

PROGRESS.

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Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 and 90 Germain street, St. John, N. B.

Discontinuances.—Except in those localities where business connections with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply.

The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every town of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 12,220.

HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, FEB. 24.

WHY SOME DO NOT MARRY.

It would seem that the hard times have affected the matrimonial market in the United States. One of the New York papers has been getting statistics from various cities, and the result is a falling off in the number of marriages during the last year as compared with the number in previous years.

Among the wealthy and the really poor the marriage rate, probably, does not vary much from one year to another. To a young man of the former class, the question of ways and means to maintain an establishment and support a wife is not a factor in the undertaking.

This middle class consists of those who are in that presumably blessed condition in which they have neither poverty nor riches. Thousands of young men are in receipt of fairly good salaries on which they can live by themselves in tolerable comfort.

As a matter of theory a young man who gets the right kind of a wife should live not only more comfortably but less expensively than if he were single.

While it is a commendable ambition to feel a pride in one's surroundings, and especially to make home bright and attractive, there are a good many instances in which such an ambition may be misdirected.

The prerequisites to a happy union are a suitable selection and a proper recognition of the duties and responsibilities of the married life. It may be that marriage is somewhat in the nature of a lottery, but it ought not to be. Illusions may be dissipated and the real may be very different from the ideal, but in the majority of cases the lives of both husband and wife should be happier than they would have been had they remained single.

remain single is not due to any doubt that marriage in itself is desirable, but through fear of the unknown struggles it may entail in the efforts to support a style in advance of that demanded when one is alone.

Whether matrimony is increasing or decreasing in this country remains to be seen. The causes which have tended to cause a falling off in the United States this year do not so materially affect this country.

The very fact that women are so often self-supporting, however, may to a slight extent account for the decrease. So many places are now open to women that a girl is not compelled to look to a husband for support, as in the old days when she had only a limited choice of vocations.

It may be that a far from insignificant cause of the trouble is the terrible condition of the marriage laws in most of the states. A thoughtful man who sees so many instances of the light esteem in which the sacred bond of matrimony is held, may well fear to change his condition from the single to the married state.

The marriage of divorced people is recognized as fully as is honorable matrimony, nor are such marriages usually made as mere civil contracts.

So long as crimes against God's laws for the marriage state are endorsed by popular sentiment, so long as the chief ground for divorce is not condemned, and so long as divorced men and women are married by ministers and recognized by society, so long will matrimony be brought with peril.

THE REVIVAL WAVE.

A great wave of religious revival seems to be sweeping over the country; a revival that seems to have had its beginning in the commercial depression in the United States.

The revival is reported to be a strong movement in a spiritual direction. The baptists have already had one revival and are expecting another, while among the methodists, where a special evangelist is at work, it is understood that crowds are nightly impelled to seek the penitent bench.

have revivals like come of the other protestant bodies. In common with the others, however, they seem to be very much in earnest in trying to reach sinners who are not likely to be reached through the usual channels.

All this is very encouraging. While opinions may differ as to doctrines and methods, an adherent of any faith must consider it well for the community when even a small proportion of the people feel that they have been very bad and are anxious to be very good, according to the light that is given them in matters of religious faith.

As cities go, St. John does not appear to be an exceedingly wicked place, though now and then it does get a severe moral shock. Compared with other places of the same size, however, it has a very creditable record, though it is evident that this might be a great deal better.

SILLY AS WELL AS CRUEL.

Among the silly fads that the shallow-pates of the United States cities have taken to has been the wearing of live lizards as ornaments. These lizards, which are very small, are known as the American chameleon, and dealers have sold them with small chains around their necks, by which people who have no better taste can use them as toys.

A complaint was made in that city asking for a warrant against some fellow "for having wantonly, cruelly and unnecessarily ill-treated, abused and tortured certain domestic animals, that is to say, six lizards, otherwise known as American chameleons, by exposing the said lizards, for sale as pets, ornaments and toys, with rings fastened round their necks, to which chains and pins were attached; by depriving the said lizards of their natural and proper food; by exposing them to cold; by confining them in paper boxes, and depriving them of their natural warmth and sunshine to which they are accustomed."

The Bishop of Chester, England, is trying to solve the liquor problem by a reformed public house which is now in operation in the parish of which Canon Knox-LITTLE is vicar, in Staffordshire.

The book is neat and well printed. It contains a portrait of a niece of Mary Campbell, said to bear some resemblance to the original Highland Mary. The work is from the house of Alex. Gardner, Paisley.

The tailors have said so, and it must come to pass. At a recent banquet of the "Merchant Tailors, National Exchange, at Pittsburg, Pa.," some of the leading knights of the shears wore a new style of evening costume in which the features were a silk velvet dress coat, satin brocaded waistcoat, satin knee breeches, silk stockings and other fixings in the way of lace.

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

Mr. John D. Ross, of Brooklyn, N. Y., multiplies his "Burnsiana" labors in the production of three volumes in the current year. That now before us is "Highland Mary: Interesting Papers on an interesting subject." This volume of 147 pages gathers up the best of the prose and verse attainable by the editor upon the fascinating subject of whom it may be said in the words of Dr. Waddell,—“She has entered on an immortality more beautiful than Beatrice's or Laura's in which respect neither complaint as against Burns, nor sorrow as for her should ever be obtruded on the world.

“My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,” to fit that delightful pastoral lyric as her own, if Gilbert Burns had not said that it was composed on Highland Mary, and that his brother told him so.

“While I was lookin' at the country the river, and Greenock down to the waters edge, and hearkenin' to the whirr of the moor foul as they settled in a black flock on the farmer's stooks, I see a bonny lass comin' down the Kilmarnock road. She was a weel faur'd damsel, cheeks like roses. She had on a tan shawl, an' was carrying some things with her. I offered to help her to carry them, which she gladly assented to, for she was tired wi' a lang journey. She had come from Ayrshire, and had got a drive to Kilmarnock, and was goun' first to Jamie Macrae's, the shipwright's, who's wife was her cousin, and syne to Argyle, where her folk belanged.”

According to the account, she had with her a copy of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns' poem, just out; and made no secret of her love for the poet, and of her intention to marry him, and go to Jamaica if he wished her to.

Dr. William Findlay is rather disenchanted in his article on “Highland Mary in Fact and Fiction.” To him the real maiden was commonplace enough, and apparently made of just the ordinary human “Marl” that nine out of every ten of her sisters in and around Mauchline are.

There are extracts from Mrs. Jamieson's “Loves of the Poets,” Allan Cunningham's “Life and Land of Burns,” and Dr. Robt. Chambers, edition of Burns. Other interesting prose sketches are written by Archibald Munro, Colin Rae Brown, George Savage, Peter Ross, John H. Ingham, Theodore F. Woolle, A. M. M. D., Prof. Blackie, J. Cuthbert Hadden, John Arnot and Leonard A. Morrison.

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I had known long that the fertile vales of St. John's Isle held and nourished a true poet in the person of John Hunter Duvar. It now appears that a poetess likewise flourishes there, and pours her thoughts out in copious verse, some specimens of which are collected in the volume before me.

They moored beneath a rugged cliff, they sealed it one by one. Up o'er moss hid precipice with tangled growth o'erhead,— Well was it he who led the van of the mountain tread. Up went the Hardy Highlanders, with eye and foot clear, As when, in their own mountain land, they chased the nimble deer. O'er broken boughs, thro' network green, the bright-hued tartan winds The nimble deer. In single file, a living streak with darksome foliage blends, When, hark! midway the sentry's ear had caught the rustle of the deer. He halted: the approaching steps ere paced his further round. “Qui vive?” he queried; quick response dispelled all fear of wrong. “La France,” came back assuringly; he heard [and passed along].

A good many may not be aware that Mr. H. L. Spencer's poems of “A Hundred Years Ago” and “A Hundred Years to Come,” are included with others in a very tastefully printed booklet printed by J. and A. McMillan & Co., and for sale by them at 25 cents. The other poems, by Mr. Spencer, in this collection, are “The River,” “Belleisle,” “Green Sleeves,” “My Little Maid of Acadie,” “At Church,” and “The Lighthouse.”

Mrs. James W. Morton, of Kent Junction, who has been visiting Mrs. Benj. McLeod, returned home today. Dr. R. P. Doherty, of Moncton, was at the Eureka on Saturday, and went to Kingston by mail stage on Sunday.

Mrs. James Morton, of St. Nicholas River, who is visiting her daughter, Mrs. B. McLeod, was taken ill quite suddenly on Saturday night, and now lies in a critical state. Mr. Morton was summoned from his home, and reached her yesterday.

Mr. J. Woodley arrived here yesterday from Richibucto via Shediac, and proceeded to Eastport. Mr. Solomon Trites, station agent at Berry's Mills, spent a short time at Harcourt today. Mr. J. McDermett and her daughter, Gertrude, returned from Richibucto on Wednesday evening, by the Centennial express conveyance.

Mr. J. H. Warram is in town this evening. Mr. James Rivers, of Sackville, was at the Eureka today going south. Mrs. D. B. Lutz, of Moncton, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. G. Miller, of Miramichi, returned home today.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Thumber are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a stranger—a son. Mr. James Martin, of Lockhaven, Pa., formerly of Kouchibouguac, spent Sunday at the Eureka on his way to his old home, after an absence of four years in the United States. Mr. John Miller, of Moira River, was at the Centennial today. Ex-Councilor Alexander Munnie was here today.

Feb. 21.—On Friday evening there was a pleasant party at Mr. McMurray's. Owing to illness and the storm the night before, a good many were unable to attend. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gillis, Mrs. Murray, Miss Nichol, Miss Agnes Wilnot, Miss Fannie Gray, Miss Dora Gray, Messrs. I. Smith, H. Crandall, J. Gaynor, P. Gray, A. Chapman and N. Bishney.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

“Uncle Joe.” [The following lines are from the pen of the genial and venerable poet, George Martin, of Montreal. They were written upon the 82nd birthday of a neighbor and acquaintance of many years, and attest the genuineness of the hearty capability of such fellowship and comradery. We believe that “Uncle Joe” has since passed to his rest.—P. F.]

It is pleasing to know that the sage “Uncle Joe” Has rounded the corner of four-score and two; Your hand, my old friend, closely clasped to the end, Let the mile-stones before us be many or few. Three decades, at least, since our first social feast, And never a break in the chain of those years; Through sorrow and joy we have journeyed old boy, Drawn closer together by laughter and tears. What meetings! what talking! what lounging and walking, In happiest fellowship we two have known! What thought and what feeling, under heaven's blue ceiling, Have charmed the fleet seasons that o'er us have flown! Though the morning and noon, and the sun and the moon Are not all that they were in the days that are gone, No cloud bars the west, nor do demons infest The twilight whose hush is like that of the dawn. Thy hand, then, old friend, closely clasped to the end, While we tread life's declivity, cheerful and brave; Unlike some, who think flowing glasses to clink With the Devil—then cut him, when close to the grave.

Serenade. Sleep on sweet soul till morning light Wake not from golden dreaming While earth beneath the silent night, A Paradise is seeming; Sleep on, my serenade shall be Oh sleep and dream one dream of me. I sing a serenade of peace Free be thy life from sorrow; Too soon alas my song must cease I go love with the morrow, Sleep on, my serenade shall be, Oh sleep and dream one dream of me. I sing a serenade, farewell, Around me on the flowers; There falls a deep and holy spell, To bless my darker hours; Sleep on, my Serenade shall be, Oh sleep and dream one dream of me. I see the lattice window move, I hear a sweet voice falling, Her spirit sighs, Adieu my love, The past 'tis vain recalling; Sleep on, my parting song shall be, Oh sleep and dream one dream of me. CYRUS GOLDBERG.

Hard Times. The times are as meagre as boarding house fare, Where tea is like water and coffee is rare; Where you get dry-bone soup about three times a week, And they give you the pudding called Hide-and-go-seek; For the plums that are in it you never can find, And the sauce just saw sugar, then left it behind. P.

My Little Girl. Of course the little girl was just as much of mine as hers. But somehow, when our wedded life got full of tricks and hums, I told her that she'd better take the little one and go And stay a spell at Newton Creek, along with Uncle Joe. While I'd go off to some far land, and there I'd work and live. Until I'd quite made up my mind which one was to forgive.

I tell you pride's an awful thing when it gets into the heart; I guess it was a thousand times I thought I'd rise and start. And go right after her and that little maid of mine; I never heard a word from them, she never wrote a line. Then I had a spell of sickness and counted through my tears, And found I hadn't seen them both for more than ten years. Oh, my pretty laughing darling, she must be tall and fat, How I'd rig her out in ribbons and feathers rich and rare, I could almost feel my fingers upon her soft white brow, That little sunny head of hers would touch my shoulder now. Yet the strangerest thing in all my dreams, she was a little child. With the yellow curls of babyhood and big eyes round and mild. As soon as I was better, I started on my way, And reached the town at noon time, one hot and dusty day. And near by, in the church yard, I stopped to rest and find, There was a little baby's grave close to the mound. I pushed aside a straggling vine, kind o' curious, no more, Great God, my little girl lay there, dead thirteen years before. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Guilid's Signal. Two low whistles, quiet and clear, That was the signal the engineer— That was the signal that Guilid, 'tis said— Gave to his wife at Providence, As through the sleeping town, and thence Out in the night, On to the light, Down past the farms, lying white, he sped! As a husband's greeting, sad, no doubt, Yet to the woman looking on, so serene, Watching and waiting, no serenade, Love-song, or midnight roundelay, Said what at white's o'bed to say: “To my trust true, So love to you?” Working or waiting, go o' sight!” it said. Brick you bagmen, tourish fine, Old comrades along the line, Brakesmen and porters glauced ahead, Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense, Pierced through the shadows of Providence. “Nothing amiss— Nothing amiss— Nothing amiss—” Only Guilid calling his wife, 'tis said.

Summer and winter, the old refrain Rang o'er the billows of ripent grain, Pierced through the bounding boughs o'erhead Flow down the track when the red sheave burned Like living coals from the engine spinned! Sang as it flew: “To our trust true, First of all duty! Good night!” it said. And then, one night, it was heard no more From Birmingham over Rhode Island shore; And the folk in Providence smiled and said, As they turned in their beds, “The engineer Has once forgotten on his making cheer!” One only knew, To his trust true, Guilid lay under his engine, dead. —Bret Harte.

Between The Gates. Eternity lay limitless beyond; Though dreary dark the desolate deathful earth Slow circled; no sweet song nor sound of air's Bridged sombre spaces with a human bond; But, while my expectant spirit dwelt with fond Insistent strength on hopes of earlier birth, A swelling sorrow rose and filled the dearth, And to my call I heard his voice respond! Then as we strove to leap divided bands, A potent Presence set the skies astray— And though I knelt before the messenger, My heart gave answer to his stern commands: “Shut Heaven and leave me in the endless lands, So I may live and love one hour with her!” Walter Leon Sawyer in Worthington's Magazine.