

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

WOMAN AND THE LAW.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE is always an interesting writer even if one cannot agree with him in all he says. He has been thinking about the justice of executing a woman. There are three parties he says to the discussion.

One says the death penalty should be paid by women even more than by men murderers, because the former have done greater outrages to nature than the latter. A second party holds that executions should be abolished for both men and women. A third would save women because they are women, and chivalry and decency demands that we do no violence to one of the sex that are mothers.

Of the three, the last seems to the present writer the least justifiable. Men and women are equal before their Creator, and should be so before mankind. God's mercies are shown to women as to men; and His chastisements are visited upon the one as upon the other. Christ did not condemn the woman taken in sin; and He promised Heaven to the thief upon the cross. Death was the punishment alike to Ananias and Sapphira. Nowhere do we find any discrimination between the sexes in Holy Writ. To each is given a nature capable of choosing freely between good and evil. Sin stains the souls of both alike—neither more or less.

The chivalric idea had its beginning in the Middle Ages; it was based upon no spiritual or moral conception of woman, but solely upon the physical one. Her bodily strength was less than man's; this had, till then been held good reason for man's tyranny over her; but then it was said, indulge her because she is weak; do not crush her, for the very reason that you have the power to do so. Externally, the chivalric attitude toward woman was one of respect and reverence; internally, it was one of contempt and insult; for the slave it substituted the plaything. No cause more than chivalry has retarded the development of women. Because she was not the match for man physically the inference was drawn that she could not be his equal spiritually or mentally.

We have long outgrown any need for considering the physical aspect of the matter; and during this century women have aimed to prove that the spiritual and mental inequality is a myth. They are proving their ability to rival men in industry, and (if the laws will permit) in Government also. On what plea, then, shall they be freed from the penalties decreed for crime? Will any one maintain that because the average woman has not the muscular vigor of the average man, there the State shall refrain from inflicting upon any particular woman the penalty of death pronounced according to law? "The human body is the temple of God," but the woman's body is thereby not more sacred than the man's. The mother of Jesus was a woman; but Christ put away the mother part of Himself, and was incarnate God. The name of mother is reverend, but is the name of father less so? It is contended that "civilization" forbids the indecency of executions of women. Does "civilization" imagine that it can gain credit by forbidding such executions, while it has not availed to prevent a woman from doing murder? "Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also." We are asked to excuse the spiritual outrage of murder, in order that we may not be forced to be so ungallant as to apply the electric shock to a person of the female sex! Surely this is the very nadir of mawkishness.

For the same reasons that I think women

should be equally with men amenable before the law, do I dissent from those who say that she should be more amenable. A woman's temptations tempt her as urgently as a man's do him; and her power to resist them is as great or little as his. The real question, then, seems to be, Shall capital punishment be altogether abolished? But that is a question of entirely different scope and quality; and though it might seem, at first, paradoxical to say so, it can never be settled by any man, or nation. A law to abolish may, indeed, be passed, and this or that community of people may for a time put it in force, but that would settle nothing. We shall continue to inflict the death penalty so long as we believe it to be the severest of penalties. In so believing we are at one with the murderer, who kills his victim because so to do is the last expression of his hate. But the murderer's real victim in his own soul. So long as there remains the desire to kill and the dread of dying, so long capital punishment will stay with us. Not by law, but by the purer religious faith and perception, can the death penalty be repealed.

A SPIRITED PROPOSAL.

A short time ago Chancellor HARRISON of the provincial university said that there was a prospect of one hundred new students seeking entrance to the University at the beginning of the next academic year. We hope that he based his statement upon good grounds for if it proves to be the truth an era of popularity and prosperity will truly dawn upon the old college.

But a sign more encouraging than this has been made this week by the undergraduates—or that portion of them who propose to graduate in 1900. They start out by offering to give \$500 toward a new building to be used in connection with college work and they ask the old graduates and the public to assist in raising the other nineteen twentieths of the amount. When college students manifest such an interest in their alma mater what should be expected of those who have gone forth from her halls and owe their success in life largely to the training they received there? There are plenty of "old grads" rich enough to give the whole amount necessary for such a building and not miss it. We have no MACDONALDS or STRATHCONAS among us in these maritime provinces, but our college is not a McGill and does not demand the same income to keep it doing good work. If the spirit shown by the under graduates in this matter is taken up by the graduates and the University authorities then we may expect to see the idea assume some practical and successful shape. Success to you, class of 1900.

THE WIDE TIRE LAW.

The owners of heavy hauling teams in the vicinity of St. John may escape complying with the wide tire law that came in force on the first of May but the good Roads association is active—and we think it is—they can hardly do so. They have had eighteen months notice that the law would go into operation and can have no excuse for not making provision for the necessary changes in their wagons. We understand that there has been some surprise at the fact that the law was to go into effect but that can hardly be the case for the majority of the boss teamsters are men of sufficient intelligence to know that a law is made to be observed and not ignored. The efforts of the Good Roads Association helped to introduce and pass the measure and the officers of that excellent organization should do all they can to see that it is carried into effect promptly.

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie Business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

This Is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

No Friend Better than an Old One.

No Carpet better than your old one if renovated at UNGARS LAUNDRY DYEING & CARPET CLEANING WORKS. Phone 58.

Something to be Said For It.

"Talking about the White Man's Burden," observed Aguinaldo, "it does seem to handicap him somewhat in a foot race. And the eminent Filipino lit out for another address."

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

How to Live a Century.
If for one hundred happy years
You wish on earth to live;
Although some times there must be tears,
Yet when they come have no sad fears,
Take this advice I give.
First: this to you I kindly tell,
And bear it well in mind;
As much as in you lieth dwell
In peace with all men kind.
Keep next your word to all men true,
The wise a ever such;
Be not above what's fair to do;
By every upright dealing true;
Ambitious over much.
Be satisfied though gains are small,
Have no back bills to pay;
Be lives the best who counteth all.
Sufficient for the day.
Be clean of hand and heart and tongue,
Of body and of soul;
Respect good women old and young,
When'er you mingle such among;
Keep passion in control.
Be not ashamed to own the name,
Of God whom true men serve;
Be one among them just the same,
And ne'er from duty swerve.
Avo'd the downward way of Cain,
Leave not lie's first estate;
Here covet no man's greater gain,
The glory of this world is vain;
The love of truth is great.
In patient doing well abide,
Take what your gains will give;
And laying all deceit aside
A century you will live.

CYPAUS GOLDBE.

Help That Comes too Late.

'Tis a wearisome world, this world of ours,
With its tangles small and great,
Its weeds that smother the springing flowers;
And its hapless strife with fate;
And the darkest day of i's desolate days
Sees the help that comes too late.
Ah! woe for the word that is never said
Till the ear is too deaf to hear,
And woe for the look that's fainting head
Of the ringing shout of cheer;
Ah! woe for the laggard feet that tread
The mournful wake of the bier.
What booteth help when the heart is numb?
What booteth a broken spear
Of love thrown out when the lips are dumb
And the hand is numb with fear;
Oh! far and fast from the alien past
Over the moaning bar!
A pitiful thing the gift to-day
That is dross and nothing worth,
Though it had come but yesterday
It had brimmed with sweet the earth—
A death-cold sea a death-cold land
That perished in want and death!
Who fail would help in this world of ours,
When sorrow and grief must fall,
Bring help in time to the wailing powers,
Ere the bier is spread with the pall;
Nor send reserves when the flags are furled
And the dead beyond recall.
For ailing most in this weary world,
With its tangles small and great,
Its lone-com nights and its weary days,
And its struggles to lo'n with fate,
Is that bitterest grief, too deep for tears,
Of the help that comes too late.

When Amy Went

When Amy went to London,
I mind me still the bells,
The shouts and cries, and tearful eyes,
Swift feet, and short farewells,
Around us 'neath the station roof,
With long trains rolling slow—
And Amy went to London,
One little year ago.
There were a doz'n coaches—
Four say there was an east,
Went jolting down to London town
With our shy Devon girl;
It was the fairest time of year,
When maids and roses blow—
And Amy went to London
In June a year ago.
She's gone sea'n from Devon—
But hushed were all the bells,
No shouting throng her clanking gong
Broke on our last farewells;
A single sound was in the room,
A weeping long and low,
When wistful Amy left us
At dawn a week ago.
And still it's June, with roses
Abloom, and still the world
Rolls up and down to London town
On changing journeys whirled;
But that last silent parting
Has left us endless woe,
And Amy went to heaven
A long, long time ago.
—W. H. Woods.

My Very Poetical Friend.

Are you struck with his forehead so high?
How strange you should happen to meet!
To be sure his complexion is sallow,
And thin—oh Heavens, what feet!
But still he's a genius, you know,
And we must approve and commend
Whatever he chooses to do—
He's my very poetical friend!
How charming he looks—his dark hair
Hangs on his shoulders so grand,
And I really am forced to admit
His smile is both pleasant and bland;
His teeth, too, are even and white,
They are false, some people pretend;
But I cannot believe this is true—
He's my very poetical friend!
He quotes from both Byron and Moore,
And his eyes are as bright as the stars;
When ladies are present he sighs,
And acts like a fellow to love.
He recites all the verses he writes,
And he's all by other men penned;
But then I suppose this is rich—
He's my very poetical friend!

Kneeling at the Threshold.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door—
Waiting till the Master shall be rise and come
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.
A weary path I've travelled, mid darkness storm and strife,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking—my toil will soon be o'er;
I'm kneeling on the threshold—my hand is on the door.
Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine of the far-off blissful land.
Oh, would that I were with them, amid the shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.
The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won;
How lovely they'll hail me when my toil is done!
With them the blessed angels that knew no grief or sin,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in.
Oh Lord, I wait thy pleasure—Thy time and way are best;
But I am weary, worn and weary; O, Father, bid me rest.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A NEW SUNDAY LAW.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)
of any steamboat, and the conductor or other person in charge of any train while used for the purpose of any such Sunday excursion, shall be liable to the penalties prescribed by section 6 of this Act for violation of this Act.

Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this act shall for each such offence, on conviction be liable to a penalty of not less than one dollar, and costs, and not exceeding twenty dollars and costs, in addition to any other penalty prescribed by law for the same act.

Nothing herein contained shall relieve employees or servants who violate the provisions of this Act from the penalties thereby imposed in the case of such violation.

HIS BRAVE ACT RECOGNIZED.

Young Harrison who Saved Miss Aitken's Life Receives the Vellum.

Many who read the brief paragraph stating the fact that S. K. Tolley Harrison had received the honorary vellum of the Royal Humane Society of England for bravery in saving a life, do not know the circumstances of the case. They are told by the Fredericton Herald in this way.

In the month of September last, Mr. Harrison distinguished himself at Newcastle, by saving the life of Miss A. A. Aitken, a daughter of Rev. Mr. Aitken of Newcastle, and a sister of J. M. Aitken of the Merchants Bank staff of this city. The accident which came so near costing Miss Aitken her life, happened at 11 o'clock on the night of September 6th. The steamer Rustler, it appears, had just returned from an excursion on the Miramichi river, and had hauled into the wharf to allow her passengers to disembark. Miss Aitken, who was one of the number, had left the steamer and was standing near the edge of the wharf conversing with some friends.

Amidst the excitement and general confusion created by the excursionists in disembarking, Miss Aitken in the darkness unwittingly, stepped over the edge of the wharf into the water. Mr. Harrison who was standing some ten feet away took in the situation at a glance, and almost before the companions of the young lady had

given the alarm he had doffed his coat and plunged into the river after her. Being a strong swimmer, he was soon along side of the unfortunate young lady and catching hold of her with one hand, he was able to grasp a wharf timber with the other and hold on until help reached him. There was a strong current running at the time, which with the sanction caused by the steamer, would have carried the young lady beyond the reach of help in a very short time, and but for Mr. Harrison's bravery and presence of mind she would undoubtedly have found a watery grave.

Mr. Harrison's gallant conduct was recognized by the Canadian Humane Society of Hamilton, Ontario, who lately presented him with a handsome gold medal. Some few weeks after the incident occurred, Dr. Thomas Harrison, Chancellor of the University of New Brunswick, who is a relative of the young Miramichi hero brought the case to the notice of the Royal Humane Society of London, England. He received by return mail a communication from the secretary of the Society, enclosing blank forms, with a request that he have them filled out by the rescued young lady, the steamer captain, and several eyewitnesses. Chancellor Harrison carried out his instructions, and forwarded the documents containing the necessary information to the society a few weeks ago, with the result that by the last mail, he received the following communication, which is self explanatory:

Sir,—Herewith I have the pleasure of transmitting to you for presentation to S. T. L. Harrison, the honorary Vellum of this society, which has been awarded him by the committee for his courage and humanity in having saved life on the 6th of September last. Please cause this reward to be presented in as public a manner as possible and acknowledge its receipt to me by return of post.

Yours faithfully,

T. A. G. LAUGHTON, Secretary.

The young man for whom the above interesting and valuable document is intended, is at present on the staff of the Merchants' Bank at Summerside, P. E. I. His large circle of friends will be glad to learn that his heroic conduct has been recognized in such a fitting manner.

FISHING FOR A HUSBAND.

"Eliza" Describes How To Angle Where the Season is Open All the Year.

Oh! the satisfaction of having succeeded. I angled for and have caught my fish, although it was not my first cast. Dear girls who are skill on tenter hooks, how I pity you! This fishing for a husband is a difficult matter,—the fish are so plentifully fed, the waters are so full of bait, that the fly must be an attractive one. What you want is infinite patience. Don't be cast down if he does not bite at the first throw, and don't expect to hook a salmon. The greater majority of them are only small minnows, very small at that, yet we poor women think our particular fish is a whale. Now what a girl wants is good backing. First the mamma must throw out little hints as to what a good sensible girl my E. is,—how she can make a loaf of cake and really her bread is not too bad either, and really she is such a help in looking after Jack, mends his stockings so beautifully etc. etc., in fact she is such a domestic girl. All this can be said to his sisters, cousins or aunts, for it is well not to speak of E's perfections to his face, for he might get frightened and see the bait; then sister might tell how good, dear E. is, and when she (sister) had the "grippe" E. took entire care of her, so that mother could rest. Then big brother could say that "our E. isn't half bad. Why the other night when I got home from the Hockey match, I tell you boys, the hot lemonade wasn't too bad. I tell you, our E's just the stuff." All this is a great help, but the disinterested married friend is just the thing. Make her the "go between" China is ahead of us there. This friend can make or mar. Don't have her too attractive, or the fish may nibble thinking she is throwing out bait herself. I lost a splendid fish once by asking a young attractive married friend to cast for me. Although she had landed a salmon herself the year before, the fascination of the sport was so great to her that my fish nibbled, got caught and landed in her net, and was thrown back in the water with a broken

mouth. As fish have no hearts I have to make this comparison. But, dear girls, for Heaven sake never take a widow into your confidence. Oh! they are designing creatures. Be she fat, fair and forty her chances are one to seventy that she gets there first, but why shouldn't she? Hasn't she succeeded in landing the "dear departed" and doesn't she remember just the sort of bait to use. Man is a queer sort of fish and likes to be made a lot of. You must pretend to see as he does although you can argue with him a little while, you must eventually bring yourself around to his way of thinking (even if you don't agree with him in your minds eye, you pretend you do). After you get married you can afford an opinion of your own, and even then, if it does go against the grain, you can carry on the pretence. Do you know girls that they can stand lots of flattery; even like to have their neckties admired. Every man in his own heart thinks himself a god, while they are really only ordinary mortals. Don't let him see through your compliments; pay them discreetly. It is always well to give it to them on their intellect, and their personal ability. Now girls don't make yourselves cheap and above all things be feminine. Don't be fast. Those dear men hate a loud slangy girls; they acknowledge that "they are all very well don't you know, to have a good time with, but really don't you know a fellow wouldn't want to marry such a girl. Now when you have played your fish and he is tired don't be in a hurry to land him. Many a good one has got frightened and broken away hook and line at the last minute. Then is your time to play gently with him, you are almost sure of him so give him a little more line. Let other fish nibble around the same bait, and let him get mad; it is an excellent sign. You can now reel him in a little but gently, let out a little more line again, then begin to reel in slowly, now easy, hold out your net, a sudden dip and flutter, a little struggle, hurrah! you've got him.

Poor fish! ELIZA