

PROGRESS.

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

DR. PARKHURST AND THE BOYS.

Dr. PARKHURST is an exemplary man in many ways, and he has undoubtedly done a vast amount of good. But ever since the beginning of his great career of reform, he has done several foolish things and has made several very foolish remarks, some of which PROGRESS, while highly commending his good works, has endeavored to show the folly of.

Let me skip from the women down to the boys. It is a little thing, but one of those little things which show very distinctly what is in the public mind, and what is the drift of public sentiment.

One of the most eloquent and earnest of St. John's divines said, in his last Sunday's sermon concerning Sir JOHN THOMPSON, that it was not at the zenith of fame when stricken down so suddenly that he preferred to remember him. "It was rather," said the minister, "when amidst the cares and responsibility of office the word having reached the premier of his mother's illness, he hastened away to the remote district and tenderly nursed her until life had fled. What a trait of character that had revealed!"

Beginning with the new year no New York policeman will be allowed to ride on any of the street cars, or on the elevated railroad, without paying his fare, or to use telegraph or telephone lines free, any more than an ordinary individual.

LOUIS DE BOURBON, otherwise M. NAUDORFF, the claimant to the French throne, is out of work. He recognizes the potency of printer's ink in such cases, however, and has inserted the following advertisement in the Paris papers: "Young man, twenty-nine years of age, honest, distinguished appearance, well educated, speaking French, Dutch, English, German and a little Italian, gained first place among three hundred and forty-three candidates for admission to the Royal Military school of Breda, ex-officer in the Dutch army, having served some time in Africa in the Foreign Legion, seeks situation of any kind. Has the following against him: His great-great-grandfather and great-great-grandmother underwent capital punishment for political reasons towards the end of the last century, but have since been rehabilitated. Highest references. Address M. LOUIS DE BOURBON, 16, Rue Berthe, Paris." It should be possible for this honest young man to get some kind of a job in which the misfortunes of his great-great-grandfather and his great-great-grandmother would prove no obstacle to his success.

London Tid-bits recently asked its feminine readers to send in the ten questions which they would first ask in regard to a man whom they never seen, and who was looking for a wife. The following questions were the most common: "How old is he?" "What is his financial position?" "Is he dark or fair?" "Is he a religious man?" "Does he drink?" "One lady of a rather prosaic mind," says the

Tid-bits editor, asks "What is his measurement around the waist?" There are a good many readers of Tid-bits who will scarcely agree with the editor's view as to this lady's mind. She seems to have the most poetic temperament of them all.

The two Canadian premiers that England has especially honored have passed away, but we are still "solid" with the motherland. For the sentiment of Britain, whose connection with Canada TALON-LESERPANCE indicated in the stirring lines—

Britain bore us in her flank, Britain nursed us at our birth, Britain raised us to our rank— 'Midst the nations of the earth— is well expressed by the last laureate:

Canada . . . we love and prize, Whichever statesman hold the rein. And, after Sir MACKENZIE BOWELL'S visit to antipodean regions, we ought to now be on pretty good terms with Australia.

The Christian scientists, whatever may be said against them, seem to be generous givers. The new Mother Church of Christian Science at Boston cost \$200,000, and yet there is no debt upon it, but, on the contrary, the contributions continue to flow despite the fact that there are more than ample funds on hand to cover the cost. In order to stop the influx of money from all countries where Christian scientists are found, the treasurer announces that no sums except those already subscribed can be received—another remarkable incident in connection with a religious denomination.

The following interesting political note is from the Toronto Telegram: "While JIM SUTHERLAND M. P., is busy solidifying the Scotch by assurance that his honored leader 'MR LAURIE' is his loyal descendant of a Scotchman of that name, CHARLES RAMSAY DEVLIN does not hesitate to please the exiles of Erin by referring to 'my leader Mr. O'LAURIE, the successor of the gallant Irishman Captain O'LEARY, who fought in the French army against the English at Fontenoy'"

The Bangor News, speaking of the strange woman recently alleged to be residing in African wilds, says that "she is now one hundred and ten years old, and has all the attributes of RIDER HAGGARD'S She, except immortality." This exception seems scarcely fair, as it has certainly not yet been proved that the counterpart of Mr. HAGGARD'S "not impossible She" has not the staying powers of TITHONUS.

The Boston Herald, in speaking of Sir MACKENZIE BOWELL'S elevation, alludes to the fact that the new premier was once a printer, and remarks that "in Canada, as in the United States, a poor man may finally attain an honorable position." Without any reflection on our present excellent premier in his more exalted role, it might be remarked that printing is sometimes considered as honorable a calling as politics.

Such newspapers as may have libel suits on hand may be consoled by the fact that the lady who is public librarian at Los Angeles, Cal., has instituted a suit of that nature against a leading clergyman of that town. The alleged libel was contained in a prayer made by the clergyman, in which occurred the following words: "Cleanse her of all sin and make her worthy of her office."

Sir JOHN THOMPSON is not the first civilian to be honored by having his remains conveyed across the Atlantic in a British man-of-war. There was only one other who received this honor, however, and that was the American philanthropist PEABODY, who died in London after making a magnificent gift to that city, and was sent home in the battleship Warrior.

A new Irish novel by JANE BARLOW, entitled "Kerrigan's Quality," is very highly praised by a writer in Munsey's Magazine. He declares that it "tells you more of Ireland than all the learned books ever written." But LEVER'S novels do that.

The name of a club of Englishwomen of considerable eminence in the intellectual world has been changed from "Literary Ladies' Club" to "Women Writers' Club." The new name is just as alliterative, and sounds more solid.

In Indiana a train wrecker has been sentenced to imprisonment for life—which is good; in Arizona a man convicted of train wrecking has been only sentenced to death, but hanged—which is better.

What seems to strike the United States papers in the death of Sir JOHN THOMPSON is the incongruity of a statesman's dying poor.

"Why," asked the philosopher, "why is it that a man—the noblest created object—why is it that a man should have such doubts of his ability to win a woman's affection, when he considers the success in that line of a pop-eyed, pudding-shaped, pretzel-tailed pugdog?" "But the assembled listeners answered him not.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Death of the New School Poet. Good night, 'tis time to die, Close down my eyes and lay me on the shore; My winged spirit floats off on the wind, The sea keep is my home for evermore. On the salt sea drifting, My life must wrapp'd shall wreath the mountain height; Or in the blue dome of the arching sky Throughout dim ages wander lost to sight. Eyes in the sea filled stars, Shall watch me floating by them in the dark; And hear the fanning of the waving wings That guide my being in its air formed ark. I shall float on for centuries, A million miles shall rise an fall and still, No resting day in deep unthought space, Shall e'er my ice-cold heart with new life fill. Farewell, no partly care, Shall open with sweet music to my ear, For I shall pass away into the night, And find no home that others hold most dear. No eye shall see me more, My brothers on the storm clouds and the rain; The mighty sea that bears my name afar, Shall never bring me to my own again. N' heaven can be mine, I shall crawl off as dew mist in the road, My gifts are greater than the Lord who gave; I know far more than life, far more than God. School of the infidel, Teaching a subtle meaning, false and wrong; N' a new, but as transgression old art thou; This is the chaff and not the wheat of song. Pansy Poich, Dec. 1894. CYPRUS GOLDBE.

Of a Boy. What is the love of a boy? A song—a thirst—a desire— A flashing of lights on the sea, A gleaming of eyes in the fire, A craving—a mystery. What are the ways of a boy? Laughter, joy and despair, A reckless grasp at a hand— A nightmare of waving hair— A riddle to understand. And what is the end of his love? A tear and a fresh cigarette, A surging of waves in the brain— A vow to the gods to forget The cause of the pain. Oh, these are the joys of a boy, See'st thou how they fly they are? See'st thou the rapture thereof? Like the tale of The Wolf and the Star And their icicle love. G. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.

The Last Voyage. "Dead!" we cried, "and far from home, Far across Atlantic foam, Many a weary mile, Dead where'st thou in state, Dead while strangers round him wait, In Britannia's Isle!" "Strangers?" said we—waited o'er, Cable-fish from shore to shore, When death-gives cheer, Britain's Queen Ours bowed the head, Britain's Great her tear-drops shed O'er his silent bier!

When for stricken alien worth, Did such sorrow, such grief, Did such tributes pour? Not 'mid stragglers 'mongst-on died, But 'mid brothers true and tried, In Britain's shore!

Did we mourn that far removed, Did we weep for those he loved, He should be for long? England's bulwark rule the wave, Went to bear as well to save, Engl'nd's ships are strong!

As on land in every clime, May the sea his rising time, By Britannia's drums; So her crew's sweep the sea, Time and distance naught to these, And our Premier comes!

Sea borne homeward from afar, Like a hero from the war, When death-gives cheer, He who bore no sword nor shield And whose only fountain-flood Was a flood of peace!

But 'tis ship of tarred-gum, Named for greatest of the won, Since our fame began, Bear him gently o'er the deep, Bear him in his dreamless sleep, For he was a man.

Yes, a man who would not veer From his path of duty clear, Th' looking in his grave; Whom no fear of death could bend From his purpose, steadfast end, Patient, strong and brave!

As a man he left our side, As a man in manhood's pride, And in manhood's powers, Honor with him crossed the main, Honor bring-her home again, Honor still is ours!

But the royal tears may fall, Statesmen crowd around the pall, The dim light of New Year's dawn I saw the old year end.

Upon the pallid features lay The dear old smile—so warm and bright Ere thus his cheer had died away In shade of delight.

The hands that I had learned to love With strength on session half divine, Were folded now, all heedless of The emptiness of mine.

The eyes that once had shined their bright Sweet looks like a sunshine, now were dull, As 'erevild died from the light, That made them beautiful.

The chiming of bells were in the air, And sounds of mirth in hall and street, With pealing laughter everywhere, And throng of dancing feet!

The mirth and the convivial din Of revellers in wassail glee, With tunes of harp and violin In tangled harmony.

But, with a sense of nameless dread, I turned me, from the merry feast, O' this new-comer, to my dead; And, kneeling there a space, I sobbed aloud, all tearfully—

By the dear face so fix'd and cold, O Lord, let not this New Year be As happy as the old! JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A Seasoning Song. Hang up the stocking of faith and it shall be filled with cheer, Though grief and its wraith attend us through every month of the year. Take the world as it comes and give it as good as it brings, Welcome the years with drums and the heart of a boy that sings.

The wrecks of life are a doll with the sawdust gone from her legs, A Punch with his nose smashed in and a Judy of her peep, What of the hobbits we rode in the days that are far away? The bugle-blast of a boy in the wantonness of play.

A Meditation.

I'll meditate upon Thy word, And think of all Thy love and care, The strength and aid Thou dost afford, The gentle hand, so strong to spare, The record of Thy boundless love, Of mercy great from age to age, In plentiful showers sent from above, Are written on that sacred page. 'Tis there we learn of saints of old, Led by the power of that strong hand, Mid dangers great, hunger and cold, In Thy great service fearless, grand, Of all who served with faith and fear, Mid scenes of wild and godless strife, A glorious record, bright and clear, Shows us the way to brighter life. The way to Thee, great source of Light, Almighty Father, love divine, Whose dwelling place is ever bright, And life and light alone are Thine, And there we read of love more kind, Supreme in all its depth and height, Beyond the grasp of finite mind, Known only to the Infinite. The gentle life of Jesus Christ, And all his great redeeming love, His entry into perfect light, His constant care in heaven above, All there set forth that we may find The path His bruised feet have known, And seek to know His love so kind And claim His merit as our own. Oct., '94. FERG.

Let Us Forget. Let us forget. What matters it that we Once reined o'er happy realms of long-ago, And talked of love, and let our voices flow, And ruled for some brief session royal? What if we sunk, or laughed, or wept maybe? It has availed not anything, and so Let it go by that we may better know How poor a thing is lost to you and me. But yesterday I kissed your lip, and yet Did thrill you not enough to shake the dew From your drenched lids—and mistle, with no regret, Your kiss shot back, with sharp breaths falling you; And so, today, while our worn eyes are wet With all this waste of tears, let us forget! JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY."

By Jay Bee. Laid Customer—Don't these stockings come rather high? Well! yes, somewhat higher than socks, Tableau. Before "turning over a new leaf," this year, take down the dust-begrimed books of other years, and renovate them.

An old chestnut it is to the effect that the moon like man gets full, but you will observe it is always before her last "quarter" is spent. "That tired feeling" is often the result of laziness.

If you do not know what is the matter with you, just read a hundred or so testimonials from prominent citizens, and your symptoms will likely be expressed more fully and ably than you could describe them yourself.

The tighter the times the more mighty the dollar. If "silence is golden," try the "gold cure," for a running tongue.

Ambition is the daughter of discontent, as the contented person is satisfied with things as they are. Without ambition things would remain at a standstill.

Without contentment there would be [no] beauty in the world. Sam—My wife is one woman out of a thousand. Tom—I guess you better not try to marry any more out of that number as the law against bigamy is severe.

In these days of Hair dyes and restoratives, it is parents' own fault if they allow their children to "bring their grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." Time is exempt from relapses, not so disease.

"Love at first sight" should be granted the usual three days' grace. If the tendency to look around at those less fortunate, than at those more so, prevailed to a greater extent, the result would be a more generous satisfaction with our present condition and position.

The intrinsic value of gifts are secondary to the spirit in which they are made. That which prompts the act is sometimes more commendable than the act performed.

Ignorance can wear the same hat that fits bigotry. "The root of all evil" is—"L." "Fine feathers make fine birds" die, for woman, lovely woman, to adorn herself.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Dr. Parkhurst's latest effort in behalf of municipal reform in New York is one of the leading articles in McClure's Magazine for January. "E. J. E." is one of the most interesting writers on United States history and politics that ever wrote, and this article he signs more in full—viz., "E. J. Edwards." McClure's this month is following in the wake of the Ladies' Home Journal, for in it Miss Beatrice Harrazen tells how she came to write "Ships that Pass in the Night." The account, according to McClure's prospectus, is "a more dramatic and absorbing story than even novel itself." Another Napoleon "find" is recorded in this magazine, being a great account of Marengo and of the famous stand of the grenadiers of the Consular Guard, who, five hundred in number, withstood the attack of the whole Austrian army.

The Christmas number of the King's College Record has full-page portraits of Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman and Archibald Lampman. The printing was excellently done by J. J. Anslow, of Windsor. The poems and special articles are good.

Little Things. It's the great number of little things in this world that makes the whole. Little things and each one right make a large goodness—little things neglected make a large badness. One little thing wrong, among a whole lot of little things that are right, makes more badness than all the little good things will offset. We believe in having each little thing right, then the suit, or coat, or other garment will be right. Buttons, seams, stitches, goods, price, all must be right with us. All the care, all the bestness, then right price. GILMOUR, Tailor.

May as Well be Correct. One of the daily papers was in error when it stated that there had not been a dollar subscribed to the Lady Thompson fund. There are \$2 in the British bank.

HIS LEGACY OF REGARD.

MR. ROBERT BLAIR AND HIS SUDDEN DEATH.

One of the Worthiest of Citizens Passes From Life in a Few Minutes—What He Did and the Family to Whom he Has Left Such a Legacy of Regard and Respect.

Three old and tried friends sitting one day in the office of the old London House began to talk about the end of life and one asked, "How would you like to die?" "Right in the chair," was the prompt reply. The speaker was afterwards governor of New Brunswick and all of the readers of PROGRESS know how short and swift the message of death came to Mr. Boyd. Another of the three was Mr. Thomas W. Daniel, and he, too, was at the last called suddenly to his rest. The third, Mr. Robert Blair, walked from his home a few days ago in his usual health, returned and sat down to dinner and in five minutes was dead.

Strange that the wish of all these three men should have been realized! Only last year when Mr. Blair was very ill he spoke of how much better it was for a man to be



ready and go quickly rather than suffer and be a burden and source of anxiety to his friends.

His familiar face and figure has appeared upon the streets for the last time. His friends will miss him sorely, his family mourn for him sincerely.

Those who knew him and who have not read the full account of his last hour in the daily press will be interested in the facts. He started to see an old friend over in the North end and though intending to take a car was diverted from doing so by meeting with an old friend. The walk was too much for him and when he returned home he complained of a tired feeling in his head.

He sat down to dinner under the anxious regard of his family and had hardly begun his repast when his head drooped as he exclaimed, "Oh, my head." Dr. Walker was summoned, but no medical skill could save him; in a few minutes he was dead.

The facts of his life were well told in the account printed by the Telegraph. "He was born near Londonderry, in the north of Ireland, about 75 years ago. When he was about 16 years of age Mr. Blair came to St. John, having for fellow-passengers some who, like himself, became prominent and leading citizens. Mr. Blair was for a number of years manager of Robertson's saw mill in Carleton, at that time a very large establishment. More recently he was for many years well known as the president and manager of the gas works of this city.

"This position he resigned several years ago on account of his advanced age and from a desire for relief and leisure from the pressure and care of business life; and since that time he has lived a quiet retired life at home and in association with his friends, whom it gave him especial delight to meet at all times.

Mr. Blair was a member of the presbyterian church for many years. His first connection in this city was with St. John's church, while Dr. Robert Irvine was his minister. For a number of years he has been a member of Saint David's church, in which he has taken a deep and lively interest. He was in his place last Sabbath morning apparently in his usual health.

"From his long residence in the city, his connection with business and his affable disposition Mr. Blair was among our best known citizens, and though less known to the public for several years than he had formerly been, he will be missed by a very large number of our people, who will mourn the loss of a sincere, warm-hearted friend and a cheerful, genuine acquaintance. Mr. Blair was naturally of a quiet and retiring disposition. He did not care for notoriety, but he had a keen and closely observant mind and a remarkably well-balanced judgment, qualities which stood him in good stead in his estimate of men and his success in business.

It is not our sphere to enter into any statement of his private life further than to say that he sustained an honorable and unblemished reputation as a fair-minded, sincere man. He was a warm friend and to many he has been a wise and helpful counsellor. Those who were privileged to

know his home life felt that he was of the tenderest and most affectionate of men. His death will leave a blank which cannot be filled to those who mourn his death with broken hearted sorrow. To them however the consolation of the Christian's hope comes in its blessed assurance that he has passed into "the rest that remaineth to the people of God."

"Mr. Blair leaves a widow, and a family of four sons and two daughters. Of the sons, Robert, the eldest son, has been for some years in Regina, Alred and Andrew are engaged in the banking business under the firm name of Blair & Co., while Thomas, the youngest son, is manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia in this city. The daughters, Elvia and Ada, are at home."

Mr. Blair's funeral showed the appreciation of the public for him. It was attended by all classes of citizens who paid the last tribute possible to one of the worthiest of their number.

PEN AND PRESS.

The Toronto Empire, despite the reports circulated about its premature downfall, seems to be getting along pretty well. It sends PROGRESS a list of the new syndicate that has secured a controlling interest in the paper. While those who compose it are all warm supporters of the conservative party and policy, the majority of them are business men who propose to make the Empire a business as well as a political paper.

The first issue of "the Daily Telegraph," a paper which has just been started at Eau Claire, Wisconsin, will have an interest for St. John people from the fact that its associate editor is a St. John boy, and was well known in musical and social circles in our city a few years ago. Mr. A. A. Rankin is the eldest son of Alexander Rankin, Esquire, now of London, England, but for many years a citizen of St. John, and nephew of Mrs. John McMillan of this city; a musician of acknowledged ability, he left his native land eight or nine years ago, in order to devote his time exclusively to musical pursuits, and filled some very important positions in different states of the Union, notably at Saratoga Springs, New York, where he was organist and choir master of the most influential church in the city, and in Norfolk, Virginia, where he occupied a similar position winning fresh laurels in the musical world each year, and becoming a frequent contributor to the leading musical journals. Since his residence in the United States Mr. Rankin has turned his attention largely towards newspaper work, and employed his leisure hours in literary occupations, being at one time city editor of the "Daily Saratogian." Therefore he has not set sail upon the troubled sea of journalism without experience. The young editor spent the past summer rambling through the wilds of Kansas, studying the curious features of life in the Border city and the settlements of the far famed Cherokee strip, doubtless gathering material for his present venture. The Telegraph is a daily and weekly paper, the latter striking and forcibly by its strong resemblance in make up to PROGRESS, except it is an eight, instead of a sixteen page paper, and is published on Monday. Mr. Rankin is at present organist and choir master of one of the largest episcopal churches in Eau Claire, and his numerous friends in New Brunswick will be glad to hear of his success.

Fast Driving at Woodstock.

"Justitia" writes as follows from Woodstock: "A great deal of fast driving was indulged in by the owners of spirited horses on the afternoon of New Year's Day. This amusement is highly exciting to the occupants of the sleighs and no less exciting and alarming to the pedestrians who, tiring of wading through the unpacked snow on the sidewalks, venture to take a few steps on the road. The danger to life and limb is by no means small. If the town council intend to sanction this for the winter, they should see to it that a sidewalk, not a footpath, is made for the accommodation of the walking public."

A Beautiful Calendar.

Mr. Peterson of King street carried out a novel and interesting idea this year when he combined a beautiful calendar of the year with a portrait of the interior of city churches and a portrait of the pastor. The work is well done, the prints being mounted upon splendid cards, and the artistic arrangement of the portrait and interior cannot fail to please everyone. PROGRESS has seen nothing in the line of calendars so well worth a place in the home and so appropriate for presentation.

Hard to Answer.

"Johnnie" said his mother the other day cat'ing the young gentleman in the act of propelling pebbles in the direction of neighbour Jones' windows. "Johnnie, do you know that it is wrong for little boys to throw stones? Never let me see you do that again."

Johnnie looked into his mother's face with that calm assurance which comes of a sense of innocent intent, and said: "Mamma, 'sposin' David's folks had been so particular, wouldn't it have been a bad thing for the Israelites?"

SPRINGHILL.

JAN. 2.—The basket social in the parish house on Thursday evening was very well attended. The baskets were auctioned off by Mr. Stanfield.

Mr. Fuller gave a very delightful euchre party followed by a dance on Friday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Lock. The king prizes were carried off by Miss Crossdale and Mr. Foster, second prize, Miss Dossie Alloway and Mr. Arthur Wylie. Among those present were: Misses Alloway, Dick, Lea, Abbott, Hall, Misses Hay, ward, Crossdale, Lock, Pugh, Peers and Murray, Misses McKinnon, Calkin, J. Murray, W. Murray, Wylie, Alloway, H. Murray, Foster and Fitzmaurice.

The "At Home" given by the I. O. O. F. on Sunday evening was a great success. Invitations are out for a dance on Friday evening in the club room.

Don't.