

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, OCT. 22nd

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

WILL THERE BE AN ELECTION?

The rumors of a provincial election are reviving, but the information that PROGRESS has indicated that there will be no contest before another session. The members of the government are not agreed upon the matter and so far as we can gather the member most eager to go to the country is Hon. Mr. TWEEDIE, the provincial secretary. His boast may be an idle one but he claims, we understand that he can carry the four seats in Northumberland, three in Gloucester, three in Kent, two in Victoria, two in Restigouche and two in Madawaska counties for the government. That would mean sixteen seats and ten more in other parts of the province would give the administration a majority. Hon. Mr. WHITE also has this view of the case. He seems to agree with the opinion that the campaign of the opposition should be checked before the whole province becomes interested and too attentive to the charges brought against their government. The views of these two gentlemen would probably have prevailed but for the opinion of the former premier of the province, Mr. BLAIR, who yet, apparently, has more influence than any of his successors in office. The conference that took place during his recent hurried visit to this city overruled Mr. TWEEDIE'S opinion and the chances are that unless something unexpected happens there will be a session before an election.

In the meantime the opposition have greater confidence in themselves and their position than ever before. The reception they are getting all over the province no doubt sustains them in their conviction.

INFLUENCE OF SUNDAY CLOTHES.

It is one of the joys and at the same time one of the misfortunes of youth that there are such things as Sunday clothes. Sunday clothes—cannot we all remember the time when they were at once our delight and our bugbear? Through six days of the week were they not wrapped up, so to speak, in lavender by a careful mother who, on Saturday night, laid them carefully out on the chair at the foot of the bed, to be donned in the morning along with other stiff-and-starched et-ceteras which were the unfailing harbingers of a day that did not win much of our childish affection? Sunday was a mitigated pleasure in those days. True it meant a cessation of school-work, when we had arrived at the age when school had a meaning for us, but it meant likewise the banishment from the play-room of many of our most cherished possessions. But above all, most insistently of all, it meant Sunday clothes. And in that phrase was wrapped up a deal of meaning.

Primarily we liked Sunday clothes. There was a sense of newness about them an air of unfamiliarity which captivated the youthful heart. We had not got so accustomed to them that we despised and were weary of them. There were no snags or tears about them, and they had not arrived at the stained worn stage which was the predominating feature of our workaday clothes.

Whether it was the result of training, or whether it was in a measure instinctive, it is hard to say, but it will not be denied that Sunday clothes did exercise a mental if not a moral influence over us. Our outlook was changed when we were garbed in our best array. We were good—or, to be exact, we were better than usual. We assumed a dignity which did not belong to us six days out of the seven, and we seemed to become seriously responsible individuals. It is of no use to argue that it was simply the day, with its church-going associations, that took possession of our ordinary

turbulent spirits, for did we not on occasion don our Sunday clothes on a weekday, and did we not then become possessed of the same spirit? No—it was not the day that primarily influenced us, but with our fine clothes we felt more like a man put on his parole. Like nobility, they imposed an obligation, and in our childish unreasoning way, we tried to act up to that obligation. If you doubt your memory of those days, experiment now with a child, and see if he or she is not more tractable when dressed up in his or her best than when in every-day costume.

Has it ever been your painful experience to know a man of parts who has come down in the world—come down, that is, to low grovelling wretchedness? There are many such about; they are not difficult to find if you know their uses, and pitiful as they are, they are worth making objects of observant study. We are speaking of men of ability who, through drink or some other form of intemperance, have come down perhaps to a common lodging-house, from which, from time to time, they emerge into comparative gentility, when their slackened energies are not for a moment braced. You may see the influence of clothes in their case. One day they are in rags, and then they are careless and defiant of public opinion; they will slouch about in districts where they have been known in more fortunate times—ill-shod, unshaven, snuff-nosed, loose-limbed. But, on a sudden, a stroke of good fortune will give them a suit of new clothes, or of comparatively new clothes. At once some of their old bearing, some of the instincts of former times, will come back to them. Whereas yesterday, in their rage, they thought nothing of a beard of a week's growth, to-day they are ashamed of a two-days' beard, and they find means to rid themselves of it. Their snuffiness has given place to cleanliness, their amble and slouch have been exchanged for a walk. But, as the day comes round, as it soon will, when their last cent is gone and the second hand has claimed their clothes then—why, you will find they have put off their manner with their garments, that they have lost their gait with their appearance.

We shall not perhaps be going too far away from the subject of Sunday clothes—which is, after all, merely a figurative phrase—if we include within our survey the mental and moral influence of other surroundings, notably the home. Of the primary surroundings of town or country, of bricks or trees, we have often spoken, but the secondary surroundings of the house are hardly less important. If you can live up to a suit of clothes you can certainly live up to a house. And it is for this reason that we think there is no more wholesome form of philanthropy than to go about preaching the gospel of beauty in the home. It needs a certain amount of taste and education to rear up a beautiful home; but when once it is established it is a perpetual stimulant. We do not wish to deny the power of heredity in keeping some of our poorest classes in penury and hopelessness; but heredity is not all. Environment plays a by no means unimportant part, and the ugly, sordid, dirty home is a potent influence in encouraging brutality and all low forms of vice. First of all cleanliness, then beauty that should be the motto of every housewife. And, though subtle art will not appeal to the untutored mind, there are plenty of broad effects of beauty which can hardly fail to make an unconscious appeal to all but the lowest intellects.

Some time ago when New Westminister made an appeal to St. John to assist them in their distress, their city having been visited by a destructive fire, an inquiry was made at the council board respecting the funds in the hands of the relief and aid society. More than twenty years have passed since that money was subscribed to assist those who suffered by the St. John fire and there are many who think that the time has arrived when the affairs of the fund should be wound up and the balance applied to the benefit of all the people. The expenses of managing the fund are out of proportion to the sum that is distributed every year and the idea of winding it up should be carefully considered.

Our correspondent, "LYNX" whose letter appears in this issue, is mistaken if he thinks the resort that he complains of is an excuse for any such organization as a Law and Order League. We have a police force, and such matters as this come within their jurisdiction. And we have no doubt, that if "LYNX", or anyone else, makes complaint to the chief of police, proper attention will be paid to the matter.

Well, that fellow gets a new overcoat every winter. Oh, no he doesn't, he gets his old one dyed at Ungar's. They make the old new. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS. Telephone 58.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Where I Would Love to be.
Strolling away in a woodland scene,
Where Michelmas daisies grow;
Where the saucy brook goes dancing on,
And the winds of Autumn blow.
Where red buds fall from the waving tree
It is there I would love to be.

Where moonlight carpets the sylvan aisles,
With splendour of silver sheen;
And Fairies gathered in merry rings,
In their mystic dance are seen.
Where the night bird calls them to revelry.
It is there I would love to be.

Where the solitudes of the forest old,
Under the stately pines,
Are decked with crimson and golden leaves
And the great sun smiling shines.
And the twilight waits me silently
It is there I would love to be.

Where pyramid shadows slant afar,
Down the ancient glades of time,
Over the waves of the vanished years,
Telling of souls sublime.
Over the infinite shoreless sea,
It is there I would love to be.

Where wings of the green palms far outspread,
Arbour my lovely dreams,
And fragrant fountains lull my soul,
And the beautiful starlight gleams,
Where the smiling skies look down to see,
It is there I would love to be.

Where one might stray I would pray to see
In her robe of celestial light,
My love for her lover, in silent tears,
Seeking me day and night.
Where hope would lead her atlast to me,
It is there I would love to be.

CPRUS GOLDE.
The Primroses, October 1898.

Old Novels and New.

In all the novels of the past,
This or that classic friend,
Heroes and heroines find atlast
Their Eden at the end;
Their luck may fall at first, yet no,
You never feel dejected,
But certain that the sorriest throw
By Art will be corrected.

You felt a confidence assured,
Despite her mild alarms,
That evil's soon will be allured
By Evelina's charms;
You knew Miss Austen's fertile brain
A method would discover
By which Anne Elliot might regain
Her banished sailor lover.

But now, alas! the hero wins
The heroine half way through,
And on the following page begins
His triumph to undo;
By quick degrees their fortunes fall
To some malign concourse;
And so eventuate, at last,
In positive conclusion.

For either Angelin, tired
Of Edwin's faithful heart,
And by some newer passion fired,
Upsets the apple cart;
Or Edwin, who had seemed a saint,
To swell the general sadness,
Develops an ancestral taint
Of drunkenness or madness.

Or worse in this outspoken age
My modern novel comes,
Exhaling from each gruesome page
The savour of the slums;
Where Bills and Arries might shout,
Or deal in matters fistic,
And various oaths are strewn about
To make it realistic.

Then, since I know that life itself
Has grimness and to spare,
I take "Pendennis" from the shelf
And find my soul there;
Or in the lists with Ivanhoe
I feel my blood a-tingle.
Or else from stage to stage I go
With Pickwick and with Jingle.

Oh, ye who sell such dismal wares,
Let be, good sirs, let be;
Are there not night sweet-partneres
Whereof you hold the key?
Where one may for a space perchance,
Forget this world's disorder,
And pluck bright blossoms of romance
From each enchanted border?

To The Sirdar.

I have the voice, the words, the phrases,
I have the air (a tuneful thing),
Great Kitchener, to sing thy praises,
And yet, sleek I cannot sing.
Poor Dervishes, how didst thou trounce them!
A theme for every poet's tongue;
Yet still I know how to pronounce them,
My song must stay unmade, unsung.

How could I break forth thus: "Hurrah! he
Tears the Mahdists' plans away
And routs the hordes of Abdullahi!"
When I should say "Abdullahi?"
Wouldst thou not utter in thy grief a
Remorseful and expressive "Ah!"
To hear me cry, "Poor doomed Khalifa!"
When thou mayst call him "Khalifa?"

Thou'dst preach at me a wrathful sermon,
Should I sing how thy skilful plan
Has brought these safe to Omdurman,
When really 'tis to Omdurman;
And 'tis an irksome task and dreary,
More dreary than this sad song tells,
To find how to accent Karer, e,
Jebel, and various Wadels.

Hence, though no strain could well be sweeter
Than mine will be, when mine is made,
The all-exacting laws of metre,
And also rhyme, must be obeyed;
But cease thy bitter lamentation,
I'll sing a song that's worthy thee
When Soudanese accentuation
Is not a mystery to me!

—From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Keep A-Goin'.

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'!
If it falls, or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'!
'Tain't no use to sit an' whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait the hook an' keep a-tryin'—
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'!
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'!
'Spose you're out of every dime,
Gittin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' fine—
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!
Drain the sweetest from the cup,
Keep a-goin'!
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like sighin'—sing—
Keep a-goin'!

To Her.

Her mind's a garden, where do grow
Sweet thoughts like posies in a row;
Her soul is as some lucient star,
That shines upon us from afar;
Her heart's an ocean, wide and deep,
Where swirling waves of passion sweep,
Aye, deeper than the deepest sea,
And wide as woman's mystery;
O man, the mariner, beware—
Yet will I chance a shipwreck there.

To Whom It May Concern.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I notice by your issue of Oct 15, the query, "where is the Law and Order League?" Yes, where is it? There is work for it right on Prince William street, not one hundred miles from Beed's Point, a former denizen of Walker's wharf who many times figured in police circles is now located and I am told carries on the same old trade. Lewd persons of all descriptions gather in numbers in this little wooden shanty. Respectfully ask that your valuable journal will call the attention of the Law and Order League to the circumstances and have the evil rectified. Your very able journal did good service in rooting out the notorious den then known as the Dominion Hotel 2 years ago. Hope that it will be again successful.
LYNX.
St. John, N. B. Oct. 19, 1898.

A Useful Bit of Advice.

The catalogue of the St. John Business College for 1898-1899 has just been issued from the press of Jas. Seaton, and is very neatly gotten up. It contains all the information necessary for those contemplating a business course, and is well worth a careful perusal by those who may or may not be familiar with the methods of instruction carried on in this up to date institution. One who knows would advise all who are seeking a thorough business training to communicate with Messrs. S. Kerr & Son who will furnish them with a copy of their catalogue and any other information they may desire with reference to such a course.

This is Good News Indeed.

There is a well defined rumor to the effect that the chief of police had a pleasant trip to Spruce Lake last week and that he succeeded, with the aid of the stalwart policeman who went with him in getting the boat house and boats into safe quarters for the winter. But still there is no word of the police fund.

Experience in Business.

Experience will broaden one's knowledge and ability and business, when one gets a place to stand in; but to obtain the place and hold it depends upon whether or not one has prepared himself to fill it. The Currie Business University is doing excellent work in preparing young people for business.

GOLD IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Greater Yields Than in Alaska and South Africa Combined.

Concerning the promise of extensive gold fields in the Philippines, where it is already known that gold exists, an exchange says the islands are a greater Klondike than Alaska, and even greater than Alaska and South Africa, could these two be combined as one country.

The Philippine islands are rich in gold, rich in rubies and precious stones, and well supplied with coal and all useful minerals. So attractive have the Philippine Islands been to sailors that for years captains of sailing vessels and steamships have guarded against desertion when at the Philippines. Sailors would willingly buy their freedom and leave the ship, if only they might be allowed to remain in this beautiful and rich country.

Their experienced eyes can see the gold even in the sand, and they hear, as soon as they touch the shore, many stories of the minerals that have been brought from the interior. Every planter coming with his cargo to the vessels brings colored stones in his pockets, which were either precious or semi-precious stones. Rubies were plentiful among the semi-precious stones, and hyacinths among the semi-precious stones. Either of these were valuable enough to make it worth while to collect them.

Almost every kind of mining can be done in these charming islands. The mountains in the center give rise to many streams, which flow down almost to the coast. These frequently bring down heavy nuggets showing that there is a fine chance up above for hydraulic mining. Gold can be panned on the level along the shores of the streams, and there are few places where the sand does not pan the color of gold. In fact, the very ground has a reddish tinge, and there are tracts which plainly show color.

THE OLD BAILEY.

An old Land Mark of London is Shortly to be Removed.

Almost every one has heard of the Gaol of Newgate and the Old Bailey Sessions House in London. Novelists have told of them and travelers have made a point of seeing them. And now the historic old buildings are to be pulled down to admit of the building of a grand new Sessions House on the ground they now occupy. The London Chronicle gives the following interesting particulars concerning them. Newgate marks the site of an entrance into a Roman city. The gate was made in the west side of the later City wall. In William the Conqueror's time a gate known as Chamberlain, or the 'Chamberlain's Gate,' stood across the street between Warwicklane and the present prison. That gate, rebuilt in the reign of Henry II., or his successor, was in the reign of Henry III. in common use as a prison. In the year 1400, Henry IV. committed it by charter to the care of the Corporation. Sir Richard Whittington, moved by the ruin-

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ous state of the fabric and the terrible state of the gaol, instructed his executors to rebuild the gate, which was done upon the customary plan. After undergoing an addition, repairs and refronting at various periods, the old building gave way to new ones designed by George Dance, R. A., the first stone of which was laid by Lord Mayor Beckford on June 6 and 7, 1870, by the 'No Popery' rioters. Afterwards a sum of £30,000 was devoted to repairing and completing the fabric, which is considered by experts to be admirable in design and character. On the opening of Whitecross street prison in 1815, Newgate ceased to be used for debtors, and since 1882 it has only been used for prisoners awaiting trial during sessions and for those condemned to death. The present Sessions House, next to the gaol, consists of two courts—the old court and the new court. The first mentioned is for the more serious cases. It is lighted from the north, and has a gloomy and sinister aspect. The first Sessions House was that of Stowe's time, and, singular to say, the trial court was open to the street, the back looking northwards. It was succeeded by a court house, erected in 1773, and destroyed in the 'No Popery' riots above alluded to but rebuilt and enlarged in 1800 by the addition of the site of Surgeons' Hall, where the bodies of malefactors were taken for dissection immediately after execution. The new Sessions House will be rebuilt from plans prepared by Mr. Andrew Murray, the city surveyor, and will be carried out at an estimated cost of £120,000.

METALS THAT ARE PRECIOUS.

Compared With Them, Gold Belongs to Those of the Baser Kind.

'The majority of people when asked to name the most precious metals usually mention gold at first, platinum as second and silver as third, said the proprietor of a large assay and refining establishment. 'If asked to name others some might add nickel and a few aluminum to the list. Now let us see how near the truth they would be. Gold is worth about \$250 per pound troy, platinum \$130 and silver about \$12. Nickel is worth about 60 cents and pure aluminum from 50 cents to \$2.

'We will now compare these prices with those of the rarer and less well known metals. To take them in alphabetical order, barium, the metal which Davy isolated from its ore baryte in 1808, sells for \$950 a pound, when it is sold at all and calcium is worth \$1,800 a pound. Cesium is a shade higher: its cost is \$160 an ounce, or \$1,920 per pound. These begin to look like fabulous prices, but they do not reach the highest point, chromium being \$200. Cobalt falls to about half the price of silver, while didymium, the metal isolated by Masander, is the same price as calcium. Then comes gallium, which is worth \$3,250 an ounce, with this metal the highest price is reached, and it may well be called the rarest and most precious of metals.

Glucium is worth \$250 per ounce, indium \$150, iridium \$658 a pound, janthanium \$175, and lithium \$160 per ounce. Nidium costs \$228 per ounce, osium, walladium, platinum, potassium and rhodium bring, respectively, \$640, \$400, \$130 \$32 and \$512 per pound. Strontium costs \$128 an ounce, tantalum, \$144, tellurium \$9, thorium \$272, vanadium \$320, yttrium \$144 and zincinum \$250 an ounce.

'Thus we see that the commonly received opinion as to what are the most precious metals is quite erroneous. Barium is more than four times as valuable as gold, and gallium 102 times as costly, while many of the other metals mentioned are twice and thrice as valuable. Aluminum, which cost \$8 and \$9 a pound in 1890, is now produced as cheaply as our iron, zinc, lead and copper.'

'How lucky for poor Dick's children that his relatives are all so wealthy.'
'Why, what have they done for them?'
'Got them all into orphan asylums.'