

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 9

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

A LEADING AMERICAN.

Men become old and often on account of age take little interest in the affairs of the country and consequently drop out of public account. No greater example of this is needed than in the case of WILLIAM EVARTS who died in New York last week. In his prime he occupied the leading positions in the council of his country, and had he passed away years ago, a whole country would have mourned. As it was his death caused little more than passing newspaper comment. His fame was world wide, it arose in the first place from his eminence at the New York bar. After the death of CHARLES O'CONNOR MR EVARTS was the undisputed leader of that bar. That fact alone made his name known throughout the land. The foremost lawyer in the national metropolis is always known by name, and to some extent by characteristics and achievements, in every city village and hamlet of the Union. That is, of course, owing to the publicity of the press.

In this instance, the fame of the foremost New York lawyer was enhanced by his connection with two of the most celebrated trials which the country has known. One was the impeachment trial of PRES. JOHNSON. The other was the trial of the civil suit against Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER for alleged alienation of the affections of his Mr. TILTON's wife, and for alleged consequent misconduct. In both trials MR EVARTS was leading counsel for the defense, and in each he was so far successful that the prosecution failed to secure a verdict of guilty.

But it would be a very inadequate account of MR EVARTS' place in modern American history to stop short with his prominence as a lawyer and as a publicist. The chief element of that eminence were much deeper, higher and broader. He was for many and many a year the example, par excellence, of that kind of quality which the best Americans love to see in their foremost citizens. He was emphatically 'the scholar in politics,' so far as he was a politician. He was a lawyer who adorned his profession by the graces and accomplishments of culture. He was a citizen who placed the good of his city, his state and his country above personal gain, professional success and political adhesion. He was a layman whose father was a clergyman, and who continued through all his active life to be in openly manifested sympathy with the christian pulpit. He was a college bred man who never forgot his alma mater. He loved literature, science, art, invention, discovery, travel; all the refinements and aspirations of intellectual life.

The case of MR EVARTS adds another to the long list of cases of great men grown old who pass several of the later years of their lives in almost total seclusion, and in partial eclipse within the sphere of their most intimate circle. During the past half dozen years the public has heard of MR EVARTS only at long intervals, and then but in some fragments of intelligence as to his failing bodily health.

A STRAIN UPON CHRISTENDOM.

The foreign ministers at Pekin have prepared a list of high Chinese officials whose execution they demand as a punishment for their complicity in the Boxer outrages and the attack on the legations. Of the expediency of this demand, in certain instances, there may be some doubt; but of its substantial justice, assuming that the officials did what they are reputed to have done, there can be no question. While the attempt is being made to dis-

tribute responsibility and to exact penalty for these crimes, neither the foreign ministers at Pekin nor the powers which they represent can afford to be indifferent to certain other crimes, still more inexcusable and atrocious.

The first reports of excesses by the allied troops seemed impossible to believe, but they have been confirmed by too many witnesses to be any longer questioned. The work began at Taku last June, when three hundred coolies, who had been employed in loading ships and had never lifted a finger against a foreigner, were slaughtered by Russian troops without a single shot being fired in return.

The capture of Tientsin, the march from Tientsin to Pekin, the occupation of Pekin, the expedition to Paoing, and the so called "punitive expeditions" in various directions from Pekin have been attended by wholesale robbery, outrage and murder. The worst crimes imagined as committed by them last summer, when it was believed that the foreigners at Pekin had fallen into their hands, have been duplicated at a score of places in the province of Pechili; but the victims were unarmed Chinese men and helpless women and children, and the criminals were men who wore the uniform of the allied powers.

It is impossible to read the detailed narratives of these occurrences without a thrill of horror. That the accusations are true unfortunately admits of no doubt. Those who make them are absolutely trustworthy. If the Boxers deserve punishment, the perpetrators of these crimes which are a disgrace to civilization and to Christianity, deserve it still more.

After His Scalp.

Some time ago a certain insurance man, who formerly did business in St. John, but now located in Halifax, hired some St. John men, boatmen and others, to assist him in beaching a derelict schooner which had run ashore "up the bay." The schooner was insured in the company he represented. The insurance man is known as a "captain," he promised the different men he engaged a fair remuneration for their work, but it was not forthcoming.

One of the people so engaged by the "captain" of assurance and insurance was Joseph Riley of the south end. From him the "captain" secured the hire of his boat and the services of the man himself. In order to secure payment Mr. Riley had to take his case to the civic court, where he sought payment for his services and that of his craft which was totally demolished, while being used in taking off part of the wreck. Riley won his case and was awarded a verdict of \$132 00.

There are several other Lower Cove men who were similarly engaged in working at the wreck "Up the Bay." They are red hot after the trail of the astute and sometimes slippery captain, and claim that they will make him pay up or land him behind the cold and frigid bars of the county goal.

Civic Elections.

For a wonder there is not much talk of civic elections, although those elections takes place next month. There is no doubt but that the present mayor will seek re-election and some say that ex mayor Sears will again be in the field. Other names are mentioned, but no reliance can be placed on rumors. There is no stir as yet in aldermanic circles and people are wondering if St. John is about to follow Fredericton's example, by electing most of its City Fathers by acclamation. However it is a little early yet to form any opinion. There is plenty of time between now and election for several candidates to turn up. Many believe that the result of McKeown's bill now before the Legislature may put a very different aspect on affairs. If the bill should carry it is said that there will be candidates galore in the field. The outcome of the bill will be watched with interest by St. John people.

Important Change of Trains.

Beginning with Monday next, March 11, a change of time will be made in several of the Intercolonial Railway passenger trains leaving St. John. The Halifax day express, No. 2, which now leaves at 17.20 standard, will be changed to leave at 7.00 o'clock standard. The Sussex express, which now leaves at 4.40 p. m. standard, will leave at 4.30 standard, and the Montreal express, which has been leaving at 5.05 standard, will in future leave at 5.00 o'clock.

Board Wanted.

A young lady desires board in a strictly private family. Address X. Y. Z. care PROGRESS Office.

'Just before Badman was sent to prison he bought a set of books, to be paid for in installments.'

'What did he do that for?' 'He said it would make the time seem shorter.'

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Crow. His voice is hoarse with misty years, For never was he young; Hatched with the rust upon his wing, And on his forked tongue A speck that ran through Nile lands green Before the pyramids were seen.

The last sweet kernel has been gleaned Throughout the grain fields bleak; A famine threat need pirate he, Whose good name none will speak; He has no shelter but the wood, No comrade in the solitude.

But still, though autumn's torn red flag Floats through the fog wreaths blind, And sadder reeds hold broken swords Against the sharp north wind, His dauntless heart is in his croak Hurled proudly from the tallest oak.

Scorn of the frowning skies it rings, Of empty husks, of chill; The world is his, however it goes, He owns it good or ill; For him alone the day is good, The night is black within the wood.

And, somehow, in our wintry ears His music, clear and shrill, Conjures a rare, ripe summer day With blue smoke on the hill, A corn field swept by shadows long, Red poppies, and a reaper's song.

He greets the hunter's breezy horn With a derisive laugh The robin's plaintive last good by He echoes back as chaff; He warms his old breast in the sun, And calls across the twilight dun.

But when the moon her round lamp takes To search the pine woods dim She finds the owl with wings aloft, But never trace of him! A black shadow on the night's black breast, Within the bush he takes his rest.

In The Cradle of the Platte. A little stream in the canon ran, In the stream deep and long, When a stout old oak at its side began To sing to it this song:

"Oh, why do you laugh and leap and sing, And why do you hurry by, For you're only a noisy little thing, And a great sput out oak am I, A hundred years I shall stand alone, And the world will look at me, While you bubble and babble on, And die at last in the sea."

"So proud and lofty?" the stream replied, "You're a king of the forest, true, But your roots were dead, and your leaves all dried, Had I not watered you."

The oak-tree rustled its leaves of green To the little stream below; "It's only a snow-bank's tears, I ween, Could talk to a monarch so, But where are you going so fast, so fast, And what do you think to do? Is there anything in the world at last For a babbling brook like you?"

"So fast, so fast, why should I wait," The hurrying water said, "When you're by the canon gate The farmer waits for bread? Out on the rainless desert-land My hurrying footsteps go, I kiss the earth, and wet the sand, I make the harvest grow."

"And many a farmer, when the sky Has turned to leaden brass, And a hot sun is hot and dry, Gives thanks to see me pass; By many a sluice and ditch and lane, They lead me left and right, For it is I who turn the plain To gardens of pure delight."

Then hurrying on, the dashing stream Into a river grew, And the oak and mountain made a seam To let its torrent through; And where the burning desert lay A happy river ran, A thousand miles it coursed its way, And blessed the homes of man.

Vain was the oak tree's proud conceit, The desert's disdain, The brook that bubbled at its feet Had washed its roots away. Still in the canon's heart there springs The desert's diadem, And shepherds bless the day that brings The snow-bank's tears to them.

Lullaby.

Fair is the castle upon the hill— Hushaby, sweet, my own! 'Tis night is fair and the waves are still, And the wind is singing to you and me In this lowly home beside the sea— Hushaby, sweet, my own!

O yonder hill is store of wealth— Hushaby sweet, my own! And revelers drink to a little one's health; But you and I bide night and day For the other love that has sailed away— Hushaby, sweet, my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep Gho-like, oh my own! Out of the mist of the murmuring deep; Oh, see them not and make no cry Till the angels of death have passed us by— Hushaby, sweet, my own!

Ab, little they rock you and me— Hushaby, sweet, my own! In our lonely home beside the sea; They seek the castle up on the hill, And there they will do their ghostly will— Hushaby, oh, my own!

Here by the sea a mother croons "Hushaby, sweet, my own!" In yonder castle a mother swoons While the angels go down to the misty deep, Bearing a little one fast asleep— Hushaby, sweet, my own!

—Eugene Field.

To a Child.

Maiden with the eyes of azure, Gazing in delight, At the world, from out a window Of your narrow night; Know you that my heart is heavy, And my eyes are blind; You have all your world before you— I have mine behind.

Maiden with the merry glances, And the soul so pure; Cling to every childhood's purpose, Then your peace is sure; Come not near me, nor caress me, For my lips have fed On a fiercer love, God leave me, My delight is dead.

So you will not heed my warning, Come the closest lay Two pure lips upon mine, pulsing With the fire of clay. Stay! No touch of earth could sully Such unconscious mood, Child! I kiss you, silent, praying God to keep you good.

—May Austin Low.

Prophecy.

Pure in its light the western sky Pales o'er the snow-ribbed dune, And through the trees shines steadfastly A little virgin moon, White in her faithfulness, and sky For joy which shall be soon.

Purple and dim the twilight creeps Wha' by fingers clear About a little stream, which keeps Its dark way westering; And underneath the sharp air sobs The tenderness of spring.

Oh, the Boats of Oars, Spins, Parsons— Oh, Duval, 'T Waterloo

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

News of the Passing Week

The bubonic plague in Cape Town is spreading.

The Nova Scotia government announces a surplus of \$76,000.

Dr. James R. DeWolfe died at Halifax on Tuesday, aged 81 years.

The Sultan of Wadai, south of the Great Desert, is dealing with a rebellion.

The British supplementary naval estimates, amounting to £1,200,000 have been issued.

After being sworn in President McKinley re-appointed all the members of his old cabinet.

The Russian Minister of Public Instruction at St. Petersburg was shot at and wounded.

The Methodist century fund which now amounts to \$1,200,000 closes on the 15th of March.

Mr. McKeown's much talked of Franchise bill was introduced into the assembly this week.

The New Brunswick House has elected Mr. Porter of Victoria county as its deputy speaker.

The national memorial to Queen Victoria in England is to be of a personal monumental character.

King Edward has returned to London from visiting his sister the Dowager Empress of Germany.

St. John's City Council, has decided to grant the Exhibition Association \$3000 for the annual exhibition.

Gen'l. Weyler was on Wednesday appointed Minister of War in the new Spanish government.

Civic elections were held throughout the State of Maine on Monday, and resulted in a Republican sweep.

A scholarship for girls is to be founded at Cape Town as a South African memorial to Queen Victoria.

The Pope celebrated his ninety-first birthday on March 2nd, and was the recipient of many congratulations.

Wm. Adolph Morley is under arrest in Vienna, having \$25,000 worth of jewellery stolen in London and New York.

The appointment is announced of Robert Bell as the director of the Geological survey in the place of the late William Dawson.

At a meeting of the St. John city council R. H. Cushing was elected director of public safety in the place of the late Chipman Smith.

Nine men awaiting the action of the April grand jury, broke out of the Cumberland, Md., jail, Tuesday morning and are still at large.

The third supplementary estimate of three million marks, for expenses incurred by Germany for the war in China, has been issued.

It is announced at Ottawa that no more applications for the appointments to commissions in the South African constabulary can be entertained.

A number of Moncton citizens have nominated candidates for the next civic elections. Their principle is to run the contest on non-political lines.

The Bank of New Brunswick has decided to open a branch office in the North End, St. John. Branches of this Bank in other cities are talked of.

It is reported this week that the boxes of chocolate sent by Queen Victoria the Christmas before last for the local forces have just arrived at Mafeking.

The War office in London has issued orders stopping the recruiting of yeomanry on the ground that the government already has as many men as required.

In every ward but one the city of Fredericton has elected its aldermen by acclamation. Evidently that city is satisfied with the condition of affairs.

Issac M Gregory editor of Judge since its establishment died in New York Tuesday of Bright's disease, aged about 65 years. Mr Gregory was one of the old school of humorists of which Burdette of

the Burlington Hawkeye and the Danbury News-Man were prominent types.

Two well known St. John ladies passed peacefully away on Wednesday morning, Mrs. Forbes, wife of county court Judge Forbes and Mrs. C. Gillespie.

Hon. Mr. Fisher has approved of the plans of the Canadian building at the Buffalo Fair. It will cost \$3,500. Mr. McBride, of London, is the architect.

There is trouble in the British war office between War Secretary Lansdowne and Wolsley. They are both strong in their remarks in finding fault with each other.

The latest information confirm the rumors of negotiations being carried on between Kitchener, Milner and Botha for the establishment of peace in South Africa.

The Valentine Stock company completed their long engagement in St. John on Saturday last. This week they have been playing at Fredericton and proceed to Ottawa.

Armstrong and Coombs of the Canadian contingent received a warm welcome home. They about complete the number of New Brunswick South African heroes to get back.

Dr. Wm Dawson of the Canadian Geological survey, died the first of the week at Ottawa. The deceased was a world famed scientist, and it was after him Dawson city was named.

A bill before the Connecticut Legislature last week proposed to abolish the death penalty, substituting life imprisonment. After a long debate the proposed change was rejected.

On Tuesday the inauguration of Pres. McKinley and Vice Pres. Roosevelt took place at Washington. The ceremony was an elaborate one and terminated in a big ball in the Pension building.

By the death of Wm. M. Everts in New York, the Republic loses one of its most celebrated lawyers, statesmen and scholars. For years Mr. Everts occupied important positions in the government of the country.

Costigan's resolution condemning the Coronation oath passed in the Canadian parliament by a vote of 125 to 19. Those opposing took the ground that it was beyond the Common's right to deal with the matter.

A sub-committee of the Ottawa City Council has recommended that the lumber piled in the city be assessed under the personalty assessment act. This is expected to increase the city's revenue by \$100,000 annually.

Judges Parker and McLeod appeared before the legislature Wednesday and asked for a grant of \$10,000 in aid of the new University Science building, and for heating and putting water in the main institution.

Among the important bills introduced into the New Brunswick legislature this week, was one to insure the construction of a railway to the Queen's and Sanbury coal fields and one to rectify the Rothesay Bogus electoral list.

The Canadian Government will not contribute to the London Victorian memorial fund, as there will be a Canadian memorial, taking the form of a magnificent statue, to be erected on the Parliament grounds, Ottawa, next summer.

Word has been received of the death of Edward Weary, a deaf mute, undergoing a life's sentence in the Dorchester penitentiary. Eight years ago at the mouth of the Keewick, the deceased killed his sister in law by striking her with an axe.

The Nova Scotia Legislature still has two branches. Premier Murray stated to the House the other day that it is the intention of the government to introduce a measure during the present session for the abolition of the Legislative Council.

During the past week death has claimed a number of victims. David P. Chisholm who passed away on Monday removes a gentleman well known for years in the educational line. For a long time he was on the teaching staff, but latterly occupied