PROGRESS. SATURDAY, MARCH 9.

pers.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO WORK

2

SHE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SUP-PORT HERSELF.

Too Many Young People Are Not Capable of Doing Anything of Marketable Value and Have to Enter Matrimony or Hang Like Millstones Around Some One's Neck.

Not long ago in my artless way I told you how I flanked Adolphus, and how I intended trying to become accustomed to his rival, the wooden-headed young man with money. I found the task more difficult than I supposed. I don't know why it is, but some people are nicer than other people, no matter how much you try to convince yourself to the contrary. I can't go the wooden-headed rival-his asinine self-complacency quite overwhelms me.

I sat down the other night and thought the matter out again. When there is something wrong, someone must be to blame. I have laid the blame for the rottenness in the state of Denmark at the doors of the fathers and mothers of the land. Why should not I be earning money as well as Adolphus? I am sure I am quite as strong physically and mentally as the dear boy is. Why should I eat the bread of idleness and, what is more to the point, the bread of dependence as well?

When, a few years ago, my brothers went to college, where did I go? To a finishing school, of course, where I learned to pretend to do many things-all of them useless-and really to do nothing. Then I came home again, a finished young lady. For the serious purposes of life I was very much unfinished, in fact only begun. The brothers were fitted for their life-work and were ready to go out into the world whereever they chose, and follow fortune where they pleased.

Now, may not the average girl have quite as much brain and ambition as her brother? Is it fair or just that she should be condemned to rust her life out in sleepy inaction in this dull old town, with not enough money, and a painful lack of new gowns? All the paths are ready to the professions and occupations of a work-a-day world, for the woman who has the open sesame of knowledge to utter. But how many of us have it? Few, alas, very few !

I heard a half-a-dozen girls talking, the

WAS JONSON BACON? Do let us ask for bread and, refusing the proffered stone; insist on having it. Instead of superficial "finishing" let us have solid education, let us be educated like our brothers for use and not for ornament. If

we have time for the embellishments we may have them, but do let us have the main building solid. We may not require it today, but let us have something we can do if the time should come when we must put our hand to the plow. At our 5 o'clock teas we chat in our amiable way about gentlemen acquaintances who lounge around the club and express our disapproval thereof-but these men do earn their own livings at least. Let us first remove the beam from our own eye, and until we cease to dawdle all our time allow our brothers to enjoy their mote. THE GIDDY GIRL.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Yeomen of the Guard has been succeeded by Erminie, in Boston. It hasn't been a success there, from the box-office point of view.

At the sterling old Boston Museum few actors die and none resign. The engagements for the next season already include Miss Clarke, Miss O'Leary, Miss Addison (Mrs. Pitt), Mr. Pitt, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Davenport, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Nolan and Mrs. Nolan (Kate Ryan) -old friends, all of them, and each as capable, in his or her line, as any on the American stage.

The largest theatrical advertisement on record has just been placed by Henry Irving in the London Era. It covers twelve pages. There are men not quite so well known as Mr. Irving who think they can get along without advertising.

Fanny Davenport is the last to come to the front with a tale of the marvellous amount she has cleared this season. In her case it is \$200,000. The ciphers are very impressive.

tent upon enlightening its readers as to the prosperity of art and artists in America, strong proofs in favor of this argument and gives the amounts of their respective were not in his handwriting and that the fortunes. Giuseppe Jefferson is credited supposed author was constantly forgetting with five million dollars, Edwin Booth and the contents of his alleged writings, going Mrs. Langtry with a million each, a mythi- so far even as to place impossible dates cal person named Crabtree (presumably upon them and otherwise demonstrating Lotta), with \$800,000, James O'Neill with his limited knowledge of their contents. \$650,000, and Maria Anderson and Kate So careless was Bacon in such matters that Claston with \$250,000 each. II. Price many works of great ability had been Webber isn't in the list.

A NEW LITERARY PUZZLE PRO-POUNDED BY A STUDENT.

Bacon Had Neither the Genius Nor the **Opportunity to Write the Famous "Es**says," and His Alleged Activity Ended When His Friend Became Paralyzed.

In an ingenious and novel argument before the Shakspeare society of New York, at its last meeting, Mr. Alfred Waite utterly demolished Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's theory as to the works long attributed to the Bard of Avon. The novelty of this latest refutation of the imputations cast upon Shakspeare's genius lies in the fact that Sir Francis Bacon was shown-to the essayist's entire satisfaction-to be incapable of writing anything but very poor stuff, and it being granted that he did not possess the ability or scholarship necessarily belonging to the philosophical works hitherto ascribed to him it naturally tollows that neither was his genius equal to the task of producing the masterpieces generally accepted as Shakspeare's.

The paper opened with a brief sketch of Ben Jonson's early surroundings. His lowly origin, his distasteful work as a bricklayer followed by a term of military service in the Netherlands, were lightly touched upon as showing the contrast between himself and Bacon. And yet, despite the former's exalted position and good birth, the two became most intimate companions. This strange friendship dated from the

release of Jonson, who had been imprisoned and was in danger of death upon the block for killing his opponent in a duel. What more likely, hinted the essayist, than that Bacon's influence secured immunity for the man of lowly birth, but enormous intellectual attainments, who in return for the favor vielded his birthright, the fruit of his brain, to his deliverer.

After dwelling upon the contrasts be tween the two men, one of whom was, in addition to his poverty, despised as a papist and a player-then a term synonymous with outcast-Mr. Waite declared The Trovatore newspaper, of Paris, in- that Bacon's literary fame was born very shortly after Jonson's release from prison, prints a list of wealthy actors and actresses, being that the letters attributed to Bacon neglected and forgotten by him. This would scarcely have happened had he been really their author. Excellent discourses in a round Saxon hand, very different from Bacon's, had been discovered among his papers a century after his death, but yet, most strangely, an admirable transcript of those same discourses had been published years before among Jonson's undoubted works. Lady Ann Bacon's intense hatred of Papists and denunciations found among is dealt with by many persons of a wouldher papers of one "Jones," a member of be religious character, who would make that body, who was among her son's intimates in 1593, was presented as showing that all possible family influence was brought to bear upon Bacon to relinquish the ties binding him to Jonson, who was undoubtedly that "Jones," so bitterly disparaged by Lady Ann; but, said the essavist, the secret understanding existing between the two men was too strong to be thus severed. In 1597 the first edition of Bacon's Essays was issued, and Mr. Waite thinks it not unlikely that certain rough drafts in prose intended by Jonson as the foundation for poetry were elaborated by Bacon and published as the famous essays. The peculiar intimacy between Bacon and Jonson was remarked upon by many of their contemporary writers, whose bitterness toward the humble playwright was exemplified by their explaining that connection by the assertion that poor Ben simply translated Bacon's works into Latin. This was a poor theory, however, as any prominent lawyer of the day could write in Latin as easily as in English, and it would they passed a vote that "no teachers who not have been necessary for Bacon-generally a despiser of the Thespian art-to seek such help in the theatre. Among other reasons for believing that Jonson was t e inspirer of Bacon's philosophy the essavist urged that while Ben's early boyhood had been remarkable, Bacon was a youth of quite ordinary attainments. Jonson's critics declared that he was slow and jeered at him as a translator. When he was stung into refuting these insinuations he nevertheless wrote "The Fox" in five weeks. His apparent slowness was to be accounted for by the presumption that playwriting was neglected for far more important work, which was turned out with marvellous rapidity, but under another's name.

at the close of 1625, when Jonson was paralyzed and incapable of work, showed the monstrous incongruity of it and "Bacon's" best works.

Bacon's personal character came in for severely satirical comment, and the insertion in his pardon, drawn up by himself after Buckingham had succeeded in obtaining that clemency from James I for the then degraded courtier, of clauses exempting him from punishment for plagiarism, was a final shot fired by the advocate of Ben Jonson into the ranks of Bacon's worship-

A curious side light is thrown upon all this by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's article on 'Delia Bacon's Unhappy Story," in the North American Review for March. Dwelling upon his heroine's deserts. he says: "If Delia Bacon's theory, that William Shakspeare was a mere mask for Francis Bacon, is an absurdity and an insane delusion, and if she was, indeed, simply a mad woman, as her brother, Dr. Leonard Bacon, assured her she was, when she conceived and published that theory, we may well ask why her nephew now 'drags her frailties from their dread abode,' and parades them before the world. Has she any more claim to a biography, in that case, than any other of the unreasonable and unfortunate inhabitants of Bedlam? If she was simply the insane originator of an impossible conception, should not her relatives have spread the mantle of charitable oblivion over her shattered life? Should they not

Walk backward, with averted gaze, And hide her shame?

A biography of Delia Bacon can only be justified by a belief in the truth of the theory with which her life is identified. Anything less than that is to stir the dust it is to exhibit her, straight-jacket and all, to an unsympathetic public, for a pecuniary consideration. If Delia Bacon was not any in the trade. insane when she framed and uttered that right as Aristarchus of Samos was in his dav-then she deserves a hundred biographies to be written by tender and loving friends, with reverent eyes and enthusiastic admiration. If she was right, then was

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theory, if she was right in her views-as EMERSON & FISHER, 75 and 79 Prince Wm. Street. **OTHING GIVEN AWAY FREE!** MARCH 6th,

other day, all of whom are dependent on fathers who spend their income as it is earned, and have nothing laid by for the proverbial rainy day. The rainy day will come for these young persons when the father is gone. Some of them will enter that great refuge of unprovided maidenhood, matrimony; others will continue to hang like millstones around the neck of other of their male relations, for, by their own confessions, not one of these ablebodied young persons was capable of doing a single thing of marketable value in the world. One of them, indeed, did express a lingering belief in her ability to mother to him and she is worth \$500,000. keep house, but if my own experience of my friend's housewifely qualities could be known to those about to embark under her charge on the uncertain sea of domestic life, I am afraid they would refuse to put foot on the vessel. Any girl who, in purchasing beef-steak, requests to have it not too near the foot, it she does not display ignorance, at least lays herself open to the suspicion of being of a humorous turn of mind.

It is quite as much the duty of parents to educate their daughters to earn their livelihood as their sons. When a woman there is but one path open to her, and that glossy .- Advt. leads to housework. Even this requires more knowledge than a woman educated in comparative luxury commands, still it is here we find them, to their own as well as to their employers' regret. The wonder is that this need does not appeal more strongly to thinking men and women the world over. Criminal carelessness is the only verdict that can be given in the case of fathers and mothers with families of daughters, who allow those daughters to grow up with no means of earning their own living.

The remedy? Let every girl insist on being taught something useful. Instead of dabbling in music, painting, French, learning half a dozen things indifferently, let them learn some one thing thoroughly.

Women lawyers, journalists, doctors, teachers, are becoming numerous. Why not have women as printers, drug-clerks. watch-makers, cabinet-makers, civil servants, and in all the other callings not requiring superabundance of muscle? Too much of women's labor is unskilled, owing to deficient training. We need more competent dressmakers, milliners, nurses and cooks. Trained nurses are becoming much more numerous, and what is much needed is a training school for cooks. In some cities of the United States there are institutions where servants are trained, and something of this kind is needed in Canada. If women's rights advocates, convention holders and all those women so interested in obtaining equality for the sex would devote their time and breath to the practical side of the question, and instead of wanting to govern the nation, help their sisters to govern their own homes and lives better, it would be much more profitable. A few of us do strike out in the world and endeavor to carve a name and fame for ourselves, but most of us pull our chairs closer to the comfortable grate and murmur, "How can she do it ?"

Maggie Mitchell wants a divorce from her husband, on the ground of infidelity. He wooed her for fourteen years and they were married in 1868. He will probably be sorry to give her up. She has been a

Courtly Gentleman-"May I ask if you were present at the creation?

Elderly Maiden-(blushing with quick indignation)-"Sir! I do not understand what you mean."

"Nothing, ma'am; nothing. I simply wished to inquire if you attended the oratorio by the Choral society Wednesday." Lowell Citizen.

Miss Bessie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp which caused her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely she scarcely dared comb it. Aver's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, is left ignorant of any trade or calling and made the hair beautifully thick and

LIFE.

(A BIRTHDAY GREETING.) The wise in heart shall be called prudent, and the sweetness of the lips increaseth wisdom .- King Life is a wonderful gift! The life of a human soul, By the will of Omnipotence sent adrift Where the waves of eternities roll-Adrift, in a tiny barque, 'Mid the sweep of the billows of sin, But safe as the one in the venturesome ark. Whom the Lord Himself shut in. Life hath beginning in God

The soul hath a life of its own, And a being distinct, and sublime, and broad As the universe ever hath known. The soul in its life will grow, Its faculties all expand Till it compass not only the finite below. But the infinite fulness beyond.

Life hath its purpose in God All other is puerile and vain Nor footstep of angel or spirit hath trod On a height which it may not obtain. Love is the strength of its power, And wisdom and prudence hath part, And "sweetness of lips" the crown and the dowe Jehovah gives pureness of heart. Lite hath its ending in God

Its source was of yore in His breath, And mortals are won by His grace and His rod From the bondage and judgment of death! "Death is the wages of sin," But "they that be wise," saith the Word. 'Shall have life and shall shine"-in glory shut i "As the stars" in the Crown of the Lord. L. A. MORRISON.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

she, indeed, the profoundest thinker of her age, with a sweep of thought and depth of penetration a thousand miles beyond the shallow great ones of her generation. If she was right, she deserves to be honored as a martyr to the truth, who stood nobly up in the arena of the world until torn to pieces by the wild beasts of public opinion. There are many now who regard her as the greatest American yet born: the hope to see her biography yet written by some one

who loves, honors and believes in her."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Is It Wrong to Dance?

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS : I would like to ask a few questions through your common-sense paper, upon a subject that the world believe that they were endowed with more knowledge of the claims of the Most High than He who made laws so

plain that he that runs may read : Where within the lids of the sacred scriptures can there be found a passage in which the word *dance* or *dancing* is spoken of as offensive to Him who, in plain language, has spoken by His servants, and has given permission to use the world, with all its pleasures, and freely to enjoy, but abuse none?

I am amazed to hear from time to time of persons, ignorant of the teachings of that sacred book, aiming to fix a law beyond that which is written there, by cutting off the innocent pleasures of the youngeven the little children, who were once set as a fit type of the kingdom of heaven. This question has arisen with me, as I understand that some children, in a little

party, danced after their own fashion, with other enjoyments, and so wrought upon some of the Sunday-school teachers that allowed their children to dance should act as teachers in their Sabbath-school"; and that took place within a thousand miles of St. John. Now, sir, is it not amazing that men or women who have the Bible, and read carefully the claims of true Christitianity, can for one moment allow their

narrow prejudices to carry them so far as to try and make the natural, innocent amusements of life so sinful! Amazing, indeed, and the more so as it cannot be found that amusements are anywhere condemned only in man's condemnation.

I tremble for the person who dares to add to or take away from what is so emphatically written. Instead of launching out anathemas on dancing that God has not denounced; how much more Godlike



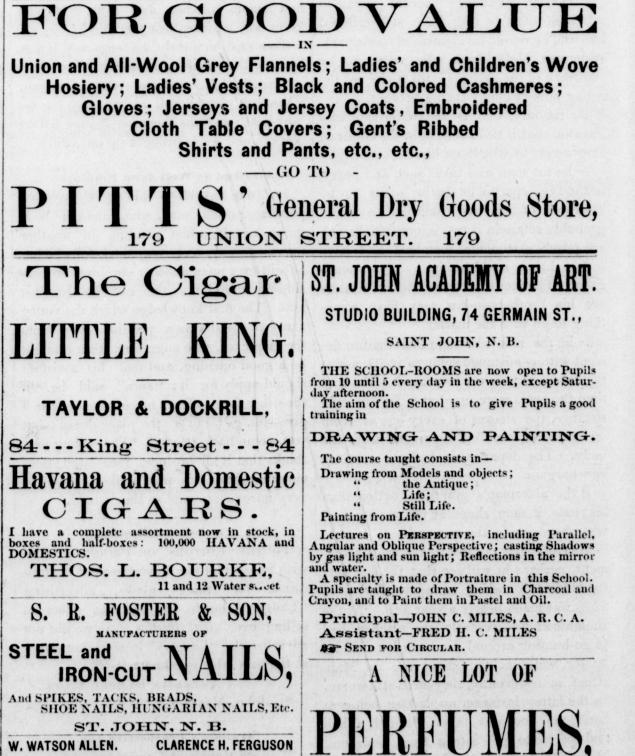
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TYTE will give away on the EVENING of WEDNESDAY, March 6, ONE of our CORKSCREW SACK COATS; ONE of our CORKSCREW PANTS and VEST (to match coat), and ONE pair of our Two Dollar.

and Fifty cents Pants. These goods are all first-class. The suit is good value at Twenty-two Dollars-although we sell the suit for Sixteen Dollars and Fifty cents. All that is required of you is to call at OAK HALL CLOTHING HOUSE, 5 MARKET SQUARE (LOOK FOR THE RED LIGHT), any time not later than SATURDAY EVENING, March 2, and register your name, and you will have a chance FREE OF CHARGE (won't cost you a cent), of getting either the coat, the pants and vest, or the pants. No person can register their name more than ONCE.

P. S.-Persons living in the country, by sending their name to us by letter or postal card, can have their name registered and have an equal chance. But no two names can be sent in one letter or card, the sender must write their own name to the letter or card. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., No. 5 MARKET SQUARE,

TT LOOK FOR THE RED LIGHT.



Why should we ask for all? A little's best, If but that little last; Who wants life's bliss into one measure pressed, And joy forever past?

Then, empty hands that hold an empty cup, And ceaseless thirst, With life a river-bed whose stream dried up When crossing first.

No one has all ! The angels weep, they say, So God may dry their tears. As after darkest night comes brightest day, To shame our fears.

And when at last we lie, with labor done, And tired hands at rest, Dear God! the shortest race was soonest won : The little best. CECIL GWYNNE.

Quoting from Gifford, Mr. Waite showed would it be to openly denounce what He that Jonson's private library was exactly has,-the sins that today are cursing the Christian church-and to search their own the place in which to gather such material as was utilized in Bacon's writings. On hearts, lives, and actions, in all the relations of life. Take, for instance, the adulthe other hand, Bacon's frequent illness, the pressure of official and private business, terers, false swearers, the robbers of the and undoubtedly authentic letters of his, widow and fatherless, turning aside the full of circumlocution and tautology, stranger from his right, double dealing in clearly proved that it was really impossible business, deceiving for gain, back-biting, for him to have accomplished such work. slandering, casting blights on character, Jonson had been neglectful of the stage at Sabbath breaking, and a host of other sins the very periods when he might well be of which God has emphatically declared that supposed to have been engaged on Bacon's all such sinners shall have their place and philosophies and, finally, contended Mr. shall never enter heaven. H. Waite, the publication of the "Paraphrase" Fredericton, March 2.

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