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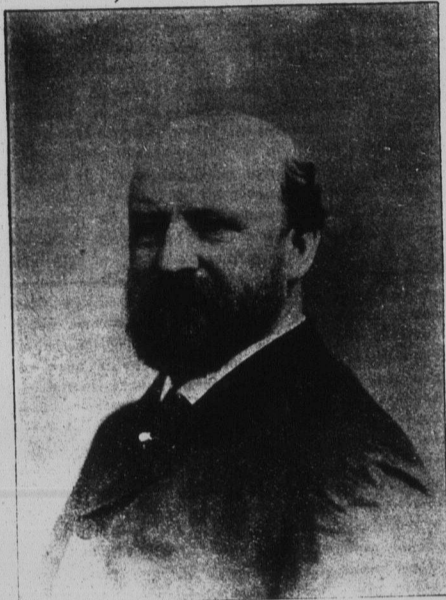
HON. JAMES I. FELLOWS, AGENT-GENERAL OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

A Short Sketch of Mr. Fellows' Life and Success-The Path Was Not an Easy One, But Honors and Wealth Awaited Him in the End.

The portrait which we present this week will not fail to be recognized by many of the readers of PROGRESS. It is that of James I. Fellows, for many years a resident of St. John, who was recently appointed to a seat in the legislative council of this province.

Mr. Fellows was born at Annapolis, N. S., July 30th, 1828, and was the only son of Israel Fellows, a man of prominence in the neighborhood, carrying on a farm, general business and ship-building.

It might be mentioned as an interesting historical fact, that a great aunt of the subject of this sketch was the first English child born in Nova Scotia after it became a British colony. When Mr. Fellows was about eight years of age his father met with business reverses, and removed to St. John with his family. The youthful James was educated at Horton academy, and at the age of fifteen became a clerk with William R. Watson in Charlottetown, P. E. I., to which town his family removed from St. John about the year 1843. Two years later he went to New York and entered as apprentice with A. B. & D. Sands, corner of Broadway and Chambers street.



HON. JAMES I. FELLOWS.

That Mr. Fellows takes a great interest in scientific subjects, as well as those of a commercial and social nature, is shown by the various learned societies in England with which he is connected. He is a fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute, the Geographical Society, the Royal Statistical Society, the Royal Botanical Society, the Zoological Society, the Royal Historical Society, and of the Society of Arts; also a member of the Royal Institution, the Imperial Federation League, the London Chamber of Commerce, the Junior Carlton Club, the Canadian Club, the Royal Yacht Club and the Century Club.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

A Correspondent Talks About Some Well Known People and Their Ideas.

NEW YORK, April 15.—Susan B. Anthony has risen up to remark that "the woman of the future is not going to snatch at everything that passes for a man because it draws a salary," and Lillie Devereux Blake has also been on her feet saying things to discourage would-be benedictesses such as "women's progress interferes with marriage and makes girls fastidious," while the Rev. Anna Shaw, Julia Ward Howe, and Mrs. Clynner, president of Sorosis, and many more as eminent and popular have "spoken in meekness" to the same effect, and the rising generation has been plainly given to understand that wooing and wedding is not going to be the picnic for them that it was for their fathers.

This is very distressing news for Uncle Sam from several points of view. He has long had the surplus old maid of New England in his mind and hands, and of late years his domestic cares have been added to by an inclination on the part of the bachelors of Gotham, Chicago, Philadelphia and other large cities, to shirk the holy estate of matrimony. "Why don't the boys get married?" he is asking with a care-worn air, and "the boys" are making various excuses for failing to do their duty by the commonwealth in this respect, the most important of which is that woman is usurping their occupations and thereby cutting off their means of providing for wives and families. She will fill no longer "wash his wittles and cook his clothes" in return for her own "wittles" and clothes. She is abandoning the cook stove, the tub and the cradle to earn food and finery for herself, and if she could only push him into the post she is voicing, there would be no trouble at all. It would simply be a displacement of two quantities, each of which would slip into the other's place, and everything would be lovely again, but his utter inability to "swop" is creating great confusion, and "bearing" the matrimonial market heavily, and now that she is threatening to make the path to the altar as stony and uphill as the famous one that leads to Jordan, it is

a considerable interest. He received the magistrate's commission in this province in 1878.

In 1880 Mr. Fellows removed to England, his chief object at that time being the education of his family, his intention being to return at the expiration of a few years. But the government of New Brunswick having appointed him agent general of the province in that country his stay was prolonged beyond his original expectation. His life in many respects has been a stirring and enterprising one. He was instrumental in starting the red granite business in this province; first at St. George, and afterwards at Carleton. He also discovered the great manganese deposit at Markhamville, Kings Co., which has since proved of such importance to that locality. For several years he was an active member of the Portland town council, and was the chief mover in having the fifth ward constituted.

Mr. Fellows has been a traveller in many lands, having visited every country in Europe (except Norway, Sweden, and Russia) as well as Syria, Palestine, and all the North-African dependencies. He is a general, well-informed man, and in many ways well adapted for the position of legislative councillor that he now fills. As to whether he will reside permanently in the province, Mr. Fellows states that this depends upon his retaining the agent generalship which he now holds in England for this province.

Mr. Fellows married, first, Elizabeth Robertson, daughter of Thomas Allen, Esq., J. P., and secondly, Jane Hamlin, daughter of James R. Crane, Esq., and grand-daughter of the Hon. John R. Partelow.

He is to be feared that orange flowers and bridal veils will go altogether out of fashion. Mrs. Annie Besant, the celebrated English woman, best known because of her prominence in the social reform party, arrived in Gotham last week. She has come to represent Mme. Blavatsky and the Theosophical society of London in the Theosophical council that is to be held in Boston, April 26. She is to lecture this week in New York, and will probably draw as well as Bernhardt and Patti did. If she does her success will point a moral, for her world-wide reputation has been earned as a worker for the betterment of working women, a friend to friendless and fallen girls, and a champion of the starving children in the slums of London. Several years ago she declared herself a convert to the Malthusian doctrine, and in conjunction with Charles Bradlaugh preached it on the platform and through the press. For this she was tried in London on a charge of immorality, and being found guilty her husband was granted a divorce and the custody of her son and daughter taken from her. The daughter will be 21 in a few months, and it is understood that as soon as she becomes a free agent she will throw in her lot with her mother.

Mme. Blavatsky, the high-priestess of theosophy, whose disciple and co-worker she is, lives at present in London, but she is well known in Boston and New York, and has a small circle of ardent followers in each city.

Although short in stature, she weighs nearly three hundred pounds, is shockingly untidy in her dress and smokes constantly; thanks to which and her antipathy to soap and water, her complexion is a dirty yellow. Such is the prophetic of the new religion, and many people do not hesitate to call her a "dreadful old fraud." The average citizen knows as much about esoteric Buddhism on which Theosophy is founded, as he does about Greek and Mrs. Besant's special mission here is to explain and popularize its mysticism. Mme. Blavatsky, to illustrate the ascendancy that mind can gain over matter when cultivated according to her methods, once declared to an interviewer, that "when she was moneyless she went to a certain drawer in her bureau saying as she went, '\$100 bill in it,' and the bill never failed to materialize. This is a part of her religion that we shall all want to be instructed in."

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

Tomorrow. Bind up a wreath and give it me Before this dull day closes, And in the garlands let there be The thorns as well as roses; Weave willow for my sorrow, Sad flowers for the yesterday, White lilies for tomorrow.

White lilies, for they tell of peace Beyond the gates of even, Where whispers of the soul's release Seem mystic hints of heaven, And yesterday's a private note And needs must borrow A hope of that swift coming dawn, The promise of tomorrow.

Forever more tomorrow lends Bright visions of completeness; True lovers and their steadfast friends With faces full of sweetness; But backward all seems dim and gray, And vaguely touched with sorrow, I stand for the yesterday If I may have tomorrow.

The past is past—ah! dead indeed, I weep not for its going; Its phantoms weird no more I heed Than west winds wildly blowing; Press onward, aye, and upward, heart, While I my gladness borrow, For hope and I shall never part, While I can have tomorrow.

The Approach of Spring. The sun has passed behind the western hill, The wind blows briskly and the air is chill, No perfume sweet is wafted on the gale, For frost and snow abound on hill and dale, The flowing stream is hidden from the sight, Its surface glistens in the moonlight night, The snow like lovely mantle, white and pure, From killing frost, affords protection sure, To field and lawn, to plant and burred flower, To tree and shrub and vine which forms the bower.

But soon the gentle shower and sun's warm ray, Will clear the fields, and swell the stream and lake, Where nestles safe the welcome flower of May, In mossy bed, beneath the vine and brake, O joyful season, brilliant, happy spring, We'll greet thee well, the bright and sunny hours, Thy lengthened days, thy birds that sweetly sing, Thy budding trees, green fields, and opening flower.

Oh then the best of season, joyous spring, Fit emblem of new life, through Christ our King, How full of hope, what joy, what gladness, And train each thought and effort of the mind, A purer life to gain, His peace to find, February, 1891.

"A Waltz Quadrille." The band was playing a waltz quadrille: I felt as light as a wind blown feather, As we floated away, at the Caller's will, Through the intricate, mazy dance together; Like a little army, our lines were meeting; Slowly advancing, and then retreating; All decked in their bright array; And backward and forth, to the music's rhyme, We moved together: And all the time, I knew you were going away!

The fold of your strong arm sent a thrill From heart to brain, as we gently glided Like leaves on the waves of that waltz quadrille, You drifting one way, and I another, Then suddenly turning and facing each other, Then off in the blithe chase: Then airily back to our places swaying, While every beat of the music seemed saying "That you were going away!" I said, in my heart, "Let us take our fill Of mirth and pleasure, and love and laughter; For all must end with this waltz quadrille, And life will never be the same, after!" O! That the caller might give us no calling! Like a shower of silver spray! While we whirled on, in the vast forever, Where no hearts break and no ties sever, And no one goes away!

A clamor! A crash! And the band was still! 'Twas the end of the dream, and the end of the measure: The last low notes of that waltz quadrille, Seemed like a dirge, or the death of pleasure! You said "Good night," and the spell was over, Too warm for a friend, and too cold for a lover; There was nothing more to say, But the lights looked dim, and the dancers weary; The music was sad, and the hall was dreary, After you went away!

18th June, 1871. The Truthful Yarn of The Nancy Jane. A good stout craft was the Nancy Jane As you ever saw on the water; She was trim and staunch above and below And was named for the captain's daughter. The captain said—and he ought to know— That she floated as light as a feather, And could stay on top of the frothiest sea In the most tempestuous weather. For the whole of the twenty-five years that elapsed Just before he kicked the bucket, He called her around for codfish and such On the briny shoals of Nantucket. I saw him once up at Provincetown, He leaned o'er his vessel's railing; For just two weeks had the Nancy Jane In a mighty fog been sailing. He seemed to be in a pensive mood, I asked of what he was thinking, "Of the time we caught the deacon," he said, But no; he was sober as any judge And with those words as a beginning, He took from his mouth his T. D. pipe And this yarn fell to spinning. "A week ago last Sunday at noon, When the fog was thicker than flannel, We was feelin' our way 'cross Nantucket Shoals When somehow we lost the main channel, But we went right along, for I wasn't afeared, You can bet your life on the Nancy— She's so much on looks; but man dear alive, For sailin' she'll tickle your fancy, We'd ben goin' along for two hours perhaps, A-wonderin' where we would fetch up, When the main dropped a cod-line over the stern, To see what he'd happen to ketch up. He soon felt a tug, and pulled the line in. Now what do you think was on it? I hope I may go straight to old Davy Jones, 'Efit wasn't a woman's bonnet. As soon as they saw it the man all jumped up And leapt on half a minute, The starboard boat was down into the sea With our deepest herring seine in it. They paid it out mighty lively, you bet, 'When I open that drawer I want'st just human, For they thought that it wasn't just human, To rescue a honest out of the deep, And leave down behind it the woman."

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The very first sweep they made with the seine— I tell you it's true as I'm speakin'— They fetched up out of the depths below. Two girls and an old Baptist deacon. You see we weren't at sea at all, But was skinnin' over the island Afloat in the fog, and was just passing by A road that led to the highland. And these folks we'd took in the herring seine 'Was just on their way to meotin'." They were glad to see us, they said, but then "Would have like a formaller greetin'— "You're seemin' to doubt, young man," said he, "Well ask anyone of these people, And they'll tell you that this side of West Chop Light, You kin see the meetin' house steeple."

Making It Safe for Him. "How is your son getting on, Jones? You had some trouble with that boy, I believe." "Yes, I had a good deal of trouble with him. He developed a mania for possessing himself of other people's property."

"Break him of it?" "No, I couldn't do that, as I was obliged to arrange matters so that he might do it legally."

"How did you manage?" "I made him a lawyer."

Look Like New. I suppose you will invest in lace curtains this spring, that is if you can afford it. But did you ever think how nice the old ones could be made to look if they were only cleaned properly. Why they would look like new if you sent them to Ungar's and had the job done right. If you let Ungar do them, you won't need new ones.—A.

The Cup That Cheers. The East Indies commenced tea culture in 1860. In 1864 two and a half million pounds were sold and consumed by the British Isles. In 1890 over one hundred million pounds were used, showing by the vast increase the popularity of Indian teas. A very superior quality—RAM LAL'S PURE INDIAN TEA—for sale by J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte street.

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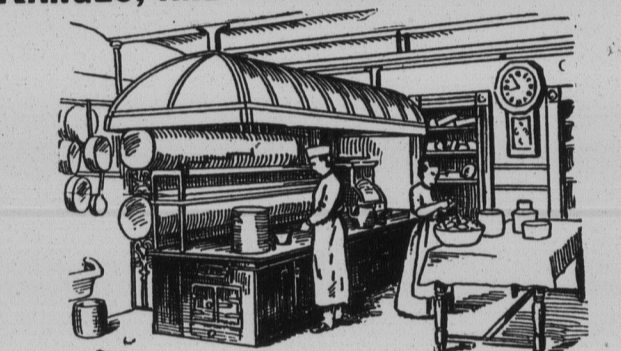
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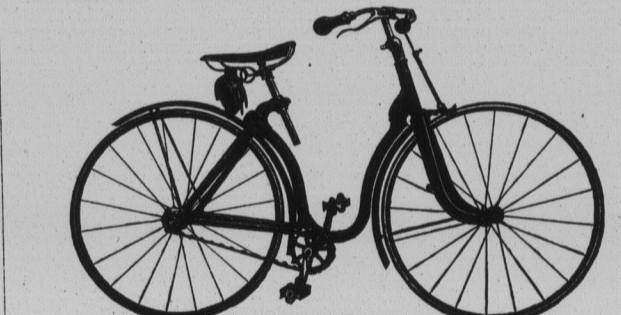
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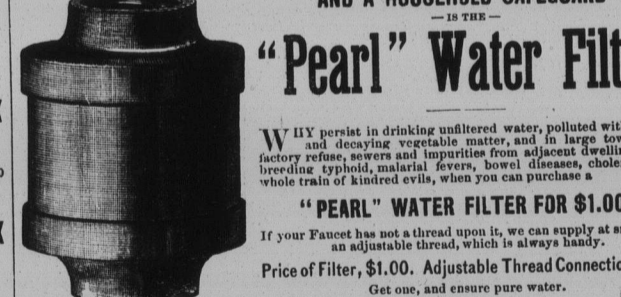
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