

PROGRESS.

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AUTHORS IN PARLIAMENT.

English men of letters seem to find nothing incongruous in literary and political activities. In the new Parliament just chosen there are not only a number of journalists and newspaper proprietors, such as Mr. LABOUCHERE, SIR CHARLES DIKE and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, but not a few authors of wide reputation.

Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who has just published a life of OLIVER CROMWELL and is busily engaged upon a life of Mr. GLADSTONE; Mr. W. H. H. LUCKY, one of the most distinguished of contemporary historians; Mr. JAMES BRYCE, whose history of "The American Commonwealth" has won wide appreciation in the United States for its candor and accuracy; and Sir R. C. JEBB, the Oxford professor and author of noteworthy translation of Sophocles, are among the older group who served in the old Parliament and have been re-elected to the new. Mr. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, the government leader in the House of Commons, has written books of essays and philosophical discussion, and might write more if politics did not keep him busy.

Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, one of the brightest of living essayists, whose delicate humor enlivened debates in the old parliament, will be missed in the new. He gave up a safe constituency to contest a difficult one, and was defeated. Mr. BARNIE, author of many well known novels, and Mr. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS, better known in literature by the first two-thirds of his real name, were announced as candidates, but with drew on account of ill health; and Dr. A. CONAN DOYLE the creator of "SHERLOCK HOLMES," was defeated because the constituency to which he appealed preferred a liberal to a conservative. But the list of younger authors elected includes Mr. GILBERT PARKER, the successful novelist; Mr. HENRY NORMAN, author of books of travel in the far East; and Mr. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, who is known both as a war correspondent and as a writer of excellent books descriptive of military campaigns.

A PERMANENT INVESTMENT.

One of the most noticeable things during the last two or three years has been the large increase in the number of college students. For the country at large these years have been prosperous ones; for some parts of the country unusually prosperous; and therefore a larger number of parents find themselves able to give their sons and daughters the advantage of a liberal education.

It is exceedingly pleasant to find prosperity thus reflecting itself as promptly and as generally in the higher life as in the mere material well being with which the years of fatness are more commonly associated. It shows how persistent education and how eager parents are when the conditions of life grow temporarily easier, to give their children a dowry which no financial panic can disturb.

Not only is the number of college students increasing, but the proportion of those who pay their own way is also gaining; a fact which, in itself, shows how the value of an academic training is coming more and more to be perceived.

But if the increase in the number of students during prosperous times is cheerful news, the decrease during a period of depression carries something of pathos with it. A grown man may contract his living expenses in hard times, and yet, when business improves, be little the

worst for his temporary economy; but for the boy or girl who is kept away from college the loss is complete. The golden moment passes forever.

Yet even those who have had to face this disappointment should not despair. The colleges all hold out both hands to worthy and determined students; and for these to whom four years of study are impossible, there are special courses, "university extension" lectures and home study opportunities unknown a generation ago.

Public sentiment will generally approve the action of the New York sheriff who recently arrested a "lady cyclist." She was trying to cover three thousand miles in quicker time than that distance has ever been ridden before, and when the sheriff interloped had already covered twenty six hundred miles in less than twelve days. She was in such a pitiable condition that people living near the scene of her riding made complaint. It may not be necessary to regard such a person as a criminal, but any one who knows no better than to impose such a strain upon her own health, if not upon her life, is better off in custody than out of it.

South America, in strictest accuracy, should have been named 'Southeastern America,' it lies so far east of the northern continent. The southern half of the west coast of South America is on nearly the same meridian as New York. This eastern position of the southern continent has an important relation to modern commerce. It greatly benefits English merchantmen who are in competition with our own for South American trade. Our ship have to go half-way to Europe to go to Rio de Janeiro.

The next Pan American conference will be held in the city of Mexico on October 22nd next, by an invitation of the Mexican government, which has been generally accepted. Like the celebrated conference held in Washington eleven years ago, the purpose of the gathering will be to promote closer commercial and other relations between the several nations of the hemisphere.

The latest exposition of rural mail delivery in the United States is the remarkable route extending three thousand miles beyond the reach of the mail-boats in Alaska. The carriers are descendants of reindeer imported from Siberia in 1892, of which there are now twenty large herds in Alaska notwithstanding frequent newspaper assertions that the reindeer are all dead.

A Sad Case of Desertion.

There is a case of shameful desertion in North End which should call forth the sincere pity and sympathy of every man and woman deserving of the name. It is the case of Mrs. Smith, wife of Charles Smith the car conductor, whose husband left St. John a few weeks ago in company with a Mrs. Dickson of Stanley street. Mrs. Smith who is a highly respectable and much thought of woman, has been left with three little children the youngest being only two weeks old when the worthless father departed. There is also an aged mother to be cared for. The family were compelled to leave their home on Metcalf St. this week, which the faithless man had mortgaged over their heads. Mrs. Smith has a merchant brother-in-law, who is doing nobly by her, and kind friends are doing their share for the helpless little family. The car conductors, and motor men, made up quite a contribution among themselves and quietly presented it.

While his long-suffering wife, and helpless and innocent family are in this condition Smith is said to be at large in Boston. He has done away his moustache, either as a disguise or to make him appear more youthful, and he and his innamorata are doing the place and surroundings to the best of their ability, which is saying a good deal.

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Self-Interest.

Mother (reading telegram)—"Henry telegraphs that the game is over and he came out of it with three broken ribs, a broken nose and four teeth out."

Father (eagerly)—"And who won?"

Mother—"He don't say."

Father (impatiently)—"Confound it all! That boy never thinks of anybody but himself! Now I'll have to wait until I get the morning paper."

A Professional Opinion.

First Doctor—Bols tells me it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of his discovery.

Second Doctor—"Well, it may be difficult, but I guess he'll do it."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Love Sign of a Rose.

She trained a little rose to grow
And grace the gate above,
And hence I love the path way so
That lead me to her love,
And oft my heart before me goes
To read the love sign of the Rose.

Through fairer bloom for lovers' trust
To me it seems as fair
As if an angel's lips had kissed
And blessed its blooming there,
For heaven its sweetest smile bestows
On this dear love sign of the Rose.

The patter of little feet
When shadows blur the sight,
The rosy tining arms that meet
And necks close me at night,
These my glad heart enraptured knows
At the dear love sign of the Rose.

Not far away Love's steps shall stray—
In thorny paths to roam,
While o'er the meadows of life's May
Shine signals sweet of home,
When night falls dear, one heart still known
At the love sign of the Rose.

My Father's Dinner Pail.

I found it in the attic in a corner dark and dim,
I was dinted on the cover, and 'twas broken on the rim,
Yet it thrilled my heart with pleasure as I took it
From the shelf,
That simple link of girlhood's days, my father's
Dinner pail.

It was dusty, it was rusty, it was broken on the rim
Yet it thrilled me for the moment with sweet memories
Of my father,
Of the bloom upon the orchards, and the fragrance
In the air,
As I walked through shining meadows, with my
Father's dinner pail.

I can see the garden panicles and the sunflowers by
The wall,
And, through the woodbine covered porch, I hear
My mother's
Come, Jane, quick, put on your hat; there comes
Old Father's call;
You're too soon; come in, my dear, and take
The dinner pail!

I pass beside the woodland where the tender
Violets grow,
And through the pleasant meadows where the
Honeycucles blow,
Across the bridge, along the brook, and through
The broken rail,
Where some one waits to help me with my father's
Dinner pail.

I can hear the wild birds singing and the drone of
Humming bees,
And the voices of my children playing 'neath the
Shady trees,
Yet memory comes crowding like a pleasant fairy
Tale,
And once more I trip through meadows with my
Father's dinner pail.

The Best Day.

Some skies may be gloomy,
Some moments be sad,
But everywhere, always,
Some souls must be glad;
True is the saying,
Proclaimed by the seer,—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

Each day finds a hero,
Each day helps a saint,
Each day brings to some one
A joy without taint;
Think it may not be my turn
Of yours that is near,—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

The calendar sparkles
With days that have brought
Some prize that was hoped for,
Some good that was sought;
High deeds happen daily,
Wide truths grow more clear,
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

No sun ever rises,
But brings joy behind,
No sorrow is letters
The whole earth can bind;
How selfish our fretting,
How narrow our fear,—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year!"

Two of a Kind.

The early bird catches the worm, we are told,
And the worm that is early gets caught;
So if you're bird you must be the gold
Of the morning flames up, or catch naught!
With the first hint of day
You must hurry away
To where an old bird is caught!

And if you're a worm, you must stay close in bed
Till all the woodpeckers have gone;
When they knock at the door you must cover your
Head,
And be as dead as a stone till the knockers have
Gone!

Oh! You'll starve if you do!
Well, the bird'll starve, too,
And there'll two 'Simple Simons' be gone,
—Ben S. Parker.

Lilies of the Valley.

Little silent bells that ring
Music to my heart,
Songs of many a bygone spring;
How the quick tears start,
As I dream—remembering!

Here the brave, sweet crocus came
With her lamp of gold,
Holding up its yellow flame,
When the world was cold;
(Long may poets sing her fame!)

There the lilacs met the sun,
Purple plums and white,
And the violet (timid one!)
Hid herself from sight,
Like a veiled and praying nun.

But of all dear flowers that grow
Field and garden through,
Lilies of the valley show
Like the friends and true—
With long thoughts of long ago!

White and silent bells that ring,
Music to my heart!
Songs of many a bygone spring,
How the quick tears start—
As I dream—remembering!
—Madeline S. Bridges.

House Plants.

My little window tropics, set with palm,
With bright geranium and cactus rare,
And frail exotica from warmer air,
The smoky air Northern winter with your balm,
And smile at storms that spare your indoor calm!

You breathe of summer, though the trees are bare,
Though shines the sun on snow and icy glare,
And winds are hoarse from their loud-swalling
PEAS.

In little here you bring the sunny South,
Where all the year the grass waves in the field
And on the bough the orange blossom clings,
The sunbeams are the words upon your mouth
By which the law of beauty is revealed,
That summer still is at its heart of things.

Just as He Left Them.

His toys are lying on the floor,
Just as he left them there;
The painted things for keeping store,
The little broken chair;
The jammy pie, the wheateating ball,
The duck, the gun, the boat,
The many looking Chinese doll,
The broken billy goat.

They lie about, poor, battered things,
The rabbit and the fox,
The cuckoo with the broken wings,
The jack, sprung from his box,
Here lie his tools, his tangled string,
His bow and silver cup—
Because I'm tired of following
Around to pick them up.

Oh, dear! He's gone, he's gone, he's gone,
Oh, dear! He's gone, he's gone, he's gone,
Oh, dear! He's gone, he's gone, he's gone,
Oh, dear! He's gone, he's gone, he's gone.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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A GREAT SCHEME.

Which is Quite Certain to Inconvenience Reckless Pedestrians.

"Yes, this cane is a pet of mine," said a Front street business man, passing his hand lovingly over an unusually heavy bamboo walking stick. "I had it built to order. The shaft, as you will observe, is peculiarly knotty, but its distinctive feature is this huge pointed ferrule, which was made in a blacksmith shop on the next block. Did I have any particular purpose in view? Why certainly I had. The cane was constructed for use as a collision buffer and has provided a most unqualified success.

"You are familiar, I dare say, with the special type of idiot who comes prancing down the sidewalk with his head twisted around looking at something over the top of his shoulders, and you know of course, that he invariably runs into you. It makes no difference how frantically you try to avoid him; you may jump and dodge and do your level best to hunt cover, but your efforts are all in vain. The idiot bears down on you by some mysterious gravitation, and the next thing you know he has smashed against your diaphragm with a concussion that leaves the print of your vest buttons on the inner surface of your backbones. Then he looks around with an expression of innocent surprise.

"Scuse me," he says blandly. "I didn't notice where I was going."

"I suffered greatly from that brand of monster before I invented my cane," continued the Front street man, "but now there is nothing I enjoy more than an encounter. My tactics are simple. When I see the idiot rushing down on me, with his head screwed around as usual, I stop stock still, clutch my cane firmly under my right arm, point out, brace myself on my feet begin to read a letter or newspaper. I never raise my eyes or shift my position, for I know full well that no power on earth can prevent the idiot from landing square on the mark. A moment of exquisite anticipation ensues, and then I have him. As a rule he impales himself a trifle north of the equator, and when he feels the prod of the ferrule he emits a series of agonized bellows, which are sweet music to my ears. For some little time he is unable to speak and claps his abdomen [with both hands, moaning. Then I get in my fine work. I am really delighted, but I pretend to be very angry. I scowl at him fiercely.

"What the deuce do you mean, sirrah!" I hiss. "I fear you have ruined this valuable walking stick!"

"That caps the climax! The bare idea that he has run into such a bludgeon hard enough to damage it greatly increases the poor idiot's pangs. He looks at me piteously.

"Scuse me," he gasps. "I didn't notice where I was going."

"I wave him haughtily aside and pass on, chuckling in my sleeve. That, briefly, is the modus operandi. It's a great scheme, sir; a great scheme! I wouldn't take \$100 for this cane!"

Aunt Betsy's Prayer-Meeting.

She had outlived most of her own nephews and nieces, and had long been 'Aunt Betsy' to the whole New England village. A single woman, she had devoted herself to these countless duties for the performance of which, apparently, God permits some of the best women to remain unmarried. But her days of activity were past, and Aunt Betsy was an undisguised burden in a helpless old age. Blindness added itself to her other infirmities, and she was to old to learn any of the arts by which the younger blind make one sense compensate for the loss of another. She could not fail to know that she was a burden.

In hundreds of New England homes, a half century ago, hung a pair of colored pictures in which the lives of man and woman, respectively, were set forth under the analogy of a series of ascending and descending steps, with complete below commenting on each decade. Aunt Betsy could not fail, as she grew older, to see her own condition in the picture of the frail, tottering, bent little old woman of eighty still two steps from the bottom, and with the verse below:

A useless lumberer of the earth,
From house to house they send her forth.

She had been sent from house to house since she was eighty, and she was over ninety now. One door after another closed behind her, never to reopen. Poverty

here, sickness there, death yonder, narrowed the circle of homes where she could be cared for, and Aunt Betsy faced that dreadful thing the very name of which is a terror to the thrifty-reliant. She spared others the necessity of telling her.

"Don't try to hinder me," she said. "I've taken it to God, and had it out with Him. I'm going to the poorhouse!"

But a subscription paper went round, and a home opened to her. People could not bare to see Aunt Betsy in the poor house; and after the home was secured, contributions for her support were not hard to find. But she knew that she was a burden, and she longed for death.

It was then that they arranged the prayer meeting for her. She has not been to church for so long, and she missed it so much and talked so much about it, that they brought the church to her. The three ministers of the village came, and some of the old people, and the young ones came to sing, and the house was filled. Aunt Betsy's shaking voice joined in the old hymn; she said her feebly amen after each prayer. Truly, it was a great event in her cramped life.

"Any of those who came brought money but that was not all. By a beautiful conspiracy it had been arranged that every one should remind Aunt Betsy of some good thing she had done, and thus make the present kindness of her friends seem only a just recompense. And so at the close of the meeting she found herself overwhelmed by the memories of forgotten kindnesses.

The guests had gone home, and those who cared for her turned to find Aunt Betsy in a little heap in her stiff old chair with the straight back and short rockers. She was unconscious, and they at first thought dead. But they restored her at last, and her first words were, "They—praised—me—too much!"

On the memory of that meeting Aunt Betsy lived her few remaining months. They had praised her, and it warmed her heart with a joy that she carried into heaven. Those who were with her to the last, and those who shared in the meeting learned a lesson never to be forgotten, of the value of Christian kindness to the aged and helpless.

"Can't get this Headless Horror story all in," said the foreman to the editor of the yellow Churner. "Here's half a column introduction telling about the Churner's enterprise in securing the exclusive story and two 'sticks' containing the scoop. Something has got to go." The great editor did not hesitate. In two minutes more the Evening Worried would be on the street. "That's all right!" he said. "Kill the last two 'sticks' and get to press."

The House Hunter.

"Do you call this a good neighborhood?" Resident—"That depends. If you are fond of gossip, this is the best neighborhood I know of. There are three grass widows on this street, four men who do not live with their wives, half a dozen men who come home drunk every night, and at least one man who is said to have been in the penitentiary. If you enjoy scandal, this is the place for you."

At the Clothes Horse Show

Her best friend—"I suppose May will have a row with the judges if she doesn't get a prize."

Her next best—"No; she'll have it with her tailor. She says she left it all to him."

"You never loved me," exclaimed the bride of a week. "True, I did not; answered the brutal bridegroom, with a sneer, as he wrote an order for the expressman to come for her baggage. "Then why did you marry me?" she moaned, gazing tearfully into the mirror to see if her hat was straight. "I did it," he answered hoarsely, "to pay an election bet."

That must have been an interesting paper that was not read before the American ornithologists in Cambridge, Tuesday, owing to the absence of the author. It was "The Pterylogy of Podargus, with Further Notes on the Pterylogy of the Caprimulgidae."

Briggs—"That medium doesn't know a thing when she is in a trance." Griggs—"Oh, yes, she does! Briggs—"What makes you think so?" Griggs—"Because, the other day I tried to steal away in the middle of one—without paying."