

PROGRESS.

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HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

As the huge capabilities of school education become understood, visionary or designing people reach out to control it for their own fanciful or subtle purposes. Very recently Miss FRANCIS E. WILLARD has put forth her views as to what the education of women should be; and unfortunately her rather chimerical notions exhibit this same tendency to warp instruction into the service of social and utilitarian ends with which schools have little to do from the standpoint of the best educationalists. Her conceptions are given out as an indorsement of the opinions of a "college bred newspaper man," suggested to a friend of hers; but the influence from them arises from her approval. She herself is "college-bred," for she was graduated at the Northwestern University, near Chicago, and there she became the dean of the women's division of the institution—a post which she relinquished because she and the president could not agree as to the disciplines suitable for young girls in a mixed college. This experience combined with her great renown as an organizer of popular sentiment, gives an authority to her opinions which is like the voice of inspiration to myriads of people.

But it is not because Miss WILLARD holds the notions about to be reviewed that we speak; it is because she represents the sentiments of a very wide constituency and because the attempt to realize their ideal must, after much confusion and trouble, come to naught. The paper under notice assumes that there is being done in the higher education of women "serious damage to a generation because college authorities and alumnae are unwilling to acknowledge mistakes." Surely it is fair to suppose that those who have the responsibility of institutions for the education of young women and those who have experienced their methods of instruction, must have some insight into this problem. One might fancy that the noted men and women, whose names are synonymous with the highest mental development, would be quite as reliable authorities as newspaper men and popular agitators of opinion.

It is alleged that the modern colleges for girls are too much given "to imitation of men." What is there wrong on educational grounds about this? In the course of centuries it has been found out fairly well what will give discipline, intellectual force and culture to the human mind and have incorporated this regimen into the colleges. It is to be assumed that it will be detrimental to girls to share this training? This question is one of cross-roads, and stands where widely diverging modes of thoughts part. Are the colleges to make men and women or toilers in utility? Are they for culture or for crafts? It is not a question of whether pupils, boys or girls, shall learn how to be useful in manipulations and professions, but whether this standard shall displace culture which adorns all crafts and situations. It is claimed by Miss WILLARD that girls' colleges of today lack social training, refining influences and ideals of wifehood and motherhood. To remedy this last defect in some measure it is proposed to instruct girls in domestic economy, chemistry of food, the effect of costume on trade and social reforms—which, translated would seem to come somewhere near cooking, menus, dressmaking and millinery and care to see that the women become reformers of the right stripe. As for social training KATE C. CLAGHORN comes out in her new book "College Training for Women" with a very different and sounder opinion. "Anything" she says "which fosters in the mind of a newly graduated girl that she has a special mission to society is pernicious." What is wanted are

self unconscious, capable, disciplined women and not class room made faddists. Again how are colleges to teach wifehood and motherhood? and if these why not husbandhood and fatherhood which are really quite important to society. Does motherhood here stand for more than physiology? If not then let us call it physiology. Motherhood is an old institution and the love of it among women is large. Let those who have had experience of it teach it to their daughters; but for heaven's sake do not make a profession of it!

General Sir BINDON BLOOD seems to have converted the Mohmands from their belief in the Mad Mullah's power to stop British bullets and close the muzzles of British guns. The Mullah has taken to his heels and the tribesmen are prepared to submit. The Anglo-Indian forces, however must still "convert" the Orakzais and the Afridis in order to complete their mission among the borderers of India, and the conversion of the Afridis in particular who are more numerous than any other of the Pathan tribes and who occupy a strong position on a rugged plateau, will be a matter of extraordinary difficulty.

The big Nova Scotia Exposition is in full swing over in the sister city and the people from all over the provinces are flocking in that direction; its progress already is said to surpass the most sanguine expectations, although like the St. John exhibition when it opened there was a general air of unreadiness everywhere. It is certainly strange that this should be so anywhere. It would seem better in such cases to postpone the opening for a day rather than have a bad impression given the first day visitors.

The Indian summer girl is out in all her glory and it may be said that in variety and brilliancy of raiment she quite eclipses that other popular institution, the airy fairy summer girl.

The glass manufacturers combine of the United States has \$30,000,000 back of it. This is a sort of crystal wedding that will levy tribute on all other functions of the sort.

It appears that there is a millionaire Nova Scotian in the Klondike named McDonald. Thus provincialists are always to the fore front in the heat—or rather frigidity—and turmoil of the day.

Nelson's version of it—England expects every man to do his duty. Nelson Dingley's version of it—Columbia expects every man to pay his duty.

Fire is a good purifier; but the New Orleans mob which burned a fever hospital carried its ideas of sanitation to a blundering extreme.

THE INTEREST IN ST. JOHN.

Boston's Success Suit's the Base Ball Cranks all to Pieces.

It is wonderful the interest that baseball assumes in this city when the national league approaches a finish. This year it was especially the case for the finish was so close that it was intensely exciting. Boston will not forget in a hurry the madly joyous crowd of thousands that blocked Washington street when the last Boston-Baltimore game was being played in the latter city and how the shouts grew deafening as Boston's score grew. This was practically the decisive game of the season and the cranks in St. John looked for the paper's next morning with the greatest interest, Boston was the favorite here, with New York a close second in the heart of the ball loving public. A month ago as much attention was paid to the "giants" success as to Boston's but when it was seen that the former was out of the race, then all interest centered on the hub players.

Boston has another game to play with Brooklyn and then for home and an ovation. Perhaps the fact the big cup series with its emoluments is to follow, will prevent swollen heels for a time, but after that the "rooters" who have followed them of late will have fun with them. There is talk of a reception now, and if so St. John will have an opportunity to be represented in the person of Alderman McGoldrick who is making an annual business and pleasure trip to Boston at present. If all the Boston people whom he has had a hand in entertaining in St. John find him out he will not get back in a hurry. But back to baseball. The National league has finished. What about St. John's league and who will win the pennant?

That Vandeville "Aggregation."

Progress' sight and altogether too mild criticism of the tent show, outside the exhibition grounds, excited the wrath of Mr. John Mackay, and that proprietor of "a first class vandeville aggregation"—to use his own words—comes out in point with his objections. Mr. Mackay is welcome to his opinions, but nine-tenths of the people who saw that "aggregation" will agree with PROGRESS just the same.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

A Ragged Tramp. Ragged, foot sore and sad at heart, I knocked at a rich man's door; A woman heard me and cried "depart, Your kind come here by the score." "O give me a drink and a bite of bread, And any old hank of yarn; A place for the night to rest my head, If only out in the barn." Out to the door came a maiden young, My heart but she was sweet; Sweet as a poet's song unsung, By an angel at her feet. "No room have we for such as you, Begone from the door away; Go work for your living as others do, Lab' r and earn your pay." Out of my bag my tuned guitar, I drew with an anxious hand; To sing like the troubadours afar, The songs of a southern land. A love song breathing sweet and low, Of a lover and maiden true; I saw a tear from her dark eye flow, A love song to her was new. No longer I wear a ragged coat, And shreds kneed and shoes; No longer the barn or old stone boat, To me would she now refuse. For lo, that night when the moon looked down, On the silvery laden tree; I needed no name of high renown, She was queen and a crown to me. For love in its music filled again, A woman's soul with sigh; That come what might of want and pain, The truth it never denies. I sing the song of that summer day, In a mansion of wealth and art; And the angel that never has flown away, Nestles here on my heart. CYPRIUS GOLDIE. Double Balm, Sept. 1897.

Storm and Drang. The storm was raging, yet I thought it glorious, We were sure, who ever we were here; Loud blew the wind, the billows were uproarious, And lashed the rockbound shore Alone together, safe as in a pillory, Till turn of tide—what could I but rejoice? And yet the boisterous elements' artillery Quite drowned the human voice. As wave and wind and weather grew more turbulent I watched you (with what joy! Love only knows), And deemed you sweet and thought what grace superb you lent To your unstudied pose. Then in sententious tones did I vociferate, "How fair you are, how tender and how true!" But then, as blowing at a stiff rate, Hid all I said from you. I yelled, "I love you!" howled, "I daily sigh for you!" In vain—you heard not and my heart was wild; And when I illuminated, "I will die for you." You nodded and you smiled. Ah! vain is wooing when it is tempestuous. When the breakers roar and whirlwinds blow For we may deem the fair has whispered "Yes" to us, When she has bellowed "No." Had you but heard my suit as I was roaring it, You might have made me happiest of men, But now, as consequence of your ignoring it, We have not met since then. —Fall Mall Gazette.

Is Your Lamp Burning. Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see; For if it were burning, then surely Some beams would fall brightly on me. Straight, straight is the road, but I falter And often fall out by the way; Then lift your lamp higher, my brother, Lest I should make fatal delay. There are many and many around you Who follow wherever you go; If you thought that they walked in a shadow, Your lamp would burn higher, I know. Upon the dark mountains they stamble; They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie With their white pleading faces turned upward To the clouds of the pitiful sky. There is many a lamp that is lighted; We behold them afar and afar; But not many of them, my brother, Shines steadily on like a star. I think, were they trimmed night and morning, They would never burn down or go out. Then lift your lamp higher, my brother, The winds were all blowing about. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should steadily blaze in a line, Wide over the land and the ocean, What a girdle of glory would shine. How all the dark places would brighten; How the mist would roll up and away! How the earth would laugh out in her gladness To hail the millennial day!

The Travelling Man. First in the crowded car he is to offer— This travelling man unheeded and unsung— Or old and wrinkled; first he is to proffer Something, a trifle from his samples, maybe, To please the fancy of a crying baby. He lifts the window or he drops the curtain For unaccustomed hands. He lends his case To bolster up a sleeping child, not certain But his mamma will frown him in the face, So anxiously some women seek for danger In every courteous act of every stranger. Well versed is he in all those way conducive To comfort, where least comfort can be found; He turns the sea unkindly, yet unobtrusive His little deeds of thoughtfulness abound; Is glad to please you, or to have you please him. Yet takes it very calmly if you freeze him. He smooths the Jo-e-like frown of some official By paying fare for one who cannot pay. True necessity he knows from artful lies. Will "it be," of course, if you're inclined that way. And if you are, be sure that he detects you, And if you're not, be sure that he respects you. The sorrows of the moving world distress him. He never fails to lend what aid he can. A thousand hearts today have cause to bless him— This much abused, misused commercial man. I do not strive to cast a halo round him, But speak of him precisely as I found him.

The Poster Girl. The blessed Poster Girl leaned out From a pink-purple heaven. One eye was red and one was green; Her bang was fluff and on her hand, And the hairs on her head were seven. Her robe, ungrit from clasp to hem, No sunbeams did adorn; But a heavy Turkish porriere Was very neatly worn; And the hat that lay along her back, Was yellow like canned corn. It was a kind of wabby wave That she was standing on, And high aloft she flung a scarf That must have weighed at least And she was rather tall—at least She reached up to the sun. She curved and writhed, and then she said, Less green of speech than blue; "Per-aps I am absurd—perhaps He isn't appealing to you? But my artistic work depends Upon the point of view." I saw her smile although her eyes Were only smugly smeared; And then she wished her swirling arms. And waggled her gossamer ears, She sobbed a blue-and-green checked sob, And wept some purple tears.—Carolin Wells in Century.

AN EXCELLENT INSTITUTION.

The Great Educational Advantages Offered at St. Joseph's College.

A visit to rural, Arcadian, Memramcook is an excursion that cannot fail to be indelibly impressed upon the memory, and give a great deal of pleasure to the visitor. The picturesque little place itself, pervaded with a pastoral hush, the wide stretch of surrounding country, dotted with neat and tasteful homes, forms a combination of picturesque beauty that must be imagined. It cannot be described.

Memramcook is the seat of the chief school of learning of the Catholics of New Brunswick and a representative of PROGRESS who visited there recently had the pleasure of a tour of inspection of the different departments of this excellent institution. No one who has not been a visitor or a student there, can really appreciate what this college is. It is an ideal school in an ideal situation, and the young men who go there enjoy every comfort and are under the same strict surveillance as they would be at home, without any of the temptations to which students are exposed in larger towns.

The college buildings are placed in a setting of green fields, beautiful flower beds, well kept lawns, inviting summer-houses, while one of the show places of St. Joseph's is a magnificent lake, overshadowed by luxuriant trees that now wear the brilliant tints of autumn. The steep bank on either side has been carefully cleared of underbrush and the view obtained in a walk or drive through the grounds is certainly grand. On this beautiful lake the boys develop brawn with boating in summer and skating in winter. The frontage of the buildings is excellent, and seen from the outside the school's environment is all that can be desired.

Seen from behind the scenes the institution bears close inspection equally well, and the courteous fathers of the large staff are only too delighted to show visitors over the place. The reception rooms, class-rooms, study halls and sleeping apartments are well adapted to the education and bodily comfort of nearly two hundred young men and boys of the lower provinces. The teachers in the various departments of art, science and literature are gentlemen of the highest mental attainments, experienced, and devoted to the best interest of those entrusted to their care. The social influences are most wholesome and refining, and the greatest care is exercised in regard to the health of the students.

PROGRESS was taken over the newly built Memorial Hall, erected in honor of the founder of the college, Father LeFebvre. The most beautiful woods and finish prevail in decorating the interior of the new building, which, besides rooms in which the study of the arts and sciences will be pursued, contains a compact, cosy theatre, and the grace inspiring art historical which has always flourished at St. Joseph's will be cultivated all the more. Here too the future statesman will have an opportunity to develop his oratorical powers. There is no prettier theatre in the lower provinces; its acoustic properties are excellent and it is furnished with modern chairs of the same style as in the Opera house here. A gallery encircles the theatre, and there is a commodious dressing room. Most of the scenery was painted in Chicago, and the drop curtain has an admirable and faithful painting of the poet Longfellow.

An article upon St. Joseph's would be incomplete without reference to a gentleman who has his home in the institution and who is one of the most energetic and faithful of teachers. Rev. A. B. O'Neill has a reputation as wide as the continent in literature. He has courted the muse and his suit has been received with favor, for he appears frequently in the best magazines and gives intellectual enjoyment to thousands of readers.

St. Joseph's College is not sufficiently well known among the people of the provinces. It is doing a grand work, and boys entrusted to the care of these zealous and devoted fathers are in safe keeping morally, intellectually, and physically. The reins of discipline are kept well in hand, the educational advantages are excellent, and the health giving properties of the region of the famous Tantramar are too well known for further comment. Grounds, buildings, and the whole institution with its ever increasing army of sons, and its ever widening circles of influence, are the monument of the late revered Abbe LeFebvre to whom the fortunate ones who can call St. Joseph their Alma Mater, owe the incense arising from a grateful heart.

Oh I Don't Know.

We're not so slow, we have the only mangle that will not destroy your linen—send to the up-to-date laundry—UNGARS LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS. Paonee St.

As the ingredients of Hall's Hair Renewer are mixed with the best glycerine, unshaken, it makes the finest dressing for the hair, and keeps it soft and of even hue.



Local Talent dons the Buskin.

Miss Florence Corbin assisted by local thespians presented at the Opera House Thursday the military drama in five acts entitled The Soldiers Honor. There were two performances, the matinee drawing a crowded house and the evening show only a corporal's guard. The play is by Miss Corbin herself and lacks in dramatic unity, and the audience felt rather misty as to what it was driving at. The soldiers of the Northern and Southern armies walked about each other's camps clothed in full uniform in broad daylight and went unscathed. The audience enjoyed the show heartily and got their money's worth certainly. Miss Corbin showed animation and Mr. Bruce considerable talent. They received a couple of bouquets and curtain calls in the evening. Mr. Fred Chesley looked villainous as was appropriate to his part. C. F. Peterson was a clever Irishman. The other members of the company were Dr and Mrs. Preston and Mr. Taylor. The hero and heroine executed a couple of masterly stage falls, sinking down on their knees and then gracefully subsiding, while the orchestra played in a plaintive minor key.

Was it a Success.

St. John's exhibition is over and the people are wondering whether it has been sufficiently a success to try it again next year. Perhaps it would be as well to see just what the deficit is before indulging in too much speculation. There is a citizen's guarantee fund but if the people who subscribed are called upon to pay up they will be more critical than they have been in the past. From many points of view the show was a marked success but visitors to exhibition nowadays are looking for features of a sensational order and if the management had advertised an ascension to the moon or something equally impossible the attendance would no doubt have been greatly increased.

Pathetic Incident.

An exchange prints a pretty and pathetic story said to have been related by Professor Gallaudet, the well-known instructor of deaf-mutes. The professor has favorite pupil—a little deaf mute boy, exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry-tree. With his nimble fingers the little one said he did, and proceeded to repeat it. The noiseless gesticulations continued until the boy had informed the professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and of his quest for the mutilator.

"When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry-tree," signalled the voiceless child, "George put his hatchet in his left hand."

"Stop" interrupted the professor. "Where did you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?" "Why," responded the boy, "he heeded his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree."

On Time.

The American boy is not the only one, it appears, who sometimes has the sagacity to apply for a situation just in the nick of time. A London paper tells of a small boy who dashed breathless into a merchant's office and demanded:

"Is the gov'nor in?" "Yes, what do you want?" "Must see him myself. Most pertickler."

"But you can't see him." "Must, really—immejtit. I tell you it is most pertickler."

"The boy's impertunancy at last won him admision." "Well, boy, what is it you want?" asked the merchant, with some anxiety. "Do you want a orfice boy, sir?" "You impudent young rascal! We've got one."

"Bag pardon, you aint, sir." "What do you mean?" "Your boy's just been run over in Cheap-side, sir, and he won't never work for you no more."

The applicant was engaged.

In Situ Quo.

I must have been a fool when I married," said little Tompykns, glaring fiercely at his wife. "Certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Tompykns, sweetly; "it couldn't com; on so badly all in two years, could it?"

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