

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B.

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at so nearly the middle of the night between March 8th and March 9th that in order to have a single birthday there had to be a compromise, effected by adding eight and nine together and celebrating the festival on the seventeenth day of the month.

Dr. PARKHURST has been reading of the difficulty of the ANNEKE JANS heirs in New Brunswick and other places have in getting their Trinity church property, and is preparing to attack rich New York ecclesiastical corporations which own large quantities of real estate. It is a more difficult task to reform church corporations than any other corporations, but Dr. PARKHURST is probably acquainted with this fact in advance.

"There has been a large addition to the number of synagogues in all parts of the United States within the last few years," says the New York Sun. "Wherever a dozen Jews are gathered together, a synagogue is set up." It is somewhat remarkable, in view of this laudable tendency on the part of Jews, that the oft-talked-of St. John synagogue has never materialized.

The departure of Col. WARRING, New York's street commissioner, in appointing two women inspectors in the street-cleaning department, has brought out much unfavorable criticism. As women are interested in general cleanliness to a large extent, and are especially interested in the cleanliness of sidewalks, Col. WARRING'S idea appears to be a good one.

The cultured state of Massachusetts is bound that her voters shall be cultured. Every elector who is challenged must prove his ability, before receiving a ballot, to read a printed slip of some part of the constitution which he draws at random from a box. By this method it is hoped to decrease the political power attained by ignorant foreigners.

When agricultural machinery was introduced into England, a great deal of it was promptly burned by the workmen it for a time displaced. Now London bootmakers are making violent objections to the introduction of improved machinery which has forced a lockout which involves 200,000 operatives.

The latest contribution to the violet craze, which was an offshoot of the Napoleonic craze, is a large violet of a clear purple which does not fade, and of intense and lasting gratefulness to the sense of smell. This has just been discovered in California, and the finder proposes to profit by his discovery.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE has made up for his Christmas present to his employes of a reduction in wages. He has advanced the wages of ten thousand miners, to take effect next month, without so much as consulting the walking delegates.

The New York Advertiser says that the labor question should not be discussed by clergymen, unless with caution. Dr. BRUCE of this city handles the subject in a way that would excite the admiration of even the New York Advertiser.

A more sublime example of intellectual idiosyncrasy than OSCAR WILDE'S actions in always carrying a pen and pencil with him into company, with which to make immortal the epigrams that flow from his lips, it would be hard to find.

Those who listened to the recent debate at the St. John Y. M. C. A. rooms in regard to the nationalization of railways will be interested in learning that Chili is about to try the experiment.

The "TRILBY" craze has reached its lowest level at last. The "TRILBY" Corn and Bunion Eradicator is now on the market.

A HAVEN OF REST.

The Old Ladies' Home, Its Comforts and Those Who Live There.

It stands on an eminence looking out over the sparkling, dancing waters of Courtenay bay, and ever restless, foam-capped Fundy. Here, if anywhere, the fierce winds of winter, lose some of their fierceness, while the soft sea-scented breezes of summer seem to linger almost lovingly round this safe retreat of failing age, as if anxious to hear, and gather up, that they may whisper it again to the dancing billows, the thoughts, ideas and matured experience of the world-tired inhabitants who dwell therein, whose eyes have grown dim in the voyage across life's storm tossed sea, and who now wait patiently for the time when, from the further shore the Pilot of Galilee shall stretch across the waters a welcoming hand and guide the frail bark safely into port.

Such at least were the thoughts of a PROGRESS representative one bright, crisp afternoon as she sought admission to the "Home." The soft tinkling of the bell had scarcely died away when a bright faced attendant appeared, and the first glimpse of the interior was a long, wide corridor, comfortably furnished, while over all was the soft mellow light one would expect to find here. At either end of the corridor is a broad staircase, the steps of which are softly covered, suggesting the thought that, though doubtless many of the feet, which now daily tread the comfortable stair, have crossed rough places, here

at least the way is made smooth. Everything breathes comfort and rest; the pretty cosy dining room, with its refined, dainty appointments, conjured up a vision of the hour when tea drinking reigns supreme—sweetened with just a supcon of gossip it may be, watted to them from the outer world. Though these dear old ladies quite come up to one's ideal of a calm, beautiful winter of life still they are only very human—or rather very feminine—and the love of a little gossip is so much a part of feminine nature that it would be too much to expect to find it wholly obliterated even here. It is the one little vice common to all that burns steadily on through childhood, womanhood, old age, and is extinguished only with life itself.

The spacious parlor, with its bright, cheerful carpet, the old-fashioned melodeon, the bay window, filled with pretty flowering plants and from which one gets a magnificent view of the tumbling, tossing, changing bay, was a source of admiration. Over the mantel, in this home-like room, hangs a splendid portrait of the late Mr. Daniel, of the firm of Daniel & Boyd, a good friend of the institution, and the kindly eyes and lips seem smiling a welcome to the visitor. In the bright sitting room, from the windows of which the shining waters can also be seen, together with the hills and surrounding country, sat an inmate—a lady whose hair is white with the frosts of ninety winters, but whose un-bent form and animated face give little hint of the passage of so many years, and whose eyes still bright and clear, look out upon the inrolling waters of eternity. A feeling of awe stole over the visitor as the sweet calm face, framed in snowy hair, was lifted smilingly to hers, and a white hand, not quite so steady as half a century ago, perhaps, was extended in greeting. Here was perfect peace and contentment, and as the writer passed on to other scenes that one in particular was indelibly impressed upon her mind, though only one of many pleasant things seen and heard that afternoon. The placid, happy faces of the inmates, the love and respect with which they regard the matron, the attention paid to detail, all combine to form a most pleasing whole. It was with a feeling of real regret that PROGRESS representative heard the door close and found herself again in the cool March air—a feeling that here indeed was a safe shelter after the rude storms of life; after the drifting clouds, a warm, bright sunset, gilding and brightening all around, and reminding one that only a well spent youth brings a calm, old age.

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MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

(Continued From Third Page.)

"The death of Trilby is very evidently copied from that of Camille, which was poetized by Modjeska, realized by Clara Morris and idealized by Sarah Bernhardt. Miss Harned looked the part most satisfactorily."

C. W. Coudock, the actor, who will be remembered by the older theatre goers in this city as playing star engagements at Lanegan's Lyceum years ago, it is more than probable will enter the Forest Home.

A critic of "Trilby" speaking of its first production among other things says, "With the notoriety, not to say fame, of 'Trilby' the novel, with the effective stage features of 'Trilby' the play, it cannot but be a popular success. I should not be surprised if we had a sort of epidemic of stage 'Trilbyism,' as we did with 'Pinafore.' I should feel sure of it if we had no copyright law to act as a deterrent to ambitious and theatrically inclined Sunday schools."

Joe Jefferson, comedian in "Rip Van Winkle," is at the Boston theatre all next week.

Madeline Lucette Ryley, who wrote "Christopher Jr.," John Drew's new piece, is the wife of comedian John Ryley.

This is a pretty good story from a theatre ticket office: "A distinguished-looking man, who seemed to have dined well, asked for a front row seat to see Cissy Fitzgerald dance at Hoyt's theatre, New York, last week. The treasurer told him the house was all sold out. He then paid a dollar for standing room. He left the box office but returned. 'There's an awful crush in there,' he said, 'I want more standing room,' and he planked down a dollar and re-entered the theatre with his two tickets, quite content."

Joseph Murphy, with "Shaun Rhu" is coming to the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston. However good he may be as an interpreter of Irish character himself, his supporting company are burlesques, and may judge from the members of his company who supported his brother, Joe Murphy, when he played in the last season.

The following story of Forrest, the tragedian, may be new to many lovers of the drama. It is too good to be lost, so it is given to PROGRESS readers: Many years ago, while Edwin Forrest was playing an engagement in a western theatre, White Cloud and a number of other Indian chiefs were on their return from Washington. Stopping in the town overnight they were conducted to the theatre to see the great American tragedian. Mr. Forrest was then in the prime of life. The play on that occasion was "Metamora." White Cloud and his band of warriors were accommodated with seats in a stage box. The theatre was crowded, and it was very evident that the audience were anxious to observe what effect the performance would have on the children of the forest. The play proceeded, and although the Indians could not understand a single word that was said, yet they appeared to be much interested, occasionally giving to one another a satisfactory grunt. After a while they became uneasy, which seemed to be simultaneous among them all. This was more apparent when the Indian war whoop came from behind the scenes. The eyes of the audience were upon White Cloud, who two or three times grasped the tomahawk in his belt. The other warriors did so likewise. The party were getting more excited as the play proceeded. They looked at each other with anxiety; their eyes indexed the fact that their souls were in arms. Presently Metamora, with uplifted tomahawk, rushed upon the stage, and when he gave the war whoop, which none but a Forrest could give, the Indians could remain in their seats no longer. Forrest gave a second, and a shriller whoop, whereupon White Cloud and his band, joining in full chorus, sprang upon the stage, and brandishing their tomahawks and glittering knives, rushed towards Metamora. Forrest was dumfounded for a moment, but he soon took in the situation, and finding that the real Indians were on his side ready to do or die in his behalf, he felt that he had achieved one of the greatest triumphs in the profession he so much loved during his eventful life. In detailing his anecdote, Forrest said he was not really aware at the time of the performance that he was using an exact whoop for reinforcements, but the wild Indians understood it, and responded as followers of Metamora. The house was thrown into the wildest excitement, which soon cooled down, with the general belief that it was the best performance and most effective rendition of the Indian play ever made by the distinguished actor.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Reflection.

The love that loves the summer night, Came to her eyes sweet blue;

And lay concealed there out of sight, Beautiful, pure and true.

And day and day and year by year, I sought love far and wide;

And often by that blue eye's tear Some lover was denied.

At last one day I met a face, And listened to a voice;

Love saw me from his hiding place; I felt my soul rejoice.

He looked my spirit through and through, My soul cried out in song;

O love, how I have sought for you, Through all the cold world's throng.

Then to her soul light came away, An angel might have known;

Was but one sweet celestial ray Descending from a throne.

Upon her lips a red rose fell, A pink flush crowned her brow;

And what came there words cannot tell, That is love's blessing now.

If evertmore true love has started, Safe in those glad eyes blue;

Could sorrow then have thrown a shade, Across my path to you?

O heart thrill of love's promise, Born of immortal breath;

O sweet life hidden mine within, O'utlive my peasant death.

The sands along the winding shore, Of life's sad dreaming sea;

My steps may take forevermore Aftersweet soul, from thee.

But I shall know and keep you near, When sorrow has my hand;

For you will be my starlight clear, Into the twilight land.

Fanny Porch, March 1895. CYPRUS GOLDS.

The Widowed Farmer.

Since Hanner died the sun don't shine so bright, The stars don't twinkle near so keen at night, The church bells Sunday mornin' hain't the cheer It had when she was here, Since Hanner died.

The good chickens misses Hanner's care And go round with a sorter lousome air, There ain't no kind of joy about the place Without her smile's face Since Hanner died.

The garden tools hank in the apple trees; The hoesweds air a killin' of the peas, There's no one here to hoe the taters now Er feed the hogs an' cow Since Hanner died.

I's pose of course I'd orter be resigned, But when I go out in the shed an' find The axe she chopped the wood with all them years I wet it with my tears Since Hanner died.

Neglected Opportunities.

At an evening party a lady said that she had had a quarrel with her husband, but had made it up again, and to commemorate the event had planted a sapling.

"There, you see," whispered the wife of a wealthy landowner in a tone of reproach to her husband, "if we had done that, what a splendid avenue of trees we should have by this time."

His Limitations.

She: "But he has such a delightful way of saying things—quite a poetic temperament."

He (a rival): "Yes, he has soaring after the infinite and dives after the unathomable, but never pays cash."

CRITICISM OF THE EVANGELISTS.

Many People who Found Fault but Could not Deny the Good Done.

Rev's. Messrs. Hunter and Crossley have come and gone. Though they converted, it is estimated, about 1200 people, still they were much criticized. People criticized because of their methods. They claimed that they excited the people and will do no permanent good.

Others averred that they were too rabid, or rather this is chiefly about Hunter, and that they spoke too harshly of dancing and other amusements.

Others again found fault with them insinuating that their chief object was money. They complained that they were too well paid for their work, as they received \$1200 for only five weeks' labor.

The first objection may be answered by saying that no doubt a good many will not permanently improve but quite a number will be much better men and women morally and in every other way and it is worth while going to a great deal of trouble for even a very few real genuine conversions.

Those two men again are unlike most evangelists in that they do not aim so much to play upon the emotions. They endeavored rather to suppress that.

General criticism is on their strictures respecting dancing. No doubt they spoke very severely of this that many people consider a very innocent amusement, and Mr. Hunter was inclined sometimes to be very rabid and to make extreme remarks, in which respect he differed from Mr. Crossley. The question of dancing is an open one and men should not be condemned for having views one way or the other.

In general principles the evangelists were broad. They were not confined in their sympathies to a narrow creed. Thus though they came to a Methodist church, half of their converts were from the other denominations.

Reference was made, even in the press, to the size of the amount of money which they took away. Looked at from every point of view it is not a high figure. They received \$1200, they converted 1200 people. A dollar a head is extremely cheap. This may sound irreverent, but it makes one realize what they have done.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Mr. Errington Met his Future Wife Under Peculiar Circumstances.

The author of "The Wire and the Wave" relates a most singular case of love at first sight. Mr. Errington, a telegraph superintendent, was on his way to India. Going through Brindisi towards the steamer, he met a beautiful girl coming along the street with an older lady. Struck with the beauty of this dainty Greek maiden, and feeling that she was his "fate," he boldly accosted the ladies, introduced himself, and then there made her an offer of marriage. The ladies only laughed.

"You must be crazy," said the elder lady, who could speak English, for they were Greeks from the Ionian Islands, although residents in the town.

"Not at all," said Errington, "I never was sner in my life,"

"But it is ridiculous, sir," said the mother; "so sudden."

"Madam," said Errington, "my ship is about to start. I have no time to parley. I shall be three years in India. I love your daughter and believe I shall never love another. If I did not speak now, I should probably never have another chance."

The lady talked apart with her daughter, and then said—"My child cannot accept your proposal, but since you are so urgent, in three years, when you return here, she is still free, you can try again. Here is my card."

"Very good," said Errington; "here is mine. In three years I shall return; meantime I shall write you." Then, raising his hat politely, he hurried to the steamer. As good as his word, he returned to Brindisi, found the young lady still unwed, proposed again and was accepted. He is now superintendent at Chio, where he and his wife are great favorites.

EDISON'S FIRST CHECK.

He was not Aware that Identification was Necessary.

In the "Life and Inventions of Thomas Alva Edison," recently published, Mr. Edison himself gives an amusing account of the sale of one of his earliest inventions to a telegraph company in New York. Edison, who had no idea of the value of his invention, thought that \$5,000 would be about right.

"Well, Mr. Edison," said one of the deputation appointed to wait upon me, "how much do you want for your device?"

"I don't know what they are worth," was my reply. "Make me an offer."

"Well," continued the speaker, "how would forty thousand dollars strike you?"

"I believe I could have been knocked down with the traditional feather, so astonished was I at the sum. I immediately accepted, but after I had got over my excitement I supposed there must be some Wall Street trick about this thing, and that if I ever got a cent I should be lucky."

However, he signed the agreement, obtained a cheque, and went to the bank to cash it. He proceeded—

"When my turn came and I presented the cheque the paying teller yelled out a lot of jargon, which I failed to understand on account of my deafness. Again he roared something at me, but I could not catch it, so left my place and passed on."

Sitting dismally on the steps of the bank I concluded that I was never fated to see that money; anyone might have bought that cheque from me for fifty dollars.

"However, I went back to the company's office and told one of the clerks about the bank episode, when he explained that the teller evidently wanted me to be identified. He then went to the bank with me, performed the ceremony of introduction, and the money was at once paid, greatly to my astonishment.

She Wished to be an Executioner.

Some time ago the Austrian capital had to mourn the death of Herr Seyffert, her chief executioner, and in due course the municipal authorities advertised for a successor. Among hundreds of applications they received the following letter from a young lady of Vienna, which was accompanied by a most attractive carte de visite: "My age is eight-and-twenty, and I am endowed with great physical strength. My sex and above all, my good looks render me specially eligible for the post which I seek. Just remember that the last person on whom the condemned criminal fastens his gaze, nine times out of ten, is a repulsive hideous personage. What consolation would a poor wretch on the brink of plunging into eternity derive from being pined by the gentle hand of a woman, whose fascinating glance would cause him for a moment to be oblivious of the pangs of a mortal agony far worse than death itself."

At the execution of Emile Henri in Paris last year, Mme. Yvert appeared within the barriers as a lady journalist, and plied her pencil calmly, but busily throughout the trying scene.

A Novel Library Scheme.

The Xavier Club, of Brooklyn, is a literary and social society with a troop of friends. Its chief ambition is to secure a fine club library, and to this end they toil like the proverbial beaver. Their latest method has been as unique as it has been successful. They give an entertainment, musical, literary, dramatic or dancing it may be, for which the