

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 5.

JUDGES AND THEIR DIGNITY.

The Telegraph of Wednesday had a leading editorial commenting on an article which had appeared in PROGRESS of the previous Saturday, in relation to some remarks of Judge TUCK at a recent dinner. Why the Telegraph took so long to get excited over the matter can only be explained by the supposition that the man who directs what shall be written for the paper had not been talked to in sufficient time to give earlier orders to the man who does the writing. What the editorial lacked in timeliness, however, it more than made up in ill-temper. It even went so far as to attack Chief Justice LUDLOW as a boodler, and to aver that Chief Justice CHIPMAN was best known for a heartless act in sentencing a boy to be hanged. Judge TUCK may very well pray to be saved from his defenders, if they have no better way of establishing his dignity than by defaming the memory of the dead and gone jurists. These men may not have been perfect, but it is an insult to the general intelligence to say that they are best known by the flaws which a narrow minded writer delights to pick in their lives. They at least sustained the dignity of the bench, so far as their words and actions, in public and private have been recorded.

The Telegraph has learned by experience, however, that it is safer to attack the dead than the living, whether the subject be a judge or only an everyday lawyer. So far as its eulogies of Judge TUCK can benefit that gentleman, no one can reasonably object to them. With much of this top-of-column reading notice of his honor, PROGRESS is fully in accord. It cannot injure the judge—since no engraving bureau portrait accompanied it—and it may do him some good by letting him know how much the Telegraph thinks of him. Men of his reputation, in comparison with whom LUDLOW and CHIPMAN are proclaimed to be rather shady characters, are not found every day, even on the bench of the supreme court of New Brunswick.

It may be that "the PROGRESS writer has never been intimate with the members of the bench," though this is possibly not an irremediable misfortune. Some judges keep odd company nowadays, and even the Telegraph man implies that he enjoys an intimacy with them. That is not to the point, however. The question is not what a judge may say in his personal capacity, nor even, within certain bounds of good behaviour, what he may do in his private life. Nor is it a matter of public import what "his very old friends" may call him. A more important matter is the light in which the public will regard him as adding to or detracting from the dignity of the highest court of the province.

The remarks of PROGRESS in regard to Judge Tuck simply dealt with what nine out of ten of even the judge's "very old friends" doubtless consider his injudicious words on a quasi public occasion. He was not merely relaxing himself among his intimates, for there were doubtless people present with whom he had little or no personal acquaintance. He was aware that any part or all of his speech might be published in the press. He was looked upon as representing the supreme court, and he would have been invited there as a judge if he had been an Irishman or a Scotchman instead of an "Indiantown boy." Under these circumstances his words were more than those of a private individual. His assertion that though lawyers used to take off their hats to the judges, nobody now would take off his hat to HARRY TUCK was not in keeping with his position as senior judge of the supreme court. It may not have detracted from his personal dignity, but it did affect the dignity of the bench. That is all PROGRESS asserted, though one who reads the Telegraph comments would suppose that it said much more.

That a judge may make "a witty after-dinner speech" or that "his features may be relaxed into a smile," is quite true. His smiles, when off the bench, are not a matter to be discussed, nor are his words, as a rule, unless they are calculated to give a wrong impression of the bench of which he is a member. That they did so in this instance, few will be disposed to deny.

In New Hampshire, the other day, a man was liberated from prison after seven years of unjust detention. His name was CONE, and he had been sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment for killing another. CONE was a gentleman of wealth and culture, living in a beautiful country house. A number of ruffians used to resort to the lake near by and by their actions and language caused annoyance to CONE's young wife. One day, in attempting to frighten them away, he was savagely assailed, and in the struggle a gun in his hand was accidentally discharged, instantly killing one of the worst of the crowd. On the perjured testimony of the others, he was convicted, and only lately was his innocence made clear. It will, of course, be supposed that the wife for whom he sacrificed so much has been the heroine in effecting the release of her husband, but unfortunately she does not so figure. She procured a divorce some years ago, on the ground that her husband was a convicted felon. Woman's devotion is not always up to the novelistic ideal.

The question of the duty on kerosene oil was discussed at Ottawa this week, and a reduction of one fifth was conceded. As the whole country has been oppressed by what is equivalent to a duty of two hundred per cent, for the benefit of a few wells in Ontario, the concession has neither come too soon, nor is it any too great. Oil is a prime necessary of life among the classes least able to bear tax burdens, and thousands who value their comfort will not use the Ontario product when a better quality is obtainable.

And so the case of small-pox at Sussex did not prove fatal, nobody caught the disease, and there was a big scare on very slight grounds. In the meantime diphtheria and scarlet fever continue to claim their victims because people object to having their homes quarantined, and because reputable physicians abet such people by making no report of the cases. Scarlet fever is one of the most infectious of diseases, and the fatal results of diphtheria in this country are frightful to think about.

A resident of Cow Bay, C. B., writes a letter severely criticising some recent statements made by a correspondent under the caption of "Rambler in Cape Breton." Unfortunately, however, instead of discussing the statements on their merits, the indignant resident calls the correspondent some bad names and is generally abusive of him. Under these circumstances the letter cannot be published, as it would have been less personal in its tone.

COXEY'S army got to Washington, but failed to capture the capital. A few policemen soon hustled the grand high cranks of the crowd out of the way, and the air bag of the movement was collapsed to a condition of innocuous flatness. Ridicule has been more potent than armies in suppressing the threatened dangers to the country. The ringleaders in these movements ought to be compelled to give bonds for future good conduct.

Another French anarchist, EMILE HENRI has been sentenced to death for bomb throwing, and will undoubtedly be executed. They do these things better in France than in this country. The only surprising feature of the affair was that the jury took more than half an hour to decide on a verdict, because of doubt as to his sanity.

To be sent to any institution for life is a sentence which may seem severe, but it was not considered so in New York, last week, when a man was committed to the almshouse for that period. The fact that he was homeless and 104 years old made some difference in this instance.

Ex-Mayor Peters says he did not refer to DR. DANIEL as the BEAU BRUMMEL of the council on the ground that the doctor was an orator. What he meant was that the doctor would be both a BEAU BRUMMEL and an orator. MR. PETERS seems to have been misreported by the Sun.

Some sentiment is still left in the United States. The federal government has refused to allow an electric railway to travel over the battlefield of Gettysburg on the ground occupied by the troops in the memorable conflict. Good.

The new aldermen should not only be glad that they came out of the election all right, but that they have survived the pictorial onslaught of the Telegraph engraving bureau.

Ald. CHRISTIE posed as an unreconstructed oppositionist at the first meeting of the new council. He has twelve months ahead of him in which to drop into line with the procession.

Tomorrow will be the most welcome day of rest in their year to people who have been getting their houses to rights since Tuesday.

The country will be spared a repetition of the indecent BREKENRIDGE case. The motion for a new trial has been overruled.

IN THE LETTER COMPETITION.

How to be Happy.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—The great object of human life is happiness, man is a social being formed for society and intercourse, and the elements of his nature are opposed to a life of solitude. He delights in having one bosom companion in whom he can confide with all the faithfulness and freedom of his own breast. It is therefore with a view to his social happiness and for the pleasure of sharing his enjoyment and cares that he selects that companion from the opposite sex.

Man has the elements of happiness within himself which when rightly exercised never fail to produce it, nature has given woman an influence over man more powerful than his over her, from birth to death, he takes help and healing from her hand, under all the most touching circumstances of life, her bosom supports him in infancy, soothes him in manhood, succurs him in sickness and in age, setting aside individual happiness and the comforts of domestic life, the nature of society urges strong reasons why men should get married.

The young man who is fond of the society of virtuous females, has a splendid capital for his character, he is looked upon as a moral and virtuous young man, because generally speaking, only such take pleasure in the refinement of female society. Take it all in all; therefore, marriage is necessary for man's happiness, for the true formation of his character, for the peace of his home, the comfort of his heart, and the solace of his years. In fact, man never becomes a member of society until he is married. He married, his interest is not with society further than the accomplishment of some selfish object is concerned, and he cares not for the welfare of the generations bringing up around him and who are to live after him.

If you are desirous of wealth get married for a good wife promotes habits of industry and economy. If you would become a good citizen, get married, for he alone worthy of a title. If you are fortunate, get married, for a good wife will increase your prosperity. If you are unfortunate do likewise, the cares of the world are lessened by having a wife to take pleasure in sharing them with you. Get married, be sober, industrious, honest, and you will be happy.

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 18TH, 1894.

Merely Some Suggestions.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—I will only suggest a few topics for the clever ones to write upon, questions which someone may answer satisfactorily. This letter would not properly belong to the end of this progressive nineteenth century, without some comment upon the woman question. So why do writers upon the subject of "brassy" women, and good housekeepers, wives and mothers, nearly always assume that it were a moral and physical impossibility to combine the two, as if intellect and common sense were necessarily at continual warfare?

Why must a woman rush to dressmakers and milliners as soon as the breath leaves a relative's body, and swathe herself in unwholesome crapes, and other ugly black stuff, or be considered peculiar or unloving; while a man may add a bank of crape to hat or sleeve, and peacefully walk the streets in a suit of navy blue, brown or gray which he chances to possess?

Don't you think it would be a good idea to have the hymn books revised, so that singers would not tell so many atrocious lies?

We who don't sing have time to take notes, and among the many senseless sentiments, the logging for death is one that has always struck me as the most ludicrous, and I have often wondered how some of the healthy, happy sighers for death would look if he should suddenly appear and say, "here I am, he ready in half an hour."

"No life that breathes with human breath Has ever truly longed for death." How does it hurt classical musicians to play old-time tunes? Surely some of the sweet girls who never expect to be professionals, might play for the old folks, tunes whose value for them lies in the fact that they "wake all the echoes of the soul."

Canada is the Country.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—A topic of more than usual interest at present is the relation of capital to labor. Throughout our neighboring Republic during the past months of financial depression there has been smouldering among the laboring classes generally a discontent against "the powers that be" who take their time in deliberating over the laws of the Country while their fellow-men starve.

Though honest capital is the friend of labor, yet there is so much that is anything but honest, and only supports the laboring man while it can make more than a just profit from his work, it is small wonder that such injustice makes men cry out against the course. Few indeed during the past winter have not been suffering either in their own homes, or their friends, though want of employment for strong, willing hands, and now with the opening of spring the time for patience seems to have passed for many, and we see such outbreaks as that of Coxe with his vaunt army marching toward Washington, another in Texas, and still another as far west as California. While these may be but the lowest type of American citizen, and indeed may be but the foreign element, can we see that a strong discontent with American law has taken hold of the laboring classes, for which a remedy must be speedily found.

Canadians may not have arrived at that state where they can say "The richest is poor and the poorest lives in abundance," but at least there is no such discontent among the working class as would cause uprisings like those among our American neighbors, and no such hot-headed, wealthy cranks as Coxe who would think to gain their private ends by marching against Ottawa with a rag-tag army.

Kindness to the Living.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—It seems to me that as we journey through this world we are not so careful as we ought to be with regard to our words and actions. How very noticeable it is—that as soon as a person dies—all his or her good qualities are suddenly discovered—and the dear departed one is spoken of in the highest terms. Indeed if that person could hear all the kind things that are said about him—he would need an introduction to himself—for he never would recognize the saintly qualities attributed to him. Perhaps that same person has often longed for a kindly word—but has not heard it—has sighed for a sympathetic grasp of the hand—but never felt it. How much better it would be to be kind to the living—instead of waiting until they are gone—and then sounding their praises in other people's ears—and covering their graves with flowers for other people to admire. Let us ever be ready with a kind word or deed, thus helping to cheer some lonely brother or sister—it will only make their pathway a little brighter than it otherwise would be—because the sunshine of our smiles, fall across that pathway. Kind words and pleasant smiles—cost nothing—but are often more precious than gold—to those on whom they are bestowed.

Working Girls as a Topic.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—I am a stenographer, I work for men. They are more just, considerate, courteous, and less tyrannical, insulting and exacting to women in their employ than women are. I am "sold" less hours. Mornings, evenings, Sundays and holidays are mine. The hired girl is forever "owned." No one reminds me that I am a servant; this humiliation is frequently hers. I am recognized in the office; she is ignored in her employer's home. I am requested; she is commanded. I am asked for my opinion; she scarcely dare express herself. My mistakes are not

WHERE TO LOOK FOR THEM.

Some of the Citizens Who Have Changed Their Places of Business.

A good many people seem to have moved this year and the list given below gives only a partial idea of the amount of hustling there was on and about the first of May. Every effort has been made to ensure accuracy in the list, and if there are any errors it is likely to be the fault of those who neglected to furnish the information as requested.

- Andrews J. B., 120 Elliott Row, to 219 King.
Ashley, John F., 125 Queen, to 162 Princess.
Austin H. A., 155 Sydney, to Queen square, north side.
Atherton Robt., 174 King to 156 King.

Books as Educators.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: "The true utility of these days is a collection of books," so says that giant in literature, Thomas Carlyle; and including from such an assertion the fact that men are educated by what they read, surely it is not of small moment that they should choose and know only the best of books.

Books, not as mere dead paper, but as living personalities, sowing broadcast the seed of good or evil and wielding an influence never to be estimated, have found a friend and champion in Ruskin; and one learns in his "Sesame and Lilies," what a book really is.

But now with the masterpieces of all time to be had for a mere song, the printing and circulation of the current literature of the day is a disgrace and shame. Owing altogether what is popularly known as the "Dime," and which does an incalculable amount of harm, there still remains a vast quantity of books, of which some are merely silly, but a still greater number thoroughly vicious.

A taste for such reading once acquired will stifle all desire for better things, and lowering the mind, must, of necessity, debase every ideal. When one remembers that this poisonous trash endures for centuries among young people, it is not easy to see how it can be so generally tolerated, and there is crying need that something should be done to prevent its spread, to check the further influence of such an evil.

Surely some remedy may be found, that to our literature may be given a cleaner, healthier tone.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

At Nazareth.

We are in Nazareth,—the quaint old town, Amid the limestone hills of Galilee; Its streets are narrow and its houses low, Built of adobe, and with roofs of red.

The town is cleaner than its neighbors old; And from the lofty eminence our eyes Behold a scene not soon to be forgot To South of us the plains of Jezreel lie, Peaceful beneath their Oriental sky, As though they ne'er had heard the din of war;

And well it is that they themselves are dumb, Enough to know that Philistine and Jew Met here, in flowing garb and with grace; 'Twas on these very plains that Richard strove To wrest from Saracens who fought like Jove, That they might keep the holy sepulchre, Yea, more,—'twas on this plain that Kleber of Napoleonic fame, did valiant work Against the wary, unrelenting Turk.

'Twas here, as well, that flagrant Jezebel Held sway, while puerile Ahab wore the crown. Now cast your eye to eastward, if you please; There stands Gilboa, keeping sentry still. This bridge to mind the day when Saul's proud will Was crushed beneath the crane Philistine heel. To north of us is Hermon's lofty peak, So like a spectre, clad in white array; And had it but a tongue, methinks 'twould speak Of what it saw and heard in Jesus' day. But we must haste,—the sable robes of night Are being donned o'er ancient Nazareth. Now we descend the hill to our abode, Which, at its best, is but a crude affair. Our host, in flowing garb and with grace Responds to questions asked him of the place, As to its customs and traditions old. He tells us of the shop where Joseph worked; And what the nature of the tools employed; But when we ask about the Nazarene, The merits of whose teaching now are seen Without the aid of mental microscope, He says,—" 'Tis true that Jesus did live here; But as to Messianic gifts—'tis queer, Whose name to me, is not in my mind, Whose name to me, is not in my mind, Whose name to me, is not in my mind."

A Heroine.

Tho' from a mouse, in mortal fear she'll shrink, Alone the night long in some cheerless room, 'Mid chilling draught, and squalidness, and gloom, She'll watch and pray for, and give cooling drink Arise that poor creature, pausing on the brink Of the unknown, predestin'd, mystic doom, Which waits humanity in earth's dim way, Into which man whate'er his rank must sink.

Not Hoping for Reward.

Not hoping for reward; and with no eye Save on the Good, gazing on her work, Alone she sits while gain death's heavy sigh, A task our Christian clerics may abhor— Ah, yes! she may be of a mause afraid But what a brave heart hath this grand old maid. St. John, April, 1894.

April.

Ghost of the winter, wraith of the snow, And a week as the seasons go; A thaw and a frost, and a wind that's drear, And April's here, my dear, my dear.

Some sun and a mist, and a gleam of gold.

Day and a week till the month grows old, 'Tis a "yes" and a "may" while April's here, The birth-month of a tear, my dear.

A Day and a hope, and a dream of two.

With a smile and a song and the flowers here, For April days are done, my dear. 1894. J. W. W. F.

The Fates—Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos.

Daughters of Night! enfold in mystery, Twisting the strands of life in thread of doom Ye seem to spin, in silence and in gloom The fate of mortals through all time to be. One holds the distaff and the flax that ne'er Grew in the fields of earth; another turns The spindle, binding joy and woe, and years The sound that severs life from care to hear. And yet, weird sisters, spinning in the dark Our selves upon the busy wheel of Time, There may, amid the ages dust and grime Be something spun, beyond your craft to mark. The threads ye spin can not themselves untwist, But we, resolving, may your power resist. B. D. R.

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Some of the Citizens Who Have Changed Their Places of Business.

- Bailey Mrs., Pitt to 319 Princess.
Barber Herbert, Orange to Britain.
Baker H. W., 100 Coburg, to 219 Germain.
Chesley Purdy, Douglas Ave. to 224 Douglas Ave.
Barnes James E., 91 Coburg to 39 Garden.
Barrow J. W., 110 St. James to 15 Garden.
Baxter Geo., 19 St. Andrews to 6 Sydney.
Beaty Frank, Douglas Ave. to 88 King Square.
Bell Thomas, 13 Wragat to 116 Dorchester.
Bisset Harry, 686 Main to Higu.
Black Benj. S., 72 Dorchester to 1 Carleton.
Black Rev. E. H., 14 Leinster to 167 Duke.
Bonnell Dr. W. P., 270 Germain to 194 Duke.
Bowman I. C., 170 King to 174 Princess.
Braceley Capt., 38 St. James to Charlotte.
Brodie E. S., 170 King street, west end, to the manse, Prince street, west end.
Brown Walter, 68 High to Portland.
Brown Wm., 70 High to Portland.
Browning Wm., 78 Broad to 188 Britain.
Brownhill Fred, Toronto House to 55 Sewell.
Bustin Fred, 50 High to 33 Portland.
Bustin A. T., 147 Charlotte to 125 Duke.

Books as Educators.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: "The true utility of these days is a collection of books," so says that giant in literature, Thomas Carlyle; and including from such an assertion the fact that men are educated by what they read, surely it is not of small moment that they should choose and know only the best of books.

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A taste for such reading once acquired will stifle all desire for better things, and lowering the mind, must, of necessity, debase every ideal. When one remembers that this poisonous trash endures for centuries among young people, it is not easy to see how it can be so generally tolerated, and there is crying need that something should be done to prevent its spread, to check the further influence of such an evil.

Surely some remedy may be found, that to our literature may be given a cleaner, healthier tone.

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At Nazareth.

We are in Nazareth,—the quaint old town, Amid the limestone hills of Galilee; Its streets are narrow and its houses low, Built of adobe, and with roofs of red.

The town is cleaner than its neighbors old; And from the lofty eminence our eyes Behold a scene not soon to be forgot To South of us the plains of Jezreel lie, Peaceful beneath their Oriental sky, As though they ne'er had heard the din of war;

And well it is that they themselves are dumb, Enough to know that Philistine and Jew Met here, in flowing garb and with grace; 'Twas on these very plains that Richard strove To wrest from Saracens who fought like Jove, That they might keep the holy sepulchre, Yea, more,—'twas on this plain that Kleber of Napoleonic fame, did valiant work Against the wary, unrelenting Turk.

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The town is cleaner than its neighbors old; And from the lofty eminence our eyes Behold a scene not soon to be forgot To South of us the plains of Jezreel lie, Peaceful beneath their Oriental sky, As though they ne'er had heard the din of war;

And well it is that they themselves are dumb, Enough to know that Philistine and Jew Met here, in flowing garb and with grace; 'Twas on these very plains that Richard strove To wrest from Saracens who fought like Jove, That they might keep the holy sepulchre, Yea, more,—'twas on this plain that Kleber of Napoleonic fame, did valiant work Against the wary, unrelenting Turk.

'Twas here, as well, that flagrant Jezebel Held sway, while puerile Ahab wore the crown. Now cast your eye to eastward, if you please; There stands Gilboa, keeping sentry still. This bridge to mind the day when Saul's proud will Was crushed beneath the crane Philistine heel. To north of us is Hermon's lofty peak, So like a spectre, clad in white array; And had it but a tongue, methinks 'twould speak Of what it saw and heard in Jesus' day. But we must haste,—the sable robes of night Are being donned o'er ancient Nazareth. Now we descend the hill to our abode, Which, at its best, is but a crude affair. Our host, in flowing garb and with grace Responds to questions asked him of the place, As to its customs and traditions old. He tells us of the shop where Joseph worked; And what the nature of the tools employed; But when we ask about the Nazarene, The merits of whose teaching now are seen Without the aid of mental microscope, He says,—" 'Tis true that Jesus did live here; But as to Messianic gifts—'tis