

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Glenborough street, St. John, N. B. by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company, Limited. (Limited) 29 to 31 Glenborough street, St. John, N. B. Managing Director, Subscription price is two dollars per annum, in advance.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Discontinuation.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 5th.

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

LUNATIC ASYLUM AFFAIRS.

It is to the credit of the public accounts committee that they looked closely into the financial affairs of the provincial lunatic asylum and made a recommendation that will bear good fruit in the future. But the discussion in the house can hardly be called creditable to the principal persons who took part in it. Mr. PITTS and the provincial secretary. The statements made by the former were of a character that would challenge the attention of any member of the house but he was evidently not prepared with any proof and was using his position as a member of the house to circulate certain statements which are far better left unsaid unless some evidence can be produced to support them. It is unfair to discredit any official in the eyes of the public unless proof is produced to back up the assertions.

Mr. TREWIDIE could have replied to Mr. PITTS in a dignified manner, at least, instead of in his usual flippant fashion. It is no argument or reputation to insinuate that a member is a lunatic, even if it is said in a jocular vein. But it seems to be a forte of Mr. TREWIDIE to divert attention from the main issue by raising a laugh. It would be out of place in an ordinary member if done so frequently, but it is certainly undignified coming from the provincial secretary.

Mr. PITTS's reference to Superintendent QUINTON as "BILLY" QUINTON, is perhaps the best measure of the nature of his remarks. His accusations were not of a serious nature but they were far better unsaid than made without any proof to support them. Mr. QUINTON is a hard working official—a man who is up with the sun and full of energy and life while daylight lasts. He has shown much executive ability in the management of the extensive farm connected with the institution and should not have been made a target for the insinuations of Mr. PITTS. It is noteworthy that Dr. STOCKTON took occasion to say that Mr. PITTS's attack was not made with his knowledge, but his statement that he would discuss the affairs of the asylum with the provincial secretary quietly was of equal significance.

THINK BEFORE YOU GO.

Every day we read of men starting for the region of the Klondike. They are going alone or in bands. They are sacrificing their business in many cases to take their chances of life and fortune in those northern regions of ice and snow. They have no real idea of what they will have to encounter but think that if others can stand the exposure and severity of the toil they can too and have a chance for a fortune at the same time. The newspaper pictures of a Klondike winter agree in at least one detail. They show us scores of ill-clad men, exposed to a temperature that ranges from thirty five to sixty degrees below zero, working long days to earn poor food and worse lodging—and glad of the chance to live at all. They put to flight the rosy accounts of big wages and great opportunities and depict in a true light the awful hardships of that region. These men are a part of the five thousand who succeeded in getting over the dangerous passes during 1897. The government estimates that during 1898 not less than two hundred thousand persons will be added to the present population of this region. It seems a question whether the majority will fare so well as the men who are toiling through the bitter winter for a bare living and in doubt of that even when they earn it, for had not the government sent prompt assistance and supplies it is doubtful that the result would have been. Indeed there is no reliable information as yet whether there was actual starvation or not.

Undoubtedly there is gold in the Yukon country. Yet it must be remembered that,

though expert prospectors have sought it for a dozen years, only two noteworthy placer deposits (Bonanza and El Dorado creeks) have been discovered. Along these creeks there are less than three hundred claims. Every claim was taken within a few weeks after the discovery. But the story of the great "finds" has been told so often and in so many different ways that every nugget has practically been magnified into many nuggets. Ignorant avarice seems anxious to forget that the gold lies under twenty feet of frozen earth—not readily to be found, or easily to be mined; and that in so desolate and barren a country, where necessities command the price we pay for luxuries, only the richest claims can be profitably worked. Reasoning from past experience, few men will find plying claims. These few will not be able to give employment to more than a fraction of the unsuccessful gold hunter. Admitting, then, that it is possible to carry into the country sufficient food for a quarter of a million persons,—and the proposition severely taxes faith,—how will the unemployed and ill-provided thousands secure a share of it?

The chances of failure are infinitely greater than those of success. How will the thousands of men who have staked all they possessed, left their friends and in many cases their wives and families bear the downfall of their hopes? Who can imagine what will happen if a maddened mob of adventurers reckless of their own lives and regardless of the welfare of others are turned loose in such a country?

And so there is an intimation that the office of law clerk may be abolished! Considering why it was created and the fact that the beneficiary has no further use for it, the reason for this course is not so obscure. Mr. PUGSLEY is an astute politician and no doubt he is a lucky one. Like a cat he always alights on his feet. It has always been considered that the office of law clerk was a neat suggestion of his own. The fact that it was unnecessary made no difference. He has, no doubt, given valuable assistance in the framing of laws but \$1,000 for a month's work is a pretty generous salary for even such legal ability as Mr. PUGSLEY possesses.

New Brunswick legislators are making a record for themselves this winter in the way of talk. It is nothing but talk—talk—talk. So much so that some days ago the official reporter notified the provincial secretary that he telegraphed as many words to the newspapers up to that time as he had for whole sessions in previous years. And yet that simple statement provoked an hour's discussion! Get down to business gentlemen. There are too many of you in the assembly in any case. If each constituency sent one member there would be more good work and less wind.

The next time the Halifax Chronicle sends a representative to St. John to report a hockey match or anything else it is to be hoped that the editor will select a member of his staff who has a certain regard for truth and courtesy. Fairer treatment could not be accorded any company of athletes than was extended to the Halifax hockey team. They played a splendid game and were given the most generous applause. The fact that they were beaten did not warrant such a false and ridiculous account as was telegraphed to the Chronicle.

There is one regrettable feature to this Yukon business—the departure of so many of the best and sturdiest men of the older provinces to that unsettled and sterile district. Some of them may get rich but many will return—it they are able to do so—poorer than when they went. But the country generally will suffer by their absence. There will be less production and consequently less wealth all over Canada on account of this Yukon craze.

Police Magistrate RITCHIE is of the opinion that children should be kept off the streets after certain hours,—seven in winter and nine in summer—and that in order to effect this the church authorities might be persuaded to allow the church bells to be used as curfews! And a day or two afterwards the information is telegraphed from Ottawa that the curfew has been abolished there. How opinions differ.

Some of the aldermen have had a pleasant trip to Fredericton this week at the expense of the city. They are bill promoters or explainers. No doubt they kept up the reputation of the city for ability and good fellowship. But what a glorious time the old Portland Council used to have when they went to hotbath with the legislators!

"Go West, young man" were the oft quoted words of HORACE GREELEY. And a good many Canadians seem to be following the advice of the great American.

THEMES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Retrospection.
Together in the summer ways,
When you and I were friends;
When sweet-faced roses filled the days
With all that true love sends.
With smiling skies were pearl and rill,
With violets fully blown;
In Arcady our love we told,
The time was all our own.
Together then, you must recall,
The boy, the sylvan stream;
As sliding where life's splendours fell,
We lived a love's dream.
You sang me songs and on your lute,
You charmed the time away;
The very words and waves were mute,
You won my heart that day.
Thenceforth my life was all for you,
My very soul had wings;
To follow you in trusting true,
Through walled and dark things.
I would have yielded every claim,
To love and life and heaven,
And suffered death to shield your name,
Had chance to me been given.
And still I sail the waters clear,
Their golden hearts of love yet dear,
As when we drifted by.
The one you caught and gave to me,
With kisses sweet I led up;
On my true heart its place shall be
Till sorrow drains my cup.
I know that never here again,
We two as then shall meet;
I feel the hope was all in vain,
To love and life so sweet.
For still your voice is ever near,
Your hand still clasps my own;
I only live to hold most dear
The truth that ne'er has flown.
A silent sadness over all,
The glory seems to rest;
I hear your spirit softly call,
From green isles of the west.
Then let the blackest darkness come,
If but I hear you,
Until I reach that distant home
Where my true love has gone.

CYRUS GOLD.

Under The Asclepi, Feb., 1898.

A Foggy Morning on the Farm.

The mist hung heavy on the barn, it looked a-kinder
An' the fish above the ridge, pole said the winder
We'd say down in the upper field, corn needed
second hoist.
An' the new ground in pastures into weeds an' weeds
was growin'.

Uncle on the foot-stone raised his hand up, silent,
Fog fuzzy on his coat sleeve, as it darkened, heart
a-sinkin'.

"Wind! no east'ard, Jake," he said; "our man J.A.
cob Gough;
Jake he turned an' (winded, said he thought it might
but off.

But one's thought different, still he didn't feel
quite sartin,
He said, "about that auction grass he'd bought of
Joe Smith;
Barfooted, twelve years old, a boy, I earnestly was
praying.
A day he'd come, a day to rest two tired legs in
his chair."

I listened to them talkin' all the time in silence
wonderin';
An' at last I just suggested that 'twould be good
to say for fishin'.

Two eyes above the door stone, an' two above the
path,
Looked down on me in scorn to see the subject of
their wrath.

"Fishin'!" snarled out one, shakin' rain-drops
from his collar,
"If ye live's ole's Mithuselah, ye'll not be with a
dollar!"

Work all behind, an' shinin'! Don't ye know there's
hay a-s-p'in'!
An' that ye got ter work, an' work to keep the pot
a-billin'?

He turned from me to Jacob; as he did there came
a sprinkle;
It pattered on my old straw hat and gave my eyes a
twinkle.
But they lost some of their brightness, when uncle
now said, "Well,
If 'tain't a day for hayin', I s'pose there's corn to
shell."

The White Lady.
The white stone lady on the grass
Beneath the walnut-tree,
She never smiled to see me pass,
Or blows a kiss to me.
She holds a cup with both her hands
With doves upon its brim,
And, oh, so very still she stands,
The thrushes came to drink.

She will not listen when I speak—
She never seemed to know
When once I climbed to kiss her cheek
And brush away the snow.
She never took the daisy-ring
I gave her yesterday;
She never cares to hear me sing
Or watch me at my play.

But still she looks through sun or rain
To watch the garden-door,
As though some child should come again,
Who often came before.
Some little child who went away
Before they knew of me—
Another child who used to play
Beneath the wall of here.
—Rosalind Marriott Watson.

"My Mamma Says So."
A little maiden six years old,
With curling hair of fine spun gold,
Stood swilling on a garden gate
And chattering to a tiny maid
Of marvelous happenings of life
In some far distant foreign state.
"My dear," said I, "how do you know
About these wondrous things are so?"
Slowly she raised her azure eyes,
Fled with unexpressed surprise,
Then said with childish dignity
Most quaint and beautiful to see,
"My mamma says so!"

Dear little girl, in future years,
When those eyes are dimmed with tears,
When haunting doubts obscure your view
And trusted teachers prove untrue,
Not all the lore of sage old men,
Shall have such weight in time of need,
As had thy childhood's simple creed:
"My mamma says so."
—Mary Marshall Parks.

Eve.
Outside the shut-closed gates of her lost home
Lay Eve;
And in her new, unequalled agony
She moaned;
O God, this pain! Have pity on my lot!
The great God heeded not;
The sun shone on in beauteous brilliancy;
The weary day dragged itself slowly by;
But in the evening, hark! A feeble cry!
God came back from far,
And past alarms,
Eve glories in her lot—
Her child is in her arms.
Elizabeth Harman, in Godey's Magazine

A USEFUL INSTITUTION.

St. John's Millinery College—How it is Managed by Thee in Charge.

A Millinery College is an institution of recent date in St. John but that it is an extremely popular one is evidenced by the fact that since it came into existence just two months ago it has been obliged to seek enlarged apartments, the room in which the first class of two pupils began work being entirely too small to accommodate the twenty three ladies now under the principal, Mrs. McDonough's instructions. The college is located at 85 Germain street and the bright airy work rooms are daily filled with ladies anxious to become their own milliners, and the list is daily increasing.

A thoroughly practical and complete course of instruction in high grade work can be obtained and everything that may be learned in a first class millinery establishment is here taught, and a partial course or special lessons for those who desire them or who cannot take the full course may be arranged for with the principal. Everything necessary to the student in instruction is supplied free for use during instruction hours, the learner practising at first on the cheapest fabrics and working gradually up to the more attractive damies used in the manufacture of headwear.

No classes are formed in the school and the pupils can therefore enter with equal advantage at any time. The instruction is personal and as every student is taught individually her advance is neither retarded nor unduly hastened by others.

Mrs. McDonough pays every attention to her patrons and the progress made by those under her care is most encouraging. Already the pupils are becoming proficient in the fascinating work and some very pretty and stylish creations are the result of their efforts in this line.

Instruction hours are from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. every day, with the exception of Saturday, and Monday Wednesday and Friday evenings from 7 to 9 o'clock.

An institution of this kind is certainly a great convenience and the ladies are not slow to appreciate the fact, and to take advantage of the privileges it affords. On application to the principal at 85 Germain street further particulars may be obtained.

The Delineator for March.

The March number of the Delineator is called the early spring number, and is an important one, as it contains the first announcement of spring fashions and is admirable in its literary features. The rapid growth of the Audubon societies, and the interest taken in the preservation of song birds, make extremely opportune the article on "The Audubon Societies and Their Work," by Frank M. Chapman, Assistant Curator in the American Museum of Natural History.

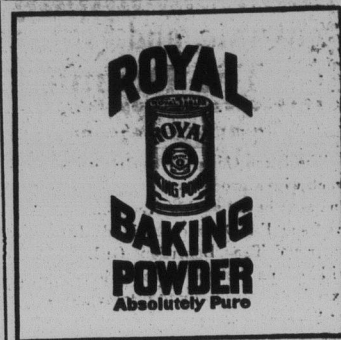
Lady Currie, the wife of the British Ambassador to Turkey, contributes a sprightly paper on Country House Life in England. Dr. Murray gives valuable advice in Fevers and Feishness in her series on the Common Ills of Life. Mrs. Meynell's article on Children will touch a sympathetic chord on the breast of every mother who reads it, and the contribution by Emma Churchman Hewitt on Indoor Interests makes a direct appeal to parents to increase the attractiveness of the home life of boys and girls.

The housekeeper will find something new in "Almonds in the Kitchen," and a decidedly practical paper is entitled "Whence I Love Comes," Mrs. Elizabeth C. Winter (wife of William Winter, the famous dramatic critic) contributes a story, "The Mystery of Bebe Claribel," and "The Adventures of Clive Rayner" are brought to a satisfactory conclusion. As necessarily only a few of the subjects can be touched on here, we recommend a careful study of the contents of the magazine. Order from the local agent for the Butterick Patterns, or address The Delineator Publishing Co. of Toronto, Limited, 83 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont. Subscription price of the Delineator, \$1.00 per year, 15 cts. per single copy.

Business Success.

PROGRESS is informed by Messrs. S. Kerr & Son that eleven of their students have been placed in good positions: since the beginning of the year. This is a very good showing when the dullness of this season of the year is considered. The fact is, business men want to get hold of persons having a thorough knowledge of their profession and knowing that the St. John Business College gives the best course of instruction obtainable, they are the more anxious to obtain the services of graduates from this college. Another secret of the success of St. John Business College graduates, lies in the fact that they have brains and ambition, and refuse to be led away by tempting offers to an inferior college, where there are lots of amusements, while the chance is before them to spend their precious time in a college that imparts instruction and business training from start to finish.

There are too many people with prematurely gray hair, when they might avoid it by applying that reliable and effective preparation, Hall's Hair Renewer.



Cannons 1, Boston.

(A correspondent sends the following)

Boston, Mass., Feb. 28.—The eighth meeting of the Canadian Whist Club, held in Arcade Hall, 7 Park Square, Boston, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 22nd, at 8 p. m. was an exceptionally brilliant affair. Thinking that a description of the same might prove interesting to your many readers, I forward you a list of those present. The fifty-five guests were received by the chairperson, Mrs. J. D. McBeath, Mrs. F. A. McInnes and Mrs. Humphrey. Whist playing was abandoned at ten o'clock, when a delicious supper was served. The members and their friends then adjourned to the ball room where dancing was indulged in till midnight. The floor and music were all that could be desired, and the evening was voted an exceptionally successful one. The following is a list of those present: Mrs. J. D. McBeath, Mrs. F. A. McInnes, Mrs. F. A. McInnes, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Botsford, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Manuel, Mrs. Wiggins, Miss Amy Diney, Miss Harriet Ramsford, Miss Bessie Botsford, Miss Margaret Allen, Miss Mabel Murray, Miss Ada Tabor, Miss Josephine Wood, Miss Harriet Norton, Miss Deane, Miss Violet Street, Miss Annie Sherbrooke, Miss Russell, Miss H. A. Sherry, Miss Schenck, Miss Rogers, the Misses Harrington, Miss Jamieson, Mr. A. C. Tabor, Mr. G. O. H. Hampton, Mr. D. B. Donaldson, Mr. G. R. S. McCurdy, Mr. Norton, Mr. Fred S. Clements, Mr. Bangs, Mr. Curtis, Mr. High, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. George Botsford, Mr. B. Botsford Peter, Mr. Victor Street, Mr. LeB. Shure, Mr. George Owsby and Mr. W. H. Belcher. It is proposed to close the very pleasant season with a ball to be held on or about Easter Monday.

A Liberal Premium Offer.

No uncertainty or element of chance in this offer. The readers notice is directed to the Advertisement of The Welcome Soap Co., in this issue. A stylish 1898 well constructed Bicycle, which carries the guarantee of this reliable firm, for \$35.50 cash and 200 "Welcome" Soap wrappers, is surely making good their announcement of a very extraordinary and liberal Premium offer. Every household uses Soap. There is no better Soap than the old original "Welcome", the consumer can save money by getting two boxes, instead of by the cake, save the wrappers, and in this way you can obtain a first class new guaranteed Wheel for \$35.20.

To get for a Breakfast.

Canadian Breakfast Bacon is the suggestive name applied by the Messrs. Dunn of Musquash to their new preparation in this line. It is attractively prepared and put up in tins ready for use. The tins are small and inexpensive—just the thing for a tempting breakfast. Messrs. Dunn have placed this upon the market within a short time and the demand has already exceeded their expectations. Mr. R. J. Farkis, who keeps a full line of their goods on Union street, tells PROGRESS that the sale has been very satisfactory.

Tuttle's Ellex.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897.

Dr. S. A. Tuttle,

Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Ellex to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blend," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain yours respectfully,

E. LE ROI WILLIS,

Prop. Hotel Dufferin.

Of Dante's Love.

(IN A PICTURE)

Dante, whose heart had fainter for the want of one fair face, the Queen-beatress, stood in his hunger, by the city wall. When, as by preordainment, Beatrice passed—Beatrice, who was his first love and his last. And all the music that thereafter he could make was made of dreams of Beatrice. Thence from his song a vision in the world. That millions have beheld and, sighing cried: "Alas! were but my love like his for Beatrice!" —Edwin R. Champin.

How to Get a Hog Back into a Pen.

A Denver man has discovered a plan to get a hog back into a pen through the aperture through which it passed out. His recipe in substance is: Get the nose at the hole in the pen then pass around behind the hog carefully, get hold of its tail and pull back as hard as you can. The animal will think you want to prevent it from going in and make a leap to its old place.

The difference between ancient and modern slang was amusingly illustrated at the Chautauque Assembly, when the teacher of English literature asked, "What is the meaning of the Shakespearean phrase, 'Go to P' and a member of the class replied, "Oh, that is only the sixteenth century way of saying, 'Come off P'."

Listen to Reason.

We are doing beautiful work; one trial will convince you. Raised figures on table linen. Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works, Phone 68.