

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 street, St. John, N. B.

And this altogether without reference to the bible. Just as in science we argue back to a great first cause, so in the moral domain we may argue back to "a power which makes for righteousness," and our conceptions of the divinity are all comprehended in these two ideas; the agency whereby all that is come to be and the influence that stimulates and aids mankind in its strivings to attain unto perfect life.

Historically, christianity can be traced back to the apostles, and they themselves tell us that they drew their inspiration from One who, after a short life of unselfish

and sometimes ten, and even a quarter for a paper and take no charge, but these are exceptions, and only rare cases in the barren desert of newsboy life. Surrounded by a rough crowd, and careless of the proper restraints and respect due my neighbors, as was, I never descended to anything criminal, although, instead of half starving at the wages paid me for selling papers, I might have made money by selling rum as the Scott Act was even then more than it is now, a dead letter.

ESTIMATES OF GOOD TALKERS. Hon. Mr. Foster and Hon. Mr. Blair Compared by an Outsider. An American gentleman, now in the city, who heard while in Fredericton the addresses delivered there on the political topics of the day by Hon. Mr. Foster and Hon. Mr. Blair, is loud in his praises of

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

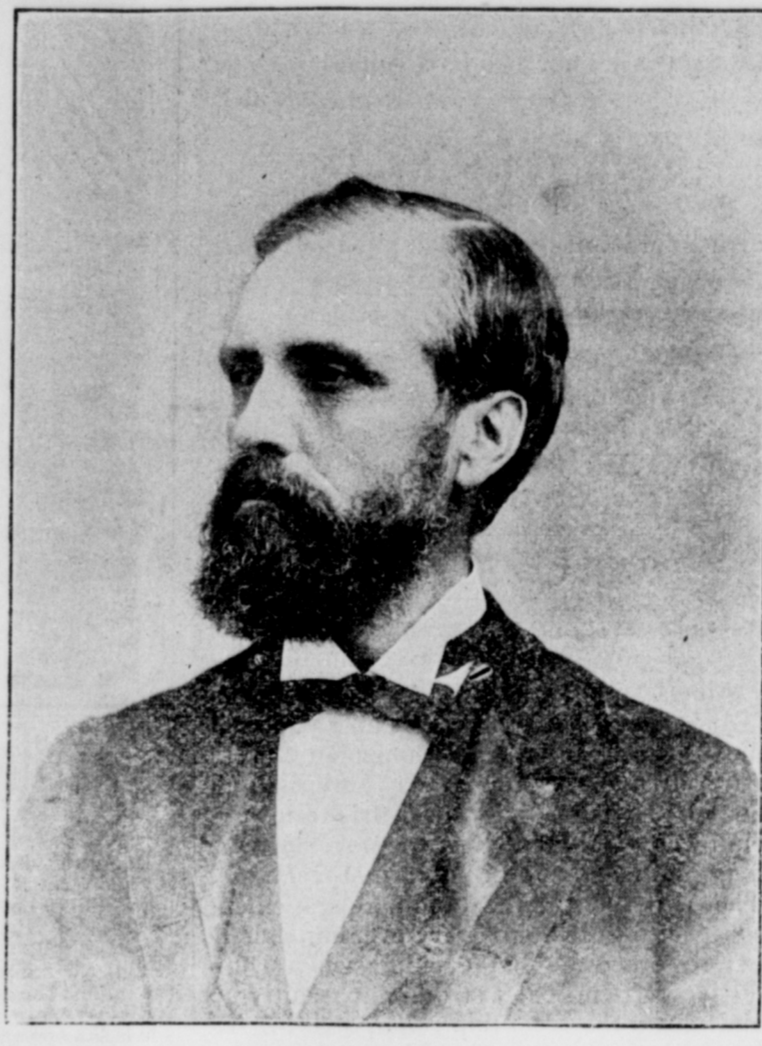
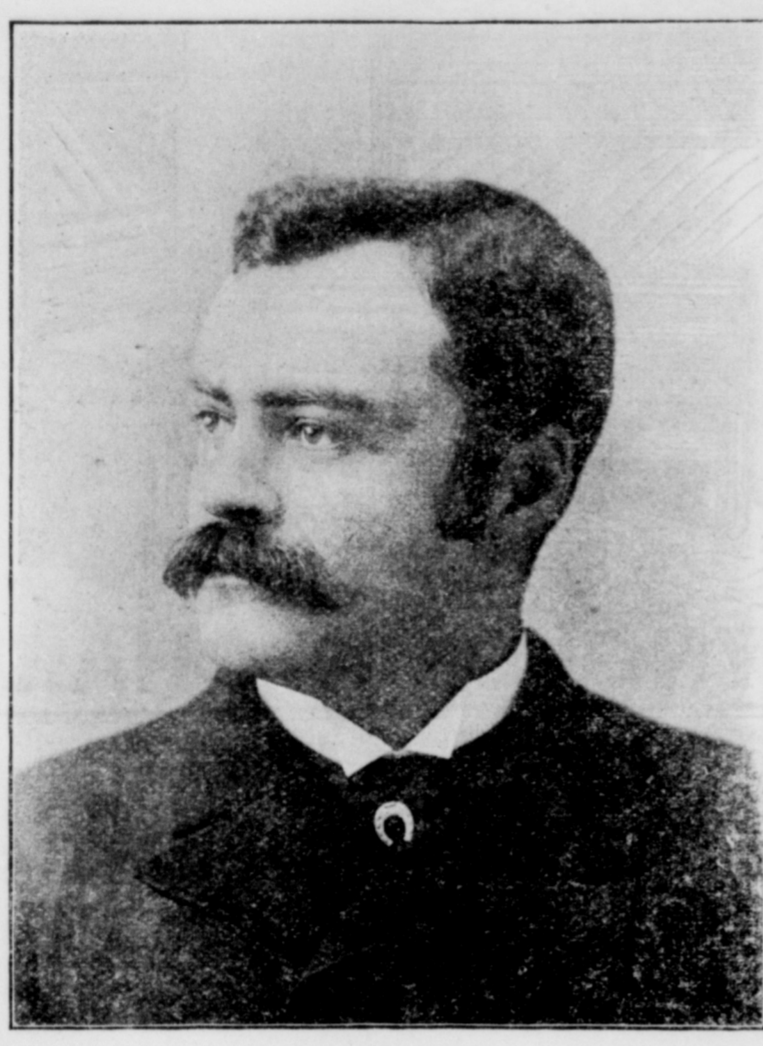
No Matter What Comes Up, the Same Subject is Available. On Monday mornin' Mr. Gregory meets Mr. Crocket. Its offit dull, sez Jim, how am I goin' to fill the paper up? O, pitch into Blare sez Mr. Gregory. So they pitched into Mr. Blare feroshus. On Tuesday mornin' Mr. Crocket meets Mr. Gregory. They say there's going to be a general election, sez Jim, wot course would you advise? O, pitch into Blare, sez Mr. Gregory. So they pitched into Mr. Blare feroshus. On Wednesday mornin' Mr. Gregory

A Woman's Answer.

The election campaign in Moncton, though a serious enough business in the main, is by no means without its humorous side, few elections are! And these bright spots serve to enliven the gloomy chasm of party strife and cast a ray of light over the troubled sea of politics, even as a lantern crowning an irregular structure of earth and stones in the centre of a Moncton thoroughfare, proclaims to the educated eye of the Moncton citizen that the council are once more engaged in excavations—technical term for digging up mud. For instance: Last week a gentleman,

SOME ILL-SCHOOLED GENIUSES.

Great Men Who Were Not Model School Boys. Newton and Scott were both dilatory scholars, though on occasions they would make a spurt and prove what they could do. Goldsmith earned for himself among his schoolfellows the reputation of a "stupid, heavy blockhead." Coleridge, too, when at desultory reading, Balzac is a clear instance of a school failure. Instead of setting himself like a proper boy to master the prescribed subjects he buried himself in mystic literature and indulged in day dreaming. He went out of his way, too, to write a treatise on the Human Will, an irregularity which one of his masters naturally enough punished by committing the MS. to the flames. Perhaps, however, the typical instance of the stupidity of genius is Rousseau. He was a thorough dunce and knew it, though he tries to account for it by a hypersensitive nature. Pope when at school showed his taste for vituperation by lampooning his master. Addison is said to have run away from school after committing some breach of discipline. He was also the leader of a "barring out" at the grammar school to which he afterwards went. Southey, as is well known, was expelled from school for penning a spirited article on flogging in a school publication. Byron was another rebel against the scholastic powers. He hated Harrow, found the drudgeries of accurate scholarship intolerable, and was "fam ferous rowing." The defiance by young genius of scholastic powers is well illustrated by the incident that Sterne relates out of his school life. The master, he tells us, "had had the ceiling of the schoolroom new white-



THE WINNING TRIO—HAZEN, SKINNER AND McLEOD.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 7.

After some waiting and negotiation we are glad to be able to announce the publication of a new serial story by that popular English author, FITZGERALD MOLLOY, entitled, Secret Is Revealed. The opening chapters promise a story of unusual strength and interest. It is a long time since a good original serial story has appeared in a St. John paper. This will be but the first of many that we propose to print in PROGRESS.

THE FIGHT IS OVER.

The fight is over and the government has been sustained apparently by about the same majority as before the dissolution. In the maritime provinces the support extended to the government is even more united than it has ever been.

In no constituency in the whole dominion was the fight waged more fiercely than in St. John. It was a battle royal and the result was so decisive that the will of the people cannot be questioned. No one can put forward that stereotyped excuse that money did it. The liberals could not have stayed the tide of votes if they had had the bank of New Brunswick behind them.

Now that it is over everybody should be satisfied. We have had enough of turbulent election, a little business is now in order. It may be a hard matter to return to routine after such excitement, but the people of this city adapt themselves easily to circumstances, and they will accept the will of the majority without a question. But business is what now calls the attention of the people, and the quicker they get settled the better for the country.

ECCE DEUS.

A well-known clergyman said recently that there was no proof of the divinity of CHRIST outside of the bible. Without stopping now to consider how far the bible can be said to "prove" anything, in the strict meaning of the word, or to comment on the fact that all persons who believe it are not convinced that it teaches the divinity of CHRIST, we would respectfully join issue with the reverend gentleman referred to. The world today presents in what we know as Christendom, the results of CHRIST's mission. Where christianity is professed, social and intellectual progress is the rule. We can only judge of a system of religion by its effect in this world. There is no process by which we can lift the curtain and look at the unseen life, which lies beyond it, so that as to the effects of christianity upon the spiritual world we have no data. Therefore to find the fruits of CHRIST's mission we must search on this side of the grave. What are those fruits? Are we wrong in saying that among them are individual liberty, the elevation of women, that spirit of love for our brother man, which has brought into existence our hospitals, asylums, our hundreds and thousands of institutions for the alleviation of pain and suffering, for the uplifting of the fallen, for the encouragement of the weak? May we not ascribe to it the fact that in christian countries mercy and justice are wedded in indissoluble union? Does not the spirit of the gospels permeate all our institutions, and is it not in point of fact dominant in social life? Are there not countless instances where this spirit has worked reformation in individuals? Is not christianity the greatest and most aggressive force in the world today in what most persons would call the conflict between good and evil, but what might properly be termed the uplifting of humanity?

This is scarcely the place to trace back this wonderful agency to its origin and show the unfavorable conditions which have surrounded its work, and how terribly it has been hindered in its operation. If there is such a thing as divine power anywhere it is wrapped up in the christian religion; it is the vital price of christianity.

devotion, was crucified on Calvary. If the gaping crowd which stood at the foot of the cross could have had a vision of the world of christendom as we see it; if they could have known the place which after nearly two thousand years the name of the uncomplaining sufferer would occupy; if the wise men in the synagogues and schools could have foreseen the mighty influence which His simple teaching would have, the whole nation would have cried out with the watching centurion, "Truly, this was the son of God."

You may strip the gospels of the story of His miraculous birth; you may prove that every miracle was a case of delusion or that the accounts of them are interpolations in the original text; you may demonstrate that the bible has no more authority, or not half as much as the works of JOSEPHUS, or the commentaries of CÆSAR, and yet you will not touch the divinity which vitalizes christianity, and hence must have dwelt in its founder. You may not be able to explain how the divinity can have ever dwelt in man to the degree which it must have dwelt in CHRIST to have produced such results; but then you cannot explain how those manifestations of divine power, which we call physical, dwell on the sunlight so that it paints the delicate tintings of the rose leaf and spans the vault of heaven with the rainbow.

We have received many favorable and hearty comments upon the excellence of PROGRESS in its enlarged and improved form, but none of the later features seem to have secured the same hold upon the people as the SUNDAY READING. This gives us greater pleasure, since it is conducted upon lines differing somewhat from similar departments in other newspapers. It is conducted so that every man and woman, every boy and girl, no matter what their faith, can read it with profit and pleasure. We think very many have done so. Every Sunday school teacher in the country will find something especially interesting in this department today.

PEN AND PRESS.

In his odd times Martin Butler publishes Butler's Journal, the most interesting part of which is the account of his own life. The February number contains the eighth installment of the series, which is written in a truly refreshing style, without omitting names and persons. Portraits of Martin's recollections are well worth reprinting:

I did not make sufficient out of the shop to pay expenses, so I would go out every afternoon and evening selling papers, leaving one of them in charge; but he generally managed to pocket and give away more than he sold. The only honest one among them was "Bunny" Taylor, and he could not always watch them. The boys used to gather from all around, and make a perfect pandemonium of the place, and when turned out would pound at the door, and break in the windows. One night they were worse than usual; a whole lot of them gathering before the door, shouting all sorts of names at me and pounding away. I think I sold boys I'll fix you this time. I had an old stop pail, brimming full of scraps from the table, wash-water, and "much that wasn't so sweet by half," and the window over the door being taken out, I admit that I got up quietly on a chair, poised the pail over the sill, and let them have the contents plump in their faces. They made themselves scarce after that, and I was not bothered with them for a long time. But the worst one among them was "Bunker" Jones, who used to torment me day and night. One afternoon he got into the shop and took out a lot of thread and buttons, scattering them all the way from my place to Cork alley. He also took out a dozen bottles of Cough Syrup, breaking some of the bottles and giving the rest to the school children, who drank their contents, and it made them so sick they had to be dismissed. After selling out my stock, and realizing about ten per cent of my investment, I gave up the business, and continued selling papers, making out by it a scanty subsistence. The newsboy's life is not a bed of roses by any means. Out in all kinds of weather, hallooing to spit your throat, tramping all over town, and getting abused when you don't close out all your papers, when the people won't buy. You have all kinds of people to deal with too, from the man who wants the paper for a cent, to those who will block you for it, and never pay, and then if they give you ten cents or a quarter for your new year's piece, will think they have done you a great favor. There are happily a few others of a different stamp, who will give you five cents

the ability of Canadian public men, assuming these to be fair samples. His remarks to PROGRESS are interesting:

"I was very greatly surprised, not only by the breadth of thought and elegance of language of the two speeches, but the statesmanlike manner of their deliverance. Mr. Foster is one of the keenest and most scientific debaters I have ever listened to. His sentences are clean-cut, and his argument on this occasion was a model of force and persuasiveness. His address bore marks of careful preparation. It seemed hardly possible to compress more reasoning within a smaller compass. While to the intelligent listener his address could not have failed to be a rare treat, there was too much of the pedagogue and temperance debater in his tone—too little of sympathy or spontaneity and too much insistence upon absolute accuracy of expression—to arouse much enthusiasm in his auditors. No matter how much they might be impressed with the ability of the man, they would not be attracted towards him. The address of Premier Blair was not up to his usual form I was told owing to his being greatly wearied with the labors of the campaign. Nevertheless, it was the ablest effort that I have heard during my stay in your province. Mr. Blair has a fine appearance on the platform, his face shows great force of character, and his gestures, while peculiar to himself, are those of the born orator. He appears to speak without the slightest verbal preparation, depending upon the inspiration of the moment to carry him through. He is not so concise a speaker as the minister of finance and for that reason not so stilted. His voice is more impressive, but not so clear and penetrating. His language is very statesmanlike, and of the two men, he is much the greater orator. He adheres more to reason and common sense than to rigid lines of logic. It may be that he had, as I believe he did have, the stronger side of the argument. Either of the speakers, I am bound to say, would compare favorably with the great majority of our American public men."

A Correspondent's Banter Replied To. Quite recently a correspondent "F" in relating some incidents of Bancroft, the American historian, recalled a joke that was perpetrated upon a few people in this city recently when a clever imitator of the distinguished gentleman was making people believe that he was the only and original George. "F's" banter has called forth the relation of the facts from the "American official" referred to in his letter. He writes:—

The Royal hotel register read "George Bancroft, Washington," and of course the "American official" sent up his card, and was received just as he thought he would be. George was venerable, dignified and distinguished in appearance; hair, silvery white, manner, quiet, reserved, but not apparently bored. Yes, he was delighted with everything he had seen in St. John, very enjoyable after the heat of Washington, sorry he could not remain longer, but engagements forbid; would surely come again if spared, etc., etc. A most wonderfully preserved man. The hair and manner were quite satisfactory, but that is that man which ground out two large octavos of the Great Republic? The official took his leave. Was a little disappointed his distinguished friend "F" was not waiting; sat down a little confused. "F" was soon very conscious that George and his friends were coming down stairs. No, he did not ask the official to join them, but he was very glad "F" was not waiting. The Globe man came around in the morning, and the official tried to bulldoze him. "There could be no doubt, it was the genuine George," but the Globe fellow knew. Here is what he wrote about it that evening.

PERSONAL.—George Bancroft, claim agent, who is often taken for the renowned historian, was in town yesterday.

meets Mr. Crocket. Thares been a offit accident at Spring Hill, sez Mr. Gregory. We orter do sumthin' about it. O, pitch into Blare, sez Jim. So they pitched into Mr. Blare feroshus. On Thursday mornin' Mr. Crocket meets Mr. Gregory. We want more variety in the paper, sez Jim; the cirklarion is droppin'. Well, why don't you pitch into Blare, sez Mr. Gregory. So they pitched into Mr. Blare feroshus. On Friday mornin' Mr. Gregory meets Mr. Crocket. You orter have more religus readin' in lent than you have, sez Mr. Gregory. Well, why couldn't we pitch into Blare? sez Jim. So they pitched into Mr. Blare feroshus. On Saturday mornin' Mr. Crocket meets Mr. Gregory. Offul cold night last night, sez Jim. Well, ain't you goin' to say nothin' about it? sez Mr. Gregory. Why don't you pitch into Blare? So they pitched into Mr. Blare feroshus. Pa sez he never saw such a unanemus kollekshun of people as Mr. Gregory and Jim. Pa sez wichever way Mr. Blare goes the Gleaner takes the other. When he goes north they immedjly packs up for the south. If Mr. Blare was ever to start fer hevin, pa sez the Gleaner would rite up the other place fer a summer resort. JIMMY SMITH.

A Characteristic Reply.

Quite recently PROGRESS asked a gentleman who is known as a valued contributor of many good papers for his opinion upon a certain timely subject. His remarks in acknowledging the receipt of the letter are characteristic and worth printing—with apologies to the writer:—

I will be too happy to respond—but, you see, I do not feel able. It is a subject to which I've given no especial attention, and I would rather not attempt it than to bludge it. I find it absolutely useless for me to attempt any writing whatever unless I feel like it. It has to be "in there," standing upon its hind legs and snorting for a speedy exit. I am not like some people, a perpetual, bubbling spring, from which one can draw libations at any time. First of all, I have to feel that I have an idea I would like to scribble down. Then my surroundings must be perfectly still and tranquil. Then you can pass me a genuine Havana and prepare yourself for a renaissance of the Spanish inquisition. Seriously, though, I shall try and work up something for you. My chaotic intellect seems to be continually groveling, so much so that I would rather wear the laurel wreath of a Bret Harte or a Whitcomb Riley, than that of a Tennyson or a Longfellow. This appears a humiliating confession, but truth is a mighty characteristic of the tribe. Trusting that PROGRESS' circulation shall not get sluggish in the event of my failing to get my "copy" in, and honestly wishing you the fullest measure of success for your really bright and praiseworthy journal, I remain

FREDERICTON, MARCH 4.

Mistaken Identity: Or, Why Two Bald Headed, Near Sighted Billiardists Fell Out.

How Does This Strike You? A Fredericton agent writes as follows to the publisher: PROGRESS sells far better here at five cents than it did at three, and although we have increased our order for 25 extras the last two weeks, yet we did not have nearly enough to supply our customers. Please add 50 more to order after this.

Advertisement in "Progress." It pays.

very prominent in liberal circles, whom for the sake of disguise we will call Mr. Eagle—called upon a clever young matron, sister of a St. John M. P., whose family had once been liberals, but possessed the courage of their convictions, and cast in their lot with the conservatives, when they could no longer endorse the power of their own party.

"Mrs. Fairfield," he said impressively—her name is not Fairfield, but that is what it means when translated—"I want to know which side you are on in this great contest. I do hope you are not going to be as foolish as your brother was! Now where are you?" "Mr. Eagle!" said this born politician, demurely, "I am just where Mr. Blake is." And the enthusiastic liberal retired so quickly that he is still undecided as to whether he said "Good morning," or not.

YE BILIOUS EDITOR.

What He Wrote. What He Thought. Especially on grounds of economy. Think of sending one ticket to a man with ten children! It ought to be when they blocked us for bill-headers and dodgers. They were if Miss Jaggs could have refrained from grinning and Mr. Jenkins had stood still till the curtain was down. So they did, in their sober intervals, which were few, however. We were introduced to several hotnet nests when we were young and have no ambition to start another. But it was not so decisive as the execution with which the professor was served at the door by his laundryman. Fog's main hold, however, was making his music up; the boys did the wild cheering. It was an improvement on the efforts of the other performers, too, and therefore was not encored. We should think not very happy in her selection. Contralto singers who prefer singing soprano seldom are. Those who have seen her facial cavity need not bother visiting the mammoth cave of Kentucky in our opinion. And his last.

The net proceeds of the show amounted to over \$200. Not if they paid us they would! A. B. good morning, Mr. Sheriff; we will go along quietly, if you please. TERRAPIN.

Appreciation From a Clergyman. MY DEAR SIR.—The editor of PROGRESS is to be congratulated upon the interest he takes in the children, evinced by biblical questions in one column of his great paper, and you should receive some commendation also for supplying questions and patiently reading over children's answers. My main reason in writing is to suggest the advisability of friends of PROGRESS and children to send in a \$1 bill, or \$2 or \$5 occasionally, to assist in the good work. This would prevent the editor from discontinuing the publication of those questions if he found it did not pay. It will never be known how much benefit may accrue from the searching of the bible to find answers. Wishing you patience and success, I remain yours, faithfully, J. E. FLEWELLING, (Ch. of Eng. Rector.) CENTREVILLE, Carleton Co.

[This letter comes from the Sunday reading department. PROGRESS is more than pleased that its efforts in this direction are appreciated, and while we thank the writer for his complimentary remarks, we trust that his suggestion in regard to contributions will not be acted upon. Our subscribers are entitled to the very best things we can give them without any additional strain upon their pocket-books.—THE EDITOR.]

Advertisement in "Progress." It pays.

washed, and the ladder remained there. One unlucky day, mounted it and wrote with a brush in large capital letters, "LAU. STERNE," an act for which the usher naturally flogged him, though the master (according to Sterne) administered balm to his wounds in the shape of a flattering prophecy. Cowper's miserable experiences at his first school in Hertfordshire are well known as also his bitter invective against school education in his poem, "Tirocinium." Goldsmith, too, was a small, awkwardly-shaped boy, and had the unenviable distinction of being the butt of the school. De Quincey, who had shown himself a brilliant pupil at Bath, went through such a doleful time of it at Manchester Grammar School that, after three years, he ran off. Quite recently, Mr. Anthony Trollope has given his miserable recollections of Rugby. Nor have these unhappy school experiences been confined to eminent Englishmen. Schiller found the mechanical drudgery of the Duke of Wurtemberg's school irritating and galling, and says that the six years he passed there were the most harassing and comfortless of his whole life. Lamartine was so unhappy at school that he had to be removed and entrusted to a private tutor. Finally, in his record of ill-schooled genius we have a number of testimonies in the writings of eminent men to the low opinion they entertained of the scholastic institution. Besides the poem of Cowper, there are the amusing satires of Heine in the "Reisebilder." Is it possible that we have a reminiscence of his own experience in the following: "In the dark cloisters of the Franciscan convent, which were close to our schoolroom, there used to hang a big crucifix of grey wood, a grim carving which even now at times haunts my dreams, and stares at me mournfully with bleeding eyes. Before this image I often stood and prayed. 'O, thou poor Deity, once tortured like myself, if it be possible, grant that I may remember the verba irregularium.'" Shelley is supposed to be referring to his experiences at Eton in the lines—

Most wretched men Are cradled into poetry by wrong; They learn in suffering what they teach in song. Thackeray, in his earlier writings, has shown his feeling of pieté towards the Charterhouse School, where he was educated, by calling it Slaughterhouse.—James Sully, in the English Illustrated Magazine.

Pegasus Distempered. A young man who left on the western train recently for the fair at Jamaica, and who fritters away his spare time trying to make love to the excessively prudish muse of poetry, handed me the following sonnet as the train was just pulling out of the depot. He wished me to become sponsor for it, so to speak, and his last words were, "Try and have it put in PROGRESS. I'll pay for the chloroform when I get back!" So, Mr. Editor, I submit it to the criticism of your many readers, withholding his name until this blows over. CASEY TAP.

THE SONNET. The changing features of the winter's face Remind us of the quirks of human mind. Today the north-kirk breathes his keen-edged wind, And silver-crusts the brook did yestreen race, And bubbling, bubbled 'neath its foamy lace, Today the swirling snowflakes seem combined In evil brotherhood as if to find The mystic secret of the warm embrace.

Of flannels and the manly form divine, And as we shiver in today's chill breeze, And sadly think of yestreen's green hills, Warm sun, and laughing streams, our fond hearts pine For summer climes, where ne'er is known the sneeze Of northern lands—its cough pastibles, nor squalls! *Hooceer—!

Still on the Increase. You will have to send me five more copies of PROGRESS. Will get the right number after a while. F. G. A. Milltown, March 4.