

## PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 25.

## A JEWISH STATE.

The dream of the Jewish race for centuries, the establishment of a "Jewish State" in Palestine, is beginning to take on a practical form and if matters can be satisfactorily arranged with the Sultan of Turkey as to the terms on which Palestine may be acquired there is little doubt that wealthy Jews all over the world will readily provide the funds for the realization of this dream of their race. The most important step yet taken in this direction is the Zionist congress held at Basle, with 200 delegates from the various countries of Europe. One of the first acts of the congress was unanimously to adopt the programme for re-establishing the Jews in Palestine. Dr. THEODORE HERZL was made president and Dr. MAX NORDAU secretary. Dr. HERZL's plans are to send out an exploring expedition equipped with all the resources of modern science to make a careful survey of the land and its possibilities, and also to establish telephonic and telegraphic communication before the actual work of colonization begins. Dr. HERZL says their organization extends throughout the world and that he is constantly in receipt of letters from people who are willing and eager to go to Palestine and help build up the "Jewish state." The object is to obtain complete sovereignty over Palestine, and in return for this the Jews will regulate the sultan's finances and strive with all their power to protect his empire from disintegration. The advantages to the sultan are manifest. Not only would he thus receive the financial aid necessary to reinstate Turkey in its financial relations in Europe, but he would also have in the Jews a bulwark against aggression from other quarters. The proposal is one that appeals to the historical imagination and further attempts toward its realization will be watched with interest.

A Michigan school superintendent hit the nail squarely on the head when he recommended school facilities for parents, because he believed "parents need educating in the fundamentals of juvenile training." They do, they need to be told how to exercise discipline. They need to be impressed with the necessity of making children obey. They need to be told how to free themselves from the tyranny of children and to be encouraged in doing it. If something is not done to secure respect for the rights of grown-up people and at the same time to curb the insolent, disrespectful, ungovernable and criminal tendencies of children, it will not be long before the whirlwind is reaped from the wind which careless, indifferent and timid parents are now sowing. It will not be long before the usefulness of the home as well as of the schools will be destroyed.

It is a question whether the schemes of Prince HENRI to attract the support of the French people to his pretensions here now proved a flat failure. In plain language, has been a designing fakir ever since attaining an age of responsibility. His vaunted explorations in the far East were the creation of his own vivid imagination, produced while he was leading a life of ease and safety in an interior town of Asia. His charges of cowardice against the Italian forces in Abyssinia were grossly exaggerated and made with no other object than to attract the attention of Frenchmen to himself as a dashing and chivalric representative of deposed royalty.

We wish to enter our most earnest protest against the enforced education of one Alaskan point of interest. At the beginning of the excitement, the public was informed that there was a place on or near the Yukon River called Fort Get There. While this was not the spelling or pronunciation that a college professor would have given the name, it was deliberately selected by those who were first on the ground, and, on the whole is appropriate. Consequently there seems to be no reason why it should be changed to Fort Get There just because a few late comers insist upon going by the spelling book.

RUDYARD KIPLING was dragged over the coals, or rather the icebergs, for calling

Fair Canada "Our Lady of the Snows." The Canadian press considered it inappropriate and as calculated to perpetuate the impression that Canada was an ice bound land where the people lived on blubber. It was not for want of knowledge, for the great Anglo-Indian has sampled our climate. He was up the Miramichi on a fishing trip last year and—a fact which has not been told and which bears on the matter in discussion—he wrote to a St. John man that he had acquired a deep brown tan. Now, any country that will tan an East Indian should not be called Our Lady of the Snows. But RUDYARD is allowed poetic license and was after literary effects not facts.

There must be JONAHs in cycling in New Brunswick; every time the St. John wheelmen have put in races this season they have collided with a rain storm. They evidently have not the ear of the man who distributes weather. Now the upper Canada racing contingent have come down here. They ran into a bank of condensed moisture in Woodstock and Fredericton, they encountered a cold wave here and now they are promised an equinoctial hurricane in Nova Scotia. This is hard lines.

The scribe-in-chief of the Sussex Record has uttered a wail of woe from beneath an inundation of letters that have come in upon him addressed to the bold explorer Capt. ARCHIE MCLEAN. They are applications from those who would a-roving go to accompany him and valiant Col. DOMVILLE to the gold-paved Klondike. The scribe disinherits Capt. MCLEAN and disclaims all knowledge of his whereabouts and begs to be allowed a little elbow room in his sanctum.

The St. John presbytery should be good makers of wine. They have been doing considerable in the way of mullin' for some years past, and yet instead of producing sweetness they have produced only bitterness. The question between the assertive Stanley clergyman and the presbytery will come before the synod next month, and it is said may yet result in a lawsuit.

It is by no means certain that Armenians have been tossing around bomb in Constantinople, but if they have it does not require any remote reference to history to find mitigating circumstances that should be considered when dealing with the crime.

In the Outlook BLISS CARMAN prints a poem about the day when "the inexorable gong sounds on the platform of time." We haven't read the rest of it but we sincerely hope that Mr. CARMAN will not get off the car backwards.

The Indian rebellion might be a popular topic of conversation were it not for the unpronounceable names of persons and places that make themselves unpleasantly conspicuous in the accounts of the doings of the rebels.

The daughters of HARRIET BEECHER STOWE decline the subscription proposed in their behalf and deny that they need it. It would be something new for the BEECHERs to loose faith in their own efforts.

The exhibition directors need not come out at the small end of the horn financially. They can make an X raise as often as they like at Mr. Ritchie's exhibit of the great ROENTGEN's discovery.

An expert in mechanics is the authority for the assertion that the horseless carriage will run a much more successful and rapid career, everything considered, than the bicycle.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been selected by ANTON DVORAK as the subject of an opera. A solo on the tom-tom will probably be a striking feature of the opera.

"And now," a paragrapher exclaims, "Scientists have discovered a way to make soap out of grasshoppers." The paragrapher will furnish the lye.

DU MAURIER's new novel "Martine" is said to be in its fiftieth thousand. This may be true, yet—very few seem to have read it.

Kentucky now claims to be able to grow coffee. Some of the other states are trying to throw cold water upon the project.

Perhaps the fascination which golf exerts over the ladies is owing to their fondness for their "tee."

The fishing tackle has not been hung up yet, but the foot ball tackle has been taken down.

The screen door and the white straw hat have been called in.

The exhibition association is smiling all over its genial face.

Hot drinks have the call.

## VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Entreat me not to Leave Thee,  
Entreat me not to leave thee,  
For true as the life of my heart,  
Is the chaplet of faith I must weave thee,  
That never from thee can I part,  
My soul is the shrine where I hold thee,  
The angel of love has the key;  
And there must I ever unfold thee,  
Where never another can be.

An whether thou goest my own one,  
Must I go though even in death:  
I find thee thy weary and lone one  
For thee yielding up my last breath.  
You have but to beckon, or waken,  
My soul with the sound of thy name;  
And though by all others forsaken,  
I'll find thee and shield thee the same.

Where e'er thou dost lodge is my dwelling,  
What matter though sorrow and pain  
All wildly the dark waves are swelling,  
My spirit shall find thee again.  
Thy God shall be mine, and He knowing,  
The pathway to seek thee I take;  
His guidance will ever be showing,  
A love of which both may partake.

Entreat me not ever to leave thee,  
The red leaves of autumn may fall;  
Its sadness and darkness my grievance thee,  
And earth seem forgetful of all.  
From following I have no turning,  
The wind murmurs low to the sea;  
The bright lamp of hope is still burning,  
That guides me beloved to thee.

The years may roll on but imploring,  
Beloved I'll follow thee still;  
By the love with but one life adoring,  
No other my being can fill.  
The dawn of the morning of sorrow,  
Can nought but our faith trial be;  
Whatever may come with the morrow,  
But draws me more fondly to thee.

CYRUS GOLDB.

Sept. 1897.

## A September Gale.

Swooping over the corn-field,  
Blowing their tepees away,  
Whirling the crows in hundreds,  
Like leaves, against the sky,  
Veering and beating and darting—  
Would that I, too, might fly.

Over the uplands together  
Wander at will and sing,  
This is the care-free weather—  
Make the blue walk ring,  
For the gale hath broken its tether,  
And the wind is a living thing.

Towns and cities and peoples  
Helpless lie in thy way,  
Shake all their towers and steeples,  
Strain every totem and stay,  
Blow all our poor human error  
Far o'er the buffeted bay!

Roar, thou vikings of heaven!  
Whistle thy songs smooth:  
Drive back the dallying breezes  
Into the lap of the south;  
Start all the forests to war-tunes,  
With blasts from thy mighty mouth.

Aye, walls and chimneys must crumble,  
And people but haste to decay;  
The kingdoms totter as I tumble  
And are blown with a storm-breath away;  
So, with roar and laughter and rumble,  
Ride on, thou king of a day!

Yes, I am thy subject, as loyal  
As the asters that bend in thy path.  
And the goldenrod—messengers royal—  
Or secret of the late afternoon,  
I fill my lungs at the bellows  
And share in thy boisterous wrath.

My arms are spread like the oak-tree  
To welcome thy dusky embrace;  
I scud with the guests, bareheaded,  
And exult in thy glorious race;  
For the autumn wind is my lover,  
And I welcome him, face to face.

—C. H. CRANDALL.

## In The Temple of Home.

When I hear the children's laughter,  
From a neighbor's home next door,  
First a little laugh, then a softer  
Breaking out into a roar,  
Notes of heavenly music bringing,  
To a weary brain and heart,  
Their laughing, frolic, singing,  
Send warmth and joy to my heart.

How those little souls are swelling,  
With childhood's mirth and glee,  
A pleasant story telling,  
Of memories dear to me;  
How still I sit and listen  
To the merry voice and song,  
Until my moist eyes glisten,  
At thoughts of days by-gone.

Dear children of all ages,  
While you are children still,  
Before your dog-star rages,  
Have pleasure as you will;  
Be mirthful, bright and jolly,  
But let your childhood's mirth  
Be free from sin and folly,  
And full of earnest worth.

When years are tinged with sorrow,  
And the bloom of youth is gone,  
When each to day and morrow  
Lies heavy on the soul and bone,  
When the world grows cold and colder,  
When the weight of years is pressed,  
When the head droops to the shoulder,  
And pain would be at rest.

When you would life's burdens lighten,  
And gladly lay them down,  
Let memory come to brighten  
Your path to a hoped-for crown,  
Seek out a group of the youthful,  
Where laughter, song and story  
Are honest pure and truthful,  
And life is crowned with glory.

—Good Housekeeper.

## To a Star.

Thou small bright star that from far space  
Dost nightly shine my window through  
Awake I love to watch thy face,  
In dreams thou'rt with me, too.

And stilled are all the sordid things  
That passed for thoughts the long day through,  
While Peace comes in on crystal wings  
My weary soul to woo.

And I am better for thy light,  
And God is plainer to me then,  
Thou seem'st a sign set in the night  
To interpret Him to men.

Type of firm faith and purpose high!  
Thou eloquent apostle star!  
While thou dost preach from out the sky  
I'll worship from afar.

And when black clouds besound thy light,  
And from my gaze its gleam is gone,  
I'll know, behind the curdled night,  
My star doth still shine on.

JOSEPH D. BARRY.

## September Drouth.

The sun in the sky is a great ball of fire,  
The dust is shot—leap in the village street,  
The glare smitten down like a vision of fire,  
The air is a shimmer with waves of heat.

The creeks are all dried in the pasture and meadow  
The grass has gone down in the struggle for life,  
The trees, half-dried, can scarce cast a shadow,  
The corn leaves are yellow and sharp as a knife.

The fruit of the vine and the bough are out reaching  
And turning rich hues in this breath from the south;  
And here is the lesson their sweet lips are teaching:  
In times of life's bounty prepare for the drouth.

—BARBARA MOSS.

## A WHEELMAN'S PARADISE.

A Trip On the Silent Steed That is Well Worth Taking.

HALIFAX, SEPT. 23.—To tell, even briefly, of a bicycle tour through the country, is as hackneyed a subject as could well be selected. This was not ever thus. There was once an era of romance for the bicyclist. Time was when a wheelman on our country roads, 40 or 50 miles from the city, was indeed a sight to see. Children by the roadside, ten years ago, or even five, fled affrighted to the safety afforded on the other side of the fence, when a bicyclist, on his solid tyre was spied in the distance, and the youngster would not emerge till the wheelman was well past.

Yet though these days of the novelty of the wheel in far off country places are "gone forever," still there are districts in Nova Scotia where the wheel is enough of a variety to add some charm perhaps, to the journey if a tourist awheel, even though at the principal points along the route there are some enterprising young men and women who have become wheel-owners.

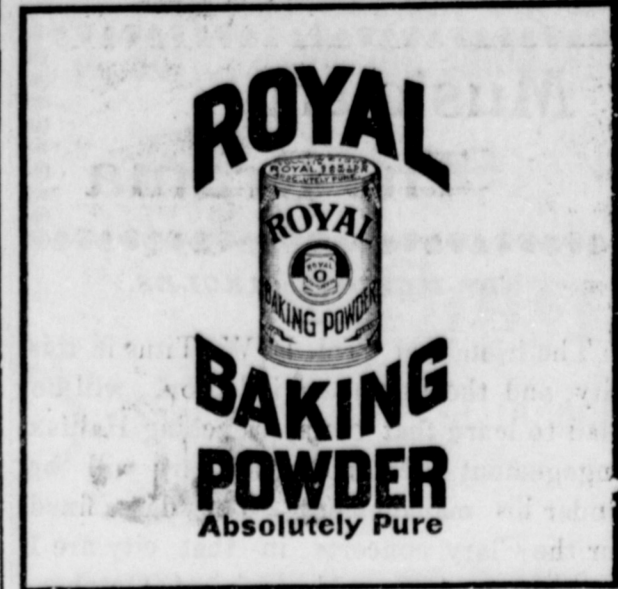
A simple trip of this kind is that furnished in the road from Halifax east along the shore to Sherbrooke and then on to Antigonish. No better road for the bicyclists in Nova Scotia today than the greater part of those 180 miles, and there is no better panorama of land and sea-scapes in this province. One section from Marie Joseph, Guysboro county, to Goldenville in the same county, via Liscomb, is the great exception. This section is 20 miles, half of which is bad and the other half only fair. Most of the remainder is as smooth as any street in Halifax and much of it far better than the average Halifax street.

It is a remarkable fact how extremely modest are the people between Halifax and Sherbrooke regarding the quality of their roads. It is a difficult matter to find one of them who will praise the roads—the burden of their description in its most enthusiastic form being "the roads are not too bad round here" the invariable qualification following with droll candor, that they will become poorer if not positively bad, at such and such a point, or on towards so and so.

The description by those people these "good roads" that they are only fair is correct by comparison when they speak of the section that PROGRESS correspondent has described as bad between Marie Joseph and Goldenville. That part of it they are quick to call "horrible," and they are ever ready to tell you that "you will have hard work getting along there." The sons of toil in the sea and on the land along this wild and really beautiful shore, in short, are modest to a degree in telling of the good qualities of their road, they never mistake the facts unless when condemning the bad section, and then possibly they are too harsh in their denunciation.

This correspondent is a recent acquisition to the ranks of wheelmen and he knows precious little of records and their ilk. Forty or sixty miles a day is plenty for him, and that is about the advancement he made. At Sheet Harbor his "large blue eyes" dilated with wonder when he was told of one young man and of another who traversed the 80 miles to Halifax within one day, when he remembered that it took him part of two, and that at sundown he was very glad to get to bed and rest, even though the roads had been good. That Sheet Harbor feat appeared to constitute "the record." But not so. At each principal point they had their story of how Mr.—had gone in to Halifax at one day, till soon the performance of the Sheet harbor scorchers faded into pale insignificance. This was forcibly brought to notice at Moser's river, five miles from the eastern line of Halifax county where it was told with great emphasis that Mr. Brownley had gone into the city 105 miles in ten hours, and he was not very tired either. The climax was capped away in the wilds of the Liscomb road, where the performance of a stalwart Liscombite was noted with pride for that had run into the capital, 120 miles away, in 11½ hours. The young man who has made the journey from Sherbrooke 140 odd miles has yet to be heard from and of course the Antigonish—Halifax one day wheelman via the shore has not yet appeared. He will come whenever the honest dwellers along this Nova Scotia highway by the Atlantic Shore are in a position in their own minds truthfully to say that "the roads are good."

As has already been hinted at, the scenery along this shore road is beautiful and it is varied. True, at the start, there is not much to be seen Preston's classic district, but at Chezzetcoak the neat French Acadain houses are interesting, every window full of bright flowers, at Porters lake the Atlantic begins to come more into view and the Ladybank, the deserted manse of the late Rev. Mr. Stewart and the abandoned Presbyterian Church are relics of a cause that has well nigh vanished from one district at least. Well-to-do



and rather populous Jeddore brings another change, and so after comes Ship harbor. Then Pope's harbor and Spry Bay coasts cannot be excelled in this region for beauty of forest, sea and island. Sheet Harbor's loveliness is both peaceful and rugged. Then comes for 20 miles the very cream of the road from a wheeling point of view; no hills of any consequence, smooth gravelly roadway and delicious sea and land breezes. Through Liscomb is a wild rough country with an occasional chance for a part run, and approaching Goldenville, whose gold mines are all working full blast the wheelman must rough it. Four miles more brings the wearied bicyclist to pretty Sherbrooke on the east side of the St. Mary's river—a town that is booming in sympathy with the revival of gold mining in this country.

The run of 40 miles to Antigonish includes the Lochaber lakes with five miles of road as smooth and level almost as the proverbial billiard table. Touring wheelmen, if you want change, take this trip in September.

ON THE WING.

MARR'S MILLINERY OPENING.  
New and Fashionable Head-wear at the Parisian.

Mr. H. G. Marr held his regular autumn millinery opening last week, and the novelties from the best fashion centres that were shown attracted a large number of ladies to the establishment. Mr. Marr has had the entire interior changed, and the store is now one of the most commodious, best lighted, and neatest places of the kind in the city.

The store this week was in holiday attire for the benefit of those who even thus early in the season are on the lookout for what ever may be new and chic in the trade. Mr. Marr presents many charming imported creations this year and all the different designs are new and rich in color and effect and most pleasing to the eye, and taste. Sailors are very noticeable this year for the amount of trimming they have, and walking hats have an unusually stylish appearance given them by the addition of stiff wings, aigrettes and coque feathers. Bright ribbons, flowers, and crinkled velvets are seen in endless variety, the last named material being used profusely. Mr. Marr's prices will be found most satisfactory and the most fastidious cannot fail to be pleased with his magnificent display of fall millinery.

A Valuable Business Book.

They are few in business life who do not at times require a guide of some kind to help them out in their business transactions. Many books have been published to meet this requirement but perhaps among them all none is better or more widely known than Kerr's Bookkeeping which, although not published more than a few years has pushed itself a long way and is found on the desks of a large number of business houses throughout Canada and the United States. The author, Mr. S. Kerr, principal of the St. John Business College, is well known as a man who is up to date in every respect and is bound to keep ahead of the times. He has just issued a revised edition of his book in which he explains the theory of Joint Stock Company Bookkeeping and the various methods used. The names of the books necessary for this kind of bookkeeping are given, with a detailed description of each and the forms are also shown. The entries for opening and closing the books, converting a Partnership into a Joint Stock Company, reducing Capital Stock, issuing Preferred Stock, and Watered Stock and disposing of a Franchise Account are also given. Altogether the matter has been dealt with in such a concise and practical manner as to make it clear to all who will give it a careful perusal. The chapter on Commercial Law has long been considered a feature of great value. This work will be found invaluable to all business men and accountants and the price is such as will place it within the reach of all.

No Liquors Were Exhibited.

This year the Maritime Baptist convention in session had protested against display of liquors at the exhibition and there were none, whether as a result of the protest or not is not announced. But Manager Everett is a good Baptist and a distinguished temperance worker and he is no doubt highly pleased that there are none.