

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

THE COAL STRIKE ENDED.

We in the Maritime Provinces have felt the inconvenience of the great coal strike and some at last have arrived at the conclusion that it has been costly as well as inconvenient. But some of the leading organs of opinion in the United States do not appear to regard the strike as unwarranted. So conservative a journal as the Youths Companion says that: The striking miners in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania secured the concessions they asked for just one month after the strike began. Business interests had suffered seriously in the districts affected, and the pinch of poverty was already felt among the miners, few of whom had savings to draw upon. There was surprisingly little violence, considering that nearly one hundred and fifty thousand men were idle. Both the authorities and the leaders of the strike deserve credit for their moderation.

Every one is glad that the strike ended before the setting in of winter, which would have intensified the misery of the mining population, and before coal had risen to a price which would have borne hardly upon the poor of the cities. Nearly everyone must be glad, also, that the miners have gone back to work with the assurance of better wages for at least six months. Conditions vary widely in the coal fields, and while some miners have made good wages, others, through interruptions in the work, have earned barely enough to keep their families alive.

War is waste, and one of the most wasteful forms of war is a labor war. It seems a pity that it is practicable to pay the anthracite miners ten per cent. more wages than they were receiving, the fact could not have been ascertained without a month's strike. Perhaps it may some time be practicable to institute in the anthracite regions some such plan as that which is working well in the bituminous coal fields of Illinois. There the coal operators have formed an association, which appoints a permanent commission to represent it in any questions with the miners.

When grievances arise, this commissioner considers them with the officials of the United Mine Workers' Union. During the last four or five months more than fifty disputes each of which might have led to a strike, have been adjusted in this way, to the satisfaction of all concerned, the men remaining at work while the negotiations went on. Regarded from even the lowest point of view, such a process is cheaper than strikes and lock outs.

MEN WITH LARGE SALARIES.

Large salaries have never been very noticeable in Canada yet we hear of some officials in Sydney who are in receipt of incomes that are very enticing. The manager of great banking corporations do not get more than these experts. It is interesting in the connection to note what a correspondent writing about the iron industry of the Northwest says concerning the salaries paid by the great mining companies. He tells of one man who began life as an office boy of the corporation that now pays him twenty thousand dollars a year; of another who receives thirty-five thousand dollars, and of many whose salaries range from five to fifteen thousand dollars.

The company that employs the man who earns thirty five thousand dollars produces annually six million tons of ore. An improvement that saves even a cent a ton

makes a vast difference in its profits. The high-salaried man has suggested several such improvements. All these richly rewarded managers and agents are able to initiate as well as to direct and execute.

The present organization to industry tends toward specialization. An old-time shoemaker would be lost in one of our modern factories where a shoe passes through forty four different hands. Perhaps few of the employes could make a shoe unaided, as he could; but in his own line of work a laster, a stitcher, or any one of the forty four could beat the old shoemaker "to a standstill."

Yet a "specialist" in any industry is unable to grow narrow and get into a rut. It is important to note that the high-salaried ironmasters of whom we have spoken are men who stopped short of this danger-point and broadened out. The fact that a certain thing had always been done in a certain way did not prove to them that that was the best way, and they earned their salaries by finding a better.

When the young man at a machine grows dissatisfied with his wages, the thing for him to do is not to strike but to study. If he has the capacity to understand and improve upon the process that go to the completion of any manufactured product, it is in his own power to rise to a plane where he can call the rich mine manager brother.

The falling of the elevator is perhaps not the only danger associated with life in the modern sky scraper. Some physicians, in making physical examinations for life insurance companies, think they have discovered that elevator boys and others who make many trips a day are particularly liable to heart disease and premature degeneration of the arteries. They do not know whether this is due to changes in atmospheric pressure in passing from basement to roof and down again, to the disturbances caused by the sudden starts and stops and the rapid descent, or to some yet unsuspected cause.

The league against seasickness is a new French organization which publishes a serious periodical, the Journal du Mal de Mer, largely composed of infallible prescriptions against seasickness. Everybody knows such recipes. People who do not go to sea find them very effective, and as a rule they are entertaining. But the French journal ought also to print some fiction with a less transparent plot and a more agreeable climax.

The sober judgement of a humorist may sometimes be more impressive than the philosophy of an ethical teacher, as when MARK TWAIN remarks that "Honor is a harder master than the law. It cannot compromise for less than one hundred cents on the dollar, and its debts never outlaw."

The Largest of Diamonds.

No single object exhibited at the Paris exposition ever remotely approaches in value the gleaming "Jubilee" diamond, as it has been called in commemoration of the jubilee of the reign of the queen of England. It is a diamond of the first aid of a beauty and size that leave anything known heretofore far behind.

This largest and most costly of all diamonds weighs in its present shape 239 carats, while the next largest, the "Orloff," crowning the Russian imperial sceptre, weighs but 194½ carats. Also as regards whiteness and fire, as well as in the wonderful perfection of its cut, the "Jubilee" excels all its rivals.

For the time being this Goliath among precious stones is still owned by a syndicate of capitalists connected with the Jagersfontein mine, in which it was found. With regard to the price one can hardly speak about that until the stone has been sold, an event which is doubtless not going to take place in a hurry, for the guard stationed by the show-case containing the sparkling gem gives its value at 8 000 000 francs, whether or not it is hard to say.

Only one thing seems assured, namely, that the stone shown to the admiring crowds in the palace on the Esplanade des Invalides is paste, while its original is kept somewhere in secure custody.

This gem was found on June 30, 1893, at Jagersfontein, in the Orange Free State. The stone was picked up by a native while he was loading a truck, and although a white overseer was standing near him he managed to secrete it, and kept it on his person for some time.

In this case, however, it did not appear that he proposed stealing the gem, but only wished to deliver it personally to the manager. This he did, and as a bonus he received £150 and a horse, saddle and bridle. The diamond weighed in the rough exactly 971½ carats, or about 7 1-10 ounces avoirdupois.

Unfortunately it had a black spot about the middle, but it was so placed as to allow the stone being cut into two, with the spot falling out.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Volunteer at Home.

I was a soldier; a volunteer,
Not long at the call I slept;
And mother of all on earth most dear,
Stood at the gate and wept.
Her face was first in my heart by day,
It was with me in every fight;
It soothed my soul in her loving way,
And guarded my rest at night.

I laid my hand on my rifle,
And said when I fell into line;
The loss of a life is a trifling,
Especially one like mine.
It is little my country knows me,
And little the proud world cares;
But the law of obedience shows me,
The worth of a Mother's prayers.

For what that same mother taught me,
Was what I carried away;
That one with His Life who bought me,
Like Him I must learn to obey,
Her prayers it was ever that blest me,
To the fire line when we came;
O! I laid on the earth to rest me,
It was mother and me the same.

A shot from the foe and bleeding,
Crim on and burning heat;
And the wound and the blood unheeding
I fall at our Chief's feet,
In the Hospital too ever fading,
In the anguish a soldier bears;
There's a presence my spirit reminding,
At home I am in their prayers.

What were we before we departed?
Who cared for us then in the town?
Toilers kept down and half-hearted,
What right had we then to renown?
But when the great soul of the nation,
Came down to our struggles and fears;
We rose to the warrior's station,
Within us acknowledged tears.

Disembarking to music and cheering—
For Canada's honor; 'twas then,
When the dear hearth at home we were nearing,
We felt we were treated like men,
From the Queen to the mothers who bore us,
With welcomes from such a vast throng;
We were all in the glory before us,
Defenders of right against wrong.

What honored our manhood but hearing
The shouts of the good and the great,
The pathway of servitude clearing,
Proclaiming our worth to the state?
Not a soul of us then when they cheered us,
But again would be willing to die;
For the land of which trials endeared us,
The fairest beneath the blue sky.

An heir to the crown most deserving,
Why fought with the boys of the line:
To sleep where with us he was serving,
In death was the last counter sign.
He died like the heroes around him,
A Prince with the humblest one shares;
A grave where the bugle call found him,
The child of a found mother's prayers.

CYPRUS GILDE.

Two Slaves.

The fog is closing in. The gray cold night
Stalks like a phantom thing from out the West.
The sea is still and luring dark. The ship
Has tumbled its restless wings away to rest.
Last night he lived, he laughed, he spoke, he
loved—

His lips pressed hot against my quivering cheek—
Last night he died, while others slept. The sea
Would tell the rest if it could only speak.
Silent was I. For why? No one has known—
No one shall ever know of that great love,
Born in the long-dead years, cherished by night,
I was a slave-girl in the decks above;
He, whom my heart held, rowed with other slaves,
Chained by the wrist and ankle to his task,
Oft from the Prince I stole and sought him out
To hold him and to love him—Life's a mask
To women such as I. There's something more
That breathes not—heed not—something of the sea
And wind, and sky, and hills—that by and by
Will take me to my love, bring him to me.
I was enough to see him night by night
To steal along from deck to deck, and creep
O'er crowded thwarts, and—silent—face his eyes,
We smiled and understood. The Prince asleep
Could miss me not.

And O, the moaning life—
The life of Hell below the decks, the whip
Weighted with lead, the knife's less cruel thrust—
And afterward the silence, and the slip
Of naked bodies, into hungry seas.
"Wait," said I, "wait until we are in Rome,
And then—ah then, my love, the shackles loosed,
The Hills, the hidden Hills shall make our home."
I waited late last night and laughed and sang,
And smoothed the Prince's heavy eyes to sleep,
Then stole away, and on the gunwals sprang
Up to the galley's bow, my watch to keep.
All day I heard the whip.—Yet could I know?
I saw him bent and torn and racked with pain—
His giant shoulders—God had he but lived
To see, to smile into my eyes again,
Else had he died ten deaths. I crept between
The rows of straining arms. Glad was I then
To be so slight and small, with naked feet
To glide, unnoticed, swift among the men
Whose eyes, unseeing, looked, whose tongues were
mute.

Whose feelings dead had been forgotten years,
Only my love was living this I knew
Seeing his yearning eyes laugh through their tears,
Wound I my arms about him. Stanch'd his
wounds
With silken veil and trailing scrolls of lace.
Lifted his hands from oars to which they grew
To hold me close, and then up to his face
I raised my own and knew of love and God
And there was naught but God, no ship no sea;
Only my love and I and God. Not three
But one with Him in me eternally.
And after that I woke to moans and groans,
Aid blows and cursing deep. The whip fell fleet
My love was dead, close to my breast, my arms,
My dripping hair his gleaming winding sheet,
And then I laughed—He died before they came,
Died in the strength and love of that career,
No pain he felt—knew only God; and I
Was madly happy in my loneliness.

His night; and now I think I see again
The waters break, the ripples wider grow
About the place that folded over him.
The sails are still. The ship is moving slow
Beneath the waves are singing and their chains
Clank to keep time, the time that never ends,
The water breaks again about his face
Up from the sea his smile a greeting sends,
There is no moon to night. Below the hills
The fog comes creeping, stealing, and beneath
The waters there is peace. For I sweet soon
Shall part with death in life, for life in death.
Victoria, B. C., 1900.

—By N. De Bertrand Lugin.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

AUTOMOBILES IN VARIETY.

The One That, at the Moment, Attracts the Most eyes in the street.

Since the introduction of motor vehicles there never was a time before when they could be seen in public in variety as now. anybody walking along the streets most frequented by the private automobilist, such as Fifth Avenue, Central Park West, upper Broadway, or Riverside Drive, would meet in an afternoon automobiles of a dozen varieties. And this of course doesn't begin to include the varieties in which they are now made, as anybody may see at the Automobile Show.

But the one vehicle of all that, at present, attracts the most attention in the street is an electric ambulance, belonging to Roosevelt Hospital. This ambulance has the long-familiar clamorous gong peculiar to all ambulances; but without a horse the appearance of the vehicle itself from which this familiar sound comes is decidedly unfamiliar. It is, in fact, at the moment, the most striking automobile in town; and everybody turns to look at it when it goes rushing by.

A Geographical Error.

A little lake in Central Africa, discovered by Livingstone in his great journey across the continent in 1853-55 has attracted much attention on account of the curious statement which the explorer made about it. The lake is situated on a plain that is nearly flat. Livingstone said the lake was directly on the water parting between the Zambesi and the Kasai River which is now known as the largest southern tributary of the Congo. In other words, he said the lake was so exactly balanced between the two river systems that from one side flowed a stream which joined the Kasai while from the opposite side emerged a stream which joined the Zambesi. All maps therefore, for nearly half a century, have represented a water communication passing through Lake Dilolo and joining the Kasai on the north and the Zambesi on the South.

Capt. Charles Lemaire, of the Belgian Congo service, now says that this remarkable water connection between the lake and two distinct river systems must be expunged from the map. Over two years ago Capt. Lemaire was commissioned to explore and determine the entire water parting between the Congo and Zambesi systems. This question was of great geographical and political interest. Much of the country had never been visited by any explorer. The water parting was established by treaty as the boundary between the territory of the Congo Free State and the British possessions and the boundary, of course could not be delimited till the exact position of the water parting was ascertained.

Capt. Lemaire has carried out his work with great thoroughness and on Sept. 3 last he reached the mouth of the Congo. He had started into the continent at the mouth of the Zambesi and has made the twenty-third crossing of Central Africa, the first crossing having been achieved by Livingstone when he discovered Lake Dilolo.

Lemaire says that Dilolo has no connection with the Congo basin. The water parting between the two river systems passes about twenty miles to the north of the lake. A small stream on the north side of the lake contributes some water to it. The waters of the lake are sent south from its southern end by a stream that falls into the Lotembwe tributary of the Zambesi and Lake Dilolo is therefore a feature of the Zambesi system.

It may be that when Livingstone was there appearances justified his belief that the lake contributed to both river systems. The country is very flat, much of it is turned into marsh in the wet season and during his visit Dilolo probably had the appearance of discharging its waters both to the north and the south. But Lemaire places Dilolo in the category of ordinary little lakes. The false impression the world has had of it for many years is only another illustration of the many blunders made by African explorers which have been rectified by later investigation.

Change in I. C. R. Train Time.

The general change in the I. C. R. time table for the winter will be made on Monday, the 26th inst. Meantime it has been decided to make the following changes which will be in effect from Sunday night next until the general change: The night express trains Nos. 9 and 10,

between St. John and Halifax will be taken off, also the suburban trains which leave here at 5 20 a. m. and 5 45 p. m. for Hampton and which return at 7 15 and 9 50.

It has also been arranged that an accommodation train will leave St. John at 10 p. m., after the arrival of the C. P. R. from Portland, Me. This accommodation train will have a sleeper attached which will run through to Halifax. Connection will also be made at Truro for Sydney.

On the arrival at Moncton of the Maritime express for Halifax an accommodation train will leave Moncton for St. John. There will be a sleeping car attached to the train from Halifax to St. John.

An Opportunity for Reform.

Ald. White has started a move in the direction of enquiring into the conduct of officials who, from carelessness or neglect, leave the city open to actions for damages. This is a move in the right direction and will probably induce those who are inclined to be careless to act otherwise. Now that the elections are over and the alderman have greater opportunities of attending to the particular business for which they are elected there are many of these reforms which might well be started. Progress hopes to see some of them take definite shape.

The Kings County Record.

The recount in Kings county has been postponed until next Friday. There may not be anything wrong about the result, but the friends of Col. Dymville are not so sure about it, so that they feel warranted in permitting the declaration to go unchallenged. The court met on Friday and was adjourned for one week. In the meantime, to much reliance should not be placed upon rumors which upon the face of them are absurd.

The Khedive's Mistake.

The young Khedive of Egypt, who recently visited Queen Victoria, charmed every one who met him by his tact and courtesy, says the Whitehall Review. His father, who also once visited the court of St. James, was a marked contrast to his son, being intensely rude and brusque in order to assert his own importance. He made it a point to be late in coming to every entertainment given in his honor, and showed scant courtesy to hosts and guests on his arrival.

He was bidden to a state banquet at Windsor Castle, given by the queen in his honor. The hour appointed was nine o'clock, as usual. The queen waited until the quarter past had struck, and then led the way to the dining-room. Presently the khedive arrived and entered with an aggrieved and astonished face.

The queen quietly motioned him to the vacant seat on her right, saying, "In England we never delay dinner for any one. Your highness was highly complimented when I kept my guests waiting fifteen minutes for you." Then turning to her guests she said: "I have to apologize to you all for it."

The khedive never forgot the lesson. It is not only kings who make the mistake of being rude in order to assert their importance; it is a frequent error among uneducated people, and among selfish people who are educated. The ignorant dinner guest arrives late and makes no apology. The self-important salesgirl is indifferent and sometimes insulting in her manner toward her customers. The self-assertive conductor rudely shoves his passengers. There are men and women in every class who jostle each other and are curt and arrogant, although perhaps at heart they may be kindly disposed.

They are making the mistake of the khedive. By the force of their rudeness they try to impress the world with a sense of their power and authority. They forget, if they ever knew, that real power and real authority do not need a label to distinguish them.

Neck Bands Replaced.

Hosiery darned, repairs made all free, why do you go elsewhere with your laundry, when we do the best work and do so many things free. Try us now Ungars Laundry, Dyeing and carpet cleaning work. Telephone 58.

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study. 'I've got to original sin,' said one. 'How far have you got?' 'Me? Oh, I'm beyond redemption,' said the other.

Chairs Re-seated Ours, Splint, Perforated, Duval, 17 Waterloo