

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor. WALTER L. SAWYER, Editor.

Subscriptions, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.

Advertising Rates will be given on application. The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

Every article appearing in this paper is written specially for it, unless otherwise credited.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsuited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

The composition and presswork of this paper are done by union men.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 17.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

OUR PERPETUAL THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving day comes seven times a week to PROGRESS. We felt no special accession of thankfulness on Thursday: there was no room for it. We contented ourselves with giving thanks, as we do daily.

Because in six months we have attained a larger circulation than any other paper save one in the maritime provinces;

Because the volume of our advertising patronage has doubled in that time;

Because in scores of instances we have been able to reward honest merit and annihilate pretentious humbug;

And, lastly, because as we advance the city moves forward and the whole province benefits.

To limit the giving of thanks to one day in the year, therefore, would seem to us a scant acknowledgment of our manifold blessings. Only on Thursday we glowed with warmer joy, to feel that every honest man's turkey gained a sweeter flavor from the fact that, since last Thanksgiving, PROGRESS has come—and come to stay.

VERY GOOD, INDEED.

War has been declared between the board of health and the doctors.

The doctors have held an indignation meeting, in which they denounced the regulations compelling them to report infectious diseases.

They have insisted that the law is unjust to them, and has a tendency to increase disease.

The board has retaliated by making preparations to prosecute all who fail to make reports.

This war is a good thing. It will lead to some definite results. If the law is bad it can be amended. If it is good, it can be enforced. Anything is better than disagreement, uncertainty and want of action where the public health is concerned. Let the good work go on.

In the meantime the scarlet fever appears to be on the decrease.

This is the best thing of all.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE BOYCOTTED.

The latest indication of energy on the part of the Portland aldermen is said to be a resolution to boycott PROGRESS.

This momentous decision was formed at a caucus held after the adjournment of the council on Monday night.

Whether the meeting was held in one of the illegal gin mills to which certain members are in the habit of resorting after their labors, is not stated. Probably it was, but it makes no difference. The great and important fact remains that the edict was issued.

This is very sad.

There are fourteen members of the council, including the mayor. There used to be sixteen, but two of them have been boycotted by the others and don't count at the present time.

All of the fourteen have been in the habit of reading PROGRESS regularly. Perhaps some of them have bought it more or less regularly. The rest have borrowed it from their neighbors or read it in the resorts which have the honor of their patronage.

Admitting, as a very liberal estimate, that seven of the fourteen have been buyers, the boycott means that these seven will buy no more. They will borrow or beg.

But they will all read it.

They must do so. They have begun to take an interest in it, and it hasn't said half as much about them as it intends to say. They will find a great deal of instructive reading in its columns.

The only people who do not like it are shams and evil-doers, including men in public positions who are unfaithful to their trusts.

If the Portland aldermen are not in this category, they have nothing to fear. They may change their minds about the boycott.

But if they persist in their rash resolve—well, it means a clear loss to PROGRESS of fourteen cents a week, or \$7.28 per annum.

Capitalized, this means the interest on \$121.33 1/2 for one year at 6 percent. This is nearly as much as the property owners on Mount Pleasant offered to give toward repairing the street, and which was lost to the town because the aldermen quarrelled and did nothing.

Or it is about the interest, for three months, at the same rate, on the amount which it has cost the rate-payers for damages and costs for the BUCKLE suit, which need not have been incurred had the aldermen been fit for their positions.

Or it is the interest for one day, possibly, on the amount which has been and is likely to be squandered, lost and wasted under the present system of doing and not doing.

So, gentlemen, you see the dire effects your boycott may cause to St. John's only non-partisan and independent paper. True, you will each save three cents a week by it, but what of that? You can more than recoup yourselves for the outlay on the next excursion of the bill committee.

But if you must boycott, why not wait until after PROGRESS has issued its great boom edition? Arrangements have been made to issue just 12,000 copies, and it would be awkward for us to have to allow for your boycott and issue only 11,993. Consider, gentlemen, consider.

WORSE EVILS THAN MUD.

One of the minor cogs in the machine by which the city of Portland is run is called Alderman GEORGE R. VINCENT.

Mr. VINCENT is a funny man. He is not so comical as "LON" CHESLEY, the Merry Andrew of the board, but he is quite funny enough to make the rest of the aldermen laugh.

He did so on Monday night, when he suggested that the editors of PROGRESS be requested to remove the mud from the streets, "as they would then be in their natural element."

If the mud in question were the great crying evil of Portland, the men who removed it would be entitled to the thanks of the people. Unfortunately, though Mr. VINCENT's mind may not be able to grasp the fact, there are worse things than mud around the unfortunate and misgoverned city.

One of these is a board of aldermen which, when in session, has about as much dignity as a cage of monkeys.

Mr. VINCENT is one of that board.

The board is composed of men who conduct their debates in a spirit of childish wrangling, in which those who seem to know the least insist on having the most to say.

Mr. VINCENT is one of those men.

The board has upon it certain lawyers whose interest it is that the city shall have litigation, out of which such firms as CURREY & VINCENT shall pocket costs for which the people are taxed.

Mr. VINCENT is one of those lawyers.

That is not all. The affairs of the city are in the hands of a clique which is known as the CHESLEY combination. This clique is not as bad as the TWEED ring in New York, because men with the brains of TWEED, CONNOLLY and SWEENEY have not yet been elected to the council. But it is bad enough, in all conscience.

Mr. VINCENT is one of that clique.

It has quarrelled and wrangled about trifles until the departments have become demoralized. Work is neglected, money is wasted, lawsuits are incurred and the taxes are unduly increased. The other night an old bill came in accompanied by a threat of suit. No one knew anything about it, because it had been dealt with under the clique's peculiar and abominable system. One of the CHESLEYS proposed that the council let it be sued, the tax payers to pay the costs, of course.

This might have been grist to Mr. VINCENT'S mill.

No, Mr. VINCENT, the chief thing to be cleared up in Portland is not the mud on the streets. There are more unsavory things in and around the council chamber. And when the great and general cleaning up is made and the refuse removed, you, Mr. VINCENT, may be found somewhere in the heap.

PROGRESS will see you later, Mr. VINCENT.

A MODEL FOR BOSTON.

A Boston paper tells of the dismissal of seven members of the police force of that city, for sleeping in a barn at the West End when they were supposed to be on duty. One of them had done police duty for 25 years, and had he retired in a regular manner would have received a pension of \$400 a year. But he was dismissed.

Boston, like every other place, differs from Portland, N. B. If a Portland policeman were accused of—much more discharged for—sleeping in a barn at midnight he would be highly indignant. A barn is too uncomfortable to be a favored resting-place for the Portland "copper." He spends his spare time with his friends who are in the liquor business.

By the way, Captain RAWLINGS, would it not be a good idea to write to the Boston authorities and tell them how to run a police force? If your system could be adopted there, the officers would be very grateful.

Perhaps it was just as well that the Young Men's Christian association's prayer-meeting was postponed to give Mother Goose a chance. The prayer of a man who preferred Mother Goose to the Gospel wouldn't rise much higher than his own head, anyway.

The gentlemen of the pilot commission who lose no opportunity to remind shippers of breaches of the rules should turn their observant eyes upon some of the pilots of the port. It is not long since one pilot

succeeded in damaging two vessels, a steamer and a schooner. If shippers are forced to accept the choice of the commission, they should at least have the satisfaction of knowing that their vessels are in the hands of competent men. There should be some standard. A railway conductor or driver whose train meets with an accident is usually suspended, pending an investigation. As much depends upon the pilot. Why should his treatment be different?

The board of aldermen met this week and decided, after an interesting discussion, that the supplies for the ferry department should be obtained in the same way as those of other civic departments. The decision was wise, just and in accordance with the course taken by this paper. Every reform of this nature is a gain to the city. There are some others to be accomplished. The sooner the council effect them, the better for the people.

Secretary MARCH informed the Board of School Trustees, Tuesday, that 817 children belonging to the east-side schools are kept at home at present because of personal sickness, disease in the house or fear of infection. "On the whole, therefore," he sapiently concluded, "it will be seen that the number of cases of contagious disease is not sufficient to alarm anybody." Of course not.

The New York Herald estimates that the presidential election cost the United States \$500,000,000. It was about as destructive and wasteful as a civil war—and it has to be fought over again every four years. Who wants to be annexed?

The projectors of the St. John Exhibition might have saved a good deal of space to the daily papers if they had adopted the city directory as the list of their committee.

The bluff weir was appropriately named. It has caught a good deal of "bluff"—and very few fish.

The Maggie M. has gone to the bottom. So has the old system of purchasing coal for the ferry.

PEN AND PRESS.

Charles A. Dana, like his political party, has gone to a warm climate. The great editor's destination is Havre.

The editor of the Globe is reported to have said that he expects to leave the end of the "Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsum" letters as a legacy to his children. By the way, there is talk of calling a chapel meeting in the composing room to protest about the matter. There is no "phat" in and about it and the "copy" is said to be condemnable.

One of the recent changes in the Boston Globe is the withdrawal of Clement M. Hammond, who has purchased an interest in the New York Press. Hammond has had the title of assistant managing editor, but as a matter of fact he has been quite as near Great Mogul Taylor as managing editor Fowle. There is nothing peculiar in the fact that he leaves a responsible position on a democratic paper to take another on a republican one. As Hammond views matters, one party is as bad as the other and they are all bad enough. He has been a "democrat for revenue only," like his chief, but on different principles.

E. C. Carrigan, who died on a train in the West, the other day, was a bright newspaper man eight or ten years ago. He attained his first distinction in the famous Phair murder case in 1877. Phair, it will be remembered by old-timers, was convicted of killing a woman and sentenced to be hanged. The day before he was to be executed Carrigan, believing him innocent, sent the reasons for such belief to the Boston Globe. The story attracted the attention of a man in Boston who suddenly remembered that he could prove an alibi for the prisoner. Telegrams were sent to Montpelier and a respite was granted a few minutes before the hour for the execution. In the succeeding two years Carrigan spent about \$700 in endeavoring to prove the innocence of the accused, but Phair was hanged at last. The gallows on which he died was put up for him on four different occasions. Carrigan was on several other notable cases for the Globe and Journal. Of late his attention had been given to the cause of free education for the people. He had been for several years a law partner of Gen. Butler. "Ned" was a warm-hearted fellow, and he was one who made friends wherever he went.

"Fishing" for Christmas Presents.

"Yes, Christmas is coming, and I dread it," said a Sunday-school teacher, the other day. "Last year, the young ladies in my class made me a present of a gold-headed cane, and this year I shall have to bank-rupt myself to make each of them a gift in return. Three years ago, they began it by giving me an article that had little intrinsic value, but which I prized very highly, as expressing their esteem. I reciprocated. There are twelve girls in my class, and it cost me \$35. For once, in a way, I did not mind the expense, but this year I do. I've grown suspicious, too, and inclined to wish that this method of 'throwing a sprat to catch a whale' could be abolished. It isn't properly a part of the Christmas festival, anyway."

Best makes of pianos and organs for sale and to hire at BELL'S, No. 25 King street.

WOMEN AND MEN.

My friend the Philosopher was in a garrulous mood, the other day. As usually happens, I fell victim to it. When he burst in upon me I was elaborating a brilliant editorial explaining how Cleveland didn't get elected, and on my desk was a memorandum of a half-dozen paragraphs that I intended to write. Man proposes, etc. The Philosopher has a habit of tearing paper into bits while he discourses, and I didn't recall that fact in time to save my manuscript. I think I gained its value from the destroyer, who stayed by me for an hour, and talked at the top of his voice all the time. His remarks—though as "loud" as his voice—were rather original, and I decided to risk shocking my readers and fill a column with some of his oddities:

"Have you picked out your second wife?" he began, in tones that made the windows rattle. "Don't blush. I have. Saw her not ten minutes ago. If the dear woman who has mothered my children should die, I don't think I could ever bring myself to marry again; but if I did, I know who would be number 2. On second thought, though, do I? I can recall at this moment no less than six women who would be delightful life-companions. Somewhere in the world there are probably a thousand more who would prove quite as congenial.

"When I hear a man declare that he could never be happy with any woman other than the one who bears his name, I conclude that she is a slave or he is an ass. A self-respecting gentleman, abreast with the thought of his time, but above all blessed with a good digestion and an even temper—in short, a man who can associate on equal terms with the best of the other sex—holds no such narrow view. He doesn't require a woman to fall down and worship him: and he knows that between such equals love is an intellectual passion and not to be limited.

"Marriage aside, the crying need of the age is that our women should know how to use a revolver. When my little girls have grown a year or two older, I shall set up a target in the basement and make them practice at it every afternoon. If they have to go out in the evening, unaccompanied, and are insulted by a loafer—as they doubtless will be—they will then be able to reply to him in fitting terms. I tell you, my son, the sight of a rowdy with a 44-calibre bullet in him would do this town more good than a business boom.

"That rowdy would be worth money, too—after he was dead. We could ship him into Maine and get \$35 for him. Doubt it? Here's a letter from one Maine physician to another, which came into my hands, the other day:

Dear Doctor:—I cannot give you the names of parties in New York, or elsewhere, but I can see to it that you obtain a subject. The price will be \$35, you pay the express charges.

Respectfully yours,

"There's a suggestion for a good, lively article. Any newspaper would print it. If you want to strike at higher game, translate the letter into Latin, apply the story to a past century, and the literary morgues that call themselves popular magazines will jump at it.

"Speaking of the magazines, let me tell you that I shall add to my income, henceforth, by writing poetry for them. Sir, I have plumbed my alleged intellect and I have discovered that I can beat the magazine poets on their own ground! Obscurity and jingle are the editors' requisites, you know. Well sir, here is a little thing I knocked off, the other day, that will make Browning and Tennyson bump their heads together:

To Sweet Music.

Swing and ring, O bells of evening! Toll the death-knell of my Love— He who died with smiling face— Buried 'neath mine own disgrace.— Ring! around, afar, above! Tell the world thou ring'st for Love Sought another place! Yet once more! but sadly murmur Through the waiting listening air: Love was once as calm as Peace— (How can such rapt listening cease!)— Love was Life and Life was fair: Life has breathed a grosser air— Love has gained release!

"By the modern standard that is worth \$50," vociferated the Philosopher as he picked up six valuable exchanges and turned towards the door, "and I can write as good a poem every morning before breakfast!" LEON.

His Cause for Thanksgiving.

Mr. Donovan, of King street east, went down town to see a man on Thanksgiving eve, leaving two quarters of beef hanging outside of his shop. A press of business detained him until 9 or 10 o'clock the next morning, and the beef hung all night within reach of thieves. No one molested it, probably from ignorance of the fact that it was there. That is why Mr. Donovan had good cause for thanksgiving.

Dr. Hopper's Home Burned.

Letters received in this city, a few days ago, by the friends of Dr. Hopper, now in Sacramento, Cal., contain the intelligence that, Sunday, morning, three weeks ago, as he and his family returned from service, they found their home being rapidly destroyed by fire. It was burned to the ground. There was no insurance.

Be Comfortable.

Blankets. Blankets. Blankets. Blankets. Blankets.

SEE THE VALUES AT

BARNES & MURRAY'S,

— IN —

Blankets and Comfortables.

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New CROCKERY Store.

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WILL OPEN THE STORE

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IN A FEW DAYS with a Full Line of

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Irresistible Bargains!

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BLANKETS, COMFORTABLES: Yarn dyed, perfect fitting ENGLISH CARDIGANS, in Boys', slender Men's, Men's, outside Men's and ex. O. S. Men's; LADIES' KNITTED JACKETS, with and without sleeves; LADIES' MERINO and LAMBSWOOL VESTS, white, scarlet and grey, with high necks and short sleeves; high necks and long sleeves, and low necks and short sleeves; KNITTED WOOL SHAWLS, opened this week; 4-BUTTON KID GLOVES, 35c. per pair up; SILK PLUSHES, VELVETEENS and SATINS; CORSETS, CORSETS, CORSETS, Ladies and Misses—see them; UNDERSHIRTS and DRAWERS and TOP SHIRTS; Peacock, Victoria, Andalusian, Zephyr and Scotch YARNS, all colors—extra value; COUNTRY YARNS, white, greys, brown and black; BERLIN WOOLS, all colors; ULSTER and JACKET CLOTHS—splendid lot; French, English and Scotch DRESS GOODS; another large lot this week. Wait for our grand opening of SILK SCARVES and SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, on December 1st.

WALTER SCOTT, Cash only.

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The quality of which might BE EQUALED but NOT SURPASSED. Those who tried them say that they are better even than the home-made Jams and Jellies. Over 5,000 tumblers have already been sold, and the demand increases daily. Don't fail to give them a trial.

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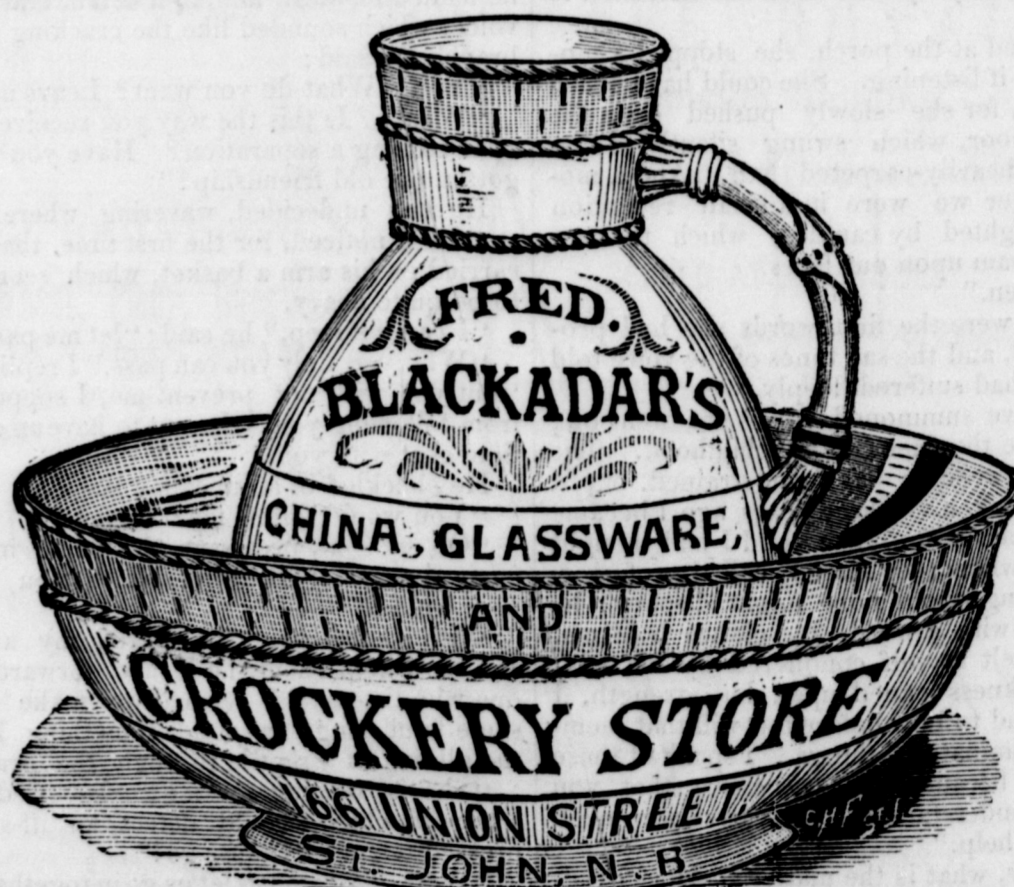
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DRESS GOODS, CLOTH SUITINGS, ULSTER CLOTHS and TWEEDS; a full line in Men's and Boys' SHIRTS and DRAWERS, CARDIGAN JACKETS; LADIES' VESTS, FLANNELS, BLANKETS and WOOL GOODS.

At prices that will make you buy. Call and see.



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Importer and Manufacturer of Fine GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, JEWELRY, Solid Silver Goods and Reliable SPECTACLES.

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to order in any style. Electro Gilding, Silver Plating and Etruscan Coloring personally attended to.

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