we were in his place. So, on we worked and waited for the light, And went without the meat and cursed the bread, And Richard Cory, one calm summer night, Went home and put a bullet through his head.

Love's Exceptions.

We are told experience teaches, So at least the proverb preaches; He'll be clever who discovers What experience teaches lovers— Love that laughs at every rule, Shows the wisest man a fool.

We are told by all the sages Music has been dead for ages, Yet a blue eye shyly glancing, Udden sets your pulses dancing, Whatsoever you were before, You're a lover—nothing more.

We are told all nature changes— Valleys once were mountain ranges, Yet there's one thing constant ever, Love, I vow, has altered never— Love's the same, I do believe As when Adam courted Eve.—C. R. C.

You Know.

She signalled the conductor and arose from off her seat And tripped toward the platform on her No. 3 A feet. And stepped off, as all ladies do, while facing to the rear; But didn't fall, as many do, and skate round on her Instead she raised her dainty skirts but just enough to show Her pretty boots and tripped away. The car had stopped, you know.

Chairs Re-seated Once, Spits, Forfeited, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

WERE POLICE ARE NEEDED.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE

Her Majesty's ships Crescent and Psyche visited our port. At that time, the Lower Cove beat was patrolled by one or two policemen who were not at all adequate to contend with any extra brawls or fights that may have occurred.

Within the past few weeks the public in the vicinity of Britian street have been treated to a few bouts between local characters of the "tough" variety, several rows have occurred in barrooms in that precinct. Profanity has been exchanged by some of the past masters in that art; spitons, etc., have been dexterously thrown and the air made blue with their vile threats. Yet no police ever in sight and the fight went out.

"Central" at the telephone office was rung up about two weeks ago, and asked to send a message to the police station, stating that an officer was wanted at So-and-so's place to eject a man who was creating a disturbance. The answer came back over the wires, "that you will have to get the man on the beat we can't send a policeman from the office."

Truly this is a nice state of affairs, and one that should be remedied. A man may be murdered or brutally assaulted and no policeman can be found to protect him. Rows and fracas are of daily occurrence. There is either a lack of policemen or a lack of discipline. Which is it? The public would like to learn the answer.

They Didn't See The Show.

Last Monday during the reception to Lt. C. Weldon McLean, the youthful hero from South Africa, many ladies were among the thousands who thronged the I. C. R. depot. Of course there were no reserved seats and standing room was at a premium. Every available window sill and truck, or elevation of any kind was quickly invaded by the gentler sex. One party which consisted of about a dozen of the for-most of St. John's society belles, invaded a shunting engine that stood in the shed. They were in clover for the time being, and they held their position in the face of the argument put forth by the gentlemanly driver and fireman, who assured the ladies that such actions were against the rules of the road. They were also told that orders might reach them at any time to open the throttle and move to the round-house or go to the yard shunting. The pleadings of the men on the engine were of no avail as the giddy girls only fixed themselves to better see and be seen. The whistle of the incoming train and the commotion and cheers of the crowd announced the arrival of the hero, but to the giddy dozen fair ones this was all lost and drowned by the vociferous clanging of the bell of the engine on which they had so comfortably seated themselves and the horrible thing was backing out of the station. Faster and faster did the engine puff and snort and in no time the iron horse with its precious burden of fair ones was in the vicinity of Gilbert's Lane. They were then asked to vacate as the engine had other freight to haul and no room for excursionists. The ladies vacated, but they had to walk back and hear all about the reception from some kind friends who were fortunate enough to see all that was to be seen from the top of an apple barrel in front of a Mill street grocery store.

Was After Hot Stuff and Got It Cold.

A ruralist who was in the city last week attending the exhibition found himself in an embarrassing condition one morning before the fair closed. The man from the rural districts had not only looked on the wine when it was red, but had evidently drunk it until that tired feeling overcame him. When he awakened in the morning he was prostrate behind a fence on North street. He stretched his weary joints and leaning on the fence said "well I guess I'm up against it this time all right, as somebody has gone through me for money, ticket and Maria's specs that I got mended. The hayseed fell from beneath his coat collar, so violently did he shake from the chill that swept over him.

When he was feeling his worst and hardly knew what to do, he espied a genial looking wine clerk of a Dock street saloon in the act of opening up for the day's business. A drink would help him he thought so he ventured to the side of the wine clerk and remarked that it was very chilly, but he could spare his top coat in exchange for a drink. The trade was not made on the coat, so his "nibs" from wayback said I'll just go you my top coat and one of my shoes for a half glass of that darn stuff just to warm me up a bit. Again the offer was refused, whereupon the ruralist offered a receipt for spavins on horses and a sure potato bug extinguisher for a drink. The wine clerk was heard to ejaculate "Say, you rube if you don't get a move on you right smart I'll give you all that's a coming to you," and seizing a soda siphon, he turned it squarely on the country man who beat a retreat in the direction of the depot.