

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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THAT HIGH SCHOOL MATTER.

It is a tribute to the popularity of Mr. GEORGE U. HAY that the proposition to put Prof. BRIDGES in charge of the Victoria school is viewed with disfavor by quite a number of the parents whose children have been Mr. HAY's pupils. What purports to have been an indignation meeting, largely composed of ladies, was held in the Mechanics' Institute, the other day, and a resolution was passed to the effect that the parents were satisfied with the efficiency of the Victoria school as it now is, that they feared the proposed changes would injure the efficiency of the girls high school, and that the trustees be asked not to make the changes. Speeches or remarks in the nature of speeches, were made by various ladies and gentlemen, and the convention adjourned to meet when called.

The cause of all this disturbance was the recent discovery that the trustees had decided to transfer the boys of the Grammar school to the Victoria, and invite Prof. BRIDGES to take charge in the building, thus placing him over Mr. HAY, who has had charge of the girls up to this time and has given excellent satisfaction. There has been no question that the Grammar school is not as efficient as it should be and that a radical change is needed, and the plan proposed has seemed to the trustees the easiest way out of the difficulty. By this plan an annual saving of between three and four thousand dollars can be made. The only other course would seem to be the erection of a new school building. Some people with large ideas seem to think the latter course should be adopted, despite the fact that one expensive school building has already been undertaken this season.

The need of some change is admitted, as regards the Grammar school, but a change that puts Mr. HAY under Prof. BRIDGES is the particular one that the present protestors do not want. One of the speakers, indeed, asserted that in event of such a change Mr. HAY would not consent to remain. Incidental to this main point of contention was an attempt at argument against the boys and girls being together in the same building, an argument opposed to the facts in the past and present history of education, and with nothing better than the imagination to support it. To say, as one man did, that it becomes a question of morals is a slander on parent, teachers, pupils and the school system itself. It has any basis of fact the allowing of mixed schools elsewhere has been and continues to be a blunder and a crime.

The whole time seems to revolve around Mr. HAY as a storm centre, and this is the only matter really worthy of consideration. His personal friends were prominent at the meeting among the seventy five who composed the convention, and it must be a source of gratification to him that the ladies have so warmly espoused his cause.

Mr. HAY is a good teacher and he has done excellent work, but the trustees seem to think that Prof. BRIDGES would be a better man to have charge under the arrangement. In this, they are the friends of Mr. HAY differ, and the latter would be willing to have the city put to the expense of a new school building to avoid such an arrangement. This seems to be the matter in a nutshell.

STANDARD TIME.

Twelve years have passed since standard time was generally adopted by the leading cities of the continent, and St. John still remains as one of the notable exceptions in which the people have withstood the departure from the system of their forefathers. Were the city remote from railways, there might be some excuse for its conservatism in this respect, but it has no less than three lines of railways and three lines of steamers arriving and departing on standard time, with their advertisements giving the hours in that time, while the mails received and

sent by the railways have been advertised as closing or due at such and such hours in local time. The hotels, to meet the wishes of their city patrons and those of the travelling public as well, have their clocks arranged for both times. This week both the post office and express offices have adopted the standard time for all purposes.

The objection to the adoption of standard time by this city was chiefly on the ground of the difference of thirty-six minutes. This was considered too much of a concession to railway corporations. In Halifax, which was further east than St. John, the difference was still greater, but the case was met by adopting the time of the sixieth meridian, making just an even hour difference from the eastern, or seventy-fifth meridian, standard. Halifax time, thus amended, is the time for all the railway towns of Nova Scotia, and there is at least uniformity secured, even though the revised time is one hour ahead of that used by the railways.

Had St. John established a local time just half an hour faster than standard, there might have been little confusion, but in insisting on making the bothersome difference of thirty-six minutes the obstinacy of the people has caused no end of confusion among strangers and citizens alike. It has necessitated a process of mental arithmetic from the first and a translation of one time to another with the majority of the public, year after year and day after day. It has put strangers to all sorts of trouble, and the bother has steadily grown greater as trains have multiplied and travel has increased. All efforts to reconcile the two times have been in vain with the average individual, and efforts of some of the newspapers to make matters plain have had effects never anticipated. One paper, for instance, has had a "traveller's directory," giving the hours of trains and steamers departure and arrivals in local time. The words "local time" are plain enough when anybody looks for them, but people in a hurry are not always careful to look, and suppose the hours given are in standard time. Only recently a party of strangers in St. John missed their train through the well intended directory in question. They had not imagined that when the trains were despatched on standard time the announcement of any newspaper would be in local time.

The post office officials and clerks have been sorely tried by the mixture of city and standard time. The office has been run on local time to suit the public and on standard time to dispatch the mails. The clocks have been on local time. This has caused a great deal of unnecessary figuring by the clerks, and so at last the postmaster has adopted the standard time for all purposes. The clock on the front of the building now indicates standard time only, but the ferry boat, a train connection close by, is still run on local time. It would be just as easy and much more sensible to have the boat run on standard time also. The post office clock has long been used as a guide for those who made night trips on the ferry, and so long as the present state of things exists there is bound to be confusion.

Why does not the city put the ferry on standard time, and thus lead the way to its general adoption? The change must be made some time and it might as well be made now. Who will make the move?

FEEMALE HELP WANTED.

The servant girl question is one that is perpetually to the front with the latter day housekeepers, and is one of infinitely more importance to her than that of bloomer, bicycles or the eccentricities of the New Woman. It is doubtless more or less of a problem all over the continent, but it is of special importance in St. John of recent years. In the line of domestic services there are more situations vacant than can be filled, while really good girls who are worth their wages are as rare as honest men in party politics.

The old-fashioned domestic who was glad to get a place in a good family, and willing to do whatever tasks were assigned her, is hard to find in these days. The New Domestic has been in evidence for a long time, and is causing more disturbance of social conditions than the New Woman is ever likely to cause. In the parlance of the wild and woolly West, she proposes to run the ranch when and how she pleases.

When she cannot do this, she has no hesitation in promptly leaving her employer at a busy time, and seeking fresh fields and pastures new for the display of her varied accomplishments in the art of worrying the people she professes to be willing to serve.

The old time servant was very often ignorant and not always honest, any more than some domestics of the present day, but she had a willingness to do what she was hired to do, where there was any sort of fair play given to her. Thanks to the free schools, the girls who are ignorant of the rudiments of education are not so common now, but their knowledge is too often accompanied by a number of theories as to their own importance and the privileges to which their state and condition of life entitles them. They may be correct in the assumption that their service is a favor to those who employ them, but they go beyond the bounds when they presume on this to have their own way as much as possible and virtually reverse the positions

of the employer and the employed. What they will not do is more in evidence than what they will do. In few cases do they render the cheerful faithful service for which their engagement makes an implied contract.

There are, as there always have been and will be faults on the part of the employers. There are women who think a servant is made to serve in much the same way as the stove is made to cook, and whom no amount of faithful work can fully satisfy. There are tyrants and bullies among women who are worse in their way than the grinding taskmasters among men. There are selfish, nagging, scolding women who never can keep a girl very long, and who are properly rewarded in having to do their own work much of the time. There are the exceptions, however, and for every one of this class there are a dozen who are anxious to treat domestics in such a way that they will be able to respect themselves and those who employ them. Yet this very class are as frequently in straits for the want of help as are their less deserving sisters. The fault is in the scarcity of the right kind of domestics.

It is not too much to say that the great proportion of domestics are incompetent and are paid more than they are worth. The old time servant received lower wages and did much more work in the days when labor saving devices were unknown. The condition of the modern houses, from cellar to attic, are such that much of the old-fashioned drudgery is unknown, and labor is lightened in the kitchen and elsewhere. What is needed now in a domestic is not so much sheer strength and stupidity as intelligence and skill, apart from the consideration of honesty and moral temperament. The work is not of the servile nature it formerly was, and the domestic ought to be more in the nature of an assistant than a servant. Her position should be no less respected than if she were an employee in a factory, or a store, for the matter of that. Everybody who is employed by another has to serve that person, and there is no reason why domestic service should not be as respectable as any other. The trouble in the past was that ranks of domestics were largely recruited from the ranks of the ignorant, but as time goes on and the occupation becomes one more and more requiring intelligence and skill, the standard of domestic service must be proportionately elevated. Just now, it is in the transition state, but it cannot always remain there.

The idea of training schools for domestics, just as there are training schools for nurses, has been referred to by Progress in the past. There are several such institutions in existence in the United States, and the results appear to be excellent. A girl, character and reliability being assured, is taught either general household duties or special lines of work. In due time, when she has shown herself competent, she receives a certificate which is a guarantee of her efficiency, and ensures her the best of situations and wages. When a woman in need of a reliable helper in the household, she has only to apply to one of these training schools, stating the kind of help she prefers, and a girl is sent to her. The institution is responsible for the efficiency of the graduate, and the girl who has a certificate is much in the position of a man who has learned a trade and is entitled to respect as a skilled mechanic or citizen. The idea is a good one in the interests of the employer and the employed.

Judging by the complaints of housekeepers, such an institution would fill a long felt want in the cities of the maritime provinces.

In the Telegraph's report of the parents' indignation meeting at the Institute, Mr. W. F. HATHWAY is quoted in saying that "it was simply impossible to have the meetings of the trustees open, as many of the little complaints from teachers and pupils they had to deal with would fill columns of a newspaper." There is no ground for such a contention. Matters of this kind could be dealt with in committee, if necessary, but in any event there is no fear the newspapers would want to fill their columns with such stuff, any more than they trouble themselves with proceedings of the appeals committee of the common council. If the papers were interested in the complaints of teachers and pupils, they could get all the material they wanted now. It might be well to let the public understand that what the newspapers could publish and are not silly enough to publish amounts to somewhat more than appears in print, both in school and other matters. The fact that the meeting of the school board in Boston and other large cities are open to the press sufficiently answers this and other equally weak excuses for the star chamber system in St. John. It is only a matter of time when the meetings are open here, and the sooner the better.

The incredible story is going the rounds of the papers that the fog horn at West Quoddy, Maine, has tooted twenty days and eleven hours out of a total of thirty consecutive days. When it is remembered that West Quoddy is almost at our doors as regards St. John, and that this city enjoys such an immunity from fog, one finds it hard to believe that such a wide variety of climate can be found within such

narrow geographical limits. What kind of a life must the people lead in a place where the fog remains for days at a time?

Now that the plucky governor of Texas has secured the passage of a law which knocks out the CORBETT-FITZSIMMONS fight at Dallas, the question of a new site for the battle is to the front. Melbourne, Australia, is anxious to have the honor, and offers apparently tempting inducements. It would be a great thing for America if the two fighters would go there, take their crowd of admirers with them, and stay there.

That liquor is doing its work in killing off the red man is shown by the recent death of BUNGA POWAGAN, a famous Chippewa chief, who was drowned by the upsetting of his canoe in a Wisconsin lake, he being too drunk to swim ashore. He was one hundred and eight years old when thus snatched away, and the liquor habit had been fastening its hold on him for nearly a century.

English society circles are frowning on the practice of rice throwing at weddings, and the reason assigned is that several accidents have resulted from grains of rice striking the eyes of brides and grooms. As it is too much to expect the public not to be silly in some way on such occasions, proper confetti are to be used instead of rice, and the survival of an absurd custom will at least be free from the element of danger.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Donahoe's Magazine for October has for its initial article a paper on the Irish Play and the English Stage, by Rev. John Talbot Smith. There is an interesting article on the leading men in Canadian public life, from the pen of Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D. The article gives portraits and critical estimates of more than a dozen prominent Canadian Liberals and Conservatives. Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake's "Leaders of Men" is brought to a close with a resume of the characters of notable men of the present generation. Among them she treats of El Mahdi, "Chinese Gordon," Bismarck, Gladstone, Lincoln, O'Connell, Stambullif, Father Damien, Stevenson, Castelar and Cavou. Mr. Charles de Harlz essay on Buddhism versus Christianity is concluded in this issue. Other features are Bernard Morgan's "The Modern Conclave," "Great Talkers," also illustrated, from the pen of Bessie Boyle O'Reilly, another gilded daughter of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, "The Atlanta Exposition," by De Sales Doonan, and "The Catholic Winter School of America" by C. E. O'Leary, both good articles, handsomely illustrated. "A Chapter of Anecdotes," with portraits, by M. E. Hennessy. The poetry, fiction, and illustration are as usual very attractive, and the editorial matter is especially good.

The story of the making of a pair of equestrian statues of Lincoln and Grant appears in McClure's Magazine for October, where Cleveland Moffett describes the long and patient labors of the artists O'Donovan and Eakins. A description is also given of the work of the founders in casting the models in bronze; and a succession of pictures, from special photographs, exhibits the entire operation of modelling and casting. A grand-nephew of the poet Keats, John Gilmer Speed, takes note, in the same number, of the centenary of the poet's birth, in a paper written from original letters and manuscripts in his possession. James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke") tells how the office of the New York Tribune was armed against the mob that assailed it at the time of the New York draft riots. Another newspaper article written largely from personal experience is Mr. James Creelman's account of the London Times, and its development, character and policy under the mastership of three succeeding John Walters. The quality of personal experience gives special value also to a paper by Theodore Roosevelt, on the closing of New York saloons on Sunday. McClure's is no less notable on the imaginative side, including new stories by Anthony Hope, Robert Louis Stevenson, Ian Maclaren and Stanley J. Weyman and a poem by Mrs. T. H. Huxley.

Who Owns The \$5000?

A young man who died a few days ago was so methodical in his business ways that it was frequently remarked upon by his acquaintances. He was able to pay his bills and he was so prompt in this respect that it was a pleasure to deal with him. Yet when he died an insurance policy for \$5000 that had been taken out months before was in the agents desk undelivered and the premium unpaid. His friends did not know that he had applied for the policy, until they heard it after his death and now they are speculating as to its value, whether the company is liable for the amount of the policy. There is no doubt that the applicant was able to pay his premium and it is equally certain that if the agent had wanted to collect the amount by the ordinary means he could have done so. Whether the fact of his not having done so makes the policy worthless is worth thinking about and the incident may be a lesson to some applicants for insurance who are careless about taking delivery of their policies.

Death of Master Barnaby.

Bright little Jack Barnaby died from his injuries on Thursday, after nine days of unconsciousness. Happily he did not suffer though the time was a trying one for the loving hands that nursed him. The cordial sympathy of very many friends is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby in their trouble.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

If I could see you love to night, If but a little while, The rose that sobbed itself to sleep, Would waken up and smile, The waves that wept so on the sand, Would laugh again in glee; If you were here to take my hand And tell your heart to me. If I could see you love to night, The sweet celestial story; My soul would clothe in splendor robes, Transformed for realms of glory, The winds that cry where surges swell, And make such moaning woe; Would sing the songs we loved so well, When we were friends together. If I could see you love to night Words once you longed to say; Would flash your brow and tell me true, How sweet it was that day. Oh! I would hold you fast my love In one dear dream of bliss; And never banish from my soul The rapture of your kiss. If I could see you love to night, And on your glad eyes fell That sweet delicious dream of joy, That deep mysterious spell; If soul and spirit longing found, True happiness and peace; 'T would to oppress you to my heart Where I've asked no release. If I could see you love to night No star that ever shone; Could bring the joy that it would be mine, To be with you alone. For while your warm heart beats in truth, Life still holds all its charms; And hope's immortal light would be, To die love in your arms. Silver Sands, Restigouche 1894. CYRUS GOLDB.

When Love Lies Dead.

The sun has kissed the morn to rosy hue His rays have drunk each green cup of dew, And over all the world his light has spread, What matter this—if Love lies dead? The sky is filled with wondrous, glorious light, Rare flowers bloom to greet the sun-dere's sight; Sweet buttercups and roses, white and red, What matter this—if Love lies dead? The twilight hours have come, and over all The somber shades of darkness creep and fall; Another day has gone, her glories fled, What matter this—if Love lies dead? What matter if the hours be bright or dreary; What matter if the hours fair or weary, What matter if the day and night are sped, What matter all—if Love lies dead? —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Kiss.

Sweet Phyllis, one bright summer day, Upon a rose a kiss impressed; A butterfly which chanced that way In turn the bushing bud caressed. It stole the kiss and straightway flew, Oh, sick' heart I! to a glade, And there, upon a violet blue, In ecstasy the kiss is laid. The zephyr, sighing through the trees, The flower's tender fragrance sips; The kiss is watted on the breeze, And finds a home upon my lips. And now, whenever your face I see, I feel oppressed by weight of debt, To think I've kept your kiss with me So long, and not returned it yet. It has deprived me of my bliss— Has caused my throbbing heart to burn; Say that the word, and I the kiss With compound interest shall return. —Boston Traveler.

In His Kingdom.

A soul's tree came trembling through the night, And stood, all naked, in the judgment light. "Alas!" she said, "so pressed with life was I No space I found to teach me how to die. Unshrieked I came; I was so full of care No time had I for penance or for prayer. I dwelt where men were in such evil case Their woeful eyes still held me to my place. Nor did I heed my garments' fret and stain, If so I might a little ease their pain. And scarce my thought from haunting care could stray To say at morn, 'Ah, Lord! another day.' But flying still, and followed hard by fear, I loved and toiled, and waked to find me here!" Then round the naked soul the judgment light Grew, like a lily's bloom, to garments white; And a new dawn of rapture and surprise Shone through the doubt and sorrow of her eyes. As a voice whispered, "Since thou didst not fear To drink my cup on earth, come share it here!" And, gazing on a face, unknown till now, She cried, exulting, "Master! it is thou!" —Emily Huntington Miller.

In a Rose Garden.

A hundred years from now, dear heart, We will not care at all It will not matter then a wit, The honey or the gall. The summer day that we have known Will all be forgotten by us if we die; The garden will be overgrown Where now the roses fall. A hundred years from now, dear heart, We will not mind the pain, The robbing crimson side of life Will not have left a stain. The song we sing together dear, Will mean no more than means a tear Amid a summer rain. A hundred years from now, dear heart, The grief will all be o'er; The sea of care will surge in vain Upon a careless shore. The glasses we turn down today Here at the parting of the way: We will be wiser, then as they, And will not mind it more. A hundred years from now, dear heart, We'll neither know nor care What came of all life's bitterness Or followed love's despair. Then fill the glasses up again, And kiss me through the rose-leaf rain; We'll build one castle more in Spain, And dream one more dream there. —John Bennett.

Luxuries in Labrador.

In spite of latitude and Arctic current, Labrador is the home of much that is delicious in the berry world. Even the outlying islands furnish the curlewberry and bakeapple in profusion; and upon the mainland, in the proper month, September a veritable feast awaits one. Three varieties of blueberries, huckleberries, wild red currants, having a pungent aromatic flavor unequalled by the cultivated varieties; marshberries, raspberries, tiny white capillaire teaberries, with a flavor like some rare perfume and having just a faint suggestion of wintergreen; squasberries, pearberries, and curlewberries, the latter not so grateful as the others, but a prime favorite with the Esquimaux; and, lastly, the typical Labrador fruit, which, excepting a few scattering plants in Canada and Newfoundland, is found, I believe, no-

where outside of the peninsula—the gorgeous bakeapple.

These cover the entire coast from the St. Lawrence to Ungava. Their beautiful ceramium-like leaves struggle with the reindeer moss upon the islands carpet alike the low valleys and the highest hilltops, and even peep from banks of everlasting snow. Only one berry grows upon each plant, but this one makes a most delicious mouthful. It is the size and form of a large dewberry, but the color is a bright crimson when half ripe and a golden yellow at maturity. Its taste is sweetly acid, it is exceedingly juicy, and so delicate that it might be thought impossible to preserve it. Yet the natives do preserve it with all its freshness and original flavor throughout the entire winter, merely by covering it with fresh water and heaving it up tightly in casks or barrels.—Outing.

SAVED WITH A LARIAT.

Rescued From Drowning by a Partner's Skill in Throwing the Rope.

"You were asking me a while ago about the lariat and its uses," said a Western man, "and it reminds me of a time on one occasion when it served an excellent purpose as a life preserver."

"It isn't always used for that, is it?" "Well, no," laughed the Westerner, "I've seen it do prompt service when there was no other rope handy and the host thief was. But this time was different," he went on. "I know, because I was the one preserved. We were up in the canon country looking for some cattle, and one of the boys and I had gone off the trail to a stream to take a bath, as you might call it in the East, for it was hotter than blaz and shade was not plentiful. We went into the water some distance above a turbulent rapid and a waterfall of twenty-five or thirty feet, and as we didn't go to swim so much as to get cool, all we needed was enough water to cover us, and that's all my companion took."

"I was, however, more ambitious, and having been a fins swimmer when I was in the East, I thought I would branch out a bit. I was soon branching out extensively and the first thing I knew the swift waters caught me and down I went toward the fall. I tried to pull for the shore, but it was no good, and then I set up a yell that made the canon echo, and my partner came after me along the shore. I was fifty feet out in the stream, struggling, and there wasn't any more sign of salvation for me than I had been in mid-ocean."

"Down I kept going, whirled and turned upside down and fitted around promiscuously, until about a hundred yards above the final fall I caught on a rock. It was just high enough to keep my head out of water, and I hung to it until my finger nails seemed to be embedded in it. My partner at this juncture showed the kind of a fellow he was in an emergency, for he appeared on shore with our two lariats tied together, and just as I was about to let go and be smashed on the rocks below, he swung that lariat as cool as he ever did from the back of his mustang, and it dropped square over my head. The rest of it I am not very conscious of, because by the time he had pulled me ashore by the neck I was about as near hung as I ever want to be, but he brought me around all right in the course of half an hour or so, and I was quite as good as new again."

"That was a narrow escape." "And that was an odd fellow who saved me," added the Westerner, "for he was so mad about the scare I had given him that I'll be blamed if he didn't turn to before the day was over and giving me the worst licking I ever got in my life for scaring him so."—Washington Star.

The Needs of Life.

To work well, eat well, and sleep well. Is not this what every man and woman desires to be able to do? Without this ability, life is robbed of enjoyment and becomes a tiresome round of labor. The use of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic by those who suffer from indigestion, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, nervous trouble, dyspepsia, or a generally worn out condition, speedily restores them to the state of health described in the first sentence. They can work well, eat well, sleep well. In a word they are restored to perfect health.

The grateful testimony of a great host of persons who have been thus restored is clear evidence, that of all remedies for the cure of stomach troubles, the building up of new rich blood, the restoration of nerve tissue and the stimulating and invigorating of the whole system there is none to equal Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. It is sold by all druggists and dealers at fifty cents per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

They are Showy.

Two women were buying a hat. Said one of them in despair, "I do wish I could get something to wear on my head that would be showy and yet not cost a fortune." "Get a few gray hairs," suggested the other women. "They are the most showy things I know of. They stand farther out and can be seen a greater distance off than anything you can purchase by way of ornament. Just ask anybody who has a few and tries to hide them."—Phila. Times.

Trees in London Highways.

The number of trees growing in the public highways of the city of London is found to be 14,700. These are on the public highways alone, and not in the parks.