

PROGRESS.

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THE AMENDED TREATY.

When the HAY-PAUNCEFOTE treaty was laid before the Senate of the United States, it was an agreement between the United States and Great Britain to remove obstructions to the building of an isthmian canal which arose from the CLAYTON-BULLWER treaty of 1850. Under the earlier treaty, the United States was pledged not to exercise exclusive control over the proposed canal. The HAY PAUNCEFOTE treaty left the United States free to build and control a canal, but provided for the complete neutralization of the new waterway under substantially the same rules as were established for the navigation of the Suez Canal.

The U. S. Senate amended the treaty in three important particulars. One amendment declared that the new treaty 'supercedes' the old; a second gave the United States the right, in time of war, to close or blockade the canal, but not to fortify it; and a third struck out the article which invited other powers to adhere to the treaty.

In effect, the Senate declared by these amendments that the canal, which is to be built, if at all by the United States, should be distinctly and exclusively an American canal; that the United States could not allow the canal to be used by hostile fleets in time of war; and that there was no propriety in inviting the adherence of other powers to an arrangement which is purely an American concern. These views were accepted by the committee on foreign relations, which has the treaty in charge, and the amendments were incorporated with their sanction.

What is true of all bargains is preeminently true of treaties—it takes two parties to make them. The slightest amendment of a treaty requires that it shall be submitted to the other party. Great Britain may say, with perfect consistency, that she agreed to the treaty in the exact form asked by the United States, and that it is unreasonable to expect her to consent to these important changes.

On the other hand, appreciating the strength of the American desire to have a free hand in building and controlling the canal, and having no substantial interests to be injured by it, she may, in a spirit of friendliness, concede all that the United States now asks. It is often best for nations, as for individuals, not to be quick to construe as an affront that which is susceptible of a different interpretation.

"IS" OR "ARE?"

The question has been often discussed whether the name of the United States is singular or plural. Should we say "the United States 'is' or 'are' a republic? Several cases lately argued before the Supreme Court, which will soon be decided, involve the same question in a matter much more important than one of correct syntax.

As a result of the events of the past three years the American flag floats, an emblem of sovereignty, over Porto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii, Guam, and one of the Samoan Islands. Have these new possessions become a part of the United States? If so, their inhabitants have acquired the rights and privileges of citizens of the United States. Should one of them emigrate to New York he can become a voter, without undergoing naturalization, as if he had been born in New Jersey. Manila, in that case, is a part of the United States; goods imported into it from an American port would be admitted free of duty; duty would be charged on all goods imported from other countries.

On the other hand, it is contended that the American Constitution is, of its own force, or, according to the Latin phrase much used, ex propri vigore, applicable only to states; that the Constitution itself gives authority to the Congress of the states to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property of the United States; and that rights of citizenship and other privileges, under the Constitution are extended to the people of such territory only when the states, by act of Congress, grant those rights and privileges.

It seems certain that if the wholesale admission of the Filipino races to American citizenship were to be a consequence of the acquisition of the Philippine archipelago, popular opinion would require the abandonment of the islands. If this be so the whole question of "expansion" depends upon the issue of the cases now before the Supreme Court. So great is the respect in which this great court is and should be held that its decision will undoubtedly be accepted as final and conclusive.

Woodstock Celebrated Too.

Major Good and the Woodstock contingent are in common with their comrades in New Brunswick enjoying the hospitality of their friends since their departure from St. John. There was a great dinner at Woodstock Thursday evening and Hon. Messrs. Dunn and McKeown were present. Both made excellent speeches. Mayor Daniel was invited but could not be present. The Woodstock people have a very warm appreciation of St. John for the way the boys were treated.

A Happy Christmas.

This short story, written by a child only ten years of age, is a credit to her. Are there not some others who can do equally as well? She says:

It was Christmas eve. Outside the wind blew cold and fierce and the sleet and snow beat against the window pane. But inside in the pleasant, cheery sitting room sat a mother and her two little ones. As the great clock on the church around the corner struck eight the mother said it was their bed time. They quickly undressed and scrambled into bed and imprinting a kiss upon each round, rosy cheek the mother went downstairs and left them to their slumbers.

It was about midnight when Natalie awoke and sat up in bed. She bent over Priscilla and whispered: 'Sister, dear, are you awake?' 'Mama, Natalie,' answered the little girl rubbing her eyes, 'only half awake. Mama isn't here, dear,' said Natalie, 'I'm going to listen for Santa Claus,' and she prang out of bed and ran to the fire place, Priscilla following.

Hark! Do I hear him?' exclaimed Priscilla. 'No,' answered Natalie, 'it is only the wind roaring down the chimney. I'm going back to bed.'

'I'm not,' said Priscilla. 'You had better come,' said Natalie. 'He might come down and catch you standing there and then what would you do?' So Priscilla climbed into bed, saying: 'I don't think he's coming, Natalie. We won't have a happy Christmas this year. O! dear!'

Day was faintly dawning when Natalie awoke, and shook her sister saying: 'Wake up, sister; I'm going to get our stockings, and see if there's anything in them.' So saying she stole softly over to where they had left their stockings the evening before.

'I'll be very quiet,' she said to herself. She could not refrain, however, from a delighted "O!" as she laid hold of the stocking and found it full of lovely things. 'So, dear,' she said to Priscilla, 'we are going to have a happy Christmas after all.'

Etts of Wisdom.

There is hope in extravagance; there is none in routine.

They can conquer who believe they can. To every reproach I know but one answer, namely, to go again to my own work.

We do not know today whether we are busy or idle.

We pass for what we are; character teaches above our wills.

When you bury animosity don't set up a headstone over its grave.

Where there is no vision the people perish.

Who has more obedience than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger.

Wild liberty develops from conscience.

Wisdom will never let us stand with any man or men on an unfriendly footing.

Without the rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar.

Miss Sperty—I was completely stunned by his proposal. Miss Freckles—'And you accepted him.' Miss Sperty—'What else could I do? He had me counted out before I recovered.'

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Heart's Retreat. But one there is who knows the place, She finds it with her sad dark eyes; Revealing in her lovely face. A poet's dream that never dies, Untouched to her the secret door, O! Heart's Retreat swings open wide; And o'er the cryptic rose leaf floor, Her footstep in sweet music glides.

On holy nights when vast world's shine, Faith's golden telescope we turn; To seek the realms of love divine, Where sapphire lights for ages burn. Orion's silver coat of mail, Outshines his gleaming belt and sword; And Sirius still doth never fall; To chant his strains to the Lord.

Can love beneath find love beyond? We scan the red rimmed fields of Mars, And see Capella's glance respond, From high Anstrig's chariot bars. We look for that bright spirit land, Of which our love doth fondly dream, Across the purple northern band, Whose flaming torches heavenward gleam.

The grandeur of the pearl walled globe, The crescent on its deep blue sea; Its sail a silken sun wrought robe, Have wondrous charms for mine and me. And if we range the towering seas, That break on summer island dunes; They are but children on their knees, To Him whose hand love's harp attunes.

As Cygnus on some opal wave, Along his spangled milky way; Swim where the amber wavelets lave, The shores of many a coral bay, So in my fond heart's cloistered vale, By sapphire waves we two may stand; Where roses rare perfume exhale, Along the sea kissed agate sand.

Across the main the southern Pine, And fragrant winds from Persia's shore; With isles of sandal wood combine, To waft their love songs to our door. And when with touch of magic power, The chords of life's great harp are true; What wonder if in this bright bower, Love's passion flower should bloom anew.

So still in this fair Ardady, This dear enchantment all our own; The earth outside can never see, The garden where love's rose is blown. What strangeness if adorn the stream, Of time by solemn murmurs purled; We from our home of bliss supreme, Send love's evangel round the world.

—CYRUS GOLDS.

When Paw Swore Off. Maw acted offie glad the day That paw swore off; She'd lots of pleasant things to say When paw swore off; She sed that smokin' cost a pile. And every time I looked her amble Seemed gettin' broader all the while— When paw swore off.

She praised paw up, I tell you what! When he swore off, And said that now we'd save a lot, since paw'd swore off; She told the Browns and Greens and Grays About our paw's strong-minded ways, And things went nice for several days When paw swore off.

But after while paw he got glum, 'Cause he'd swore off! He'd jaw us all to kingdom come— Paw he'd swore off! He'd set around the house at night And look as though he'd like to fight— They wasn't enything went right, 'Cause paw'd swore off.

One day he got to scoldin' maw— Paw he'd swore off! Um-m-m! how he did lay down the law— And he'd swore off! So maw she up and at him when He'd got all through, and told him, then, She wished that he'd swear on agin— Paw he's swore off!

Her Fatal Loquacity. She was quite a worthy woman, but her best friends would allow She had a tongue. And her meek and gentle husband ever to her will Because she clung Fast unto her owned prerogative, which was, as he averred, In each one of their discussions to pronounce the final word. Which would mean a final score or two, all certain to be heard. With vigor slang.

So for years she masticated textile fabric day by day Morn, noon and night, And her meek and gentle husband's hair grew prematurely gray, As well it might; But she went abroad a-touring in the mountains round about, Where she met a stubborn echo, and the echos tired her out, And her broken spirit, after a last long despairing shout Did widge his flight.

Food Seekers. A wide-winged butterfly Upon the white flowers of a bitter weed Settled to satisfy his hoodday need. Through sunshine far and high His knicker wavered, but he took no heed! Pretty it was to watch his dainty greed.

A wondrous beetle came— All emerald green, save that upon his back There loomed a mido one; and in his track, Lured by a fluttered, purple, gold and black, Of pleasure for them all there was no lack.

Down dropped a bird that flies Near to the clouds, set perches by his seed, And sings and sings, God's little choir to lead. I lifted up my eyes: "Dear Lord, Thy smallest creatures richly feed! Content me, also, with Thy bitter weed."

A Friend. As one who, looking from a dusk whelmed height— Time it alone, uses— Sees on some distant slope a twinkling light Across the vale between, And, gazing on that small terrestrial star, Sees through the deepening night A kindly thought to those, who'er they are, That gather round the light.

So I, a friend unknown and far away, Across the world's width send A thought—a hand clasp—as a brother may, To you, in those, my friend.

Well Head. First country scholar (sizing up the new teacher, critically)—'He don't look much like a scrapper!' Second country scholar (wisely)—'No, but that's the way it is in all the story books; an' when you try tew lick him you find he's a champeen with his fists!'

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

RUSSIA AND THE FRENCH ARMY

France's Socialist War Minister, Gen. Andre, Causing Alarm to His Allies.

The full text of the article from the Nouveau Temps of St. Petersburg, dealing severely with the present French war minister, has come to hand. The effort in some of the ministerial papers of France to belittle it and even to deny its existence, failed. Coming from the Russian capital, it possesses a weight that may upset the present ministry. As a matter of current news it is interesting. Here it is:

'The ideas which dominate the work of the French war minister are taking hold of the public mind. It is a vital question for France; it is also a very serious question for Russia, since the fundamental bases of the Franco-Russian alliance are first of all the army.

'Gen. De Gallifet made the first assault, in disorganizing the chief council of war and in subordinating the general officers to the caprices of the minister, the head of the army, he himself under the thumb, even in technical affairs, of the civil authority of the political minister of parliament.

'In spite of his concessions, Gen. De Gallifet did not have sufficient determination to finish the entire programme, the radical execution of which is claimed by the majority of the French Deputies. Gen. Andre possesses in their eyes all the qualities which were wanting in his predecessor. Steeped in the so-called philosophical conception that represents an army as an evil, he is in reality an anti-militarist in the war ministry. He has, therefore, found to his own profit a centre particularly favorable to himself among the Socialists and their parliamentary associates, and this explains the ease and rapidity with which the startling measures of which he is the author, succeed each other.

'In great armies like ours, and like the German army, it is known that reforms, always so delicate when they are not sanctioned by experience, are brought about with great care and prudence. Consequently investigations are prolonged and years pass before their final adoption. In France today a few weeks suffice in the office of Gen. Andre to fling out into the unknown the most serious changes. The war minister seems to aim at the glory of a sort of socialistic Boulangerism. In the face of the innovations which he introduces we are brought to the question, what will that army be, kneaded by his hands, and what will be the soldiers and the officers formed according to his new model?

'The socialistic idea is supposed to the notion that an army can possess real soldiers, and in order to realize that idea he aims at the lowering of the service of ten years of one year and even six months without the guarantee of the cadres of the graded and reingaged. At the same time he aims at the violent upsetting of the morale, the instruction and the traditions of the officers.

'After the autumn manoeuvres he commenced a series of measures touching arbitrary advancement introducing the political spirit into the military schools and leaving no doubt whatever as to his plan. His fanatical zeal discloses his real aim. At all hazards the creation of a new type opposed to the old one is rushed along with the greatest ardor. The splendid discipline which animates the French Army, which discipline he is now endeavoring to destroy, forms the only reason why Gen. Andre does not find in front of him a vigorous opposition, even when he sees far as to meddle with private affairs and of minute matters to the point of becoming ridiculous.

'Espionage and denunciation are the rule and a simple and imprudent conversation—oftentimes falsely reported—suffices to bring about a punishment to break a military career, to cause a mutation or a suspension. Cases of this kind occur daily. The formation of two varieties which divide the army and prevent its cohesion is encouraged officially.

'Up to the present time the French army has been and was classed among the most powerful European armies, formed according to all the rules of military science possessing an excellent armament, an admirable morale and perfect discipline, remaining an impassable witness in all political agitation.

'But now it appears to have changed its methods and its ways. It has become a political army, weak for exterior efficiency

and tyrannical and vexations for its own country.'

Individuality in Dress.

The Princess of Wales, while averse to eccentricity of all kinds, has always dressed in a way that maintained her individuality. Her style of coiffure remains the same, and a certain cut of skirt has been known as 'the princess' for many years. She usually wears, too, a sprig of white lilac in her breast. It is 'her flower.'

One great artist after another has argued upon women the abandonment of slavish submission to fashion. 'Let each woman,' Mr. Ruskin is reported to have said 'find the style of dress becoming to her, and always continue to wear it. A crowd would then become a picturesque pageant instead of a monotonous repetition of the same dull figure.'

Of course he did not mean that she should always wear a dress of exactly the same material or color, or cut in exactly the same way, but only that she should preserve so far as possible the general style of dress most becoming to her.

A famous Philadelphia jurist, at one time attorney-general, continued to wear during his old age the cambric ruffles and velvet waistcoats which were the fashion in his youth. His stately dress was a pleasant variation from the monotony of most men's garments, and certainly detracted nothing from the effect of his eloquence upon his hearers.

How long we remember some little old-fashioned peculiarity of dress or manner in one we love! The quaint dressing of the hair, the scent of some flower, a color that belonged to her alone—how dear they are when she is gone!

'My mother,' said a venerable old man the other day, suddenly pausing in his walk through a garden, 'always wore a sprig of mignonette on her breast!'

She had been dead for many years, yet at the sight of the little flower she became alive for him again. The tears stood in his old eyes.

Why should a woman be afraid to make herself individual and attractive in the sight of those who are dear to her? Why should she not identify some favorite color or flower or scent with herself in their memory?

Nothing is a trifle which strengthens her influence over those who love her.

Not Very Guilty.

Somewhat suggestive of the Scotch verdict. 'Not proven,' is the judgment rendered in a Western town when, says the Green Bag, the most popular citizen had soundly whipped a tough character.

To vindicate the majesty of the law, the offender was brought up for trial. The jury were out about two minutes.

'Well,' said the judge, in a familiar, offhand way, 'what have the jury to say?'

'May it please the court,' responded the foreman, 'we, the jury, find that the prisoner is not guilty of hittin' with intent to kill, but simply to paralyze; and he done it.'

The verdict was received with applause, and the prisoner received an ovation.

Making Himself Safe.

'That Mr. Phypps has been drinking, hasn't he?'

'I guess he has. But it's all the fault of the mistletoe hanging there from the chandelier. Phypps was all right until that ancient Miss Buzzsaw sat down at the piano and screeched 'The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine.'

'Well, Phypps looked at Miss Buzzsaw and he looked at the mistletoe. Then he went out and got a drink.'

Way to Come out Ahead.

'Well, Tompkins, how did you come out in the last race?' asked a man of a friend.

'As nearly as I can figure it I came out about \$15 to the good.'

'Fifteen dollars? That's not bad. What horse did you back?'

'None. I had about \$15 with me that I did not bet with.'

His Latest Excuse.

Lady of the House—'Why don't you go to work? I'd be ashamed; a great, strong man like you.'

Weary Willie—'Madame, work is beneath me dignity. I'm the eldest son of a millynaire, an' I'm in dis here disguise so's to escape de kidnappers.'