

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 18.

WHERE GOLD LIES.

The real stability of Alaska gold mining is in the quartz region, in the vicinity of Stewart City which is about sixty miles north of Juneau. It is at this point that are located the great Treadwell mines, the mines of the Noewell family of Boston, of D. O. Mills and his associates of New York city and of the Rothschilds of London, England. These mines, which are among the largest in the world, have up to date, been the real gold producers of Alaska and the Northwest Territory, and will send down this Fall about \$5,000,000 of fine gold to civilization. As a matter of fact, these great quartz mines have produced more gold annually up to date than all the placer regions of that wonderful country. It is amusing to note that the great mass of prospectors who en route to the placer regions of the Yukon pass through Seward City, thence over Chilkoot Pass, and in so doing tramp over untold millions of tons of quartz ore, which in their haste they do not pause for a moment to consider. This may be due to the great expense of transporting mining machinery and stamp mills. The mills of Seward City have hundreds of stamps with systems of aerial trolleys, the baskets of which convey the quartz in one direction and the debris in another, and do most of the transport work. In addition they have the only railway in Alaska, which is three and a half miles long; they also have magnificent docks, harbors, buildings and tunnels in which they live and work during the winter season.

The climate at the coast is much milder than in the interior, and there is no such suffering as is known in the Yukon district. In fact, the coast climate, for most of the year, is not materially different from that of New York city, except that there are longer winters.

Seward City, which is the scene of activity, was named after the Secretary of State, Seward, who purchased all of Alaska from the Russian Government for the mere consideration of \$7,000,000, which the seals paid back after one or two seasons.

Alaska, which was formerly considered the 'ice-box' of the United States, is now Uncle Sam's strong box, and he must feel under obligations to Russia for selling it so cheaply.

Insurance against non-employment is an experiment, begun in America in the current year. It is a private enterprise. Its dues are heavier than those of similar European societies, but its benefits are also much larger. As in the case of the European societies, voluntary non-employment, or non-employment for any cause within the control of the beneficiary, makes all benefits voidable. This excludes the strikers. A significant feature of this movement is the effect which it will have upon employment agencies. It is to the interest of the non-employment insurance companies to help their beneficiaries to get work. Abroad the societies work in conjunction with employment agencies, the state lending its own assistance in this direction. In Chicago a company insuring against non-employment supplies to its beneficiaries the services of two employment bureaus without charge.

The military and naval weakness of Great Britain in this jubilee year has found a Jeremiah in Sir CHARLES DILKE. He has not been silenced by the spectacular greatness of the British fleet—by the miles of floating fortresses, the leagues of dashing squadrons, which pointed a moral and adorned a tale of Spithead. Indeed, he revels in a fine pessimism of present doubt and future anxiety and invites disquieting examinations into the real defences of the

Empire. He had discovered on a Parliamentary return, furnished at his request, that the claimed equality of England with France and Russia in sea power exists on paper alone, and that by next year even this mythical satisfaction must go whistling down the wind. The pregnant reasons of England's existing weakness are to be found, he writes, in the want of battle ships and cruisers, or the absence of that "preparedness," as he styles it, which would enable her in the first few weeks of war to blockade the home ports of her enemies, protect her trade routes, strengthen and garrison the coaling and supplying stations and send to the fleet reserves of men which do not now exist. He believes that the Empire is fatuously denying dangers that threaten—and if immediate steps are not taken the friendliness of the country may invite attack that will be disastrous, so says SIR CHARLES.

There have been three British wars with Afghanistan during the Victorian sixty years, and the news from the Khyber Pass seems ominous of another. One of the earliest military tragedies of the Queen's reign was the appalling massacre of McNAUGHTEN'S command in one of the passes leading southward from Cabul into India. Over 16,000 men women and children retreating from the Afghan capital under pledges of a peaceful journey to India were overtaken in the pass by the ferocious tribesmen and massacred within a few hours. One man only survived the slaughter and he badly wounded crawled slowly on to Jellalabad to tell the horrible story.

There is a nervous anxiety among some people to discover a new name for the Anglo-Saxon subjects of the Queen. One genius has hit upon "Anglicander" as suitable to inhabitants of the British Isles and colonies alike. It is not probable that any Englishman or Australian will yearn to call himself an Africander.

A deaf and dumb congress is about to be held in London. Some of the newspapers are complaining that no list of speakers has as yet been announced. It is probable however that "All Lands" will carry on conversation even if no formal addresses are to be made.

England Cinque Ports, now nearly all high and dry may become harbors again. The sea, which for centuries has been receding from Rye and Winchelsea, is returning and is fast eating into the land.

According to the Indianapolis News the board of public works of that place recently made a proposition to the council to "we put our heads together and build a wooden pavement this fall."

Some \$400,000 of Worlds Fair money still remains to be distributed among the stockholders at Chicago. It has been tied up by litigation.

DR. JORDAN of Stanford University says that the only way to save the seal herd is to prohibit pelagic sealing.

An Interesting Insurance Pamphlet.

W. J. Murray the Maritime manager of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association has issued a pamphlet dealing with the features of life insurance. Much that is puzzling to the ordinary policy holder is made clear and no one holding a policy can fail to benefit by reading it. The old line companies come in for sharp attack and criticism. Their methods and their practices are dealt with in a scathing manner while such terms as "Legal Reserve" and "Profits" come in for a large share of the author's attention. At any rate whether a policy holder agrees with Mr. Murray or not his pamphlet is remarkably interesting and worth sending for. Captain Manley provincial manager for New Brunswick St. John or W. J. Murray, Metropole building Halifax can supply it on application.

Messrs. Elgecombe to the Front again.

The Messrs. Elgecombe of Fredericton have a very interesting exhibit of carriages at this exhibition and when it is considered that they also have exhibits on the road to the big shows at Halifax and Charlottetown some idea can be formed of the extent of their manufacturing. Some of their carriages were greatly admired by Premier Laurier and all of the people have to stop and give them their strict attention. Exhibition carriages are built for the keenest inspection both in regard to workmanship and finish and intending purchasers cannot make any mistake in selecting from such a variety as this firm displays.

We Have Them!

What? The McLean stamps. Ha! ha! As usual we are up to date. No laundry can give them but us. Curtains 25 cents per pair. Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works. Phone 58.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforated Dural, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Love Angel. Soon comes the day of reaping, Soon comes the night of weeping, Soon will the red leaves fall, Now comes the angel bearing The sickle our sweet homes nearing Lovingly doing all. The harvest in glory olden, Gathered for garner golden; Is blossom and bending grain. Both in our sorrow taken, In paradise soon awaken; Never to part again. The sickle the clusters finding, Ever of death reminding; Must be put to the vine. So the love angel singing, Cometh this message bringing; The dearest ones all mine. The Love Angel cometh longing; For what seems to us belonging; The sweetest and best we own. To hearts that are well nigh broken, Love is the silent token. By which their worth is known. The face of the angel looking, Delay scarce a moment brooking; Is lovely in holy light; A heavenly smile still showing, How softly the river flowing, Takes them beyond the night. The wheat and the lilies together, Are taken without asking whether; We think we the trial can bear; But even the love angel binding; The sheaves we are carefully minding; Remembers a sorrowful tear. The flowers so fondly we cherish, May often the earliest perish; And leave but a silent grave; But the master so very tender, Is often only the lender; Of all that we thought He gave. CYRUS GOLDBE.

Rosemary Bed, Sept. 1897.

His Mission.

They came through the meadows of childhood together, hand in hand, And they talked of the future that waited in Mathood's land, And one saw ever the glory that crowns the peaks of fame In that strange and mystical country that no man giveth a name; "Up to the heights, whose beauty lures me by night and day, I will sometime find my comrade, with kindred souls the way." And because his eyes turned over to the heights, he could not see The beauty that was about him—blind to it all was he.

But the other saw all the flowers that grew by the paths they trod, He read on the hills and meadows the wordless poems of God; He saw the sin and the sorrow that were round him everywhere, He spoke kind words to a comrade and lightened his load of care; "Here is work for my hands, my brother, I found it on every side, It may not be grand like a hero's, but I shall be satisfied If into the lives of others I bring some hope and cheer, And that the world is better because of my being here."

The ways that feet had followed parted in Manhood's land, And he whose eyes saw only the peaks far off and grand, Strove steadily on towards them and paused not To help and comfort a comrade, as sometimes the weakest may. He climbed up the hills, and over their summits passed from sight, And to day he dwells in the glory that crowns the mystic height, But no man's heart thrills warmly when another speaks his name, Ah! that soul has need of pity that feeds on the husks of Fame!

But the other saw all about him work for his willing hands, Has done it faithfully, nobly, as by a King's commands; He has helped the weak and the weary, he has comforted those who mourn, And no man knoweth the number of burdens he hath borne, He sang when his heart was heavy, songs full of hope and cheer, And his songs brought comfort and courage, and all were glad to hear; And men, and women, and children, speak lovingly his name, And happy is he who findeth that Love is better than Fame.

In Autumn.

Let us sing of the sheaves, when the summer is done, And the garners are stored with the gifts of the plain, Shouting home from the fields, like the voice of the sea, Let us join with the reapers in glad jubilee— Harvest Home!

For the smile of the sunshine, again and again, For the dew on the garden, the showers on the plain, For the year, with its hopes and its promise that ends, Crowned with plenty and peace, let thanksgiving ascend, Harvest Home!

We shall gather a harvest of glory we know, From the furrows of the sowers in patience we sow, Buried live in the field of our heart never dies, And its seed scattered here will be sheaves in the skies. Harvest home! —Rev. Theron Brown.

At The Pasture Bars.

The sun is in his tent, The sky is thick besprent With kindling stars; While the hour is growing late, The cows impatient wait, At the pasture bars.

Why linger in the lane The milkmaid and the swain With the milking pail? The one to listen well To hear the other tell The old old tale.

The pear tree by the wall Conceals the two from all The winking stars; But the cattle know 'tis late, Impatiently they wait At the pasture bars. —Isaac Bassett Choate, in N. Y. Home Journal.

Musical Journalism.

A school of musical journalism will be opened in Boston this fall in charge of Mr. L. C. Elson. It will include a general knowledge of all the chief works of the classical repertoire, a knowledge of musical form and its analysis, a practical knowledge of the instruments of the orchestra and their usage in modern works, a comprehension of the different schools of composition and of technical performance, practical exercise in writing criticisms and reviews, and all the routine of actual journalistic work.

TO ABOLISH THE CEREMONY.

A League Forming in Boston With an Odd Aspect.

Boston, dear virtuous cultured and most exclusive Boston, has actually taken the initiative in a rather questionable undertaking and permitted a branch of the anti-marriage league—or to be more correct, the English Legitimation League to be established within her sacred precincts. I think the dear prim old dame must really have been either asleep or suffering from an attack of temporary mental aberration brought on by over-indulgence in culture when she consented to the innovation, but it is there all the same, and making brave, though not very successful struggles to establish a foothold. The object of this League is practically to abolish the marriage ceremony, and substitute for it a contract dissoluble at will, by which the man and woman shall agree to live together as husband and wife and to recognize as legitimate any children born of the union. As yet the society has not made much headway, the members numbering about twenty-five, and including two Boston bluestockings, two middle aged women with socialistic leanings, a young English girl an elderly anarchist, and a young Russian gentleman of good family whose aristocratic lineage is indicated in a name as famous in history, as unpronounceable in practice. Probably the most enthusiastic of the group, and the most thoroughly imbued with the principles the advocates, is the young English girl who is fresh from the teachings of the founders of the league in London, Omald, and Gladys Dawson, with whom she has been associated for some time past; and it has only been by energetic, and untiring work that the society has obtained even its present foothold in Boston.

Curiously enough, though the fact is not known to many, this movement is not new in Boston having really originated in that city four years ago, when the founder, Omald Dawson, a gentleman of decidedly anarchistic tendencies, was a resident of that city. The first prospectus of this interesting society was given to the public in 1883, and its distinguished author has then anxiously to establish a branch in Boston but receiving no encouragement, he was obliged to abandon the scheme, and turn his attention towards other countries. This same Oswald Dawson, who seems to be thoroughly sincere, and honestly convinced of the benefits to result from his extraordinary scheme, is the son of Thomas Dawson, a former well known resident of Leeds England and a prominent member of the Society of Friends. The son, early discarded the belief of his fathers, and has been a free thinker for years. His wife Gladys, is a firm believer in the same principles.

The primary purpose of the league is not by any means the doing away with a legal form of marriage, though the members themselves admit that it is a means to the end. They declare that their true object is to "create a machinery for acknowledging children born out of wedlock, and to secure them equal rights with legitimate children."

In the words of the parent of the league himself:

"I disbelieve in the promise for life. I do not believe that the state has any concern in the relation of the sexes, in the first place, and in the second place, I don't consider even if it were right for the state to interfere, that it should make the contract binding for life. If the state made divorce as easy as marriage and as inexpensive, then I don't think I should say that I objected to the institution of marriage. I do not expect to be popular in this generation nor do I expect that Legislatures will recognize us in this generation. I am not so much attempting to alter the law at present, as to ripen public opinion in the matter until it is time to act. From the earlier times we find two modes of legitimating children—the process of adoption and the process of marriage. Of these two the older, is the process of adoption. In the days of the Roman Empire, Nero, Trajan, Hadrian and Marcus Aurelius, all succeeded to the purple not by birth but by adoption. This process is absolutely unknown to the English and Scotch law. It is well known to the American and French law, but unfortunately in France it is so hedged about by conditions, limitations and restrictions, that it is to all intents and purposes useless unless for the purpose of legitimating natural children and the consequence is that the French have to fall back on what is known as the public acknowledgement of natural children. Such are Mr. Dawson's ostensible reasons for the establishment of his new society and as examples of unions between men and women without the formality of marriage which have turned out satisfactorily, he cites the well known cases of George Eliot, and George Henry Lewes, George Sand, and Chopin, and Mary Wollstonecraft and the poet Shelley. It is



needless to say that the Dawsons have put their peculiar theories into practice in their own case no marriage vows having been exchanged between them, the simple published announcement of their intention to live together having been considered quite sufficient to satisfy the conventionalities. As I said before, these people and their disciples seem thoroughly in earnest, and quite sure that they are in the right, but the wrong they are likely to do with their mistaken ideas is simply incalculable.

They do not seem capable of seeing through the fallacy of their own theories, the very most prominent of which is the premium they are putting upon vice. In their laudable desire to protect unacknowledged children, they are actually creating a fresh evil, encouraging the increase of that unfortunate class, by the facilities they provide for their care. However, I do not imagine that the citizens of Boston have much need for alarm, over the new league, as the laws of the state will probably do more to discourage that young organization, than any amount of opposition in other quarters. I understand that one attempt has already been made in the United States, to carry out the ideas of the league, a couple in Kansas city having agreed to live together as man and wife after the manner of the great originators of the "cult," only to discover that the theories of Mr. Oswald Dawson of London were no protection from the laws of the State of Missouri, the two being in direct opposition to each other, and in spite of indignant protests and appeals from members of the society both in the United States and England, the enthusiasts who had violated a state law were compelled to spend a considerable portion of time in one of the state institutions, where they were taken excellent care of without any charge.

A few such examples will doubtless have the desired effect, and the Anti-Marriage League will soon be a thing of the past in this country.

A PRINCE'S CRICKET BOOK.

Ranjitsinhji Puts Forth a Stirring Work in the Great English Game.

Prince Ranjitsinhji's 'Jubilee Book of Cricket' has just been published, and it shows that Ranjitsinhji takes cricket seriously. However, he does not disdain to brighten his pages with an occasional epigram, as when he observes: 'The placing of a field is like the losing of a seat in a Parliamentary election, it counts two on a division.' It has been said that 'Ranji,' at the wicket, is like a cat battling, so extraordinary an impression of supple agility does he make. Another felicitous comparison is not inappropriate, for Ranjitsinhji playing cricket must be like a cat watching a mouse, for his eye doesn't seem to have missed the smallest point of the game.

Some pictures in the book are vivid. There is one in particular of a batsman, the last hope of his team, just at the moment when the bowler at the other end is about to discharge the ball. The rest of the story is in the Prince's words. There is a little worn and dusty hollow in the turf a couple of yards in front of the crease, and, if the ball lights on that, goodness knows what it will do. It may break either way or it may bump up fiercely, and then one has to take care of one's head as well as one's wicket. Onward rushes the ball and fair and true it hits the dusty spot. The batsman has followed it every inch of its flight, and his muscles and his nerves turn to steel as it approaches. For the tiniest fraction of a second he loses sight of it in the rising dust, and in that time he endures what seems like a lifetime of painful doubt. But, here it comes. It has taken an ugly twist towards the off stump. In the twinkling of an eye it will be crashing into the wicket. Short time remains to make the decision on which the honor of a county and the fame of a batsman depend. But 'mid-off' has got just a little closer to the bowler than he ought to be; there is a tempting gap in the field. Forward goes the left leg of the batsman, down comes the bat with a straight strong sweep, and away speeds the ball, a yard or so out of the reach of 'cover point,' who, accompanied by the peccant 'mid-off' vainly after it to the boundary, because of course, the man in the deep field, who ought to have been there, has been sent behind the wicket. As it is, four runs are scored, and the match is won.

The assertion that some day man will be a hairless animal is scorned by scientists. Already Hall's Hair Renewer is accomplishing wonders in averting baldness.