

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 19

FUND FOR SUFFERERS.

Every now and then the cry is raised that some disposition should be made of the large amount of money in the hands of the St. John Relief and Aid Society, and there have been a variety of suggestions as to the public uses to which the money could be put. One idea which may be worthy of consideration does not seem to have been advanced heretofore, and that is to place at least a portion of the funds that can be available for the relief of distress, not only in this city but elsewhere.

The moneys which go to make this fund were freely given by the people of many places, near and far, and they were given with the definite purpose of aiding those who were sufferers by the St. John fire of 1877. The donors as a rule would have given as liberally had the call come from any other city town or village, for their sympathy was with their fellows in distress, irrespective of the city in which they lived or the geographical limits of the territory visited by fire. The grand motive of the offering was to help those who most needed help.

So many contributions were sent from various parts of America, as well as from across the ocean, that there was more than enough for the necessities of the time and the surplus was created into a fund which is still being drawn upon to some extent by the sufferers in the great calamity of that time. The number of beneficiaries, in the natural order of things, is growing smaller and smaller, and the time must come when none of them will remain to claim the relief heretofore given. Then the question arises, what shall be done with the funds?

What is the moral right to divert them in this way or that for the benefit of the public, there should at least a portion of them be held on trust for the purposes to which they were originally devoted and for which the donors intended them—the relief of distress, and especially that distress due to the visitation of a community by fire. It does not follow that the application of these funds should be limited to the area within the limits of the city of St. John, but the money should be available for use whenever needed. Several times within a few years the citizens have been called upon to subscribe for the relief of sufferers by fire in other places, and they have always shown themselves liberal givers. There is no doubt they always will do so, but it would be well if their efforts could be supplemented by funds which were accessible upon an hour's notice. When St. John was burned, telegrams placing funds at the immediate disposal of the sufferers came from distant cities, and the aid was a wonderful stimulant to the people. Today, the city of St. John is not in a position to instantly reciprocate, but a considerable period must elapse before the individual subscription can be collected and forwarded. Were there a benefit fund from which to make an immediate grant, valuable time would be gained and the sufferers doubly aided by being aided at once. The grant need not be large, but according to the necessities of the case. There is no reason why it should hinder supplemental aid by private subscription, nor can it be supposed that those who now give would give less, because of the grant from the public fund. It would have been a good thing if liberal funds could have been sent to Chatham a week ago, to be followed by subscription funds later. It would have been an equally good idea if places suffering from fires in the past could have been so promptly aided. Why can it not be done in future years?

This is one way in which some of the surplus relief funds can be placed, and it

will be a way truly in accordance with the sentiment of those whose money created that fund. It was sent purely and simply for the relief of sufferers by sudden calamity, and to that object a portion of it at least, should be devoted, even though the last of the claim of the St. John fire sufferers were to become extinct.

Here is an idea worth thinking about. A more noble purpose cannot be devised for the money originally given for the relief of the suffering. Such a spirit of giving would encourage rather than discourage individual liberality, for it would be a constant object lesson on the duties of man to aid his fellow man wherever the cry of distress is heard.

FOR STANDARD TIME.

There can now be very little doubt that St. John will adopt standard time at an early day, as it should have done long ago. The board of trade, by a practically unanimous vote, has resolved to adopt standard time for itself, to memorialize the dominion government and civic authorities to adopt it for the city and to ask the banks to secure such legislation as will enable them to do so. When all that is thus proposed becomes a reality, the city will have only one time for all practical purpose, and it's people, to say nothing of its visitors, will have a good deal less of unnecessary calculating to do in connection with mail, railway and steamship matters. Some of the members seem to think that Trinity church clock should have been specially named in the resolutions, but it was practically included in the reference to the civic authorities. The city allows a grant of one hundred dollars a year for the care of this clock, and were the council to adopt standard time, it is scarcely probable the church corporation would wish to continue to keep local time to mislead the public, with the chance of losing its grant. If all the public offices and a majority of the citizens adopt standard time, there is no fear but that the clocks on which people have been accustomed to rely will readily come into line.

There will doubtless be some worthy citizens who will not adopt standard time, just as there were old timers who used to figure in the clumsy pounds, shillings and pence, long after the decimal currency became law. Some people have such a superabundance of conservative sentiment that they cling to the old simply because it is old, and obstinately oppose all that is out of the rut in which they or their fathers have travelled. No one has a right to censure them for their opinion, so long as they do not interfere with the public good, and if any of the citizens want to continue to keep local time for themselves there is no earthly reason why they should not do so. The main and important point is as to what the public and official time shall be.

The suggestion of one or two of the board that the change should not be to eastern standard time but to that of the sixtieth meridian, very properly received no consideration. The fact that it is the standard adopted by Halifax and some other places in Nova Scotia is no argument why St. John should take the same course. Halifax did so because its mean geographical time was within twelve minutes of the sixtieth meridian, but in doing so it put itself out of line with the railways, and departed from the principle laid down when standards of time were adopted for the different parts of the continent. By that principle the standard of the seventy-fifth meridian includes the fifteen degrees between that and the sixtieth meridian, and the time of the latter would apply only to Newfoundland. It is an anomaly to try to have two standards of time in an area of fifteen degrees set off for one definite standard, and were it to be done in the case of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick it could be done with equal reason by individual cities and states, according to their fancy, all over the continent, and thus there could be confusion worse than confounded from the Atlantic to the Pacific. That these provinces are within the area agreed upon for eastern standard time is the one reason why they should adopt it, instead of taking the time agreed on for a more easterly division. The sternly practical reason why they should adopt it is that the railway and steam lines are operated according to it. This has far more force in St. John than in Halifax, for we are here nearer the boundary of the United States and connected with a greater number of lines of travel to places where eastern standard is the only time known.

The prompt and positive action of the board of trade shows that body to be alive to the needs of the city in respect to securing a uniform time. Now that such a good beginning has been made, there can be little doubt the much demanded uniformity will be secured at an early day.

ART AS A THIEF CATCHER.

The man who can sketch rapidly and correctly may be the architect of his own fortune, as was THOMAS WORTH, the cartoonist, who found his vocation through the fact that another man was dishonest.

WORTH was a teller in a New York bank, years ago, when a forged cheque for a large sum was presented and cashed. At that time identification was not rigidly insisted on, and when the forgery was discovered there seemed no clue to the man who had got away with the money. When WORTH was questioned as to the appearance of the person he was unable to give any clear

description, but by a happy inspiration he seized a pencil and drew a hasty sketch from memory. Inspector BYRNES at once recognized the portrait as that of a well known character named JOHN LIVINGSTONE.

Acting on this clue alone, LIVINGSTONE was finally traced to the other side of the continent, arrested and brought back to New York, where he was duly tried and convicted. This was the turning point in WORTH'S career, and instead of remaining a bank clerk he became one of America's most famous artists.

This incident is recalled, by the recent feat of another artist in New York state, who has succeeded in convicting a man who stole his silver, three months ago. This artist is E. W. KEMBLE, who lives at New Rochelle. Early in August a thief entered his house barefooted and stole a quantity of silverware. In getting away he left a well defined footprint on the piazza, and the artist made a very careful sketch of it, copies of which were sent to the police authorities at various points, with a description of the stolen goods. A short time ago a man was arrested in trying to pawn the silver, and when his feet were examined was proven to be the identical culprit. The evidence, indeed, impressed him so much that he said it was no use to do anything but plead guilty. This was the second achievement of artist KEMBLE in this line, he having once before secured, by means of a picture from memory, the conviction of a man who had robbed him at the point of the pistol.

Instances like these would seem to show that instruction in drawing is a very necessary part of the education of youth, but there is also to be considered the fact that no amount of instructions can create the artistic talent if it is not in the boy's nature.

It is a most regrettable feature of a campaign that personal animus toward a political opponent should make newspapers forget the decencies of journalism and permit them to indulge in that sort of abuse that is not appreciated by any one whose opinion is worth having. The readers of a newspaper delight in hard hitting in a good, square, open stand up fight but they detest the foul blows that savor of the gutter scrap. This sort of campaigning has not even the merit of effectiveness. The people become weary of the fancy products of the imagination served up to them day after day and take them not even so seriously as the continued instalments of the love story. Facts are the stubborn things that worry politicians and impress the people, but when the ghost of a fact is so fattened, padded and clothed that it is not recognizable, even its original force is lost. Some campaigners are perfect boomerangs. They do more harm than good, and so it is with newspapers; the force of facts gathered and presented by one writer is destroyed by the ridiculous blatant blatherings of another whose imagination runs riot with his reason.

More hard lines for sluggers CORBETT and FITZSIMMONS. Shut out of TEXAS by a law specially enacted to stop their fight, they fixed on Hot Springs, Arkansas, as a suitable place in which to mail each other. They did so on the strength of the fact that the Arkansas law against prize fights was admitted to be unconstitutional. The governor of the state, however, proposes to shut down on them hard and fast under the law relating to unlawful assemblies, and threatens to proclaim martial law if necessary. There is, however, just a later prospect that they will have a "boxing match" in Arkansas, by limiting the number of rounds, but even this is uncertain. The two worthies and their friends had better lose no time in going to Australia, and staying there.

It is to be hoped that the worthy ladies and gentleman who have been so active in trying to secure Sunday observance in St. John will not take pattern by the methods of some zealous churchgoers in Connecticut. These individuals have been so grieved at the iniquity of bicycle riding on the Lord's day that they have adopted the plan of scattering large tacks along the cycle path in order to puncture the pneumatic tires of the wicked. So far, none of these amiable enforcers of puritanism have got their deserts by being sent to jail, but there is a prospect that cycle riders will organize a vigilance committee and take the law into their own hands.

The latest plan for securing good attendance at church service is credited to a town in Michigan. It is an invitation to mothers to bring their babies with them, instead of having to remain home to take care of them. When the children arrive they are taken in charge by a ladies' committee and cared for in a separate apartment, just as coats and wraps are checked at a theatre, and handed back to their owners when the service is over. It would not be a bad idea to have some such system on railway trains, as a measure of justice to passengers who are not partial to howling infants.

Electricity is dangerous to more than those who are ignorant of its potentiality for evil. The other day one of the most prominent electrical engineers of the age, FRANKLIN L. POPE, was instantly killed by a discharge of three thousand volts from a converter in the cellar of his own house at Great Barrington, Mass. If he had been

a condemned criminal in the electric chair, he might have had a better chance.

The appeal for aid for the sufferers by the Chatham fire should meet with a generous response from the citizens of St. John, and is likely to do so. The need for help is specially urgent, for the reason that many of those who were burned out were people in humble circumstances who have lost all they could call their own.

It is understood that Bishop LITTLEJOHN will officiate at the wedding of MARLBOROUGH and his CONSUENO. No less than a high-toned couple, and if the protestant episcopal church had such a functionary as an arch-bishop even he would not be any too good for such a swell occasion.

Ex-police inspector WILLIAMS is a candidate for state senator in one of the New York districts, and is confident of his election. In that game of politics clubs will be trumps.

THE POLITICIANS AND FARMERS.

Two Shows in One at the Loch Lomond Fair.

The citizens who go out to the Loch Lomond fair usually find much to amuse and interest them. They see there what is perhaps incidental to this part of the country, two shows in one. The farmers are supposed to be the people mainly interested and they bring the best on their farms to draw prizes, but the politicians are also there in force and vie with one another in shaking hands with old friends and making as many new acquaintances as possible. Loch Lomond is a free and easy place on fair day. There is a licensed tavern there and men who do not "take a smile" save on festive occasions like Christmas and fair day cannot resist the honor of drinking the health of Mr. Hazen Mr. Shaw or Mr. Weldon. In fact they all gather around to listen to the hearty invitation, "Everybody come in" and even if they are not thirsty there is a certain enjoyment in observing the enjoyment of others.

Temperance people will think upon this with sadness and make another mark against the modern politician, but it is a fact that the gathering at the Loch Lomond fair is a perfect bonanza for the lovers of fun who gather round and listen to the talk of the politicians. What pleasant memories the farmers have of the "Deacon" as they all call him in affectionate remembrance and even while they drink at the expense of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Hazen they cannot forget the man to whom each one of them was "Tom," "Dick" or "Harry" and was the life of fair day.

While our own mayor Robertson was talking inside over the dinner table, speaking kindly words of Mr. Shaw and making that gentleman blush another "chief" in his profession—was talking to an interested audience. His eyes were upon a little covered board held in the hollow of his left arm while the deft movements of his right hand threw three shells and a pea rivited the attention of young and old. His speech was monotonous but expressive. "Now your chance five brings you ten, ten brings you twenty. Now you'll go five, now boys don't tell each other, give me a fair show. Don't shift your eyes—if you shift your eyes, I'll shift your money" and, so on. There will always be fools and fakirs to fool them and so it was in this case. Foster and his pal made a good day's pay.

Wanted that Big Picture.

A St. John business man was the recipient of a very amusing letter, the other day, from an old lady living in Charlotte county, who had spent one afternoon at the exhibition. One of Mr. Mile's pictures, the price of which was \$500, was greatly admired by her and it seemed to have made a lasting impression, for this week the gentleman referred to received a letter containing a crisp \$5.00 bill asking him as a very great favor to buy the picture for her and see that it was forwarded this week as she has a daughter coming from the states and she wished to present her with the picture. The gentleman has not executed the commission yet.

PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY.

Mrs. Grundy seldom looks below the surface, when discussing the faults or supposed faults of her neighbors.

Never feint a faint in the absence of company. Sorrow is none the less sorrow because of assumed gaiety.

Lost money may be recovered by advertising, lost friends cannot.

In "the storm of life," we have to mount waves that at one time seemed insurmountable.

One reason that "all the world's a stage" is that so many are "drivers" or wish to be.

True friends exhibit more hesitancy in taking offence, or in picking flaws, than do many that would wish to be termed so.

There is a maliciousness about originators of defamatory stories that belongs to a lower order of animals than man.

"To the pure all things are pure," even the sand is pure that finds its way into the sugar that is pure.

With sand do they put in Sand-witches?

'Tis as noble to forget a wrong as to forgive it.

Phrenology may determine the future of the boy, but it cannot improve the past of the man.

Physiognomy may make mistakes but the Physiognomist will take his chances every time.

Considering one's actions without knowing the motive, oftentimes brings censure where it is least necessary.

Social ostracism, is sometimes the penalty paid for what to appearances only may seem wrong. And it does not always apply where it is most merited.

"The light of a benign countenance" is a beacon to the dejected.

Shake the man who cannot shake hands without leaving an impression.

The reason women should be allowed to wear bloomers, is that she may enjoy pockets that are come-at-able.

VERE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

After.

After the toll there is rest, dear,
For you and for me;
Rest that is worthy the task, dear,
Come love and see.

After the pain there is ease, dear,
For you and for me;
Ease that has never an end, dear,
Come love and see.

After the care there's a crown, dear,
For you and for me;
A crown a bright and shining with gems dear,
Come love and see.

After the passion is calm, dear,
For you and for me;
A calm that is sweet to the heart dear,
Come love and see.

After this world there's another, dear,
For you and for me;
Another to which we are going, dear,
Come love and see.

After this life is God, dear,
To know and to see;
A God who is tenderly saying,
"Come love and see."

Three Brooks, Tobique, Oct. 8. MARGERIE MAY.

Along the Sands.

Along the sands that listen,
When the star of twilight shines;
And the leaves of autumn gather,
Underneath the fragrant pines.

By the sea and off I wander,
And I keep you ever nigh;
While we walk in love together,
As in golden days gone by.

All the maples seem to know you,
All the flowers at my feet;
For they will not cease their singing,
In a voice like yours so sweet.

All the stars above look brighter,
All their ancient glory new;
And they see your kiss again love
With all affection warm and true.

All the leaves that fall in sorrow,
Have themselves a parting sigh;
As if they heard us darling,
When we said our last good bye.

All the splendor on their vestments,
As in silence they depart;
Seem to know the priceless jewels
God has left love in your heart.

Oh, the voices of the autumn,
And the waves beat on the shore;
How they mingle all the glory,
Of the days that are no more.

Sill you come and lay your head love,
Where I call you oft to rest;
As the beautiful all round me,
Loves the earth's contented breast.

The leaves are falling fast to night,
The summer's glow is gone;
And all the woods are lonely here,
But I am not alone.

Though absence walks forsaken long
You still my love art near;
Your presence is within my soul
The light of all the year.

Pine Rock, Oct. 1895. CYPRIUS GOLDB.

By Lethe Stream.

Deep meadows, and a scent of many flowers
On either side the charmed river lie;
Time is not, neither know they days or hours,
The happy lagoo folk that dwell thereby.

White meadow sweet stands tall against the sky,
And, through the flags, the water lilies gleam,
And dreams are life, and life is but a dream,
By Lethe stream.

From some thick copse of twisted Myrtle, where
Not ever football breaks the lone liness,
A bird sings slowly to the silent air
A song of bliss and of refinement;

A song of sleep! with happy carelessness,
Its melody, devoid of effort, seem
To mingle with the life that is a dream
By Lethe stream.

The happy folk they listen to the song,
Deep in the meadow grass, with half closed eyes;
And all the while the river glides along,
A blue reflection of the changeless skies;

While on the white flowers, gorgeous butterflies
Close and unclose their wings, in bliss supreme;
They sit not, lest they waken from their dream
By Lethe stream.

O gods of old time, ye whose thrones were set
Not with barbaric wealth of gems and gold,
But with fresh blossom of those flowers that
Retain some fragrance of the days of old,

Does not the grey earth still some shelter hold
Where we, toil worn, may cast us down, and seem,
But for an hour, to find our lives a dream?
—S. Cornish Watkins, in Pall Mall Gazette.

An Early Poem by Dr. Holmes.

The Independent has discovered the following verses written by Oliver Wendell Holmes in his early days:

Why linger round the sunken wrecks
Where old Armadas found their graves?
Why slumber on the sleepy decks
While foam and clash the angry waves?

Up! when the storm blasts rend the clouds,
And winged with rain weeps the gale,
Young feet must climb the quivering shrouds,
Young hands must reef the bursting sail!

Leave us to fight the tyrant creeds
Who left their shackles, feel their scars;
The cheerful sunlight, little heed
The bubbles that provel beneath the stars;

The dawn is here, the day star shows
The spears of many a battle won,
The sun and sorrow still are foes
That face us in the morning sun.

Who sleeps beneath yon bannered mound
The proudly sorrowing mourner seeks,
The garland-bearing crowd surrounds?
A light-haired boy with beardless cheeks!

'Tis time this "alien world" should rise;
Let youth the sacred work begin!
What nobler task, what fairer prize,
Than earth to save and heaven to win!

With Her Own People.

"'Tis a grand place," said the white-haired woman,
"With the fine green cypress hedge all around,
And ivy climbing about the bastions,
And yellow myrtle on every mound.
But it frets me greatly when I do be thinkin'
'Tis here they'd bring me when I come to die;
Ashore, I long for my own people;
With my own people I fain would lie."

"For 'I'm dr'amin' always of an Irish churchyard,
Where hardly a blade of grass will grow,
Close by the sea, on a barren hillside;
'Tis here they'd call me and rear, I know,
But my old heart aches as I do be thinkin'
How far away from it I'm like to die;
For I long to rest with my own people;
With my own people I yearn to lie."

To-day I walked in that little graveyard,
And watched them sodding a new-made grave!
Here who longed for the dreary hillside,
Near the endless couch of the moaning wave.
But it matters naught; for her weird is over,
And she rests at last on the heavenly shore,
In the smile of God, with her own people,
Where none can part them forevermore.
—Sarah Frances Ashburton.

The Daughter of Jennie Lind

Mrs. Raymond Maude, who is married to a nephew of the present head of the Maude family, Lord Dovercourt, is the daughter of Jennie Lind (Mme. L. Goldschmidt). Her father Otto Goldschmidt, who is still living, is the well-known orchestral conductor and composer. Mrs. Raymond Maude is very musical, and her children also promise to develop lovely voices. Mrs. Raymond Maude is well known as a composer, and her delightful and sympathetic setting of those exquisite little lyrics, "Rhymes About a Little Wo-

man," show promise of attaining an immense and well deserved popularity. Mrs. Maude is thoroughly British in character and manner, having been brought up in England, and only shows traces of her Scandinavian origin in her fair hair and complexion.—Woman at Home.

WAS THE SOUL OF HONOR.

Maurice Dore was too Honorable to Keep a Fortune that Nobody Knew About.

Maurice Dore, real estate agent, died yesterday says the San Francisco Examiner. He was the soul of honor, and few men of the days of forty-nine have been so conspicuous as he is in this one respect.

The most striking illustration of his honor is a part of the history of the State. After the failure of the Bank of California on Aug. 25, 1875, and the suicide of William C. Ralston, little or no trace could be found of the large private fortune of the man who had done so much for this State and whose memory is beloved to this day. Then Maurice Dore came forward voluntarily, and said:

"I have in my name about \$400,000 worth of property belonging to Mr. Ralston. Though there were no papers signed between us, the property was his."

It was Ralston's habit to trust his friends just as he had trusted Maurice Dore, and it is certain that to many the President of the Bank of California thus turned over large portions of his private fortune. Of these confidants of the millionaire, but one was worthy of the trust, but one came forward, and that was Maurice Dore. No one but he knew that Ralston had placed the property in his name. No one would ever or could ever have been any the wiser if Maurice Dore had not himself come forward and said that the property belonged to Ralston. Mr. Dore was not a poor man, even in those days, though he was not a millionaire by any means. The quiet, unostentatious manner in which Dore resigned the \$400,000 worth of property staggered people, and to this day his name is not mentioned without the story being recalled. He earned his reputation as an honest man, and few men have ever paid so high a price for the satisfaction of knowing that he was honest—for no word ever have known that he was not if he had held the \$400,000 worth of property.

Maurice Dore was born near Limerick, in Ireland, in 1820, and came to California by way of Australia in 1849. He landed in San Francisco, and soon after entered the liquor business, which he followed for about twenty years. Since 1869 he has been a real estate dealer and auctioneer. It was in this latter occupation that Mr. Dore met and won the esteem of Ralston. Always a temperate man, of modest tastes, he acquired a comfortable fortune, and though at one time he was beset by financial troubles, he weathered them successfully, and at his death he was in good circumstances.

"Maryland, My Maryland."

True merit in a song is a passport which no sentry will question, and long before peace had been declared James R. Randall's "Maryland, My Maryland," that fiery bit of rhymed eloquence, had crossed the enemy's lines and exacted its meed of praise from the literary circles at the North. Oliver Wendell Holmes says of it: "It was the best poem produced on either side during the war." And the poet himself writes: "Soon after its appearance abundant evidence was borne to me that whatever the fate of the Confederacy might be my song would survive it."

It crossed the ocean, and when it came into England, Mr. Randall received an autograph letter from a member of Lord Byron's family filled with expression of admiration of it, and containing a request for a manuscript copy, and an invitation to the author to visit his correspondent in London. About this time Mr. John R. Thompson, for so many years connected with the Southern Literary Messenger, happened to be in London, and upon his return he said to Mr. Randall:

"I envy you above all men."
"Why?" asked the poet.

"Because," said Mr. Thompson, "when I was in London I met in a drawing-room one of the most beautiful and charming of women, who asked if I would not like to hear a song of my southern country; and upon replying in the affirmative, she went to the piano and sang 'Maryland, My Maryland!' After she had finished she turned to me and said:
"When you see the friend who wrote that, tell him that you heard it sung by a Russian girl who lives at Archangel, north of Siberia, and learned to sing it there."

Will Not Shorten the Day.

The bicycle riders of St. John seem to fear that the adoption of standard time will shorten the hours of daylight, by the employers of clerks closing at six o'clock standard instead of six o'clock local, or half past five standard. This is hardly likely to happen. The plan followed will doubtless be that already set by the post office in making its hours for opening and closing the equivalent of what they have been on local time. In this way the present hour of half past seven standard is equal to what has been eight o'clock in the past. Should standard time be adopted by the merchants, the stores could open at half past seven in the morning and close at half past five in the evening, and that is very likely what they would do. Atlantic time, one hour faster than standard, is not to be thought of here, so long as we have so many railway and steamer routes on eastern standard time,