

PROGRESS.

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

ABOUT ALTERNATE EXHIBITIONS.

The proposition that has emanated from certain quarters, to alternate the St. John and Halifax exhibitions is worthy of consideration. The fact that Prince Edward Island dropped out of the contest this year is an argument in favor of the idea set forth. While the proper spirit of emulation should be present among exhibitors few will support the spirit of opposition in exhibitions. If the provinces of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick could unite and agree upon alternate exhibitions it seems to us that the results would be more satisfactory in the end. Take this year for example, many thousands of people who would have attended one exhibition, no matter where it was held, divided their attention between the fairs in the two principal cities. Had all of them attended one there is no doubt about the financial result to the show thus favored.

The day may come when St. John or Halifax will be able, like Toronto,—the centre of a great and flourishing province—to support an exhibition yearly, but at present it means subsidies from the province and from the city, and, perhaps, deficits in the end. This should not be. If St. John could have one splendid exhibition every other year the people would be satisfied. No doubt Nova Scotia people feel the same way. If matters were thus arranged we could afford to make such improvements on our grounds and buildings as would enable us to have all the attractions, including horse racing, within the area of our exhibition. Our buildings are commodious but they would need enlarging if we could depend upon the attendance of the united provinces, but if demands were only made upon our public treasuries every other year we might afford the necessary extension.

There are many things to be considered but in our opinion, such an agreement is worthy of the best thought and opinion of our association in St. John and the Halifax exhibition commission. Individual interests must not be regarded, but only the advantages to the public at large.

THOSE IMMORAL RESORTS.

The chief magistrate has opened up a new field of operations for the chief of police and his force in expressing a wish at one of the sittings of his court this week, that the "dives" of the city be broken up and the keepers of them brought before him. His instructions were not so clear and distinct as to leave no question about what he meant. There is no doubt that he meant the immoral resorts of the city, but whether he included all that exist in his remarks, is a question that no doubt the officials of the law would like to have answered.

No person will disagree with the magistrate in thinking that it would be in the best interests of the community if such places as that which fell under the notice of the police this week were broken up and the inmates either imprisoned, and thus prevented from seeking other resorts, or driven from the city. No person will deny that in certain sections of the city, such as Sheffield street, the lower end of Duke, and it appears also on Patrick street, the vilest dens of immorality do exist; neither can it be denied that resorts equally as immoral, but perhaps not so vile exist on other streets. Now, does the police magistrate propose to draw a line between these resorts, or is he inclined to see that the broom is used indiscriminately and every place of that nature swept from the city?

The opinion was expressed to PROGRESS a short time ago by one of the officials of the police force, that such resorts, of a respectable (?) character, were necessary in every large community. This may be

considered to be a remarkable statement coming as it did from one who has had so much experience with vice and those who resort to it; but it will be remembered that not long ago certain persons high in the councils of the church and state in Montreal arrived almost unanimously at the same conclusion. As a matter of fact it might also be said that such a state of things exists at the present time in the city of St. John. The police are well aware that common resorts do exist. They know their location, and they are acquainted with those who inhabit them. We believe they maintain that it is far better to have them under supervision and located in a certain quarter, than to have them dispersed all through the city and be unable to locate their exact whereabouts; still it must be acknowledged that these semi-official visits and occasional fines constitute in themselves a sort of recognition, which cannot be pleasing to those persons who believe that vice in any form is unnecessary and should be stamped out. The question is one chiefly of the consideration of the head of the police force and the police magistrate. If, as officials of the law, they decide to stamp out the evil, there is no doubt that they will have the hearty support and the cordial approval of the people generally.

THE MAYOR'S CRITICISM.

One of the morning newspapers, the Telegraph, scored MAYOR SEARS this week, because he ventured to criticise the act of the city, which, some years ago, handed over the Carleton branch railway to the C. P. R. We can well imagine that anyone who ventures to say a word against the C. P. R., would come under the disapproving eye of the Telegraph; but if the mayor of the city of St. John is to confine his criticism to the events that have transpired within the period of his own term of office, his scope in that direction at least is narrowed very fine. In our opinion the mayor should have a chance. He has not been in office five months and in that space of time has probably met with more opposition both in the ranks of the council and outside of it than anyone who has held the office for some time. It may be that he has not acted according to the ideas of everyone at all times, but that is no reason why he should not be given all the latitude of suggestion and all the right of criticism that belong to him in his official position.

DOTS AND DASHES.

Kwangu, the Emperor of China, is dead. Just how he died seems uncertain, the newspaper report says that the Dowager Empress Tai-Hsi knows a good deal about the matter. It is, however, difficult to understand how Kwangu's death would benefit her, as he is to be succeeded by Prince Kung's son Yin, who, the next in succession, was passed over by Tai-Hsi when she selected Kwangu to succeed her own son Tung Chi. Tai-Hsi, who is now about sixty four years old, has been and still is a remarkable woman. In her youth, being extremely beautiful, she was presented to the Emperor Hsien Feng by a general who had bought her as a slave from her starving family, and who finding her of a remarkably clever mind and charming disposition had her highly educated. She became one of the harem of Hsien Feng, but at the birth of her son Teng Chi, she was raised to the dignity of empress, and took rank next to Tsi-An, the reigning empress. Hsien Feng died in 1862 and Tung Chi being a minor, Tsi-An and Tsi-Hsi assumed the power as regents. Tung Chi died in 1875 immediately after attaining his majority, and it was then that the two empresses selected Tsi-Tien or Kwangu as emperor. He was very young, and thus the regents again took the reins of government. The death of Tsi-An in 1881 left Tsi-Hsi in sole power and this she maintained until the marriage of Kwangu in 1889, when she retired.

After the birth of her son she was honored with the title "tender, blessed, dignified and helpful" and after his accession to the throne with "reposeful and serene". On his attaining his majority "refulgent and contented" was bestowed upon her, and on his marriage "sedate and contented" on her retirement the additional title "reverent and long lived" was given her. It would probably the new Emperor's ingenuity to manufacture for the occasion a title for the Dowager Empress which would be at once appropriate and pleasing if, as is surmised, she has been instrumental in procuring the death of Kwangu. However, Tsi-Hsi administered the affairs of China wisely and well in her day, and if she has stooped to an assassin's work it is without doubt from no ambitious motive at this time of her life, but from a desire to promote the welfare of the kingdom.

Ever since Noah did drink of the juice of the grape and did thereby become tipsy, there have been other persons going about

doing likewise. I don't suppose poor old Noah was the first to have such an accident befall him that he should be held up before the ages as a horrible example. Certain it is that in these days of Commissions and Plebescites some persons would try to make one believe that the grape was the original forbidden fruit! There have been intemperate persons from time immemorial, and there will continue to be intemperate persons till time shall be no more, prohibition to the contrary notwithstanding. When prohibition becomes a fact and no decent whiskey is allowed in the country, some men will make alcohol from potatoes, rotten wood, or any old thing they can lay hands on. The Lord didn't take Noah's vineyard away from him. He never even interfered when Noah pronounced a curse upon his own son for making a little sport of him in his spree. In these days Noah would have to accommodate himself to any amount of that sort of thing and if he tried any cursing would probably find himself locked up in a jiffy. But if men will make fools of themselves by getting drunk, the country should see that they have proper material where with to proceed, and not stuff that will kill them at the first libation and leave no chance for repentance.

Probably every Canadian pretending to literary culture is interested in the Canadian Magazine. In its early days it was a poorly printed, miserable looking pamphlet with trimmed edges and crooked leaves, but during the last two years it has made wonderful strides, and the issue of today is artistic, whatever may be said of its literary quality. In mechanical detail it is the equal of almost any magazine. A journal of this character, however, is hampered in Canada owing to the limited population, and it is unfair to compare it with the United States and English publications, for the conditions of existence are different. The impulse to get the most value for the money spent is very strong in most persons and more pages can be had for the price by buying foreign magazines than by buying our own. For instance, Scribner's for September at twenty-five cents had 128 pages; the Cosmopolitan, at ten cents had 118 pages; while the Canadian, at twenty-five cents, contains only 88 pages. But quality, more than quantity, is the chief thing to consider. With the quality up to the mark Canadians should be willing to pay more for their own than for foreign magazines. To insure quality a magazine must have the good will of writers; the editor must know how to treat contributors, and must remunerate them properly for their services. It is in this respect that the Canadian is behind other magazines. It pays little or nothing for contributions and worse than this, the editor does not treat contributors with proper courtesy. Some of his actions are certainly very peculiar. For instance, a gentleman whose profession is literature received a request from the Canadian Magazine for an article upon a certain subject. He wrote and sent the article, which Mr. Cooper excepted and acknowledged by letter, at the same time requesting another article upon another subject. While the latter was still in course of preparation the former article was published, but no honorarium having come to hand, the gentleman after waiting a reasonable length of time wrote asking about it. In reply he received a curt note to this effect:

"Dear Sir.—You have delayed your article on the . . . so long that we now decline to accept it."

Other instances of Mr. Cooper's positive snobbishness with contributors are numerous. I heard one young literary man who has the entire of quite a number of magazines complain that the Canadian Magazine not only did not return his MS. when not published, but they as well used up his return stamp for their own postage!

Mr. Cooper poses as a critic. I do not wish to detract from his good intentions in this capacity. There is a field for usefulness in this direction in Canadian Literature. But it is strange that such a hypercritical gentleman who makes public the faults of other writers with such a tone of superiority should not do a little private criticism on his own account. The editorial columns and the book reviews of the Canadian Magazine are generally in shockingly bad English, always loose in construction, and sometimes ungrammatical. ELSIE G.

A Good System.

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VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In Memory's Golden Dreams.
In memory's golden dreams again,
I hear your low sweet song;
As softly falls the summer rain,
The rose leaf walk along.
'Tis that love song I wrote for you,
Its breathing ever seems;
Your own dear voice so fond and true
In memory's golden dreams.
In memory's golden dreams at night,
When ru'er sounds are still;
My spirit walks in radiant light,
Its longing to fulfil.
Until I hear an angel's tone,
Where heavenly glory gleams;
I know dear heart it is your own
In memory's golden dreams.
In memory's golden dreams I hear,
The song we loved to sing;
And still it brings you fondly near;
True hearts together cling.
Across the moaning sea the star—
Of hope still casts its beams;
So sweet our blending voices are,
In memory's golden dreams.
In memory's golden dreams arise,
From out the hallowed past;
The one true chord which never dies,
Though all else fade at last.
The fondest chord in music sweet,
The soul of love esteems;
And thrills us though in tears we meet,
In memory's golden dreams.
CYPRIUS GOLDB.

The Wind and the Man.
The Man—
Wind on the hill-top!
Wind in the tree!
Is there aught in earth or heaven
That bieth thee and me?
I, through the long hours,
Feebly creep and crawl
O'er the green smooth shoulders
Of the huge mountain wall.
Whist thou, in a moment,
With roaring skirts out spread,
Leapest from the valley
To the black mountain head.
The Wind—
Little puny brother,
Why questionst thou of me?
There is need of me: I doubt not
There is need of thee.
I would smite thee, were I bidden,
Without pity, without wrath,
As I smite the gauzy may-fly
On the rain-swept path!
I envy not, nor question,
As I play my eager part;
But I think thou art nearer
To the Father's Heart!

The Garden of Tears.
The journey of life is lonely,
And few are its wayside flow'rs;
And often our hearts crave on y
The calm of the twilight hours.
When, just as our work-day closes,
And 'st as the night is nigh,
As sweet as a seepake rose is,
Come dreams of the days gone by;
When Memory's touch will waken
The hopes of our early years,
Dear blossoms that Time has taken,
And laid in the Garden of Tears.
O garden of treasures faded,
Though bare be our path to-day,
Though cold be our Autumn shades,
You speak of a hopeful May!
You speak, and we love to listen
O buds of a Springtime fled,
With eyes that again must glisten,
And cheeks that again grow red,
With hearts that again are beating
In time to a song of love,
With joy in its moments fleeting,
And faith in the skies above!
It may be, when all is ended,
And sorrow is lost to sight,
The buds that our tears have tended
Shall bloom in the Land of Light.

The Calm That Comes at Evening.
There's a calm that comes at evening,
When the weary day is o'er,
That was soothing as the lullaby
Our mothers sang of yore;
And though the day be dreary,
I can just forget it all,
In the calm that comes at evening,
When the twilight shadows fall.
I can see my sweetheart's signal
From her waving window blinds;
I can feel her perfumed presence
Wafted to me on the winds;
When I hush my heart to hear her,
I can almost understand
Her sweet welcome in the wimple
Of the wind-wave from her hand.
When she laughs it's like the music
Of the ripples on the rill,
And her breath is like the fragrance
Of the flowers that deck the hills.
And though the day be dreary,
I can just forget it all,
In the calm that comes at evening,
When the twilight shadows fall.
—CY WARMAN.

Folk Song.
This is the lore the old wife knows
Who sees the storm draw nigh,
And wind and cloud together close
The windows of the sky:
'The north wind is man's wind,
Entangled with his fate;
In that he joyed, in that he sinned,
It chants his love and hate.
'The west wind is the angel's wind,
He sweeps their lyre strings,
And where the gray storm clouds are thinned
We see their rushing wings.
'The east wind is the devil's wind,
And stings with fire and ice;
But the south wind is God's wind,
And blows from paradise.
'And whence they go none mortal knows
Who hears them riding by;
Who can but watch them as they close
The windows of the sky."

Two Songs.
'Sing me a song," quoth she!
So he sang how for years and for years and a day
He had sighed for a maid that was deaf and was
blind,
That was blind for his love, that was deaf to the
wind,
Of his groaning and sighing! "Ah, sir, lack-a-
day,"
Said the lady that listened, as sad as could be!
"Ah, me, lack-a-day," answered he!
'Sing me a song," quoth he!
So he sang how for years and for years and a day
Her head had been full of a poor lover's sighs,
For nights and for nights with the love in his
eyes!
Oh, well, might she pause, for that gentleman gay
Kissed her quick on the lips, most joyous to see!
"Ah, love! thou wert blind," answered she!

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principals of the St. John Business Col-
lege.

A First-Class Hiccough Cure.
An attack of hiccoughs had consider-
ably aggravated Mr. Twiller's natural
irritability. 'Can't you do something to
help me out of this?' he asked, indignantly.
'Dy'e want to see me hiccough my-
self out of existence?'—but here another
spasm caught him.
'What can I do,' she asked pleadingly.
'I can't hold your breath for you and
count nine, you know.'
'No but you can scare me, can't ye?
Ye can holler 'Boo!' in my ear when I'm
not expecting it, or something like that.'
'Mr. Twiller,' she answered, frezingly,
'I am surprised at you. The idea of my
engaging in any such nonsense is sufficient-
ly absurd to be worthy of you. I have
something more important than 'Boo' to
say to you.'
'Eh?'
'I will require to have a new wrap this
winter—'
'What's that?'
'And, while it is a little more expensive
to start with, I have decided that sealskin
will be the most economical in the end.
So to-morrow you can give me a cheque
—'
'Mary— are you insane? What does
this mean?'
She looked at him in silence for a mo-
ment, and then said:—
'Your hiccoughs are gone, aren't they,
dear?'
'Why—er—yes; come to think of it, I
believe they are.'
'I thought,' she sighed, 'that if anything
would scare you that would.'

Good Reason To Hurry.
The trials of a musical accompanist are
many, if we may credit all the stories told
by them. A young professional recently
played accompaniments for the performers
at a private entertainment for a fashionable
charity, lasting for nearly two hours.
'Here, you see, I have no chance to take
a breath for ten bars,' said the amateur
flute-player, indicating to the accompanist
a passage in his opening solo. 'There are
a number of such places in my solos, and if
you'll hurry the time whenever you come
to them, it will be a relief to my wife, for
all my family are subject to apoplexy, and
I've already had one slight attack.'

Marrying in War-Time.
A maiden of about thirty years and still
youthful announced her engagement to a
widower with grown children. One of her
nearest relatives took occasion to remon-
strate with her.
'What possessed you Carrie,' said the
relative, 'to take a fancy to a man of fifty
with two boys in the army?'
'Well,' responded Miss Carrie, after
some reflection, 'I'd rather have two step-
sons in the army and a husband who can't
possibly join the army, than to marry some
young man and be scared to death for fear
he would get tired of me and enlist.'