

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 19

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

THE CIVIL WAR AGAIN.

That good and reliable newspaper, the Advertiser, of Boston revives a great question in the United States when it asks: Was the Civil War a great hideous mistake? Was the life of Abraham Lincoln and the work of the republican party 35 years ago so stupid an error as to be an almost criminal act against the republic? Were the men who founded this republic in error in believing that the time could come when all men could hope for citizenship? Were the men who saved the republic from ruin, later, also far astray in their hope that the children of the slave or his grandchildren could be fitted for the rights and duties of American citizenship? Surely one might well think so when reading some of the speeches made at the conference at Birmingham, Ala., last week. From the lips of southern men such doctrine does not sound new or strange; but even some northern men were found who seemed to imagine that the view of the South was the right one. If the grants of the rights of citizenship to the descendants of slaves has been productive of all the evils which are assumed as the direct fruits of that policy, then it might be easier to understand the conclusion that this grant was a mistake, but how can that assumption be made in any fairness?

In the North the colored citizens have been allowed to vote, to hold property, to hold public office and to obtain all the benefits of public school education that white children could claim. Has the policy been followed by any ruinous or alarming effects? Has not the advance of the colored race been far more rapid and noteworthy in the North than in the South? How, then, can it be claimed with any reason that the descendants of slaves must always be unworthy of American citizenship?

What has happened in the South? At the outset came the reconstruction policy and a race bitterness that has never ceased from that day. The negro child has never had the same advantages of education that the white child has had in the south. He has seldom obtained his political rights in the past 20 years. In some states the negro has been killed in cold blood for daring to vote or to take office. Under such treatment, and under the popular permission or encouragement of lynch law, complaint has arisen that a great mistake was made in giving the negro the right to be educated and to be a citizen!

Where the experiment was fairly carried out it did not prove a mistake. All will admit that. Where the system has been fought from the outset, where it has never been really tried, it is denounced as a gross, dangerous, mistake. The very men who condemn negro suffrage and negro education cannot seem to realize that the system has seemed to be a failure mainly because it has never been tried! They were never willing to give it a trial as it was tried in the North, where it succeeded. They do not yet realize that all the evils that have come about have resulted from the circumstances that the South has refused to make the experiment, which it now condemns as a failure!

THE LIFE OF MOODY.

The life of MOODY, has been printed and supplies a lot of information about the evangelist that has not before found its way into print. Many incidents are given of Mr. MOODY's life before he took up the business—for it was nothing else, apparently, in his own opinion than a business—of making converts to christianity. That

MOODY was once as successful a salesman of shoes as he became later a preacher is not familiar to those who have not particularly interested themselves in the work which he spent the greater part of his life doing. He began his life away from home with the ambition to make \$100,000. He was well on his way to achieve his purpose when it became clear to him that his duty was the saving of sinners. He turned his back on a salary of \$5,000 a year and began his career as an evangelist without any definite idea how the work or his personal needs were to be cared for, farther than that the Lord would provide. He lived in fair comfort from that time on, except that he always insisted on overworking himself. But nothing ever discouraged him or hurt him so much as the insinuations of cynical people, which frequently came to his notice, that he was making money on his own account out of his spiritual activity.

It appears from the memoirs prepared by his son that Mr. MOODY was not one of whom it may be said that he was set apart and consecrated from his earliest youth for the labors of his later life. He was the son of plain New England work people. His father was a stone mason. His name when he was baptized was Dwight Lyman Ryther, but the neighbor who was honored by the bestowing of the name Ryther on the baby did not give a present to the child, according to the time, and the MOODY's were so much hurt by the omission that they dropped the name before the individual to whom it belonged had any use for it.

A paragraph in a Halifax paper recalls some observations made by this paper in respect to attempts at suicide and precautions in consequence. The chief of police may be interested in reading that one SCHULTZ, charged with attempted suicide, was arraigned before Judge JOHNSTON and elected to be tried summarily. The case was set down for next Monday. Sickness is said to have been the cause of his troubles. We do things different in St. John.

POLICEMAN TURNED DOWN.

Magistrate Ritchie Decides Against Officer McLaren in a Disturbance Case.

Magistrate Ritchie decided against the police force again last Monday, which makes the second or third time he has turned the peace preservers down in a short time. It was in the case of the Lenihan brothers of Mill street, two of whom were arrested by Officer McLaren on the Saturday night previous for alleged fighting in his sight, and otherwise creating a disturbance, sufficient in the officer's estimation to be a breach of the peace, and attractive to the general public.

The evidence in court, according to the three brothers, brought out the fact that one of the trio was heavily drunk, and another brother was trying to get him in his house on Drury Lane, but as to the mode employed in taking him into the house the brothers and police officers wholly disagree.

Officer McLaren cross-examined the two sober brothers in a surprisingly clever manner, and practically proved that fist-cuffs were administered to the helpless fellow by the brother who was trying to get him in the house. The officer said the intoxicated man was knocked down three times and when he made his appearance the two ran headlong into the house. The question was naturally put to Lenihan why he ran into the house if he was doing a kind act by aiding his stupidified brother. This kind of bothered the witness and Lawyer Quigley objected to the pressing of the point.

Then the counsel for the defence pleaded earnestly and boldly for the brothers, whom he said were not fighting, nor indulging in blows or kicks whatever. The police Officers McLaren, and Totten who afterwards assisted him, were perfectly right he said, in supposing a breach of the peace had occurred, but Magistrate Ritchie could not fine them a five cent piece under the circumstances and according to the evidence adduced.

Of course this assertion entirely ignored the sworn statement of Officer McLaren, who said he saw a fight with knock-downs. Then the police officer, rather than be outweighed by evidence of the three brothers, asked for a postponement of the case till next day when Officer Totten and several electric power house employes would back up his statement. But Lawyer Quigley argued this proposition away and with a long-delivered judgement the Lenihans were let go.

PROGRESS has learned through the week that the electric power house people and Officer Totten tell a story very similar to Officer McLaren's and would have willingly told it in court.

Joseph Sized Up.

The Sabbath-school teacher had been telling the class about Joseph, particularly

to reference to his coat of many colors, and how his father rewarded him for being a good boy, for Joseph, she said, told his father whenever he caught any of his brothers in the act of doing wrong.

"Can any little boy or girl tell me what Joseph was?" the teacher asked, hoping that some of them had caught the idea that he was Jacob's favorite.

"I know," one of the little girls said, holding up her hand.

"What was he?"

"A tattle-tale," was the reply.

Auto-Retrothal Precaution.

Being a wise man, he desired to take no chances.

"Of course you understand," he said by way of preference, "that I have plenty of female relatives."

"Certainly," she answered somewhat nonplused.

"I have four sisters already," he went on "and any number of cousins."

"I realize all that, she returned, but I fail to see how it interests me."

"Only indirectly," he said. "Before saying what I have to say merely desire to have it understood that I have my full quota of relatives of that description. Do I make myself clear?"

"I think I grasp your meaning," she answered.

"In that case," he announced, "I will ask you to be my wife."

She Misunderstood.

He was a brother, she a sweet, young thing. They were out for a country ramble and had come to a brook which the girl could not jump. He had been thinking about Wall Street.

"Will you carry me over?" she asked archly.

"Certainly not," he replied. "I refuse to carry over any more stock."

"Sir!" indignantly exclaimed the girl.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES

Punctual to a Fault.

(Sussex Record.)

—The tax gatherer is early this year if the spring is late.

A Plunger.

(Springhill Advertiser)

James Purdy, was more than fortunate winning the bike on an eight cent ticket.

What Sympathy They are Missing.

(St. Andrews Beacon)

It must be a source of pain to the Filipinos that they are not fighting against the British. What resolutions of sympathy they are missing!

His Manoeuvres Gave Him Away.

(Restigouche Telephone)

Judging from the manoeuvres of a young man from up the river, while in town Tuesday, we judge that an interesting event will take place in the vicinity of his home in the near future.

A St. John Celestial Abroad.

(Moncton Times.)

A "swell" Chinaman struck town this morning. He was attired in a natty suit with golf stockings and wore a pair of bicycle boots. His long raven locks of hair and general make-up attracted considerable attention at the station and on Main street.

Halifax Enthusiasm Cooling.

(Halifax Echo.)

The feu de joie has been dropped from the military celebration of the Queen's birthday here.

This "Baby" Has a Mamma.

(St. Andrews Beacon.)

"The cradle of American liberty" (see resolution of Boston Common Council), which has been on the shelf ever since the Filipino war began, is to be placed at the disposal of the Boer baby. Not every baby can be rocked in that cradle. A good deal depends on who the baby's "ma" is.

Springhill Ladies Reform.

(Springhill Advertiser.)

We are pleased to hear that the ladies who are going to attend the Merchant of Venice have kindly consented to remove their hats during the performance. This is usual in all the theatres in America and no doubt the ladies of Springhill will be pleased to follow out the custom.

On Matrimony's Ragged Edge.

(Chatham World.)

A bachelor business man of Newcastle, who is credited with being an excellent judge of horses and a great admirer of the fair sex, is reported to be on the ragged edge of matrimony or a breach of promise suit. The lawyers are talking over the preliminaries, and it is not decided whether the clergyman or the court will settle the matter.

Survival of the Fittest.

(Chatham World.)

Dr. Baxter, speaking in the Natural History association, Tuesday evening, said: "The cow eats the grass, the missionary eats the cow, and the cannibal eats the missionary."

A Hunk of Philosophy.

(Restigouche Telephone.)

All around us are signs that hurry is the keynote of the present age. Perhaps few people pause to consider whether or not it pays to rush at all times. Hurry is in the air and nobody stops to question its worth. Why should life be a race? There seems to be no legitimate reason why it should not be a march with frequent halts for rest and refreshment.

"Old Sleuth" Located.

(Restigouche Telephone.)

He's all right! Who? Our policeman! On Monday night about eleven o'clock he arrested two suspicious looking characters in the vicinity of Grey's mill. These men, from photographs in the possession of Policeman Duncan, bear a striking resemblance to two of the quartette of famous bank robbers of Danville, P. Q., who broke jail at Sherbrooke and for whose arrest a liberal reward is offered.

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

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Last Draft.

While o'er the road, on speeding train Our shackled ankles were in pain, As we were bound for prison again, Way up at Clinton.

And on a sleigh we got a ride, Our sense of shame we could not hide, And for years we'll now reside, Way up at Clinton.

When to the ball we did file, Some "cons" at us did wink and smile, They'll have our company for awhile, Way up at Clinton.

Into the bathroom and off with clothes, We took a dip from "Yellow's" hose, And then we stood and nearly froze, Way up at Clinton.

The doctor at us all did look, And made a note in his little book, Of the health of each and every crook, Way up at Clinton.

Then to a cell we were confined, And a hurried sketch I soon designed, Of the place where we are now confined, Way up at Clinton.

We marched along, 'twas nothing new, We recognized a face or two; We know our "bit" we now must do, Way up at Clinton.

On Sunday we to chapel went, How different from the days that spent! But then our time is only lent, To Clinton.

The chaplain spoke in passion grand, Of heroes' names on every hand; Lincoln and Washington, pride of our land, Even up at Clinton.

The water here is clear and bright, You can get plenty by day or night; The grub is simply 'out of sight', Way up at Clinton.

If you were me you'd take a drop, I'm but one of a fifty-crop; And now I feel I'll have to stop, Way up at Clinton.

Eventide in Georgia.

Look, sweetheart, the sun is sinking, sinking in the distant west, See, his last red gleams or glory gild the rugged mountain's crest. Hark, the cows are wending homeward, hear the tinkle of their bells, Wafted on the breeze laden with the fragrance from the dells. Listen from across the meadow, where the hare and floats the merry milkmaid's welcome to the hour of eventide.

In the inglenook the cricket chirps his cheerful evening lay, And the locust sings an anthem to the dead departed day. See, sweetheart, the shades of evening now are being laid down, And the shadows of the twilight fast obscure the fading dawn. By the twinkling stars the curtains of the night are drawn, For this world, sweetheart, is nestling in the arms of eventide.

Come, sweetheart, and sit beside me; let me hold your hands in mine; Come, sweetheart, and let the love-light of your presence round me shine. I can see the twilight shadows falling love, across our way. For we've reached, at length, the peaceful gloaming hour of life's bright day; We have passed the noon and noontide; we have left behind the strife; We have journeyed, love, together, to the eventide of life.

Georgia Folk Song.

Jacob's Heavenly ladder Rechin' ter de ground; Satan says, 'Hit's in my way,' En th'ow de ladder down!

Oh, believers, Better 's' ye go' time; When you see o'd satan Watch out how you climb!

Moses in de bullrush— Li, 'cha, was him— Et dat basket leaky, How he gwine ter swim?

Oh, believers, Ho! de hick'ry limb; Don't you hit de water 'Twell you larn ter swim.

A Little Word.

Ah me, these terrible tongues of ours, Are we half aware of their mighty powers? Do we ever trouble our heads at all? Where the jest may strike or the hint may fall? Do we ever think of the sorrow and pain Some poor tortured heart has to live o'er again, When some light spoken word, though forgotten to-morrow,— Brings back to a life some past shame or sorrow? What names have been blasted or broken, What the pestilent lies have been stirred, By a word in lightness spoken, By only a little word.

A sneer, a shrug, or a whisper low, They're the poisoned shafts of an ambushed bow. Shot by a coward, the fool, the knave, They pierce the mail of the great and brave. Vain is the buckler of wisdom and pride To turn the missiles that have been stilled. The lips may curl with a careless smile, But the heart drips blood, drips blood the while. Ah me, what hearts have been broken, What rivers of blood have been stirred, By a word in malice spoken, By only a little word.

A kindly word and a tender tone, Only God are their virtues known; They can bring the proud with abject head, They can turn a foe to a friend instead. The heart close-barred with passion and pride Will ring at their knock its portals wide; And the hate that blights and the scorn that sears, Will melt in a fountain of child like tears. What ice bound griefs have been broken, What rivers of blood have been stirred, By a word in kindness spoken, By only a little word. —Be't Dee in the New Orleans 'Picayune.'

Be Firm.

Be firm. One constant element in luck Is genuine pluck. See you tall shaft? It felt the earthquake's thrill, Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still. Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip, But only crows loose the bull-dog's grip; Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields Drags down the bellowing monarch of the field. Yet, in opinions, look not always back; Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track; Leave what you've done for what you have to do; Don't be "consistent," but be simply true. —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Sin and Mercy.

Of sin remembered why should man complain? Why should it cause him more or less of pain? Knows naught of mercy he who knows no sin, And, but for sin, all mercy would be vain.

Women Lawyers.

Women's advancement into fields of labor hitherto deemed inaccessible to them is illustrated by their pressing into the study and practice of law. Young women study —law, at the university of New York, for instance,—for two reasons; for the completion of a liberal education, and for the pursuit of the legal profession. This university, nine years ago, opened its doors to women students. Since that time, as a yearly average, ten or twelve women have been graduated from the University Law school, and five hundred or more have taken the course of lectures in the law class, the lectureship having been founded by the Women's Legal Education society.

The New York "Mail and Express" describes these courses, study for information, and study for practice:— "The woman's law class comprises four courses of lectures on law, making forty-eight in all, and lasting four months. It is practically an outlined business course, to teach women their responsibility to the law, to broaden their minds, to enable them to look after their own interests, and to understand what lawyers say to them. The chancellor of the university considers it in the light of university extension work. At the close of the course, the students are examined for the chancellor's certificate, which is their equivalent of the ordinary college diploma.

From \$1.50 a Week to a Scholarship.

Only thirty-five years ago, in a sleepy little town in Maryland, a boy of twelve was hired, at one dollar and fifty cents a week, to run errands and keep the ink bottles filled in a merchant's office. The town was Cumberland, and the boy was George L. Wellington. For six years the little chap performed all the duties of the position, finding time also to practise penmanship and to study bookkeeping. The merchant happened to be a director in the Second National Bank in the same town. One day a vacancy existed in a clerkship in the bank. The merchant recommended young Wellington, "the best boy I ever had around the place," as he termed him, and he was appointed. From a clerk he became the teller at twenty-one, and soon after he was chosen treasurer of his county. On the fourth day of March, 1897, he took his seat as a United States senator. The other senator from Maryland, Arthur P. Gorman, congratulated his new colleague warmly and reminded him that he, too, had gone to work at the age of twelve, at a salary almost equally small, not as an office boy, but as a page of the senate in which both are now members.

Mr. Waterson on Success in Life.

Success in life is largely referable to the fulfillment of two conditions indicated by the terms 'aptitude' and 'concentration.' To be successful, one must possess aptitude for the particular business that engage him. He must love it for its own sake. If, suited to and loving it, he concentrates upon it all his energies, he is tolerably sure to succeed according to the measure of the business itself and of his own capacity. In other words, success is the round peg in the hole, and the square peg in the square hole, and, big or little, is to be attained in proportion to the coincidence of these requirements with the opportunity and the man. In the cases of Caesar and Napoleon, they reached the aptitudes of human endeavor. In the case of the country lawyer or doctor, or banker, or merchant, he reaches the lower ranges; but, if happiness be considered one of the ingredients of success, these latter surpass Caesar and Napoleon, who were not very happy in their lives, and the death of both of whom was tragic. Henry Waterson.

His Path Was Through Flowers.

In the first half of the present century, a young English boy, a playmate of Charles Dickens in childhood, emigrated to America and engaged in the printer's trade. Pluck, perseverance, neatness, and strict integrity, were his chief possessions, and he was fortunate in having, for a fellow compositor, the white haired country lad whose name has since been linked with the New York 'Tribune.' After serving for some time in the office of the famous old 'Knickerbocker Magazine,' he became interested in agricultural and horticultural publications; and, as a result, in kindred pursuits. His delivery wagon, for awhile, was a market basket. Today, his children look back with pardonable pride on the humble beginning of James Vick.