PROGRESS.

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RADICAL EDUCATION IDEAS.

Mr. GEO. W. FOWLER, one of the representatives of Kings County, has some ideas on the subject of education and he explained them partially in the house a few days ago. He pointed out that the number of pupils in attendance at the public schools had decreased 2,438 in eight years and yet the government grants had increased very largely. The changes he suggested in the Normal school were of a radical nature certainly. He advocated the abolition of the provincial university and the doing away with aid to grammar and uperior schools. And the savings from these sources he would devote to an agricultural college where farmers sons could be taught how to farm. Truly, Mr. Fowler is original. He urges the principle that if the state helps to lay the foundation of an education, parents should build the superstructure themselves. If that idea should prevail then farewell to our admirable system of education. The boy who found that he could go so far and no farther unless his parents were well enough to do to send him to a superior or grammar school or to a college would not have much ambition to strive for an education. It must not be forgotten that all the boys and girls in the country are not the children of farmers. Many of the latter have something to look forward to. They expect to till the soil and make a living in the way their fathers did but their brothers and sisters only inheritance may be an education. They cannot get enough instruction from the ordinary second and third class teacher to begin the battle of life in the world and without the higher education from superior and grammar schools where would they be? It is all very well to learn farmer's sons how to farm but it might be urged with almost equal justice that the youth of the country should be taught how to lumber or how to obtain the products of the mine and of the ocean to the best advantage.

What a wonderful thing is a little advertising! The Evangelical Alliance no doubt thinks so by this time when they saw what a tremendous crowd they sent to the Opera house to listen to that sacred concert last Sunday evening. It seems to be agreed that there was nothing wrong with the programme or with the performance and that no harm was done. The most of people will sympathize with the Evangelical Alliance in their efforts to make the Lord's day as well observed as possible. But may it not be overdone? Is there any more harm in listening to a sacred concert in the Opera house than hearing a paid choir in a church. There are few churches in this city which do not have some paid singers in their choirs, and it might be added that one or two of them invited members of the opera company to assist them in the musical portion of their service. In view of these facts the protest of the alliance savors somewhat of inconsistency and so it must have seemed to the hundreds of church goers who hurried from the church to the Opera house.

Some of the barbers are talking about Sunday observance. They dislike the fact that those of the craft who are tenants in hotels can serve their patrons while they cannot do so—at least openly. The law that permits one man to shave and sell cigars and such articles and prohibits another from selling a shave is certainly one to ponder over. Perpaps it might be held that a cigar is a manufactured article and that a shave is not—that the production of the latter on Sunday would mean servile labor while the selling of the smoke is not. But the clerk behind the cigar counter who stands there early and late on the Lord's day will maintain that he does more servile labor than the barber who works two or three hours in the morning. Where will these nice distinctions cease?

Any government that refuses to produce its bank accounts makes a sad mistake. No matter whether the motion asking for such information is out of order or not the government should waive its objection and give any member the knowledge he seeks. The people have the right to know everything in connection with the transactions of the government and the refusal to produce such records as are requested is a tacit admission that all things are not as they should be. The sensible, moderate people of the province will not endorse such procedure and all the quotations of Mr. SPEAKER from such authorities as BOURINOT will not convince them that there is not something wrong in the transactions that seek the concealment of "points of order."

The suggestion that those citizens who seek aldermanic honors should address the electors and explain their views is very horrible in its way. Just think of thirty or more orators let loose upon the public at once. And no ALMIGHTY VOICE to quiet them!

On which side of the fence is Mr. DIBBLEE of Carleton county?

OSTEOPATHY—FROM A MONCTON STANDPOINT.

The Osteopathy bill now before the legislature at Fredericton, is a good illustration of one of the most unaccountable things in human nature—that love of casting aside the old and tried, for the new and unfamiliar, which seems part of the old Adam that clings so affectionately to fallen man, and makes it impossible for him to forget his ancestry. It appears to be an inherited instinct with him, probably derived from his mother Eve, to listen to the counsels of the stranger and disregard the practical advice of those to whom he owes allegiance. In no way does he display this glaring fault in his character more distinctly than in his manner of treating his medical adviser. The properly qualified and registered physician who has spent years of study, and most of his substance in acquiring what knowledge he possesses, may perform modern miracles in the shape of snatching his patients back from the brink of the grave; he may spend anxious days, and often sleepless nights at the bedside of some suffering mortal over whom he is engaged in a hand to hand struggle with the Grim Destroyer, and his only reward in many cases will be out spoken blame if he loses the battle, and an almost equally outspoken criticism of his bill when it is rendered, if he comes off victorious.

The citizens of Moncton do not seem to be exceptions to this rule, and the earnest efforts that some of them have been making lately to smooth the way for unlicensed and unregistered practitioners is scarcely complimentary to the regular physicians of the city who have been practicing for years, own properties and contribute their share to civic finances and are in every respect valuable citizens. No less than three if not more physicians are Edinburgh graduates, and those who have not that distinction possess the post graduate honors won by the long and successful practice of their profession: yet a number of people who would certainly class themselves as intelligent citizens, are working with might and main to defeat the object of the New Brunswick Medical Society—formed to prevent persons not properly qualified from practising medicine and enable the exponents of a certain new branch of the healing art not recognized by the medical profession to practise in Moncton without undergoing the examination required of all physicians before they are considered fit to be intrusted with the health, and perhaps the lives of their future patients.

To the unprejudiced observer who is neither anxious to practise the art of osteopathy upon his fellow creatures for the trifling consideration of two dollars a treatment, nor yet a member of the medical profession, it would seem that the members of the New Brunswick medical society are making a very moderate demand indeed when they ask that in the interest of the public, as well as of the qualified physician, these irresponsible practitioners should be required to pass an examination before being permitted to practise, even as all other medical men are compelled to do.

The mass of testimony in favor of the methods employed by the osteopathists which has been brought forward by their witnesses during the struggle at Fredericton, may sound very well on paper, and no doubt the treatment adopted was beneficial in the extreme to a young lady who was suffering from such an injury as a broken collar bone which had failed to knit first, because the patient was ignorant of the nature of the injury at the time it was received, and therefore did not seek medical assistance in time, and second, because she failed to give the injured shoulder the rest it needed, and which her medical adviser strictly enjoined. It may also have worked miracles in the case of the gentleman whose spinal column was lifted bodily up from its too close pressure upon his kidneys through its power, and upon the children who were crippled; but how the new science would work in a bad case of pneumonia, a violent attack of black diphtheria, or a well developed case of smallpox remains to be seen. Of course the latter disease is far from common, but unfortunately both diphtheria and pneumonia are of every day occurrence, and when one employs a physician it would be a satisfaction to know that he was an "all round utility man" in his profession, rather than a specialist who, however good he might be in his own line, would be a dangerously uncertain guide in many of the common but more serious ills to which flesh is heir, but with which the bones supporting that flesh, have little connection.

To do Dr. Buckmaster, the osteopathist whom all the present trouble is about, full justice he seems to have inspired his patients with the most absolute confidence in him, and to have made some wonderful cures, if one may take the word of the patients themselves; but perhaps if the records of any of Moncton regular physicians could be given equal publicity it might be found that they had effected equally miraculous cures during their several careers, without considering them worthy of mention. In fact one well known Moncton surgeon possesses the distinction of having cured two cases of almost hopeless injury to the knee joint, in both of which the patients were supposed to have been crippled for life, but are now walking forth in perfect health, and as sound of limb as any of their fellows. The most distinguished of "bone doctors" could scarcely do more than this, and yet the physician mentioned employed only the ordinary methods recognized by good surgeons all over the world. But still, with truly human perversity certain of the citizens would sooner go to a perfect stranger and cheerfully pay him two dollars for each treatment rather than employ a man whose reputation has been made under their very eyes, but who labors under the disadvantage of being close at hand, and too easy of success for those whose theory it is that the best things must be those which come from a distance.

What do You Call This?

"Talking of strange coincidences," remarked a visitor to PROGRESS a day or two ago, "a case of what Mark Twain would call telepathy came under my observation this week A friend was laughingly telling a dream she had the night previous concerning a lady whom she had never met personally, but knew by reputation. The relater of the dream described the other woman's personal appearance, and told too, of how while they were conversing the strange woman picked up a letter from a table and passed it to her.

"Now comes the curious part of the story. While the lady was commenting upon the fact of having dreamed so vividly of a stranger, the morning letters were brought in and right on top of all was a large square envelope, addressed in a strange hand to my friend. The unfamiliarity of the writing attracted her attention and she opened that letter first. A moment later she laid it down with an exclamation of surprise. It was a business letter from the woman of whom she had dreamed.

They Changed Their Programme.

When the first announcement was made with respect to the St. Andrews Society centennial celebration it may be remembered that the Sunday service was announced to be held in St. Andrew's church. Later on the official announcements scheduled the service for St. Stephen's church. It appeared that a very prominent laymen of St. Andrew's church had authorized the first announcement taking it for granted that his church would be honored by the event as the old historic Presbyterian church of the city. But when he met his colleagues of the general committee for arranging for the festivities they promptly overruled his action and determined to have it in St. Stephen's church. Rev. Mr. Fraser, pastor of St. Stephens, is the chaplain of St. Andrews Society and it was felt to be entirely out of place to give the service in charge of anyone else than the chaplain.

Whatever may be the cause of prematurely gray hair, it can be restored to the same color as in youth by Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Slumbering Flowers.

I roamed last night in Sleep Land,
My soul was in a dream;
I wandered where the flowers are,
By time's enchanting stream.
Where stars that shine like golden lamps,
The light of glory bring;
And muffled voices called to me,
'C me wake us up for spring,

I saw the golden yellow cup,
The crocus, fashion led;
I know the jewel d night robe,
The calla wears in bed.
I heard a thousand rose buds;
And thoughtful pansies sing;
"We had your promise love, last fall,
To wake us up for spring.

The poet is the only one,
Who in our sleep land stroll;
Permission has to visit us,
And enter at his will.
Forget me nots and butter cups,
The lily and the rose;
And daffodils will call to him,
As through the fields he goes.

The very grass that shelters us,
In royal robes of green;
Her pennants waving in the wind,
To welcome him are seen.
The marguerite is pushing up,
Her new frill to the light;
And soon his busy eyes will see,
The daisy is all right.

And his will be a time of peace,
With flower children all;
To walk the garden of the Lord,
His summer friends to call.
Till springtime and the poet true,
Their love vows constant keep;
That's why she blushes like a girl,
And then for joy will weep.

Where should he be to day but where,
Spring hides herself a-par;
Her hammock in a chain, each end
Held in a purple star.
How beautiful the balmy air,
Of eighteen ninety seven;
A million summer roses swung,
In incense up to heaven.

A maiden's love at seventeen,
Whose blushing laugh is bliss;
The lilies of her modest arms,
Defend her virgin kiss,
Within her trusting tender heart
A laugh, a sigh, a tear;
Just passing like an April cloud,
Is springtime all the year.

And soon sweet spring will slyly take,
This maiden's place instead;
Arbutus blossoms pink and white
Twined round her golden head.
And leaning on the poet's arm;
Come up the homestead lane;
Telling her inmost heart to him,
After the April rain.

And ever as the dear time comes,
Our trysting brook we know;
And there we linger tenderly
Where water cresses grow.
A thousand blue bells in her hat,
Proclaim it is a full fit;
And I get as a boutonniere,
A charming Jack in the pulpit.

CYPRUS GOLDE.

Snow Drift Hill, March 1898.

May.

May wuz fifteen ween 'er daddy
Sent er to a city school,
'N' we all rode to the landin,'
Me upon the old grey mule.
When the rest 'ad hug. ed and kissed
I jest whispered, fierce an' low,
"Swar you'll stick to me forever,"
An' she sobbed, "Forever Joe."

In a lonesome time to follow,
Lite wurn't with the livin' fer;
An' there wasn't nothin' ceptn'
Jest to work and think of her.
Spec' I did some groanin,' maybe,
Whilst the days was draggin' by,
'N I know'd when my breeches
Got to crawlin' up so high.

When they told me she was finished.
Graduated so they said,
'N was comin' home—jeminy!
I was sho' upon my head.
'N we all rode to the landin,'
Gee! But when I heard the boat
All my knees wuz weak as water,
An' my heart wuz in my throat.

Then it stopped, an' cross the gangway
Come a flirty city miss,
In 'her man's straw hat and 'spenders,
'N men's cuffs around her wrist,
But I kept on lookin', hopin'
Could May disappoint us so,
When the lady stepped up, laughin'
Sayin', 'Don't you know me, Joe?'

Well, at home it warn't no better,
All 'er clothes and ways were strange,
Yet I know'd it was May an' con'dn't
Hint the reason of th, change.
'N I moved around in misery
Till that cloudy summer day
By the creek I burst out', 'Tell me
What's you done wid little May?'

'Stay right here,' she kinder panted,
An' a wonderin' thar I stood,
Till I seen my sweetheart comin'
Comin' barefoot through the wood;
Cotton dress and pink sunbonnet,
Hair a streamin' wild an free,
'N she whispered as I grabbed her,
'Now, do you believe it's me?'

—Mary McNeil Scott, in the Atlanta Constition.

Pity.

Along the dawn the little star went singing,
Low-poised and clear to see,
Shaking the light, like drops of May-dew, clinging
Her bright locks mistily.
Like any snowflake faded in the winging,
Her voice felt white to me.

"O winds of Earth, that sorrow as ye fly
And take no rest?
Why go ye ever seeking, with that cry,
Some ruined nest?

"Why weep, my world? Ah, strange and sad
thou art,
Thou far-off one,
The saddest wanderer that hath warmed her heart
At yonder sun.

"And I would give thee comfort if I might,
That know not how;
Haply I see not far, from all the light
And know not why,—

"Along the dawn, across unfathomed deep,
Upspent, unbowed,
Through shallows of the moonlight thin as sleep,
Through fields of cloud.

"Poor world, thou aged world, I only know
That I am led
A sorrowful journey; art not thou? Nay, so,
Be comforted."

Along the dawn the little star went, winging
Glad ways across the wild,
Shaking the light that clung to her, enringing,—
An unremembered child,
Wide arms of morning gathered her, still singing;
And the Earth saw, and smiled.

—Josephine Preston Peabody.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

An Enterprising Man Milliner.

Mr. H. G. Marr the Moncton man milliner has been fortunate enough to secure the services of Miss Kearns, of New York city, who has been very highly recommended to Mr. Marr by leading New York houses. Miss Kearns, who reached Moncton on Saturday, has had a wide experience in the millinery business, and the very flattering recommendations that have preceeded her to Moncton are a sufficient guarantee that she is possessed of a pleasing personality as well as being high up in the millinery art. Miss Kearns, coming from the leading fashion centre of the continent, may be relied upon to keep up the reputation of Mr Marr's establishment and to give satisfaction to the ladies of Moncton. In addition to Miss Kearns Mr Marr has also secured the services of Miss Keenan of Montreal who has been in the employ of Messrs. Thomas May & Co. seven years.

Who Took the Photograph.

H. F. Albright of Fredericton is the photographer who trained his camera upon the Klondike group engraved for PROGRESS this week and appearing upon the first page. It was a happy idea of Mr. Albright's to get a photograph of the first fully equipped, large party starting for the land of gold and danger and he should profit by it but how he is going to do so by selling the photos at 30 cents each or four for a dollar is a question. This is by no means Mr. Albright's first venture in this direction and those who have seen his collection of views of Fredericton scenery say that it would profit the tourist associations to remember him.

For Queen and Empire.

The store recently occupied by Myers Bros. 29 Charlotte street, is now utilized to show a great historical and military painting "For Queen and Empire." It is freely advertised and according to the record of attendance placed outside of the entrance, several hundred people have spent their dimes to see what must be an interesting sight, PROGRESS has not seen it yet and therefore cannot speak of it with authority but sometimes curiosity gratified by such a small expenditure proves both amusing and instructive.

Passed Four Score Years.

When the well known figure of Mr. James Richey was seen upon the streets Monday and Tuesday those who saw and greeted him had little thought that today they would be following him to his last resting place. He died Wednesday evening after an illness of one day. He was 83 years of age and yet passed his latter days with the enjoyment of youth. He leaves a wife, five sons and two daughters to whom those who knew their parent well will extend the most cordial sympathy.

Bargains in Wall Paper.

In this issue of PROGRESS Mr. D McArthur, 90 King Street calls attention to his splendid stock of wall paper of which he has a large and varied assortment. Mr. McArthur is in a position to give wonderful bargains to his patrons and a call at his store for the purpose of inspecting his stock of wall paper would be time very profitably spent.

Listen to Reason.

We are doing beautiful work; one trial will convince you. Raised figures on table linen. Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works, Phone 58.

The Melting Mood.

'Do you believe in the good effects of laughter?'

'Of course; if I can get a man to laughing I can nearly always borrow $5 from him.'

Quits.

Mrs Dumjohn—I married you for love, and I did not get it.

Damjohn—Well, we are quits then. I married you for money and I did not get it.

The Difference.

Jack—Who's your friend?

Oscar—Friend! That isn't a friend That's my wife.

Elizabeth Mooney of Harvey county, aged 73, escaped from the residence of a relative with whom she lived at midnight and eloped with A. J. Hagerman, aged 83. Being of lawful age, the Justice of the Peace could not refuse to marry them, and he did marry them.