

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY NOV. 2.

A COMING ISSUE.

Great political issues are usually many years in developing. This was true of slavery, of the tariff, of the currency. If it was not true of "expansion," the reason was that the question was forced upon the nation as the unexpected outcome of a war which was itself unexpected.

Reciprocity, evidently, is to become a great issue. It is not yet a party question although it may become one. Reciprocity is an exchange of trade concessions. If a farmer were to say to a merchant: "If you will sell me cotton cloth at ten per cent discount, I will sell you eggs at five cents a dozen less than I charge other customers for them"—that would be reciprocity. Between nations such concessions are made in special treaties. One government says to another: "We will admit certain of your goods into our markets free, or at a low duty, while we charge full duties upon competing goods from other countries, provided that you will give like advantages to certain of our goods."

President McKinley's speech at Buffalo the day before he was shot emphasized reciprocity as the natural outgrowth of the great industrial development of the United States. Commercial wars, the President declared, are unprofitable; but reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times. If some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue, or to protect home industries, why not use them to extend our markets abroad?

President Roosevelt is in full sympathy with this policy, and is expected to urge it upon Congress. The reciprocity treaties already pending, or others which may be formed, will present the question in concrete form. Almost every one admits the general principle that it is wise to extend foreign trade by concessions which we can make without injury to ourselves. But when specific concessions are proposed it is found that certain interests think that they would be injured by them, and protest against being offered up for the general good. Perhaps it will be wool growers who object to reduced duties off Argentine wool, or knit-goods manufacturers to advantages to French hosiery, or glass manufacturers to lower duties on glass goods.

All these protests must be considered in the interest, not of capital merely but of labor. It will be a wise statesmanship that keeps the principle of reciprocity from being wrecked by collision with too many industrial interests.

JULIET'S.—What's in a name? might be asked regarding the vessels of the British navy which have borne the names of reptiles. It is said that four Vipers have been wrecked, the last of the name but recently, and a Cobra still more lately has broken in two and gone to the bottom with officers and men. Also four Serpents, three Lizards, two Snakes, one Alligator, one Crocodile, one Rattlesnake, one Basilisk, and two Dragons—which are not reptiles, have at various times met with disaster. British tars, it is said, have a superstitious feeling of dislike against sailing in vessels bearing such names. Lucky or unlucky, the names are needlessly disagreeable.

MORE THAN THREE THOUSAND SCHOOLS.

In Great Britain the boys are studying text books on Canada which set forth her history, explain her system of government, and lay stress upon her natural resources. These books are supplied free by the Dominion, and Lord STRATHCONA, Canada's eighth commissioner to the mother country, will give valuable medals next spring to the scholars who produce the examinations on

them. The laudable aim of Strathcona and his countrymen is to impress British youth with the advantages of the Dominion as a field for emigration. It should be easy. Geographically speaking, and in other ways too, Canada is the next best place to the United States.

The veteran academician, SIDNEY COOPER, has just entered upon his ninety-ninth year, and still paints a few hours daily. A series of his works was recently exhibited in London. In France also a remarkable individual works on steadily, although he has reached the age which gives a man a right to rest. JULES VERNE has begun his ninety-ninth book, and has lived to see many of his fantastical tales of adventure by land and sea and air come within the bounds of possibility. As age is not without its achievements, so it need not be without its hopes of a new start. A Chicago woman of ninety-two lately apologized to Miss JANE ADAMS because she was not neighborly. She has always meant to be neighborly, but had put it off from time to time. When the hot weather was over she intended to begin.

In giving organs to three hundred and fifty churches in Scotland at a cost of nearly a million of dollars, Mr. Andrew Carnegie has but followed a hint given by two famous Americans. When Moody and Sankey first went to Scotland, the note of an evangelist singing to a small American organ created much comment. So simple and catching were Mr. Sankey's tunes, however that they were resung in every village from Kirkmaiden to John O'Groates, and the call for small American organs on "which to try the tunes" came by the hundred. It is interesting to add that nearly thirty thousand dollars in British royalties on the Moody and Sankey hymns being refused by the evangelists, the Scottish committee turned it over to the Moody church in Chicago. As a Scotch-American to Scotchmen, Mr. Carnegie has certainly repaid their just generosity.

Change of Soil.

Old Thomas Playfair, being in New York State last summer, went to visit Doc tor Hadley, his friend and schoolmate long ago.

"This is the first time I have been out of my own count," said Playfair, as they sat together after dinner. "Great changes in that time, Henry! Electric lights and telephones and automobiles—all new things to me. I live thirty miles from a railway or telegraph wire; I vote the same ticket that my father did, and I go to the same old church. Old ways are good enough for me."

"Where are your boys?" asked the doctor.

"I never know where they are!" grumbled the old man. "John professes to live in Seattle, but he comes East or goes to California every little while. William is in business here in New York, but he rushes off to Europe once a year for rest. Their families fly to the mountains or the coast every summer, and are as familiar with London and Egypt as I am with my barn-yard. This generation is as busy as Satan was in the days of Job, with going to and fro in the earth. It is the destruction of all virtue and strength, to my thinking."

The doctor made no answer, but presently took his friend over his little domain to look at his orchard and kitchen garden and fields. The old man was a shrewd farmer, and frankly praised or criticized as they went.

"My corn is poor this year," said the doctor. "So are the oats. I don't know what ail the crops."

"You don't change them often enough," said the visitor, briskly. "You have got on planting corn in the same ground year after year. It has exhausted the food which that field holds for it. Plant it in fresh soil. You're a better surgeon than farmer doctor."

General Buller on Bicycles.

Entirely aside from his speech on the Ladysmith campaign, Gen. Buller made himself very unpopular in England with the people by his attack on the cycle corps and on bicycles as a means of transport for troops. He said that he looked on the bicycle as the worst and most cumbersome means of transport for soldiers that he had ever seen, and he further advised that, if bicycle corps were to be maintained in the army care should at least be taken that the men were provided with suitable machines. This, of course, brought down on him the enmity of the large number of cyclists who have enlisted in the volunteer forces, and at the same time it was displeasing to the bicycle interests of Coventry that have been doing a flourishing trade in supplying large governments

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Religion in a Pipe.
He cannot be my minister
I he never learned to smoke;
To take his snuff of medicine
And crack his little joke
But when he takes his pipe and lifts,
His leg across his knee:
And joins me in a jocund whiff
He preaches right for me.
A parson may be good at heart
A prayer man every minute;
Unless he is a smoker too,
He simply is not in it.
A christian soldier he can be
In faith and doctrine true,
But if he cannot take a pipe,
He just won't do.
There is religion in the pipe,
When the minister comes around;
He suits me when he lights her up
Down to the ground.
His good tobacco has flavor fine
Our purse strings he controls,
He is just the man to fill the church,
And have the care of souls.
There is religion in the pipe.
When curing wretches arise
Floating out the window
Upwards to the skies,
Its like sweet incense floating
Of our faith a type
When the Pastor happens in you know,
Just to smoke his pipe.

CYRUS GOLDB.

orders for military wheels. Whatever else may be said in his favor, Sir Redvers Buller is not that of a diplomatic man when it comes to public speeches. He says what he thinks, and has to suffer for it.

An old Scotchwoman, says Spare Moments, lay on her sick bed and fearing the worst, essayed to make preparations for her departure.

"John, she said, 'ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard in Str'aven beside my mither. I couldna rest in peace among unco folk in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow."

"Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman, said John, soothingly, 'we'll just try ye in Glasgow first, an' gin ye dinna be quiet we'll try ye in Str'aven."

CLAIMS SHE KICKS.

Why One Man Objects to Living a Married Life.

John Hargreaves, a book keeper, of Boston who came from St. John shortly after the big fire, is a petitioner in the Suffolk court for a divorce from Margaret E. Hargreaves. Hargreaves claims that his wife was in the habit of kicking and beating him. Since his marriage in 1880, he testified that he had been mauled 18 times. On one occasion he was humiliated in the presence of several friends from St. John by having his face slapped by Mrs. H. On another occasion he claims that his wife threw a pickle bottle at him. The respondent denies the allegations and is contesting the suit.

The parties in this suit are quite well known in St. John. Mr. Hargreaves was for many years book keeper for Magee Bros., and Secretary of the St. John Agricultural Society. His spouse was a daughter of Mr. Harper, who kept the Scotch bakery in St. John for a number of years. She was a very pretty and amiable young woman before marriage. If what her husband alleges is true, matrimony has certainly developed some very striking peculiarities in her nature.

An Unexpected Convert.

When Father Matthew, the great Irish temperance leader was at the height of his successful labors, he endeavored to convert Lord Brougham to teetotalism. Brougham admitted that he drank wine, but pleaded that his use of stimulant was most moderate.

One night at a dinner-party Father Matthew amused the company by pinning a green ribbon and silver medal of the Abstinence Society on Brougham's coat. "I'll tell what I'll do," said Brougham. "I'll take the ribbon to the House of Lords where I shall find old Lord—and I'll pin it on him."

This announcement was received with shouts of laughter, for the noble lord in question was famous for the extent of his potations. However, Brougham carried out his promise, and meeting the gentleman a few evenings later said I have a present for you from Father Matthew, at the same time swiftly slipping the badge and medal over his head.

"Thank you," said the peer, quietly, "and now I'll tell you what it is, Brougham. I'll keep sober from this night."

The onset part of the story is that he lived up to his word, greatly to the amazement of his friends and to the delight of Father Matthew.

What are you doing, dear? I am making some mince pies according to your mother's own recipe. All right, I will have some dyspepsia remedy made up according to my father's own recipe.

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Whipsaw Trick at Poker.

It was never hard to get old Caleb Mix, the barkeeper on the river packet Natchez plying the lower Mississippi, to talk of his earlier days. A chance question would start him. One day he was asked if things had changed much on the river within his recollection.

"Yes, indeed," he said, almost sadly, "the Mississippi River isn't what it was before the war. You see some card playing on the boats now, but there's no such games as I've seen hundreds of times when I was a youngster in the saloons on some of the packets on the lower Mississippi."

"It was poker they played, almost altogether. In them days it was so strange a thing for professional gamblers to travel the river all the time and there was not much doubt that the captains on some of the boats stood in them. Not all of them, Captain Barker, that was captain on the old River Belle that run from Memphis plumb through to New Orleans was one of them kind that would not have no tricks played on a passenger on his boat by nobody."

"Of course we all had our orders, and what we uns had to do was to report to him if we seen anything that looked crooked. I was only second bartender then, and had not much to say, my boss being a good deal druther had more doing on the boat than the captain did stand for, Beasley—he were my boss—he worked on other boats before where the captains was not so strict, and he were a little raw when he found captain Barker would not stand for it."

"One time we was layin' up at Memphis between trips an' I was in a saloon when Beasley come in with two strangers an' walkin' into a back room with 'em they called for a bottle of wine. I didn't think nothin' of it then, but the next day when we was about to start down the river, these two men came aboard. They were dressed different an' they didn't come together. They didn't neither of 'em speak to Beasley. Just naturally a didn't say nothin', but I says to myself they'd both be playin' poker before long, an' more'n likely they'd play at the same table. If they did, I made up my mind to speak to the cap'n an' not to Beasley."

"That night after I knowed the ladies was likely all gone to their staterooms, I got a chance to go into the main saloon an' take a look around, an' just as I expected them two was settin' with three other men playin' poker. I didn't wait to see no mo'. I just hunted up the old man an' told him the whole story. He were mad clean through. He kind o' chewed his lip a minute an' then says:

"I want you to watch that game for a while and see if you can see anything crooked."

"Well, I stood watching the game for a long time before I could make out just what was doing. Close as I watched, I couldn't see anything wrong about the play. Then all of a sudden, it flashed on me. It was after one of the strangers, the taller one of the two, he called hisself Major Hardy, had made a bet that some how seemed to me like a bluff."

"He was third man to pray, the other stranger having the ace, and the two men before him, Judge Ross and Mr. Cartwright having both come in. The ante was \$1 and by the two coming in there was five in the pot when this Major Hardy raised it five. Of course there was nothing strange in that, but somehow I felt it were a signal to the other feller, and I watched what he'd do."

"The dealer was a planter from Arkansas named Bolles. He skinned his cards down very careful an' studied a while an' finally come in, seein' the raise. That made \$19 in the pot an' the sge man's next say. I felt sure that he was goin' to raise back, but he didn't, not then. I hadn't seen much of the whipsaw racket before that night, or I reckon I'd ha' tumbled sooner, but them two had it down fine."

"Well, the Judge and Mr. Cartwright both made good, so the pot was \$35 before the draw and all five was a playing. The sge man, Pearson, his name was, he took no card, the Judge took three, Cartwright

three, Hardy two and dealer one. It looked, o' course, like Hardy had best hard to draw to, but they was all holding their cards close as a good player 'always does. an' I never knowed, really, what any of them had, for there wa'n't no show down on that deal.

"The Judge he throwed in a white chip, which was \$1, without lookin' at his cards, and Cartwright did the same. It were good poker for they was waitin' g to see what Hardy would do and just naturally he put up \$10. That were a good play, too, for it he'd make a big bet it would have looked like a bluff, but being no bigger'n twas it looked like he was trying to catch suckers."

"Whether he was or not he got one, for Bolles seen his ten and raised him twenty I reckon he'd filled a flush, but anyway Pearson, he looked at his one card and come in without raisen.' That looked queer to me, for if he was strong enough to play he'd oughter been strong enough to raise, but he knowed what he were doing all right."

"The judge and Cartwright both laid down, and Hardy he histed it fifty, and like a flash I seen that Hardy and Pearson had Bolles hooked. If he made good, Pearson would raise again and Hardy would raise him, but if Bolles laid down, Pearson would lay down, too, so there wouldn't be no showdown."

"Bolles must ha' had a flush or a small full for he made good, an he wouldn't ha' done that much if he hadn't had a strong hand an' he'd ha' raised again if he'd had four or even a high full. Whatever he had he had no show, for Pearson raised it fifty an' Hardy raised him fifty, just as I expected, an' then Bolles laid down an' Pearson did the same."

"It were the biggest pot they'd had, an' Bolles must ha' felt pretty sore, but he didn't say nothin' an' I don't reckon he suspected anything, for he didn't know, what I did, that Pearson and Hardy was pals I could see that he was puzzled at Pearson's pay, an' I would ha' been myself if I hadn't been lookin' for it, but he dug up some more money an the game went on."

"Then I says to myself that the next time it come Hardy's age, Pearson would make the same play that Hardy had, an' if they caught any one of the other three they'd work it the same way. If they did, I knowed I'd seen enough, an' all I had to do was to report to the old man."

"Sho' enough, that was what happened, an' they caught the Judge on a double raise for about \$75, but still nobody but me seen anything wrong about it. When I told the cap'n about it, though, which I did inside o' three minutes, we seen it quick enough, an' he come into the saloon like a gale o' wind. Marchin' up to the table like a regular army officer, he says, very quiet, but stern, like,

"This game stops right here."

"They all looked up, mighty surprised, an' Judge Ross, he wore a white haired old gentleman, he spoke up, sort o' sharp,

"What do you mean?" he says. "Can't a party o' gentlemen amuse themselves with a game o' cards on your boat?"

"They certainly can," says the cap'n very polite. "I haven't the slightest objection Judge to your playin' all you like with Mr. Cartwright an' Mr. Bolles, but

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