

PROGRESS.

W. T. H. FENETY, PUBLISHER.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, to W. T. H. FENETY, publisher.

Copies Can be Purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCT. 9,

Notice.

PROGRESS takes this opportunity of thanking its thousand of patrons for favors extended in the past and hopes for a continuance of the same. Plans are in preparation for important changes in connection with the paper to take effect at an early date, which it is hoped and believed will meet with the hearty approval of its many patrons.

W. T. H. FENETY, Publisher.

VICTORIAN ORDER OF NURSES.

During the summer months the question of the establishment of the Victorian Order of nurses has remained in the background, but now that the autumn has come with its coolness and its enervating influences, this most important scheme which owes its inception to the first woman in Canada again comes to the front.

There are a number of schemes now on foot for aiding the sick and helpless that have endeared themselves to the heart of our Queen. Hand in hand with the great hospitals the foundation stones of which were recently laid by the Prince of Wales and other members of the house of Brunswick there is proposed a wide extension of the cottage hospital system and trained nursing for the sick who are unable to go to the regular hospitals. In Scotland and England this has taken permanent shape and in Canada it is now being promoted under the name of the Victorian Order of Nurses. Great Britain is studded with hospitals and yet philanthropists and benefactors think it necessary to take the trained nurse into the very home to brighten with her presence the heart of the sufferer. Under the rules of the British Nursing Association trained nurses make a regular round of the sick in their districts and attend to those who cannot be removed to the hospitals. They thus not only care for the sick but disseminate among the inmates of the homes some knowledge of nursing. These devoted women pay from a dozen to twenty visits a day dishing comfort and hope all around.

Some such service is needed in Canada and this is the object that the Victorian order seeks. The project has been promoted by the rational Council of women of Canada who have recommended it to the legislature for assistance and endorsed by leading physicians and public men. In the North West Territories and in other sparsely settled districts of the Dominion there is much suffering that could be allayed by proper nursing.

On both hemispheres the Diamond Jubilee of Her Gracious Majesty is being celebrated in this fitting way by the establishment of this medium of succour to the poor and the feeble, an appropriate expression of gratitude for the blessings that Great Britain has enjoyed.

The scheme for the formation of the Victorian Order of Home Helpers for Canada had its inception at a public meeting held in Toronto on February 10th when His Excellency the Governor General, Lady ABERDEEN, the Premier of Canada, HON. CLIFFORD SUTTON, Sir JAMES GRANT, and others spoke favorably of the scheme. The promoters of the movement propose no half and half measure and they will require about a million dollars to carry out their project. The work of collecting subscriptions went on during the spring but was discontinued during the summer. Now it will be resumed and will be pushed on with vigor. The movement so far, we learn, has been meeting with gratifying success. Many large subscriptions of \$1,000 have been donated throughout Canada while Canadians living in the United States have signified their intention of taking part. One thousand dollars have been subscribed by Sir RODERICK CAMERON, of New York. In Vancouver over \$1000 has been collected. In Montreal a satisfactory response is being made to the call, one firm with its 50 employes giving \$163. In this province \$30 was raised at a collection in one country district. Even from a little Indian church in far away Kuper Island, B. C., a small contribution was received.

It is hoped by the promoters that the Victorian Order will begin its active work in the most needy places in Canada within one year of the time when the movement was first started. They will have the experience of the founding of the Queen's Jubilee Institute in 1887 to guide them.

Each member of the order will be required to pass an examination in midwifery, first aid to the injured, and housekeeping, home sanitation and the preparation of foods suitable for invalids. They will have to be from 28 to 30 years of age and must undertake to stay three years. It is proposed to adopt a uniform of blue with a St. Andrews cross and V. R. on the sleeve. Very soon Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen will be here to deliver an address on the subject of the Order and it is to be hoped that her appeal will receive a warm response in this as well as in other portions of the Dominion. It is a grand scheme of philanthropy and one that should commend itself to every class, condition and denomination of Canadians.

Since the Klondike discoveries the outcrop of fool's gold all over the land has been found to be unusually large, and a United States exchange says that the samples sent in to the mint for examination have greatly increased in number. The officials of that institution say that of such samples only about one in one hundred contains pure gold, and of that limited proportion only a small number of the finds are worth mining. The stuff sent in is generally about the value of the sweepings of a macadamized road consisting of iron pyrites, mica, talc, sand with yellow particles in it, crystal-sprinkled rock and the like awakening eager hopes in the bosoms of their discoverers which are nearly all doomed to disappointments. Nature distributes the metal widely, but bides away the bulk of it in her most secret treasures regarded with bolts of ice and lauces of fire from the equator to the pole. She does not scatter it around in every doorway as those who are flooding the United States mint with multitudes packages of samples appear to conjecture.

President FELIX FAURE is a great advocate of cleanliness. A Paris correspondent says that wherever the President goes there must be a bath house with all modern improvements. He refuses to stop even over night in a house or hotel that has no bathroom. His hobby causes much inconvenience, for the bath room is not a universal institution in France, and the provincial French towns are as barren of bath rooms as the most backward villages in this country. Nevertheless the President holds fast to the bathtub as a condition of precedent to his visit to any town or private residence. And the consequence is that the neglected bath tub industry is booming in the French Republic.

In Mexico everything and everybody pays a direct tax, from the street porter to the largest mercantile establishment, and the stamp tax for documents is equally lucrative. Even placards and posters must bear the stamp.

The squares are beginning to put on a look of autumn, though as yet the children who haunt them have not got in their deadly work of despoilation of the flower beds.

EDITORIAL CHATTER.

Century rides were at one time quite a fad among wheelmen but have now given away to century counts. This new diversion is on its way here from New York, the birth place of fads and fashions, and has struck Bangor where it will probably hibernate and reach here next spring. The thing is to count a hundred bicycles after which feat the counter is sure to find something of value. Of course it is harder work than spooning foam out of a cup of coffee, which is a sure indication of money to come, but then nothing is won without work. The fad has now become a cult and there is a regular incantation in vogue. Every time the faddist sees a wheel he (or more probably she) moistens his thumb and impresses it upon his closed fist at the same time holding his breath. It is very interesting and it is something for wheelmen to look forward to next spring.

The Boston Herald sounds the need of such men as Britannia produces who with their pen ring the praises and denounce the weaknesses of their country, who will make us proud with the glory and red with the shame of our land. Who has sung the glory, pomp, dominion valor and justice of the British empire in such strains as Rudyard Kipling? Yet, who has so unflinchingly probed and denounced its wrong doing, its times of weakness and degeneracy? But always is it his high ideal sense of England's mission in the sublime round-the-world dominion providentially hers to rule, that imparts the weight and sting to the lash of ridicule,

satire and invectives with which he scourges her worst enemies—her own sons and daughters—who prove recreant to their great trust. Thence the mingled pride and humility, thanksgiving and penitence of his noble "Queen's Jubilee poem, Recessional."

Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget. For heathen heart that puts her trusts In reeking tube and iron shield— All valiant dust that builds on dust, And guarding calls not thee to guard— For frantic boast and foolish word, Thy mercy on thy people Lord.

Col. Ingersoll lectured on Truth in Boston the other night. This is how he defined this much defined word: Truth is the knowledge of the facts as they exist in nature the relations as they attach to each other and to human beings; the natural consequence of actions, good and bad; a knowledge of the conditions of human happiness. The philosophers of all ages have labored to define Truth and to seek Truth and Plato, Kant, Berkeley and the others have written producing labored and intangible attempts at it. But here we have a good pictorial definition, something that he who runs may read and if every man sought this kind then would we have Paradise regained.

The most recent lion in the British lion's lair, which is London, has been chulalongxorn, Kings of Siam. But it is said that he is palling on the London appetite. And no wonder considering how satiated those British whelps must be with lions and with a task refined by much contact with lions. Why even Sir Willfrid with his genuine grace, proud patrician bearing and classic countenance and indomitable Domville with his flavor of the wild west and cordial bonhomie, though lions for a time, would have outlived their welcome in time though crowned with the halo of the Greater Britain glory.

A new presbyterian Book of Praise came into use in the churches a week or two ago and a Toronto paper whether pertinently or impetuously I do not know, asks if the tune was stolen from the air of the popular medley, "Put me off at Buffalo." The paper says that in parts the tunes are almost identical. Wouldn't the straight laced old Scotch covenanters turn in their resting places if they heard this. Probably, however, those roysterers, the Dominion Elder McNab and the Laird, will feel quite jubilant over it for they will be able to troll out this dashing air and feel quite easy in conscience on account of its resemblance to its more solemn brother in praise.

Are the days of chivalry o'er? One Melcher sued Miss Hadley, of Auburn, Maine, niece of the famous Dingley, for breach of promise and he won his case, the measure of slight to his affections being valued at \$1789, wouldn't it melt yure!

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain! Truly are thy charms fled. Sweet Auburn, is typical of the rural simplicity that has fled and with it the old-time chivalry and much of the womanly charm. The women have invaded the ranks of men and they will have to shoulder the responsibilities as well as enjoy the privileges. Miss Hadley has had here.

John L. Sullivan is going to oppose Josiah Quincy for the mayoralty of modern Athens. Some of those female apostles of purity in Boston will have to support John L. Single blessedness is the great crime in their eyes and they consider that a single man should be an officer. John L. is married, Josiah Quincy is single, so the ex-champion may count on their support.

The philosophical mind may "work on this which was dug out of an old scrap book:

If you stick a stick across a stick. Or stick a cross across a stick, Or cross a stick across a stick, Or stick a cross across a cross, Or cross a cross across a stick, Or cross a cross across a cross, Or stick a cross stick across a stick, Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick Or cross a crossed stick across a cross, Or cross a crossed stick across a stick, Or cross a crossed stick across a crossed stick. Would that be an acrostic?

It would seem to me that it would be across styx for the person who happened to get his cerebral cells twisted up trying to solve the problem.

Open Every Evening: Charles K. Cameron & Co., have decided to keep their store open every evening during the present busy season, thus giving housewives and others employed during the day an opportunity of visiting their store in the evening. Visitors to this establishment will find it well supplied with every novelty in the line of up to date millinery, and any lady will be amply repaid by a visit to the store.

Chairs Re-seated, Canes, Spinas, Perforated Ducais, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In The Fall. A thousand miles and father still, The red breast knows our Father's will, Taking his distant flight, His brood has flown across the sea, His empty nest is in the tree, He sings to all good night.

The blood red leaves are silver edged, By wings of white frost maple hedged, A thurible is swung— By hands unseen, its incense fills The clouds above the fragrant hills; The resper's song is sung.

How will the timid red breast know, In his long flight the way to go; Back to his sunny clime. A prayer is in his parting hymn, And through the deep blue fall and dim, God sees him back in time.

He does not fear, he learns to trust, In one who guides him through he must Fly where his kindred be, So will he through this storm and tide, The homeward footsteps safely guide, Even of such as me.

The blood red leaves have lessons too, The live his gracious will to do; Though but to fade and fall. So be life's shadows dark and drear, His mighty arm is ever near, Safely to lead us all.

CYPRUS GOLDBE.

The Yeast of Evolution. The yeast of evolution was dropped into the welter Of the drifting sea of chaos long ago; And then the cloud shesps gathered and world stuff formed mistlike. Till the pulp of stars was hardened and the worlds began to grow.

And the yeast of evolution worked upon the plastic planets. And our fire-world bubbled mountains to the sky; And our continents emerging shook the sea from off their highlands, And the primal sea dragons wallowed where all life but theirs would die.

And the yeast of evolution worked into the blood of dragons. And they perished and their bellowing died away; And the slowly melowing cycles rolled their slow-paced revolutions. And the primal Man came forward and stood naked to the day.

And the yeast of evolution grew within his aimless eyes. And the hairy savage battled, clan with clan, Till the strong-a-med brute grew conscious of a deeper life within him, And the primal man grew conscious and revealed itself to man.

Then the yeast of evolution works its great amelioration. And the World Tree sheds its blossoms through the gloom. Till it flowers into Moses, Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, and the rest. Flowers prophecies of flowers that are yet to burst in bloom.

For the yeast of evolution works, as hitherto, for ever; We are in the morning hours of our day; Down the ever widening vista whose long stretches end in twilight. We shall come to new perfections, meet new music on the way.

Yes, the yeast of evolution works, as hitherto, for far are now the wallowing dragons in their slime; Ah, but further, further, further is the long, long way before us, And no vision of that revelation down the thoroughfare of time. —Sam Walter Foss.

Civic Versus Religious Duties.

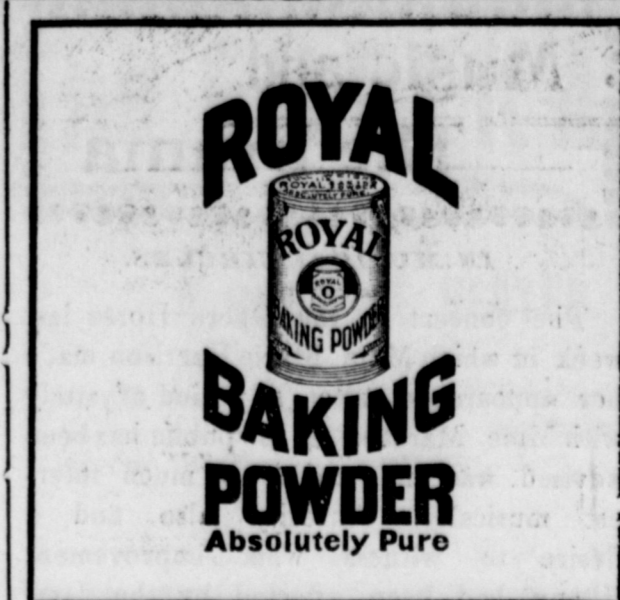
Dr. Christie is the grand high agitation of the city council and there is scarcely a meeting when he does not have a kick to make. This week one of the city officials has been attending the Anglican Synod at Fredericton and when the chairman of the board of works heard of it at the session of council on Thursday surprise overspread his countenance that his henchman should have gone away without letting his chief know or asking his permission. He said that he had protested against this once before, the occasion being when the same official has entered into his presence and had not asked but had actually told him that he was leaving town for a few days. His wo ship said that the official had done the same thing this time. He had come to him and told him he was going to Fredericton. Dr Christie thought the city officials should not take holidays without having first obtained permission from the council. However, they did not reprimand the official.

The Clary Concerts.

The interest with which the great Clary concerts are being anticipated has been evidenced by the phenomenally large advance sale of seats. The prospects are that by Tuesday morning every seat in the house will be marked off for both nights. The pleasure in store for the patrons of these musical events will be greatly increased by the presence on the programme of Miss Frances Travers, who will be heard in concert for the first time. All who have heard this lady's charming voice are loud in their praises, and the desire to hear it is daily increasing among our musical people. The name of Mary Louise Clary is now a household word in this city, the impression made by her last spring, at the annual concert of L. W. Titus was nothing short of wonderful, which accounts for the great enthusiasm prevailing upon her second appearance. Let none miss hearing the wonderful songstress, as regrets will only follow.

Myers Bros. Auction Sale.

The advertisement of Myers Bros., on the seventh page will interest many people who know that an auction sale of jewelry has been going on at 29 Charlotte street for some months. Many bargains have been obtained there and there are many more to be had. Messrs. Myers stock is like that in many other stores. Some of it



can be guaranteed and some of it cannot. When an article is guaranteed when sold it can be relied upon. In their circular that they have distributed they say: "Remember we are a reliable and responsible firm, and have been dealing in bankrupt stocks for years. With all watches sold we give a written guarantee, stating the material of the case, and the length of time for which the movement is warranted to keep time with the numbers of case and movement, so there can be no possible mistakes."

A Cause of Disturbance.

Some time ago the cheap price era commenced at the Opera House, and it has proved a success all around. This week the Bennett Moulton Co. have been playing here to full houses at every performance, and there were eleven of them. The receipts have undoubtedly been larger than if they had played to handfuls of people at the topnotch rates; it is better for the players for they enjoy their work more and act better when they are performing to a full house, and of course it is better for the people. And, by the way, is it fashionable to go into the theatre late? If it is ask the Prince of Wales to have it changed. At every performance this week people were coming in after the curtain had gone up much to the annoyance of all those present.

Word Guessing Contest.

The Welcome Soap Company whose word guessing contest created considerable excitement at the exhibition here and in Halifax, have decided, in view of the deep interest taken in the matter, to hold a contest monthly in which the same conditions will prevail as during the exhibition contest; the missing word will be changed monthly though the sentence will remain the same. For thoroughly up-to-date methods the Welcome Soap people have few superiors and their wide awake advertising schemes, it is pleasing to know are always thoroughly successful.

Must have a Rest.

Tompson—"Was Locke much of a fighter when he was in the army?" Hammer—"No, hardly that. In fact, he managed to keep out of battle altogether. But, then, you know, he was full of fight before he got to the front, and he has been full of it ever since the war was over. In the nature of things, a fellow must have a rest some time or other."—Boston Transcript.

His Trousers.

"Oh, not at all," protested the Turk. "Ask any question you like. Yes, my trousers? Oh, they are rather large, to be sure, but you should see the harem that goes through them every night after I'm asleep." As for the travelers, they were much bewildered by the strange things they were encountering.—Detroit Journal.

Missing Lovers Company.

Disappointed Suitor (savagely)—"What's that, you little imp? You say you just overheard your sister tell me she would be a sister to me, and that you're glad of it?" Small Brother (meekly)—"Yeth thir—mithery loves company, thir."—Judge.

A Bicycle Pointer.

Saddler—"That was a wonderful performance of Star Pointer's, wasn't it? I tell you, a mile in less than two minutes is going pretty fast." Wheeler—"You bet it is. What gear did he have, I wonder?"—Cleveland Leader.

Too Good for Him.

Wearly Watkins—"A man that will torture a pore dumb beast orto be took ard boiled in oil." Hungry Higgins—"Boiling in oil's too good for 'im. He'd orto be boiled in soapuds."—Indianapolis Journal.

Collecting and Collecting.

We have noticed that advertising solicitors always have a better opinion of people than the bill collectors.

Free Church Notices.

A preacher's idea of a promising young newspaper man is one he can work for free church notices.

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. Phone 58.

To artificially bleach the hair will destroy its growth; but if the hair inclines to graveness, assist nature to arrest it with Hall's Hair Renewer.