

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ENGLAND'S RESOURCES.

The British reserve at Ladysmith and the capture of such a large number of troops have raised the question as to how many soldiers England has available. There has been an impression that the land army of Great Britain is weak but this is not so. The regular army in England and the colonies at the beginning of the year was composed of 171,394 men. The great bulk of this force was in the British Isles. One army corps is in course of despatch to South Africa and the reserves of that corps alone have been called out, namely, 25,000 men out of a total of 83,000, forming the First Class Army Reserves.

Very recently the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolley, in a public speech stated that two army corps could be despatched to any part of the world as quickly as transportation could be provided, and another corps shortly afterward.

If every regular soldier in Great Britain and Ireland is shipped away for foreign service the garrisons are at once remanned by the militia, composed of 132,493 men, and the yeomanry cavalry of 11,891 men.

In the event of the militia and yeomanry being sent abroad to reinforce the regular army, then the government will call out the magnificent volunteer army of 263,963 men. Needless to tell any military man that in physique, workmanship, spirit and intelligence, the volunteers are the grandest force England has ever possessed.

Finally, conservative military estimates place the number of men in private life who have passed through one or other of the military services as above one million. The above facts prove that the military resources of England are practically inexhaustible.

FAILURES OF YOUNG MEN.

The most potent causes of failure on the part of young men is a topic that is receiving a great deal of attention from thoughtful people in the world today and the ex-president of the World's fair at Chicago who has had a great deal of experience in the direction of young men's institutions says, that chief among the causes which bring positive failure or a disappointing portion of half-success to thousands of honest strugglers is vacillation. The lack of an undeviating application to one pursuit is a cardinal weakness in the younger generation of toilers in almost every line of effort. The young men who keep their eyes fixed on a definite goal never yielding an inch until their efforts are attended with absolute success, are not as common types as we might wish. Indomitable will is a quality of character that the young man of today may well afford to consider and cultivate. Uniform courtesy—kindness of disposition expressed in graciousness of conduct—contributes, to a larger degree than is generally appreciated, to the advancement of the young man who fosters this trait. On the other hand, sourliness and even indifference militate against the promotion of the one who is so unfortunate as to allow these repellent forces to influence his relations with others. Politeness is so easy of acquirement and so profitably entertained that we may well wonder its cultivation receives so little serious attention. Certainly, the failure rightly to prize this element of character gives the key to many a life failure. The disposition to look on work as a task to be thrown off at the earliest possible moment is a too common failing, and is the reverse of that stalwart faithfulness which attracts the attention and approval of employers

and gains promotion and advancement for those who thus identify themselves with the interests of those who they serve. It is with the young man as with the farmer; he best succeeds who plows deepest. To scratch the surface of things lightly is not enough to insure a bountiful harvest. The crop of such a seeding is a failure. He who would win must go deeper, must live more seriously and with greater determination and fixedness of purpose.

Electricity as we know it is just a hundred years old. In 1799, the Italian scientist VOLTA gave definite form to the method of producing the current; and it is from his name that we have the term "volt meter" to describe the instrument which measures the force of the current and "volt" as the unit of that measurement. We know several persons who would like to wait around and see what developments along this line may be reached at the end of another century.

The Wagner and Pullman companies have joined forces, but the public is not likely to benefit by the change. Neither concern has been in business from philanthropic motives, and the present high rate for sleeping accommodations will undoubtedly be maintained. The companies will make more money and the public will neither gain nor lose, except as the consolidation affects the chance of rate cutting competition.

Two prominent English writers have died recently, GRANT ALLEN, a voluminous and sometimes fascinating author who touched on many themes but whose best work was done in his earlier years and FLORENCE MARRYAT daughter of the once famous Captain FREDERICK MARRYAT, herself an author of many fine qualities. Her works included "Life and Letters of Captain MARRYAT" "Little STEPHEN" and "The Heart of JANE WARNER."

A temporary agreement has been reached between the governments of the United States and Great Britain, with the acquiescence of Canada, upon a boundary line in the disputed Alaskan territory. The line is drawn across Chilkat Pass, but the location is immaterial, the main point being that local friction is avoided by an arrangement which fixes a line without affecting the claims of either party.

Ohio and Kentucky are enjoying political campaigns warm enough for the most ardent partisan. In both states the situation is beautifully mixed and a victory for either party in either state would be conclusive of nothing more stable than superior party management. There is more manipulation than genuine discussion of issues.

The experiment of using coke for fuel in locomotives on the Boston & Maine Railroad is said to have proved very successful. It is cleaner than coal, is smokeless and dustless, and is free from the sparks and cinders which frequently ignite dry wood and vegetation along railroad tracks.

The Boers are not so ignorant as some people would try to make out. Their system of education is a thorough one and they take particular pride in their schools. One million dollars annually is set aside for educational purposes.

On January first Russia moves a step forward by using the Gregorian Calendar. Hitherto Russian time has been 11 days behind that of the rest of the Christian world.

The hero of Manila has surrendered at last. A widow of unlimited means and forty years is his conqueror.

Indian Summer is a thing of the past and November winds reign supreme.

News from the Transvaal grows more encouraging.

Football is King.

The Partridge Was Bull's Head Proof.

A good story comes from the country regarding the mistake of a well-known and popular game warden who fired several times at what he thought to be a partridge. When he discovered that he had been peeping at a knot on a pine tree he was so disgusted with himself that it is rumored he thinks of giving up his job.

In Large Attendance.

The attendance at the Currie Business University of this city is larger than ever for this time of the year. Forty-five new students entered during the past few weeks, and there are now about 185 in attendance.

A Conundrum for Principal Latog.

DEAR PROGRESS: Why are the Boers like the lady students at the Halifax Ladies College? Because they hang around Laings Nek.

POEMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Harbor Bar.

The stars are bright in Heavens firmament,
The ocean lies asleep, no blot to mar
Its surface, only here and there the lights
Of ships beamed, beyond the harbor bar.

Far down the bay the lighthouse fires gleam,
Now red, now green, the sailors guiding star.
Full many a seaman by its light has won
A haven safe, in side the harbor bar.

I sit and smoke and think of days long past,
When but a child, no cloud my sky to mar,
I launched my barque upon the sea of life,
And ventured forth, beyond the harbor bar.

And now long years have passed, and times decay
Has changed the old surroundings, once so dear,
And toiled about by love, despair, and woe,
My barque's dismantled, its last anchorage near.

Through storm and calm, the sunshine and the rain,
The light of faith shone like a guiding star
All through the long, long years, and now I steer
For Heaven's light, beyond the harbor bar.

The Trackwalker.

With head bent low and shoulders stooped,
And slow, home-keeping eye
Fixed on the rails, a silhouette
The trackwalker goes by.

A five-mile strip of grimy stones,
Adorned with an iron band,
Is all his world. June knows that drift
In dancings of the land.

He heeds not, nor red autumn flares
That ravine down the air,
Rust-belt and bar to keep in place—
This is his only care.

He quits his task three steps before
The rock or train should pass,
Then stoops, while still the pebbles whirl,
To make a loose bolt fast.

The rule laid in the sun's flood,
Now rust and silent tread
The bit to find and now ride by
In cushioned east at cost.

O his long march and lonely watch,
Nor give a backward thought
To the bent shoe and pattering feet
Whose toll their safety brings.

Morn is to him a sentry post,
To tread through sun and rain,
His noon a place to turn and start
Back into night again.

A ceaseless trundle all his days,
A few words by the way, a nod,
In yonder orchard is his house,
Aere 'twixt the rails his home.

Unmourned, unmixed, he died to find
The last line miles left to do,
That whose walk a rail was track
Aright has walked with God.

Must the Lobster Go?

We've gazed with resignation on the passing of the
The lobster, a creature for the legendary race;
And the dodo and the dodo and the ornitho-
yobichus
May go and yet the passing brings no shade of woe
To us.

We've seen the lobster in the sea,
A creature of the sea,
A creature of the sea,
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THE HERO OF THE BRAZOS.

He was Only a Farm Hand but His Deeds
Were Heroic.

Near the city of Hempstead, in Texas,
there lives a farm-hand who has proved
himself a hero of peace, and whose name
should be remembered by the people of
his country with all the gratitude they
willingly bestow upon the heroes of our
armies.

One of the great rivers of Texas is the
Brazos, a stream subject to vast floods,
which often rise so suddenly that the
people living near it have no time to es-
cape the rush of the waters.

In early times a colony of Franciscan
friars established a mission on a mound
near the bank of the river. They built a
church and a village, and taught the neigh-
boring Indians. A hostile tribe, however,
swept over the country, ravaging and
burning, and their seemed to be no sal-
vation for the friars and their converts be-
hind the feeble defences of their mound.

But of a sudden the waters of the river
rose, and terrible floods swept away the
savages, and saved the little garrison.

Then the friars, so the story goes, saw
plainly the working of the Lord, and they
called the river which had enveloped them
'Los Brazos de Dios—The Arms of God.'

But the Brazos is not always merciful.
During the recent floods in Texas its wa-
ters played a mighty part in the destruction
of life and property. One night, as the
flood was beginning to overspread the
farming lands, a young man named Fritz
McGee was awakened by the distant roar.

He rose, hurried out, and after some diffi-
culty, secured a single frail rowboat and
started alone on the work of rescue.

All through that terrible night he work-
ed among the negro cabins scattered over
the flooded bottoms, and before morning
he had rescued seventy-five human beings,
men, women, and children, and had con-
veyed them to high and safe ground.

It is doubtful whether a single man ever
before saved so many lives, one by one, in
so short a time. Fritz McGee, farm hand,
rowing his fragile skiff through the dark-
ness over the turbulent water, is a figure
to stir the noblest feelings.

The Religious "Slot-Machine."

In the Adirondack Mountains, at a place
of popular resort, there is a chapel where
the contributions are often liberal in the
summer season, but where the contribu-
tions still chiefly consist, as far as bulk
goes, of small coins. The rector of this
church, who is a man of dignified and min-
isterial appearance, is accustomed to go
with the Sunday offering to one of the ho-
tels, and receive a check for the amount of it.

One Monday morning he was counting
the money at the desk of the hotel cashier,
and was at that moment scraping together
the nickels and coppers, which were in
abundant supply. Just then a bell-boy
came up who seemed to have something on
his mind.

"What is it, my little man?" asked the
rector, in his most honeyed tone.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the boy, "but are
you the man what runs the slot-machine
down stairs?"

The boy could never understand why all
the people, including the rector, laughed at
him. The laugh was really on the Sunday
contributors to the church funds. Many
clergymen, we have no doubt, will sym-
pathize with this supposed proprietor of the
slot-machine.

"Specialized."

All retailers like to have and announce
their specialties; and sometimes, it seems,
such commercial specialties may take on
a very general character. A travelling
man tells the Washington Star that, while
visiting lately a small but enterprising
town in West Virginia, he came upon the
following sign:

THE BEEHIVE STORE.

Ronceverte, W. Va.

'Dealers in General Merchandise and
Country Produce of Every Kind. SPEC-
IALTIES: Coffins, Caskets and Burial
Supplies; Salt, Bacon and Lard; Hides,
Furs and Live Foxes.'

In addition to these somewhat diverse
specialties, the proprietor of the store car-
ried on the business of a fire insurance
agent.

She was in Earnest.

"When she will, she will, you can de-
pend on't," is a line which many men have
quoted of many women. The saying is
often unjust, and the woman is often just-
ified, but now and then the cap fits per-
fectly.

Not long ago a fast express was bow-

ling over the sands of Arizona. Just how
it happened was frequently explained and
never understood, but as the train sped
along the side of a parched river, it sud-
denly left the rails, rolled down the bank
and landed in three feet of muddy water at
the bottom of the river-bed.

Within the cars there was some natural
confusion. Men, women and lunch-boxes
were thrown into a heap, and not an um-
brella nor parcel was left in the racks.

One by one the occupants of the rear
car extricated themselves from the mass,
and sought for means of escape, while
stanching various wounds caused by
broken glass. Every exit was jammed
tight. Just then, in the midst of the
doubt and confusion, rose a woman's voice
in emphatic demand.

"Let me out! Let me out! If you don't
let me out, I'll break a window."

INJURY TO THE EYES AT SCHOOL.
Some Reasons why Children Have De-
fective Eyesight.

Much attention has been given during
the past few years to the eyesight of chil-
dren. Tests of vision have been made in
schools all over the world, and the results
have been astonishing, if not alarming. It
has been proved that short-sightedness
exists among pupils in school and colleges
to a much greater extent than was sup-
posed, and what is more disquieting, the
number of pupils who have defective vision
seems to be steadily growing larger.

Another fact brought out by such tests
is that the proportion of those suffering
from imperfect eyesight increases with the
advance in studies, being least in the low-
est classes and greatest in the highest.

A German investigator discovered this
thirty years ago as the result of an exam-
ination of the eyes of ten thousand students
in the schools at and near Breslau. In the
primary schools he found about six in
every hundred children suffering from poor
eyesight; in the intermediate schools the
number of near-sighted pupils had in-
creased to more than ten per cent., in the
high schools to twenty-five per cent., while
in the university sixty students out of
every hundred were myopic, or short-
sighted.

A similar ascending scale of defective
vision has been noted among school chil-
dren in other countries, although the pro-
portions are not so high anywhere else as
in Germany and Russia, a fact explained
by the excessive strain put upon the eyes
in reading German and Russian characters.

That the prevalence of defective eye-
sight among children is in great part due
to the overstraining of a weak organ is not
open to question. Unskilled laborers, and
others who have not been obliged to strain
their eyes in early life, have usually good
eyesight, but skilled workmen, type-setters,
and so on, who use their eyes for close
work and begin to learn their trade young,
are often near sighted.

Dr. C. E. Wood of Chicago has re-
cently drawn attention to the strain upon the
eyes of very young children by certain
of the kindergarten tasks; but this subject
is too important and too large to be com-
pressed into a single article, and we must
consider the means of protecting the eyes
in another article.

Well Done.

At half past two in the morning, not
long ago, the crew of a train on the Dela-
ware Railroad discovered that the signals
at Gain's Crossing were set to stop coming
trains in both directions.

An investigation was made and the block
operator was discovered at his desk in the
tower, bleeding and unconscious. He had
been assaulted and robbed, but before los-
ing consciousness he had managed to set
the signals that prevented the possibility
of collisions. We are inclined to prophesy
that the world will hear again from this
brave young man.

Not Contagious.

The reminiscences and recollections of
W. G. Grace, the veteran English cricket-
er, contain at least one good story—a joke
made by Tom Emmett, a famous bowler.

One Saturday afternoon Emmett was
bowling for his club, but the fielders drop-
ped catch after catch with such systematic
perseverance that he lost his temper, threw
the ball on the ground, and said:

"I'm not going to bowl any more.
There's an epidemic on this ground, but
thank heaven, it ain't catching!"

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tions done at shortest notice. Don't for-
get that out laundry work is the best.
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'This,' said the medical student, as the
echo of the boarding house gong resound-
ed through the corridors, 'is where we
get our bone and sinew.'