

PROGRESS.

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

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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. 10.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

FIXED FOR FOUR YEARS.

The Democrats must go.

Enough of the people of the republic have said this to place the matter beyond doubt. The Republican party has returned from its vacation and will remain at the White House for the next four years, at least.

This is not the most desirable thing in the interests of the maritime provinces. Our people have not admired CLEVELAND of late, but they have now less room for hope than ever.

Mr. HARRISON is a man of clean record, but with BLAINE to shape a policy, no one can predict what the effect on Canada may be.

With a high protective tariff, ostensibly indorsed by the people, and with an aggressive foreign policy, as repeatedly declared, we may well feel apprehensive of the tender mercies of such a man as BLAINE.

CLEVELAND has not been a brilliant president, but he has been an honest one. Those who censure him for yielding to the demagogues are probably ignorant of the immense pressure he has at times withstood in his efforts to do right.

Had he consented to be a tool of the party bosses and made a clean sweep to provide for their friends, he would have fared better. He would have been elected. As it was, he had principles of civil service reform which did not lead to the spoils in all cases belonging to the victors. The exceptional instances in which he did violence to those principles were not many in number. Had he tried to do more for his party and less for his country, his reward would have been another term.

The already over-protected monopolists of the United States will be glad to see their friends in power again. It means money for them.

Some of the workmen may think that it means better times for them as well.

We shall see, when the Democrats have gone.

THE AUTHORITIES TAKE A HINT.

Since PROGRESS called attention to the fact that a number of prominent officials were publicly aiding and abetting a lottery the authorities have begun to move.

This week they have notified the Wizard Oil company, which had a very harmless scheme of gift distribution, that the law must be observed. They have also posted handbills around the streets, calling attention to the statute.

This is as it should be. What is the use of a law if it is allowed to become a dead letter? There should be no fear, favor or affection about the matter.

Let the law be enforced in every case.

UNHAPPY PORTLAND.

What is the matter with Portland? Or, rather, what is not the matter with it, where it is possible for anything to be wrong?

The unhappy city seems to be going from bad to worse every day. It appears to be in the hands of enemies to all that is decent in municipal government.

The very streets, as one walks along them by night, seem suggestive of dark crimes. One almost stops to listen for the cry of "murder."

It seems to be pure luck that there is not a murder. The absence of one speaks much for the natural instincts of the people. It is not due to the way in which the city affairs are conducted.

The laws are persistently and openly defied. No one appears to care. Liquor is sold on all days and at all hours. No one tries to prevent it.

The council will not look after the police, and the police will not look after the city. They occasionally get drunk and fight.

The firemen fight, too, when their attention is not diverted by the sheriff levying on the property of the department.

And so do the members of the council fight. They emulate the monkey and the parrot.

Some of them have not much else to do at the board. In one ward, two of the aldermen are ignored by the council, while the third does the business with the assistance of two outsiders. These outsiders were appointed by the council. The people have had no voice in the matter.

The alleged city government is divided into factions. One is as bad as the other. They are tarred with the same stick.

There are too many lawyers meddling in the business, either officially or as outside promoters of mischief. Some of these, first and last, have cost the city more than their carcasses are worth. They ought to be suppressed.

The whole menagerie in the city building should be driven out, and the place fumigated.

When this is done, the good sense of the people will assert itself. Until it is done the discordant semblance of government will continue to be a farce, and the name of Portland a bye-word and a reproach.

An able-bodied man, with a whip of scorpions, would fill a long-felt want.

Somewhere in St. Andrews there lurks an individual in whom PROGRESS feels a deep and abiding interest. He is a joker by instinct and inclination. A week ago he sent us correspondence designed to be printed in our society department, accompanying it with a signature and a letter which bore every indication of good faith. His manuscript was used. It now appears that his "personals related to a few respectable people and many disreputable ones. To the former, who object to the company in which they were placed, we beg leave to apologize. As for ourselves, we appreciate the "joke"—so thoroughly, indeed, that we have determined that our St. Andrews friend shall no longer hide his genius under an assumed name. We have sent his manuscript to his town and three appreciative citizens are hunting for him. When he is found, the "joke" will have a sequel more intensely humorous than our correspondent ever dreamed of—but the laugh will be all on our side.

The presidential election has shown that this province plays no mean part in making history for the republic. A Moncton man entrapped the unfortunate WEST into making an ass of himself, and it is gravely suspected that New York state was lost to CLEVELAND through a mistake of St. John men. It will always be a disputed question whether King's county would not have gone democratic had DICK O'BRIEN and NED LANTALUM gone there instead of to the metropolis.

We greatly fear that all hopes of reciprocal trade, of any treaty likely to give us participation in the American system, in the American coasting trade, of a fishery treaty, must be abandoned. On the other hand, there is little doubt that this clear enunciation of American policy may be best for Canada in the end. It will bring this country face to face with the full knowledge of the important fact that it can only participate in the privileges and benefits of the American union by political incorporation with that country.—Globe.

Oh, give us a rest. A most significant sign of the times is that the three successes of the year in imaginative literature have been scored by Robert Elsmere, Looking Backward and The Story of an African Farm. These books deal with questions that have hitherto been debated under the breath—agnosticism, socialism and anarchism, respectively—and each is written from the standpoint of a believer. Heterodoxy is coming into fashion.

Of the 63 successful candidates in the New York local contest, nineteen are reported as having trades or professions. Sixteen of the others are liquor-dealers, fourteen are lawyers and fourteen are professional politicians. That is government of, by and for the people with a vengeance!

And now it is the University of Toronto that is scouring Europe for a professor of English. The salary offered—\$2500—will hardly attract a man of world-wide reputation, but that amount would employ a Canadian of known ability and standing. Why not encourage home talent, for once in a way?

It is stated that the evidence taken by the labor commissioners has been printed in part, and that the whole of it will take 4,000 pages. The commission seems to have benefited the printer and paper maker. Whether any other good will result from the costly job is a matter of some doubt.

The Moncton papers hasten to claim the writer of the letter to Minister WEST as a Moncton man. CHARLES E. SUMNER is said to be the person. If so, he has nothing to be proud of, nor has Moncton any reason to be proud of him. It would have been enough for a Midgie man to do such a trick.

Speaking of the return of Mr. JOHN R. MARSHALL, the Globe remarks that he visited the jails of several cities and was treated with great kindness by the officials. But for the irreproachable character of the chief, one would be inclined to the belief that he had enjoyed his vacation.

It is understood that Mr. JAMES MURRAY, U. S. consul, contemplates giving up his office and removing from St. John, in a few months. He had intended to remain here four years longer, but circumstances entirely beyond his control make a change of base necessary.

Speaking of the preservation of timber used in constructing houses or ships, The Timberman suggests that we need to observe the forestry laws of ancient times:

never to cut the wood earlier than May or later than August, but take it while the sap is in the trunk, and leave the limbs upon the fallen tree till the moisture is absorbed by natural extraction. The suggestion is valuable, but it is worth more to us self-sufficient moderns to be reminded that our ancestors did know something after all.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Control of Scarlet Fever.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: Just a word in reference to scarlet fever, which your issue of Oct. 27th mentions as prevailing, now, in St. John, and of a malignant nature. You say the school authorities are doing their best to prevent its spread but their efforts are unsuccessful. Certainly, if the fever has gotten well started in the schools, the authorities will have great difficulty in controlling it.

Few people realize how easily this disease may be carried from one to another, or how important fumigation is. The mere use of disinfectants is not sufficient. The burning of sulphur is, I think, the only "sure cure."

About the tenth day, when the scarlet fever has "turned," is the dangerous time for conveying the infection. The patient then begins to scale (sometimes earlier than the tenth day) and sometimes the scaling lasts for weeks. These scales are almost, if not quite, imperceptible. They float about, as they are thrown off and get into everything—the air is full. Hence it is an easy thing for one to carry them in one's clothes from house to house and there is danger until this scaling has entirely disappeared. In fact there still is danger until fumigation has destroyed these germs of the disease. If children have attended school, in whose family this disease was, they certainly have conveyed it to others. Physicians here are obliged to at once report cases of such illness, and no members of the family, or household, are allowed to attend school. People do not go to houses where scarlet fever is, until after fumigation and infected persons are in this way very nearly isolated.

It seems to me if your physicians report cases of this case at once to the school authorities and fumigation is insisted upon, the spread of the disease can be controlled to a great extent. I do not know that this has not been done, but desire to suggest it, if it has not. F. C. R. Boston, Mass., Nov. 1.

PEN AND PRESS.

Arthur Calhoun has rejoined the local staff of the Boston Traveller—which staff, by the way, is in a very sickly condition. War rages in the office, and the city editor, who wears his war-paint all the time, is forced to cover Boston with two or three men, where the Herald and Globe have 20 or 30.

The astute Stilson Hutchins has backed out of the deal which was to have given an Associated Press magnate an interest in the Washington Post, and the paper's morning and evening editions have been placed in charge of that brilliant journalist and genial gentleman, Maj. R. H. Sylvester. It was time. Under the late management, the Post was as dismal reading as the tombstones in a country graveyard.

Mr. Belding, who has written the fresh, bright and original "Milicete Philosophy" for the St. John Sun is contemplating the publication of a book devoted to "Mr. Paul" and his words of wisdom. Such a work should have a warm welcome. Mr. Belding's sketches are, by all odds, the best of their kind which have appeared in the city papers for many years.

Some of the country exchanges are making vigorous efforts to revive a taste for standard literature. The Moncton Times is reprinting Poe's prose works as a serial. A Spring Hill paper is plodding through Marryatt's Midshipman Easy, while one of the Prince Edward Island journals is regaling its readers with Uncle Tom's Cabin. Doubtless the Pilgrim's Progress and the books of Genesis and Job will receive attention in due season.

A very good picture of Mr. James Moulson, supreme representative of the Knights of Pythias, adorns the November number of the Pythian Knight, published at Rochester, N. Y.

Joe Howard, the reminiscent, but not omniscient, syndicate letter writer, was publicly whipped in New York, the other day. The castigator was Duncan B. Harrison, and the place of punishment was the corridor of the Hoffman House. Nobody, outside of the parties themselves, appears to know the cause of the trouble. Howard appears to be unfortunate. It is not many months since Pulitzer, of the World knocked him down and tramped over him.

Albert Wetmore writes the weather articles of the Boston Herald, and make them interesting. It would seem to the ordinary newspaper man that the only way to write about the weather this time is as follows: \_\_\_\_\_!! \_\_\_\_\_!!! \_\_\_\_\_!! weather!!!!

F. R. Burton has begun a new story in the Boston Globe. The evolution of Burton as a story writer has been accomplished within a year or two, but he has been very successful. He is a Harvard man and a rationalist. To his intimate friends he is known as "Texy," an abbreviation of "Texas Jack."

IN THE OLD BAY STATE.

ONE OR TWO CANDIDATES WHO ARE MORE THAN POLITICIANS.

The Fortunate District Which Had a Choice of the Grand Old Man Banks or the Scholarly Higginson—Lodge, the Historian, Made Happy.

Some notable men have been in the political fight in the old Bay State. One of these is General N. P. Banks, who has defeated Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson in the race for congress. Banks is one of New England's grand old sons. When the Prince of Wales visited Boston, in 1860, Banks was governor of the state. A ball was given, of course, and some of the Beacon street people were shocked at the idea of the Prince opening the festivities with Mrs. Banks because she had once been a factory girl. The Prince found that she was a lady, and the Duke of Newcastle said that he admired the governor more than he did any other public man in the United States.

It is ten years since Banks was in congress. For the last six years, until Henry B. Lovering was appointed, not long ago, he has been United States marshal. But the beginning of his political career dates back nearly 40 years. He was originally a democrat, but separated from his party on the question of slavery, long before the war. Since then he has been a strict and consistent republican. During his career he has seven times before been sent to congress, and was one of the most admirable of the speakers chosen by that body. Born a poor boy, bred to a trade and self-taught in nearly everything, he rose to be governor of his native state and was elected to that office on three occasions. The war found him to the front as a major general, and later he again returned to congress. At the age of 72 his erect form and fine, firm face make him a notable figure in any gathering. All decent men in Massachusetts respect and admire him. It would have been a graceful act in President Cleveland to have ignored the democratic clamor and reappointed him marshal for a third term. As it is, he has received a greater honor from the people.

Col. Higginson, his opponent, is widely known as a scholar and author. He does not wear his title as Charles H. Taylor of the Globe does, by virtue of his having been a governor's short-hand writer. He earned his commission at the head of a regiment of colored troops in active service. It has been said of him that he has not only fought for the cause of humanity with his voice and his pen, but has battled for it with his sword. He has not merely written history but has made it. He comes of old Puritan stock. He is one of the most pleasing of writers and an ardent advocate of social reform. He has always been a lover of liberty and was wounded in its cause in an attempt to rescue Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave confined in Boston jail. For the results of this, he in company with Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker, was indicted for murder, but a flaw in the indictment secured his release. He helped to make history, too, in 1884, when he led the independent revolt against James G. Blaine. The writer of this interviewed him on behalf of James Gordon Bennett the night that the first rumor of the new movement was heard. It was from the facts he gave that the country heard, the next morning, that the mugwumps had raised their banner. He was the mover of the first resolution for an independent republican convention.

Another successful candidate for congress is John F. Andrew, who has defeated the renowned champion and friend of Blaine, Alanson W. Beard. He is a son of the great war governor, John A. Andrew, and apart from that, though a thoroughly decent gentleman, is not a specially remarkable man. He too, deserted the republicans in 1884, and has since allied himself with the democrats. Mr. Beard has been an active figure in Boston politics for more than a third of a century. During the Hayes administration he was collector of the port.

Henry Cabot Lodge is another scholar and historian who returns to congress with an increased republican majority. He is a remarkably able man and would be an ornament to any party.

It is said that "blood will tell," but it does not appear to have been the case with young Josiah Quincy, the representative of a long line of famous men. He was ignominiously defeated by Mr. Morse, whose fame rests upon the manufacture of a stove polish. Quincy is another of the republicans who rebelled against Blaine in 1884.

The gathering in old Faneuil hall after the election must have been a notable affair. One can imagine the wonderful trumpet-like voice of Banks thrilling as of yore the pulse of the people, and the eloquence of that natural orator, John D. Long, waking cheer after cheer from the overjoyed multitude. It was a great day for the republicans, and a very cold one for P. Maguire.

Thanksgiving is Coming.

The energetic workers in St. Mary's church are getting ready for their annual harvest supper. It will be given on the evening of Thanksgiving day.

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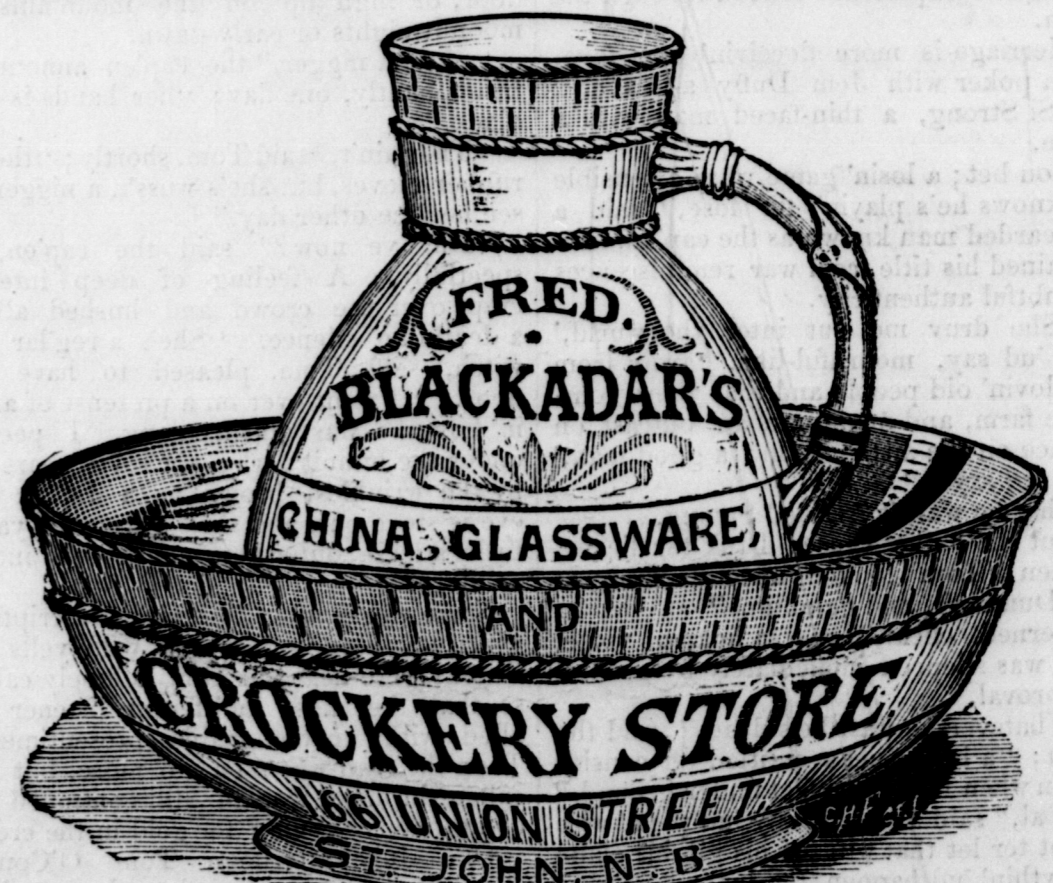
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