

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.

"MR. SPEAKER."

There are few public offices so august and so comfortable as that of Speaker of the British House of Commons. To begin with the emoluments: The Speaker's salary is twenty-five thousand dollars a year; there are miscellaneous allowances which amount to almost as much more, and to these is added a handsome official residence such as a prince might envy. Moreover, while the Speaker listens to the speeches of dull member or restrains the language of the impetuous, he is sustained by the reflection that, whenever he is inclined to give up the office, he can retire with a peerage and the assurance of receiving a check for a thousand pounds every three months for the rest of his days. Such a reflection might well beguile the most tedious debate.

The Speaker has great power. No member of the house can speak in debate except with his consent. He can stop any member whom he regards as using unparliamentary language, and can suspend him if he chooses. He can close any debate; he decides finally nice points of parliamentary law, for his rulings are never disputed.

These powers might be abused by a partisan; but the Speaker never is a partisan. One of the considerations which determines his selection is that he shall be satisfactory to both parties. He is nominated by the leader of the government party, and the nomination is seconded by the leader of the opposition. When the office becomes vacant the government chooses for Speaker a member of the party in power; but if there is a change of government he is not displaced, even after an election at which his party is defeated.

Under the American system, it is not possible that the Speaker of the House of Representatives should be so colorless a person as the speaker of the house of Commons is expected to be. The British ministers have seats in Parliament, and are leaders of the house. In this country the separation of executive and legislative functions deprives the House of official leaders, and the dominant party needs the office of Speaker as an aid in impressing its policy upon legislation. Nevertheless, within these recognized limitations, Speakers who were robust partisans have shown themselves capable of great fairness toward political opponents.

WOMEN'S WORK.

A recent study of the industrial position women now occupy in New York State discloses some facts of interest to women everywhere.

The first thing which attracts attention is the increase in the number of women who support themselves and the greatly increased list of occupations open to them. Fifty years ago there were only twenty callings in which women were engaged. Today they compete with men in almost every known occupation. In the middle of the century only one woman worked for every ten men. The ratio at present is one to four, and ten years later it will probably be lower still.

Moreover, women are changing from unskilled to skilled laborers, thereby increasing their own earnings and adding to the wealth of the community. Only thirty years ago two-thirds of all the self-supporting women in New York state were domestic servants; that is to say, unskilled laborers. The relative number has gradually decreased, until now the "domestic" represents only one-third of those who work.

In diversity of calling the men have lit-

tle advantage over their sisters. Among New York women there are more than five hundred janitors, one thousand journalists, one hundred and fifty preachers, and one hundred each of lawyers, dentists, inventors, designers and physicians. Even occupations heretofore regarded as exclusively masculine have their representatives. There are women black-smiths, brickmakers, butchers, glass-workers, gunsmiths, tanners, machinists, marble-cutters, saw-mill hands, steam-boiler-makers, engineers and wood workers.

Feminine ingenuity has also created new occupations. One woman has established what she calls 'cattery,' where she breeds high-class Angoras. Another is a physician for parrots, mocking-birds and canaries, and still another a dolls' boot-maker. Much of women's industrial progress is attributed to the repeal of the law under which a husband was entitled to his wife's earnings. Let us hope that the women, when they obtain full political power, will refrain from passing any law under which a wife will be entitled to all of her husband's earnings.

Not the Bathurst Man.

Rev. Mr. Sellars called upon PROGRESS this week to recite a statement that did him an injustice, inasmuch as it connected him with the Rev. Joseph Sellars, who took part in the Bathurst school enquiry a few years ago. The gentleman who now has the honor of being the pastor of the Carmarthen street Methodist church very properly did not feel that he was called upon to answer for the notoriety achieved by his namesake and PROGRESS is only too willing to make the correction. Mr. Sellars has another letter on the influences of the theatre on the people, in the Sun this week, and while many readers may not agree with him, there are few who will not give him credit for honesty of opinion and purpose.

Receptions to Soldiers.

Recent home-comings to England and Canada of the Transvaal soldiers emphasize the fact that nations ought to welcome their heroes in some worthy way than by rowdiness, promiscuous kissing and the shrieks of people trampled by the mob. Several deaths and fifteen hundred serious injuries were the statistics of one recent night in London. Many of the officers muffled themselves in their overcoats and escaped from the spies. For a brighter picture, turn to Japan, only half a century in close contact with what we presumptuously call civilization. When the victorious troops returned from China, marching through the triumphal arches erected to welcome them, not a syllable came from the dense crowds in the streets. Mr. Latadio Hearn, who was present, asked the reason. 'We Japanese,' came the reply, 'think we can better express our feelings by silence.' Who shall say the Occident has nothing to learn from the contrary-mindedness of a people called Yellow?

Turkey and the United States.

The battle-ship Kentucky was ordered to stop at Smyrna on her way through the Mediterranean to the Philippines. The port lies out of the regular course, and it was assumed that the order might be connected with the obstinate refusal of the Turkish government to pay an indemnity for the destruction of American mission property at Kharput and elsewhere in Asia Minor, at the time of the Armenian massacres. It appears that the United States has a new grievance against Turkey because, in violation of treaty provisions, she has refused to give an exequatur to Dr. Thomas H. Norton, who was appointed United States consul at Kharput. It is conjectured, but without official authority, that the visit of the Kentucky to Smyrna may be connected with this action by the Turkish government.

An Isthmian Canal.

The canal commission, which was appointed to consider routes across the isthmus, to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, has reported in favor of the route across Nicaragua. It recommends the construction of a canal 30 feet in depth at an estimated cost of \$120,000,000. The total distance is 190 miles, and the route adopted closely follows that which was recommended by the Walker commission two years ago. The commission believes that the canal could be built in ten years.

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One Result.

'Our clergymen plays golf.'
'Has it done him good?'
'Well, it has cured him of preaching so often against profanity.'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Soldier's Letter.

The balmy southern light is slowly falling
O'er yet wet mountain's brow,
And wrapping in its solemn, dusky mantle
Our lone encampment now.
Within his tent your soldier boy is seated,
Writing these lines to thee;
And this shall be the burden of my letter,
Dear mother, pray for me!

I know, in my old home, the lamps are lighted,
And friends are gathered here;
But one is missing from that happy circle—
There is one vacant chair.
And when you gaze upon the dear ones round you,
From care and sorrow free,
Think of your boy far off 'mid strife and danger,
And, mother, pray for me!

Pray that our God, your help in times of trouble,
To me His aid will lend,
While your bright flag, the emblem of our nation,
I'm striving to defend;
And safety from these fearful scenes of carnage
Will guide me back to thee—
Back to the home for which my heart yearns sadly;
O mother, pray for me!

But should it be my fate to fall in battle,
And this bright youthful head,
Which on thy breast so often hath been pillowed,
Be laid among the dead of glory,
O pray that to the land of rest and glory,
My unchained soul may flee,
Where one day we will meet, no more to sever—
This, mother, ask for me!

The Confession.

Where Peter guarded heaven's gate
A woman came, one day,
And meekly knocked and meekly said:
'Oh, let me in, I pray!'
And many a fairer one than she
The good old saint had sighed to see
Forever turned away.

'And why,' he asked, 'should I unbar
The gate to let you in?
Is there upon your heart no scar,
And did you never sin?'
Nay, look me fairly in the face
And hurry up and plead your case—
'I'm waiting—come—begin!'

'Ah, yes! I must confess I sinned,'
The one without replied;
'To keep from passing others I—
Well, often, Sir—I lied!
But pray do not condemn me yet,
I have some virtues I would set
Upon the other side!

'I didn't hate my husband's folks,
Nor run them down' said she;
'I let him love his mother, and
Be kind to her, and he
Could talk to other women who
Were young and blithe and comely, too
Without offending me.'

'I never, never made him wait
An hour or two;
When he and I agreed to meet
I got there!—And I threw
No stone nor ever tried to taunt
The names of pure—' Ah, said the saint,
'Come in, you angel, you!'

Longing.

The green road, the clean road; it is so broad and
high,
It stretches from the happy sea to touch the happy
sky.
Oh! I laughed once to forsake it, but I'm longing
now to take it—
The green road, and the clean road, that is so broad
and high!

The gray street, the gay street; how solemnly it
shines!
The sun imprints his pleasures, but there's pain
between the lines.
Oh, I smiled at first to see it, but I'm eager now to
descend!
The gray street, the gay street; how solemnly it
shines!

The pure love, the sure love comes over me like
rain;
The tinsel of my heartless love is turning poor and
plain.
It's my life I have been giving just to make a
descent living.
It's my all I have been losing just to get a little
gain.

The nest song, the best song is crying swift and
sweet.
The tune's within my bosom, but the time's not in
my feet.
Ah! they only sing for pity, do the voices in the
street?
Did you ever hear a homely song sound happy in
the street?

The gray street, the gay street; for me it holds no
rest,
Not even when the summer sun is sailing down the
west;
And I cannot find my pleasure in a road my sight
can measure
From the little room I dwell in with a memory for
my guest.

The green road; the clean road; it is so broad and
high,
It stretches from the happy sea to touch the happy
city.
Oh, to rise and part with sadness! Oh, to move and
meet with gladness,
On the green road, the clean road, that is so broad
and high!

J. J. Bell.

The Sliprails and the Spurs.

The colors of the setting sun,
Withdraw across the Western land—
He raised his hand to his eyes,
And shot them home with trembling hand;
Her brown hands clung—her face grew pale—
Ah! I quivering chin and eyes that brim!
One quick, fierce kiss across the rail—
And, 'Good-by, Mary!' 'Good-by, Jim!'

Oh, he rides hard to race the pain
Who rides from love, who rides from home;
But he rides slowly home again,
Whose heart has learned to love and roam.

A hand upon the horse's mane,
And a foot in the stirrup set,
And, stooping back to kiss again,
With 'Good-by, Mary, don't you fret!
When I come back'—he laughed for her—
'We do not know how soon 'twill be;
I'll whistle as I round the spur—
You let the sliprails down for me.'

She gasped for sudden loss of hope,
As, with a backward wave to her,
He cantered down the grassy slope
And swiftly round the darkening spur,
Black-penciled panels standing high,
And darkness fading into stars,
And hurrying fast across the sky,
A faint white form beside the bars.

And often at the sea of sun,
In winter bleak and summer brown,
She'd steal across the little run,
And shyly let the sliprails down,
And listen there when darkness shut
The nearer spur in silence deep;
And when they call her from the hut
Steal home and cry herself to sleep.

Awakened.

Beside the cradle of her little child
Late vigil had she kept,
But when it ceased to moan at her, and smiled,
Both babe and mother slept.
Without, a storm hung like a bird of prey
Above the silent sea,
Watching a ship that flew upon her way.
Fast the black ledges there.

Down, down it swooped, its cruel talons reared,
That hapless, quivering length,
The waters churned beneath them ere she spent
The utmost of her strength.

The groan of guns was on the purple air,
Mixed with the wind's wild breath,
And piercing shrill the shrieks of sheer despair
Rose from the gates of death.

But not one sound of this mad uproar
The sleeping mother heard,
She slept till night was gray, then slept no more—
Her little one had stirred.



SLATIN PASHA.

His Life of Adventure and His Many Narrow Escapes.

Very few men can look back upon lives that have been as crowded with adventures and narrow escapes from death as that of Sir Rudolph Slatin, better known as Slatin Pasha, who has just been appointed inspector general of the British forces in the Soudan. He is certainly the most remarkable adventurer living today, and history presents very few instances of men who have gone through so many battles or met with so many hairbreadth escapes.

Slatin Pasha is still a young man, about 40 years of age. He is an Austrian by birth, and entered the English Egyptian army when a mere boy. His ability and mental quickness soon attracted attention, and the command of a Soudan province was given him. This was in the seventies, a time of great unrest in Egypt and the Soudan. Slatin, like his great commander General Gordon, was left to his fate by his government, and the uprising of the Mahdi overwhelmed his little province and made him a prisoner. To save his life he professed the faith of his captors, but he was treated as a slave.

When Gordon fell at Khartoum, they found among his papers information of the strength of the Mahdi's forces. Slatin was suspected of furnishing this, and his life was made a burden to him. For 12 years he endured captivity, torture and misery, and only his indomitable will kept him alive. In 1895 the civilized world was thrilled to learn that Slatin was alive and had escaped from the Khalifa, the successor of the Mahdi. His escape was filled with hair-raising adventure, and is most ably told, with the rest of his experiences in the Soudan, in his book, "Fire and Sword in the Soudan." If ever a man was qualified to write on his subject and adhere faithfully to the title of his books, Slatin Pasha is that man. He gained the title of pasha, which means chief, while serving in the Egyptian army. He was with Kitchener when that general completed the British subjugation of the Soudan.

Translating Herself.

Sometimes a crude colloquial expression tells a story better than the most elaborate English. Rev. C. T. Brady, a missionary in the West says that he once baptized a little girl in a small town on the border of Indian Territory. Her father was a cattleman, the owner of enormous herds. Each cattle-owner there has a brand of his own for marking his animals, and the mavericks, or young cattle born on the range, belong to the man who can get his branding-iron on them first.

This little girl had to remain away from one session of the public school for her baptism. When she returned, the children set upon her with hard questions, and inquired skeptically how she was in any way different from what she had been before. She told them that she had been made "a member of Christ, a child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

Still they gathered about her, and with the unconscious cruelty of children, baited her with puzzling queries. Finally, when she had exhausted all other means, she turned upon them, her eyes flashing through their tears.

'Well,' said she, lapsing into the vernacular, 'I will tell you. I was a little maverick before, and the man put Jesus' brand on my forehead. So when He sees me running wild on the prairie, He will know that I am His little girl.'

That conveyed the idea. The children understood, and were respectfully hushed.

Andrew Lang at Fault.

The present generation of novel readers says the Saturday Evening Post, probably know the novels of Miss Violet Hunt much better than they do those of Margaret Hunt, who is her mother. For it is some years now since Mrs. Hunt published her novels, and nowadays only master-pieces live much beyond the second or third season of their existence. But the Londoner who has read their books and whose privilege it is, as he comes down a leafy lane on Camden Hill, to stop for a cup of tea with Mrs. and Miss Hunt at an attractive small house on his left, has double reason to believe that literary gifts are hereditary or at least contagious.

Translating is usually called hard work, but Mrs. Hunt finds it almost the most amusing thing she can do. And this is not to be wondered at when one learns that she acquires languages almost by instinct.

Once she was translating various German fairy tales and folklore stories for a volume. They were not all in pure High German, but seemed to be in various local dialects. Mrs. Hunt, however, said that she bothered very little about that; they all seemed near enough German to be comprehensible. After the book was done she met her publisher one day.

'By the way,' said he, 'I didn't know you knew Danish.' 'I don't,' was the somewhat surprised reply.

'But you translate from it,' persisted the publisher; 'one of the stories in that book was Danish.'

'Was it all right?' asked the translator. 'Yes, entirely.' 'Then,' said Mrs. Hunt, 'I suppose I know Danish.'

Some time later Mr. Andrew Lang, who was editing a volume of fairy and folklore, was complaining that the time he couldn't put his hand on any one to translate a Norwegian story for him. 'Let me do it,' said Mrs. Hunt, who was present.

'Do you know Norwegian?' asked Mr. Lang. 'No,' was the answer; and Mr. Lang, who prides himself on getting out scholarly volumes, thought a joke must be meant. But ultimately he was persuaded to make the experiment, and then submitted the result to a competent Norwegian scholar. Mrs. Hunt does not know Norwegian, but somewhere in Mr. Lang's book can be found that Norwegian story as she translated it.

Know Thyself.

A teacher in one of Boston's public schools had instructed her pupils in hygiene, and toward the end of the term, wishing to see how well they could remember, told them to each write out a little story of the human body. The following is copied from the 'story' one small boy handed her, with the confident assurance that he knew it was all right, for he had studied very hard over it.

'The human body is divided into three parts; the head, the throat and the abdomen.'

'The head contains the brains, if there are any; the throat contains the heart and the vital organs; and the abdomen the vowels of which there are five, a, e, i, o, and u, and sometimes w and y.'

Comforts of Life in Kalamazoo.

'Yes,' said the man who was sitting out in front of a long house, 'there is some malaria around here.'

'Do you suffer much from it?'
'I don't suffer as much as I use to. I'm having a chill. I think about how good an' warm I'll be when the fever comes, an' when I have the fever I think about how cool the chill will be, an' that way I manage to git right smart o' comfort.'

Justifiable Assault.

'The complainant,' said the judge, 'says you attempted to knock his head off.'

'Your honor,' said the defendant, 'he stood out in front of my house singing, 'All I Want is a Little Bit Off the Top' as loud as he could yell, and I thought I ought to accommodate him.'

The Filipino Junta.

Representations have been made to the British government looking to the breaking up of the Filipino Junta at Hongkong, whose machinations have caused much annoyance to the American authorities in the Philippines. The British foreign office is investigating the matter.

English as She Is Wrote.

'Miss Spelt,' said the business man to his new typewriter, 'you are certainly wasting your talents here.'

'Really?' gasped the young lady.
'Yes, you should go in for humorous writing. You have the making of a female Josh Billings.'

Its Color.

She—Did you tell Mr. Luggs my hair was red?
He—I did not.

She—He says you did.
He—I did nothing of the kind. He asked me, and I told him it was the color of a popular novel.

A very small boy was trying to lead a big St. Bernard up the road.
'What are you going to do with that dog?' asked a kindly gentleman.

'I can't make up my mind,' was the answer; 'not till I find out what the dog thinks o' doin' with me!'

Chairs Re-seated Ours, Spills Perforated, 64, Duval, 17 Waterloo.