

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 4.

24 O'CLOCK.

A few years there was some discussion of the subject of changing the notation of time to the 24-hour system and many clocks were furnished with dial plates exhibiting the old and the new notation and exposed in public places. After awhile interest in the subject died out; the clocks were removed, and the matter was apparently forgotten.

But the Belgian State Railways adopted the 24-hour system on May 1, and we may thus have an opportunity before long to learn more about the feasibility of the plan and its advantages. The Letters A. M. and P. M. are no longer retained. Midnight is represented by O. the subsequent hours by 1, 2, 3, etc. Twenty-one minutes past twelve o'clock in the night will be numerically expressed 0.21 but some curious modifications of the system have been by the Belgian State Railway to indicate the difference between arriving and departing trains. For example let us suppose that a train arrives at the station at midnight and another train departs at the same an extraordinary difference in the record appears. The official order states that a train entering at the station at midnight shall be scheduled as arriving at 24 o'clock—that is at 24 of the day during which the train has been in motion, but a train starting out at midnight leaves at 0 of the day during which it is to be in motion. The official railway guide has been made to conform to the new system and the dials of the clocks at stations have been changed to correspond thereto. The system may seem complicated at first but this is mainly because of its novelty; as soon as the new nomenclature shall become familiar it will prove to be as simple and as rational as the present method of dividing the day of 24 hours into two equal periods of 12 hours each.

Gold exists in larger or smaller quantities in every portion of the world. It has been found in almost every State in the Union; in Devonshire, Cornwall, Wales and Scotland, in Great Britain; on the sands of the Rhine, the Reuss, the Rhone and the Aar; at Salzburg, in the Tyrol, and at Zell; in the valleys of Toppea, Sesia and Novard, in Piedmont; at Percheria, in Lombardy; on the Tagus, in Spain; in the rivers of Provence; in Southern and Eastern Siberia; in fourteen of the nineteen provinces of China; in the island of Yesso, in Japan; in odd spots in India; Thibet, and the islands of Ceylon and Borneo; in Abyssinia, Kordofan, and the Soudan generally; in North Africa and the region watered by the Zambesi and Limpopo, in South Africa; in Australia, New Zealand and Canada. But, as a general rule, the precious metal is found in such small quantities that it will not pay to work the mines or placers. It is only now and then that it occurs in isolated localities in abundance.

With the arrival of each post a more serious aspect is given to the revolt on the Indian frontier. If the quarter of a million or more fighting men of the Pathans should act in concert the British Indian army would be confronted by a practically impossible task. Two hundred thousand Spaniards are required to hold in check a few thousand Cuban patriots. How many men, therefore, would be needed to reduce to subjection the swarming tribesmen of the rugged Afghan borderland? The main hope of the British commanders in India is the almost inevitable dissensions among their foes; but even the defeat in detail of the various tribes will involve a terrible drain upon the Indian exchequer, already depleted as a result of the fight against famine and plague and the relief of earthquake victims.

In Finland there is a decided surplus of women, the female population of

that country being 1,208,699, while the male is 1,171,514. Out of a total population of some two and a half millions there are 37,000 more women than men. This means that women have to work hard for their support. In a just published report "Through Finland in Carts," by an English woman one learns some of the ways in which Finnish women do this. "She soon comes to think that there is nothing she cannot do. On looking over the statistics of women employed in trades one is pained to see seventeen women carpenters and twenty-two pipefitters, as these trades are eminently fitted for women; but we sigh to find 765 are employed 'loading ships,' which manual labor is very hard. One is surprised to notice that twenty-one women are slaughterers."

Identification by thumb marks, if it should successfully ferret out the Wilson the Philadelphia murderer, would be a novelty in detective annals, and a feat worthy of a Sherlock Holmes. But thumb imprints are part of the Paris criminal registry, and this plan of detection was well understood among scientific persons long before Mark Twain's fantastic romance of "Pudd'n-head Wilson." The honor of developing the varied identities of people's thumbs belongs to Sir Francis Galton, who was also the inventor of composite photography.

The Brooklyn excursionists who visited the city this week will carry home with them kindly recollections of St. John, and the generous hospitality extended to them while here. Little courtesies go a long way toward favorably impressing strangers and there is not the slightest doubt that the Brooklyn people will fully appreciate the kindnesses shown to them and make ample return in the way of giving the city a good name as a pleasant place to spend a holiday.

Horse dealers of France are apparently no longer able to supply the demand for the flesh of that animal in Paris. An order from the French capital for five thousand barrels of horse meat has been received by an American company. The animals used are the half wild cayure of Oregon, which are bought for about \$2.50 each. As the use of horse flesh for food seems to be growing in several foreign countries, it may become a profitable article of export.

As an annual institution the flower show seems to be a decided success and grows yearly in favor. The labors of those who are most closely interested in it are by no means light, and they certainly deserve all the encouragement they receive. This week's exhibition was magnificent and in the opinion of many surpassed those of previous years. A large building like the rink is better suited to the requirements of a display such as that of the flower show and gives great comfort and convenience to the patrons.

The postal service of the United States costs \$9,000,000, a year above receipts, while that of Great Britain yields a profit of over \$14,000,000, that of France nearly \$10,000,000, that of Germany \$6,000,000, that of Russia \$8,000,000, and that of even India and Japan \$1,500,000. About the only other nations whose postal service does not pay expenses are Canada, Norway, Siam, Chili, Peru, Bulgaria, and Bolivia.

A novel suggestion is made by the president of the Detroit Board of Education, that courses be established for parents as well as for children in the public schools. His idea is to give some of the advantages of schooling to grown people who come to America from foreign countries where they have not the advantages of free education.

For the first time in the history of the world a horse has paced over a mile track in less than two minutes. This feat was accomplished by Star Pointer at Readville Mass. last week, and was a grand triumph for horse flesh and the developing spirit of the turf.

It is asserted that a Frenchman has discovered a method of making silk of a fine quality from the webs of ordinary spiders. It is probable that he will claim the reward of \$10,000 offered by manufacturers of Great Britain to any one who could accomplish this feat.

A physician who has been experimenting with coffee as a remedy for anemia says he has brought about some remarkable cures. He orders his patients to drink weak coffee exclusively also ordering them to take baths in a decoction of coffee.

Mrs. Southworth's novels have been cut out of a Baltimore library. Most everybody has heard before of exile from Eden but here is a case of banishment of "E. D. E. N."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Autumn Band. When pensive autumn wanders far In golden fringed array; To greet me under the purple star, Of love's last summer day; Though happy smiles were on her face, Within her secret heart; Sad thoughts have found their dwelling place And we again must part.

Red roses twined in sprays of gold, Wreathed in her auburn hair; Looped with pearls of wealth untold Droop from her forehead fair, Gold leaves beaten out by the sun. In silver frost lock sweet; On the emerald robe in spring begun.

Reaching down to her feet, Her dainty sandals dipped in seas, Of liquid gold and green; Pressed the lilies of fragrant leaves, Where the summer days have been. Again her smile is round me thrown, Over the yellow sand; As up the sea shore sad and lone, She leads her autumn band.

Through the gates from the jeweled halls, And the golden streets of home; The light of heaven in splendor falls, As following her they come. Those who went but a little space, To the land that silent lies; Sweet in the light of celestial grace Under the tinted skies.

O autumn band of the bygone days, Peace of all saints how sweet; Your faces are from the sacred ways, Where the beautiful ever meet. Where by one as you pass me by, And scarcely a moment stay;— Heaven is nearer when you are nigh Keeping your peaceful way.

I hear your feet on the leaves, that lie, Wet with the rainbow showers, I hear sweet voices that never die, Singing among the flowers. Haps that that thrill me with saddest strains, Singer among the trees; As one for his long lost love complains, And a face that no more he sees.

The autumn band from the golden strand, What heart have we to be glad; While the leaves in falling understand, It is parting that makes them sad, The beautiful voices faint have grown, Their forms I no longer see, But it only a dream reveals our own, How sweet such a dream can be.

CYRUS GOLDB.

Tamarac Hill, Sept., 1897.

A Song of the Past. There is a land—far, very far away— Beyond the hills—beyond the dying day— It is a silent twilight realm. I know, The clock a gate that guards a garden fair! Out, hand and hand with sorrow, I wander there again, Where there is no tomorrow; The Dreamland of the past!

For me both gold and silver keys there are To the barred portals of that region far; My golden key—a tress of sunny hair— Unlocks a gate that guards a garden fair. There, amid phantom flowers, My lost love roams, I know, And dreams in ruffled bowers Of days that long ago.

I see her as I saw her here of old, A chaplet bound about her locks of gold; But lo! a pensive sadness in her gaze; And in her eyes the light of other days. By dusky blooms half hidden She smiles amid her tears, And then arises unbidden The ghost of buried years.

A severed coin I call my silver key, And that is now my open sesame; To yet another scene upon the shore Of that mysterious realm of "Never more," A deep lane in the gloaming, In a long vanished June, Where two are slowly roaming, Beneath a pale gold moon:

Another key I have—a faded glove— But it is hallowed by the kiss of love; That little palm in once so softly pressed Crosses its sister now on Ella's breast. This opes an ivied wicket In that forgotten land, Where, in a myrtle thicket, She leaves it in my hand.

More bliss than earthly cotentate, I sway This realm of old which is so far away; Armed with the precious passports I am free Of wilt gardens where my lost ones be! Where faded phantom flowers That never more shall bloom, E'erwritten dim ruined bowers— The Land of Long Ago!

—F. E. Doveton in the Gentleman's Magazine.

Ninety and Nine. There are ninety and nine that live and die In want and hunger and cold, That one may revel in luxury And be lapped in its silken fold; And the ninety and nine in their hovels bare, The one in a palace with riches rare.

They toil in the fields, the ninety and nine, For the fruits of our mother earth; They dig and delve in the dusty mine, And bring her hidden treasures forth. And the wealth realized by their sturdy blows To the hands of one forever flows.

From the sweat of their brows the desert blooms, The forest before them falls, Their labor has builded humble homes And cities with lofty halls. And the one owns cities and homes and lands, And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

Dear God! how long will their wrongs be dumb? How long the hopeless strife! Ere the hearts that die and the souls benumbed Shall quicken in new born life? And the empty hands that toil from birth Be clasped in a hand that spans the earth.

Ere the night, so dreary and dark and long, Shall that glorious morning bring, When over the world the victor's song Of the ninety and nine shall ring. And the echo afar from zone to zone, "Justice, for labor shall have its own!"

Let Fall the Ruin.

Let fall the ruin propped by Europe's hands! Its tottering walls are but a nest of crime! Slayers and ravishers in licensed bands Swarm darkly forth to shame the face of time.

Faith's imbecile and cruel, kept in place Not by its natural force, but by the fears Of laws with hand on blit, even by the grace Of rivals—not blood guilts—all these years

Aye, let the ruin fall, and from its stones Rebuild a civic temple pure and fair, Where freedom is not alien; where the groans Of dying and ravished burden not the air.

—Richard Watson Gilder in Century. Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated Duvet, 17 Waterloo.

THEY GOT THE SUITS.

But the Dressmaker Loses her Money and Faith in Humanity

Numerous instances have been recorded this year of the dishonest way in which bicycles have been secured by those who wanted a wheel, but had not the wherewithal to purchase one—but only one case of obtaining bicycle suits under false pretences has been reported so far. It comes from a dressmaker in the vicinity of Elliott Row, who occasionally adds to the domestic treasury by a little sewing; the husband is building a house this year and the lady has helped not a little with her needle.

Not long ago she had a call from two young ladies who wanted bicycle costumes. The sometime dressmaker gave a low figure, as work was not quite as brisk as usual at the time and so the preliminaries were satisfactorily settled. After the lapse of a day or two the young customers, whose ages were about eighteen, and fourteen or fifteen, called, and told the dressmaker that the dresses must be finished by Wednesday, three days earlier than the date first agreed upon. The suits were finished in due time, and the wheelwoman turned up quite as promptly, and after the work had been enthusiastically inspected it was rolled in two neat parcels and then the lady explained that in addition to the charge for making there was a bill of \$2.63 for extras, she having found some of the materials required in the construction of the garments.

No remonstrance was made the bicycle girl explained that it was all right, they would settle it when they paid the bill; they had no money on them at the time but would call again; they were the Misses Carson of No. 10 Bittain Street and were very well known in the city.

As was natural, the dressmaker refused to allow the dresses to leave the house until they were paid for; finally an arrangement was made for the convenience of one of the young women who appeared greatly distressed over the fact that she would be unable to take a certain trip she had planned, by which her dress was allowed to be taken away, while the other was held as a sort of guarantee, until Saturday evening when "mamma" would call and settle for both.

The lady had misgivings as to the wisdom of allowing even one suit to go out without payment but her fears were set at rest when Saturday night brought the two girls and an elderly lady of respectable appearance. This last mentioned individual was genial and chatty and after a little conversation, during which an apparently well filled purse was brought prominently into view several times, it was explained that the owner of the belated bicycle suit was in a hurry to catch the ferry boat. The lady obligingly handed out the garment and the happy owner went off along leaving her "mother" to settle up. She seemed in no hurry to do this, though, for the interesting conversation was kept up for some time after the girls' departure; finally she opened her purse, drew out a bill, gave a very startled exclamation and went over towards the light, exclaiming at the same time "Surely that is not a one dollar bill! I thought I put \$10 in my purse when I was leaving." The dressmaker suddenly realized that she had been duped, and so had no great sympathy with the woman's tearful apologies over her mistake; she donned a hat and at once started for the ferry at a rate that has only been surpassed by Star Pointers recent performance; of course the girl and the suit were nowhere to be seen, and at last the dressmaker gave up the chase, and put the matter into the hands of the police; So far however the search for the gay bicycle girls and their mother has been unavailing though officers, have been most diligent in their search for the missing "Carson's". And people talk of man's cupidity! It is safe to say there are not many men who could do a job of this kind more neatly or evade capture quite so successfully as the wheelwomen in question.

NO POLICEMEN PRESENT.

A Boxing Match Which was Held Under Military Patronage.

HALIFAX, Sept., 2.—The Englishman dearly loves a prize-fight, or if he can't get that, the nearest approach to it. A great many other people besides the Englishman are of the same way of thinking. This was illustrated in a little affair that came off in the military gymnasium in this city last Saturday night. It was called a boxing match but it had the advantage over "boxing matches" held outside the military guards that there was no city police surveillance as there would have been had the match been a public affair in the ordinary way. The word was passed quietly round that the fight would take place Saturday night between Phillips, the stoker of the flagship Crescent, said to be the champion of the British Navy and a



soldier of the Royal Berkshire regiment who made great pretensions to excelling in the fistic art. It was to be fought with eight ounce gloves, and to be ten rounds. The place was crowded. A great many of the "sports" of the city were there at 50 cents a head, and besides Colonel Collings of the Berks, there were others of his officers and many men.

The fight opened well but lasted only two rounds, for at the end of the second the Berkshire man was hors de combat with a disabled arm. It was at first reported that the arm was broken but it now appears such was not the case. The soldiers arm had been injured in practicing for the bout and it was completely disabled by himself in delivering a well aimed blow at his naval antagonist. The fight was accordingly won by the stoker. So elated was he by his success that he started an oration which became so bombastic that one of the officers caused him to be silenced. It was "only a bit of sport" say the apologists for the affair, but then it was "sport" which was carried on as similar sport outside of the military grounds would not be allowed to go on except under the sharp eye of the police—it was given, moreover, under a permit from the principal military officer but then a permit of that kind may not count for much at least morally speaking, when it is remembered that the same authorities refused a permit for a gospel tent on the common.

There were several interesting bouts on the same occasion, but the one that ended so disastrously for the Berkshire man was the most interesting

CHIEF'S PRESENCE NECESSARY.

To Arrest Mr. Lamphier for Non-payment of dog Taxes.

HALIFAX, Sept. 2.—A case was to have come up in the police court on Tuesday which was postponed till Tuesday of next week, that was expected to prove interesting, as what led up to it certainly was. A. Lamphier is one of our best known and most highly respected citizens. A city ordinance says that dog owners must pay an annual registration fee of \$2 on each canine, and if this is not paid by August 1st the cost shall be \$4. Therefore if this amount is not paid the dog owner is liable to a fine in the discretion of the court. Mr. Lamphier's dog, or his son's dog, whichever it was, had not been paid for, and the ante went up to \$4. Besides this he was fined \$1 and costs for the delay. When the fine was inflicted and an alternative of a few days imprisonment in Rockhead imposed Mr. Lamphier was absent from the court, he allowing the case against him to go by default. The dollar was not paid. Accordingly in due course a commitment to Rockhead was made out for Mr. Lamphier and officer Power was sent up to make the arrest. This enraged him and after some parley he whipped out a revolver to maintain his liberty. The policeman brought up in this way called for help and with a brother officer again bearded the incensed man. Still the pistol was ready, and sufficient to keep the officers at bay. What to do they could not tell—for life was sweet. Finally they sent for chief O'Sullivan and he came up post haste. He went in to Mr. Lamphier, not to arrest him but to talk to him. The palaver was so successful that the \$1 and 85 cents costs was forthcoming and the policeman retired. They went out with peaceful intentions however but repaired to magistrate Fielding and asked for a warrant for Mr. Lamphier's arrest on charge of threatening him with fire arms. They were refused a warrant but a summons was issued. It is on this that the trial was to have taken place on Tuesday but now stands over till next week.

Labor Day.

For the above the Intercolonial Railway will issue excursion return tickets at first class single fare (adding sufficient to end in 0 or 5) on September 4th, 5th and 6th, good to return up to and including September 8th, between all points on its line, and also to Montreal and points east thereof, and to stations on the Dominion Atlantic Railway.