

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

81. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY OCT, 26.

IN THEIR OWN RIGHT.

One of the most picturesque groups at the coronation of King EDWARD VII will be that of the peeresses in their own right. They will be present at the ceremony, however, not as a right but only by courtesy.

When, in February last, the king and queen made their first appearance in the House of Lords to open Parliament, the attendants of royalty and the peers, peeresses and officers of the realm who were admitted were so many that a few members only of the House of Commons could get in. The difficulty led to the appointment of a parliamentary commission to consider the whole matter of precedent and privilege at the coronation, and whether some more commodious place than the House of Lords should not be chosen for the ceremony. Among other interesting things which this commission discovered was the fact that the peeresses have no established right to appear in the House of Lords, either on ordinary or special occasions. But it was the opinion of the commissioner that the privilege should be extended to them, at least for the coronation, and the suggestion will undoubtedly be adopted.

There are but ten living women of English descent who hold titles inherited or created for them. The most venerable of these is the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS, who is now in her eighty-seventh year. Her title was given to her in recognition of her services to humanity in every known country. She has built and still supports churches, schools and hospitals, and so wise and kindly are her efforts to lift the lower classes in England that she is fondly known among them as the Princess of the Poor. On the day of the Queen's jubilee a vast procession of the lame and the blind, orphans and needy folk who lived on the bounty of the good baroness marched up Piccadilly, and surrounding her house paid homage to her by music and cheer.

A CASE OF BRIGANDAGE.

The brigand still stalks across the stage in Melodrama, and figures in sensational fiction; but most of us have been in the habit of thinking that the brigand of real life, who descends from forests or mountain fastnesses with others of his kind, and compels unprotected travellers to deliver up their possessions, or hold them prisoners until their friends pay a ransom for them, is extinct.

So he is in most countries. He has given way before the railroads the telegraph, the armed police and other forces of civilization. But here and there brigandage survives, a relic of earlier and less orderly days. Until recently possible encounters with brigands had always to be taken into account by travellers in Italy. Within the present year the exploits of one particular desperado MUSOLINO by name have terrified travellers and filled the police.

The most startling recent case of brigandage is that of which MISS STONE, a missionary of the American Board in European Turkey was the victim. She was travelling with fifteen or twenty friends and attendants near the Bulgarian frontier, early in September, when a large body of brigands captured the whole party in a narrow valley and after detaining the others overnight, carried off MISS STONE and the wife of an Albanian pastor who was with her, into the mountains, holding them there for ransom. Later they boldly sent an agent to Constantinople to negotiate terms for MISS STONE'S release. At the time we write, strenuous exertions are making to raise, before a specified day the amount demanded as a ransom. This distressing incident is a re-

cent case of brigandage is not yet dead. Even in this country we have had recent instances of a crime closely akin to it, that of kidnapping children and demanding money for their return. All crimes of this type are offences against humanity, and the common conscience of mankind calls for the severest punishment for those who commit them.

The Countess of TARBOROUGH now holds in her own right the barony of CONYERS, which has been in her family for nearly four centuries.

The title of Baroness BEAUMONT dates back to the beginning of the fourteenth century, and is now held by a child of seven.

One of the ten women of English descent who are peeresses in their own right is, oddly enough, an American, the daughter of a New York merchant. She is the wife of Count VON WALTERSEEK recently commander of the allied forces in China. The Emperor of Austria conferred on her title of Princess DE POER. Her first husband was the uncle of the German Emperor.

A Frenchman has invented a sleep producer, consisting of bands of metal and other devices for the head, which is called the 'vibrating coronet.' Sovereigns on the other hand, suffer from insomnia on the moment they find their coronets shaky.

Only one ex-President survives, but there are four widows of Presidents still living, MRS. GRANT, MRS. GARFIELD, MRS. HARRISON and MRS. McKINLEY. The wives of several Presidents did not live until their husbands reached the White House. Human life reveals the same uncertainties in all walks of life.

SAADI, the poet, was once asked from whom he learned his good manners; his reply was, 'From the ill-mannered.' Although much may be learned from opposite caution from the reckless, thrift from the prodigal, and truthfulness from the untruthful, the supply of such teachers exceeds the demand.

Seton Thompson and Kipling

Comparing his animal stories with those of Kipling, Ernest Seton-Thompson, in an interview in the 'Critic,' points out that the animals in the jungle tales are treated as type, personifications, of certain human qualities.

'It is from the imaginative point of view, I should say,' suggested the interviewer, 'that Kipling's jungle stories are written, rather than the scientific.'

'Certainly,' replied Mr. Seton-Thompson, 'he didn't pretend to write anything but fiction in doing them.'

'You are acquainted with him, are you not? I have seen it stated that you told him the story of 'Wahb' before it appeared in the 'Century' and that he urged you to write it, despite your objection that it was not worth doing. Is that true?'

'It is true that I told him the story, but I don't know that that had anything to do with my writing it, as at the time it was already partly on paper.'

'Well, that is pretty accurate for a newspaper story, at all events.'

'I recently received a letter from a man in Canada,' said my host, apropos of newspaper anecdotes about celebrities, 'saying that the writer knew my books and that he had read of my having been in Manitoba during a certain summer in the eighties, and inquiring whether it was not perhaps I from whom he had bought a rubber blanket for a dollar at that time. I wrote back that his supposition was probably correct, as I remembered having sold my blanket to a man in Manitoba. A few weeks later I received a clipping from a Canadian newspaper, headed 'Forced to Sell His Blanket' in which an account was given of the plight to which I had been reduced, having been compelled to sell a ten dollar blanket, said the article, for one dollar, and had thus had the use of it all that time for nothing. Moreover, I did not sell it because I was hard up, but solely to avoid the necessity of lugging it around with me.'

'The title you have chosen for your story does not seem exactly correct,' said the Astute Publisher.

'I don't see why,' replied the Ambitious Author.

'But don't you think 'The Knights of Other days' is rather ambiguous?'

'But they say,' remarked the patron, 'he has a good head for business.'

'Nonsense,' replied the barber, 'why, he's absolutely bald.'

'Am I the only girl you ever loved? she asked doubtfully.

'Am I the only man you ever encouraged?' he inquired. They looked long and soulfully into each other's eyes, and out of this gaze there came to each a tacit understanding that would be just as well to drop the subject.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Organist. I wonder how the organist Can do so many things; He's getting ready long before The choir stands up and sings; He's pressing buttons, pushing stops; He's pulling here and there, And testing all the working parts While listening to the prayer.

He runs a mighty big machine, It's full of funny things; A mass of pipes and tubes, And sticks and snags and strings; There's little whistles for a com', In rows and rows and row; I'll bet there's twenty miles of tubes As large as garden hose.

There's scores, as round as stovepipes, and There's lots so big and wide, That several little boys I know Could play around inside; At times they're roaring high, 'Till they've made a noise, There's every size up to the great Big eleven chime.

The organist knows every one, And now they ought to go; He makes them tinkle like a storm, Or plays them sweet and low; At times you think them very near; At times they're roaring high, Like angel voices, singing far Off, somewhere in the sky.

For he can take this structure that's As big as ever, And make it quack and fowl as A tiny little mouse; And then he'll jerk out something with A movement of the hand, And make you think you're listening to A military band.

He plays it with his fingers and He plays it with his toes, And if he really wanted to, He'd play it with his nose; He'd strike up and now, on the bench, He's working with his knees, He's dancing round with both his feet As lively as you please.

I always like to take a seat Where I can see him go; He's better than a sermon and He does me good, I know; I like the lift and movement and I like to hear him play; He is the most exciting thing I know on Sabbath day.

GEORGE W. STEVENS.

At the Table. The years have sped since first I led You to the table, dear, And you sat over there alone And I sat sailing here.

A year or two has past and you No longer sat alone; A little one was in your arms, Your darling and my own.

And then another year or so, And some one else was there, And Willie sat near me, you know, While Tottie claimed your care.

The years have sped since first I led You to the table, dear, And you looked down at the foot And I felt kindly here.

Today as I look down at you On either side I see A row of hungry little ones And gazing up at me.

We've added leaves, one after one, And you are far away— Ah, twice as far, my dear, as on That happy, happy day.

But though we sit so far apart— You there and I up here— Two rows of heads from my fond heart stretch down to you, my dear.

Think God for every extra leaf The table holds to-day, And may we never know the grief Of putting one away.

The Anarchist. I'm a member of the Anarchist, I'm a member of the Anarchist, I'm a member of the Anarchist, I'm a member of the Anarchist.

Now when the well-grown conscious of its strength Is sweeping from his shores The tyranny of kings, and breaks, at length, Their great Sierran barriers, Shall the world's terror shadowing Freedom's ground Uplift his head and reign, a despot, though uncrowned?

Nay, onward murder misses where it aims And smites at its own kind, leaving its martyred names Each one a star that draws The snarer world clean through the night. On by broad highways slowly, up to Freedom's light.

A. E. J. A.

Bullion and I. Bullion has a million dollars, Fifty cents have I; Bullion, sitting in his carriage Swifly travels by; Bullion has a marble palace Whose white walls are high; As for appetite, he has none, But a horse's I.

Bullion's going out to luncheon, At, well, so am I; He will take a crust and drap it With a warty slice; I will hunger for a doughnut Or a piece of pie.

Things are often badly managed Here below the sky; Bullion ought to have a stomach, Or, still better, I Ought to have his wad of money— See the poor old guy. All he wants is toast for luncheon, Steak and onions I.

Sweet Closed Lips. Her hands are folded! Ah, how sweet, How gentle she appears—how mild! She seems to have the weakness of A tender little child.

I do not hear her voice; I hear No sweet, soft echoes of her laugh! Her lips are closed—but not for long— She's sitting for her photo-graph.

'See here, I found two pebbles in the milk bowl yesterday. I am not surprised, ma'am. The water is very low just now in the brook where the cows drink.'

If the statement proves true that Mr. Carnegies wholesale purchases of organs for Scotch churches is likely to have the effect of discouraging the use of bagpipes it must be considered a most practical and commendable piece of philanthropy.

Smooth Stranger—Beg Pardon for trouble you, sir, but may I ask you if you are carrying all the life insurance you want?

Fweddy (languidly to valet)—Williams, am I cawwing all the life insurance I want?

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

News of the Passing Week.

The tax on commercial traveller in Jamaica is to be abolished.

Traces of ancient gold mines, worked by the Peruvians, have been discovered in Egypt between the Nile and the Red Sea.

The funeral of N. Flood Davin ex M.P. took place Monday in Ottawa.

Two American professional safe breakers were captured while at work in Ottawa Sunday night. They claim that they belong to San Francisco.

There is an unconfirmed rumor that the Boer general Dewet is dead. He has not been heard from for a considerable time. Some Boers say he is dead, some deny it.

A Victoria, B. C. despatch says big guns will be mounted at Esquimaux, and that it will be made the most formidable port on the Pacific.

A serious shortage of cotton at Liverpool is reported, and it is feared some of the mills must shut down. A cotton famine is feared by the manufacturers as very small supplies are on the way.

Sir Thomas Lipton was given a great reception by the Chicago board of trade on Saturday. He addressed the board, and denied that he had any intention of disposing of his packing interests.

Excitement over the coming visit of the Duke and Duchess unbalanced the mind of Rev. Henry Black, chaplain of the cruiser Charlybis at St. John's, Nfld, and he shot himself. His body was found Sunday.

The British government has purchased 16,000 horses in South Russia, at 125 roubles per head. Several thousand of the horses have already arrived at Odessa.

A blow has been dealt the Canadian fast line scheme by the news that the Manchester Shipper is ashore off Sydney. The London Telegram says Lord Strathcona's scheme is not seriously considered.

Fire Saturday destroyed the New England building at the Pan American Exposition.

Fire Sunday in station 3 of the Waterville and Fairfield Railroad, Light and Power Company, of Waterville, Me., caused a loss to the machinery of \$2,000; insured.

The big boarding house at Redington's Mills, Philips, Me., was burned Sunday; loss \$5,000. Cause, defective chimney.

Edward Capen, the first librarian of the Boston public library, died Sunday on the eightieth anniversary of his birth. He was for twenty-two and a half years at the head of the Boston library.

Augusta De Forest, actress, who played leading roles with Salvini, Mc Culough and Booth, died at New York Sunday. She was 66 years old.

The tug Christian, supposed to be from Toledo, Ohio, with a crew of five men, Capt. Harlow, was run down and cut in two by the steamer J. J. Albright on Lake Michigan Saturday. Three of the five on the tug were drowned.

Mrs. E. Watson, a New York nurse has been arrested on suspicion on a charge of homicide. She gave a baby it's mother's medicine.

The court house at Paris, Ky.; was destroyed by fire Saturday. Loss \$130,000; insurance \$60,000.

The box making plant of Fred J. Derry and the surrounding buildings at Danvers, Mass.; were burned on Sunday, causing a loss of \$20,000.

A fierce fire burned for two hours Saturday in the furniture store of S. Baumann & Bros., New York; loss \$200,000; fully protected by insurance.

Yale University began Sunday the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Yale College. The exercises were simple and yet imposing.

Geo. Armitage, the missing messenger of the Bank of New Amsterdam New York, walked into the tenderloin police station Saturday and gave himself up. He declined to make any statement.

The vessel that foundered in Saturday morning's gale off Long Point, Lake Erie, was the steamer Swallow, lumber laden, bound from Emerson, Lake Superior, to Buffalo.

The crew of ten men were taken off by her consort, the barge Manitou.

A landslide covering five hundred acres of land occurred lately in the district of Boscobel, Jamaica. Nearly a hundred houses were destroyed and the island's best plantations were ruined.

A statement of Ontario finances has been issued. Receipts are given as \$3,378,653, and the expenditures \$3,098,792 leaving a surplus of \$279,961.

The Grand Pacific Hotel, Montreal, was gutted by fire Saturday. The proprietor and family had a narrow escape from death. Loss \$15,000; insured.

Rumors of early elections are set at rest by the announcement that the Ontario legislature is to be called for the despatch of business immediately after New Year's.

The British cruiser Pyldes reports that she has annexed Ocean Island, west of the Gilbert Islands. The island, which has hitherto been a British protectorate, is rich in phosphates.

The shortage of cotton at Liverpool is becoming serious. There are only a few cargoes on the way and supplies for a fortnight on hand.

The British and Russian governments have come to a complete agreement regarding the Afghan situation. It is asserted that even should complications arise in Afghanistan these would not lead to concurrent intervention.

A force of Canadian scouts surprised a Boer laager near Balmoral. The Boers fled after a short fight. The Canadians had two men killed and an officer and two men wounded.

Returns from the refugee camps for September show a total white population of 109,418; deaths among the whites 2,411 of which 1,964 were children. The colored population is shown to be 38,649, among whom there were 301 deaths during the month.

The sudden death to-day of John Whalen, of Lowell, who expired at the supper table in his boarding house, led the police to arrest his companion, whose name they do not disclose, pending an investigation. Whalen was with the man in his room some little time before his supper.

The steamer Centennial, previously reported ashore near Teller City, arrived in quarantine Saturday at Port Townsend, Wash., bringing 450 passengers. The Centennial sailed from Nome Oct. 9th. Among her passengers were thirty who were destitute and were brought down by the steamer free of charge. The Centennial's passengers report that at St. Michaels winter had practically set in.

Sir Redvers Buller has been relieved of the command of the first army corps in consequence of the speech he made Oct. 10. He has been placed on half-pay and Gen. French has been appointed to succeed him on his return from South Africa. Gen. Hildyard will command in the meantime.

John Redmond, M. P., arrived at Cork Tuesday on his way to the United States. He was received by an immense crowd.

A sensational robbery which netted the perpetrators \$74,610 in stamps was discovered at Chicago Tuesday, when the wholesale department of the post office was opened for business.

The desire of M. C. Borden, of New York, to have the post office at New York City closed for a week, has been rejected.

Continued on page Eight.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 8-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

No. 1—and—No. 2 are sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.

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