

PROGRESS.

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

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.

ADVERTISEMENTS, \$10 an inch a year, net. 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. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

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.
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THE BEST POLICY.

Certain remarks on the present "dull season," appearing in a contemporary, inspire us to be a trifle egotistical.

The characteristic feature of the average newspaper, during the continuance of this dull season, is its display of "dead" advertisements. It involves expense to set fresh matter every week for a good many columns which might be filled with unpaid announcements. But fresh matter is what the people pay for. Therefore, there is not a "dead" advertisement in this paper. In other words, PROGRESS deals justly by its readers.

Again, having this dull season in view, the average newspaper sells columns of space to outside advertisers at rates that hardly pay for the wear and tear of the type. We have in mind a New Brunswick weekly which gives, for \$10 a year, to a New York patent medicine shark, a space for which it charges home advertisers \$35! For our part, we decline to join the never-ending procession in the direction of the cheap advertisers. We print our rates at the head of our columns, and the man who refuses to pay those rates stays out of the paper. If we had discounts to make, we should give them to St. John merchants, who are helping us to build up the city. That is to say, PROGRESS deals fairly by its advertisers.

We are "out of the fashion," when we do these things, but we console ourselves with the reflection that that is just the reason why we have achieved success!

A BROKEN BOYCOTT.

We congratulate an esteemed contemporary on the fact that the courts have made permanent the injunction to restrain the Toronto Typographical union from issuing a circular calling on the public to boycott the World.

If the World's statement of its own case is to be believed, organized labor had no just cause of complaint in this instance, and the boycott circular should never have been issued in the first place.

If, furthermore, as we believe, right is on the side of the newspaper, there is a moral to be drawn from the occurrence, for the benefit of the Typographical union and other like organizations.

Up to the date of the misunderstanding which resulted in the lock-out of its employees, the World's was an union office, paying card prices and employing union men. In this particular, it stood in contrast to certain other printing offices in Toronto, which discriminated against the organization. Ordinarily, if one is pugnacious, he quarrels with his enemies; the union followed a bad precedent and attacked its friends! Instead of using its strength to bring the outside offices into the fold, it put forth all its efforts to eject and maltreat those who were already inside. We are glad that this impolitic attempt has been checked.

If organized labor would command respect and gain the ends for which it has combined, it must use better tactics than these. It has too many substantial evils to fight, to be able to waste any time in redressing imaginary wrongs.

THE TIDE HAS TURNED.

The last 35 years has witnessed a great migratory movement affecting New Brunswick. The discovery of gold in California in '49 was followed by another similar find in Australia. Both of these circumstances lead to a rush from our province of many young men, some of whom are reaping the results of well-directed industry in the land of their adoption, and few of whom came back. Then the close of the civil war in the United States opened up a vast field for active, energetic young men, to work in all manner of employments which peace brought with it after five years of fratricidal fighting. The industries of the South had to be reconstructed, and capital and machinery were being used over vast areas where the aristocracy of slave-ownership had exercised a luxurious and indolent sway, and the slave was an equally indolent producer of raw material. The great West was eagerly waiting for further development of railroad and manufacturing industry, and her prairies waving with natural grass invited the pioneer with his reaper and mower and all kinds of machines to

prepare and gather from her boundless surface the grain crops for the east.

And now the reaction has set in. The Australian is legislating the Chinese out of his country. The great West of our neighbors no longer offers the attractions for the immigrant that it did. The South is a nice place to pass a winter in, if you can pay your hotel bills. In the seaboard cities of the United States, the authorities are actively putting into force an act for the prevention of foreign contract labor and their newspapers are actually discussing the propriety of discouraging immigration into that country, as it is interfering with the labor they already have.

This condition of things has come about sooner than people prophesied, but it is here nevertheless. United States senators in their desire to vote down the acceptance of the fisheries treaty, have made speeches laudatory of the great commercial and railroad activity of Canada. They have evinced an extraordinary jealousy of our young confederacy and if these speeches accomplish what they desire they will advertise Canada not only abroad but among their own constituencies. There will be a good deal of the boomerang about them. Sent in one direction, they will hit in another. They will counteract some of the pessimism at home. They will strengthen the faith of doubters here and confirm it, already strong in our young men.

As a farming country our province must be one of relatively small farms cultivated intelligently; and as new thought is given to our rural industry, it will force itself upon us that there is no part of the dominion better adapted to dairying than New Brunswick. Almost every farm has a cold spring that can be made available for creamery purposes, and is more or less well watered. Associated creameries, or cheese factories, require time, and thickly-settled districts, as well as a popular feeling in their favor before they can be started; but as an instance of what can be done on our farms, I may say that I know of a farmer in Kings county who made over one and a quarter tons of gilt-edged butter, last season, to say nothing of the calves and pigs as adjuncts to the business.

J. D. M. KEATOR.

"THE THINGS THAT ARE CESAR'S."

To cheat the tax-collector and the customs officer is to do no harm. The government, far away as it seems, is an impalpable, unsubstantial something which has no personality, and therefore cannot be wronged. To defraud our neighbor is to become a criminal; to get the better of the representative of authority is to elevate oneself at once to the highest pinnacle of smartness and sharpness.

That is the common code, felt though it may not be expressed.

At the season when the assessor is abroad, the conviction that the chief end of man is to defraud the revenue strengthens every hour. Respectable citizens who lift their snuff faces to catch the droppings of the sanctuary go from the house of God to devise a colorable fiction about their incomes. Men who would persist in the truth it brought to the stake for any other cause, commit unblushing perjury concerning the debts to be deducted from their real estate holdings. Business men who long and loudly arraign the honesty of their bankrupt customers strain the bounds of probability to depreciate the value of their stocks in trade. Very properly did DAVID say, "All men are liars."

Only the poor man cannot lie, for his income can be ascertained!

It occurs to us that it might be well, and would be easy, to stop putting a premium on this form of dishonesty. When the customs official detects a citizen in a lie, the cause of the falsehood is confiscated and a fine is imposed. Why not apply the same law to the man who lies to the assessor?

Speaking of one of these tax-dodgers, a character in Mr. W. D. HOWELLS' *Annie Kilburn* has this to say:

"He's a very great and good man," said PUTNEY. "He's worth a million, and he runs a big manufacturing company at Ponkwasset Falls, and he owns a fancy farm just beyond South Hartboro'. He lives in Boston, but he comes out here early enough to dodge his tax there, and let poorer people pay it. He's got miles of cut stone wall around his place, and conservatories and gardens and villas and drives inside of it, and he keeps up the town roads outside at his own expense. Yes, we feel it such an honor and advantage to have J. MILTON in Hartboro' that our assessors practically allow him to fix the amount of tax here himself. People who can pay only a little at the highest valuation are assessed to the last dollar of their property and income; but the assessors know that this wouldn't do with Mr. NORTHWICK. They make a guess at his income, and he always pays their bills without asking for abatement; they think themselves wise and public-spirited men for doing it, and most of their fellow citizens think so too. You see it's not only difficult for a rich man to get into the kingdom of heaven, Annie, but he makes it hard for other people."

Hard, indeed, for all but the poor man, who pays the taxes; for while he continues to pay his own and the tax-dodger's share, it grows constantly easier for him to get into heaven—by the way of starvation.

And now the *Sun* says that neither party in the Colchester election spent money nor drank rum! Hark! is that a trumpet?

The *Gleaner* knows how to apologise. It's a case of practice makes perfect. Consequently our Hotel proprietors should

bear it no malice. On the contrary in future when they expatiate upon the natural beauties of our celestial city let them also explain that it boasts of an unnatural curiosity—the *Gleaner* staff—which, for its own credit and that of the city, the city council should cage right away.

Is there no way to check the stevedores, bribes to captains? The result of such a system is evident—the port charges will continue higher than they ought to be and shippers will shun the port. No one doubts that stevedoring is a profitable business, but it should not be so profitable that foreign captains can be bribed and the port injured. If the Board of Trade ever visits the city again, here is an interesting subject for several months' talk.

The quiet but persistent effort made of late in the direction of a new opera house is resulting in the stock being rapidly taken up by the citizens. There can be no doubt but in a few weeks the foundation of a new opera house may be laid on Union street. Its completion and success will then depend solely upon energy and management.

A word to Mr. FRANCIS MURPHY, who is announced to begin a two weeks' campaign in this city, Sept. 2: Visit Portland and try to obtain some trace of the "temperance men" who, as with one consent, mysteriously disappeared on the morning of May 1, 1887. Perhaps you may be able to haul them out of their holes.

And so Portland wants a public park! It is a reasonable ambition, surely; one that should be gratified, if it can be without entailing expense. But why waste any of Fort Howe? Why not tear down the police station—which is neither useful nor ornamental—and level the ground that sets on?

Moncton water is getting in its work. Reports from that enterprising centre show that typhoid fever is increasing at a rapid rate. Better water may be an expensive luxury, but the first consideration with any representative body, such as the Moncton council, should be the health of the people.

Messrs. GRIFFIN and CAREY, proprietors of "Howe's Colossal Railway Circus," have made the acquaintance of His Honor Judge PALMER and New Brunswick law. Serves them right! They should also be indicted for running a public fraud and nuisance, and a travelling gambling concern.

The picnic canteen is the latest addition to this summer's outing. Its proprietors are unlicensed rum-sellers, who thrust their vile presence and viler liquid upon river excursionists. No punishment could be too severe for them. Keel-hauling would be about the correct caper.

Another change is noted in the management of the bucket-shop. It is natural and necessary that these changes should be frequent. No man can be connected with this den for more than a month, without ending by going off into a quiet spot and hating himself to death.

Rev. Mr. HUTCHINSON, of desertion and elopement fame, is said to possess one virtue: he pays his bills. We may say that he has a little account unsettled with a Mr. SMITH, of Halifax.

The Newsboys and the Circus.

Circus day is usually a holiday with newsboys, and hundreds of citizens on such eventful occasions look in vain for the bright carrier of their daily literature. Everyone of PROGRESS' newsboys showed up last Saturday and each of them had a grim look of determination about him, which said plainly, "the papers have got to go: then for the circus." But boys will be boys, and when the word went around, "The circus men are buying PROGRESS like hot cakes," there was one wild rush for Chipman's field. Then the picnic and the newsboys' harvest began. For a time, as fast as the lads could count the copies, the strangers bought them, glanced for a moment at the first bit of truth written about them and their 'colossal fraud,' then tore the paper into pieces and scattered it to the winds. But they were not millionaires, and soon realized, from the horde of eager newsboys around, that there were lots of papers, and more paper and ink where they came from. The result on the paper's sales was that 300 more than the ordinary edition were disposed of, and no papers could be had in the office this week.

The Horse Editor and Women.

We did not attend Mrs. Keefer's lecture on "How to Take Care of the Baby." Our mother-in-law and the maiden lady next door know all about it.

A lady writer in the Halifax press disagrees with Artemus Ward and advises the male population to get married. As we anticipated, the said lady writer is living in single blessedness, which perhaps accounts for her sentiments on this great question.

A friend of ours who has sent his wife to the country for a few weeks, tells us that he misses her greatly, especially at night when there is no one at the head of the stairs telling him to catch hold of the banister and be careful. The first night he thought he was in the wrong house and apologized to the hat-rack. What is home without a mother?

Smoke "Morton's Choice."

CANADA'S BIG BROTHER

GROWS JEALOUS AND BEGINS TO MAKE UP FACES.

How the Yankees Lighten the Labor of President-Making—The Parties, Platforms and Candidates—Features of New York Life That Impress a St. John Boy.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—The present presidential campaign must necessarily be of more than usual interest to the readers of PROGRESS, and its advance must be watched almost as closely as that of dominion or provincial elections. The success of Cleveland and Thurman means the passage of the Mills tariff reduction bill, with the adoption of the fisheries treaty. It goes without saying that both of these measures entail advantages—perhaps great advantages to Canada, yet I am sorry to be compelled to admit that the mention of free trade, or anything tending thereto, is so unpopular in this country that Mr. Cleveland's chances, which before the St. Louis convention were of the best, have waned considerably of late. A month ago I saw two high-rolling politicians in the cafe of the Hoffman house post their money in proprietor Jim Stoke's hands, the wager being 3 to 1 in thousands, that Cleveland would win. Today Harrison men find few takers at even money. Feathers show which way the wind blows, and Americans are very shrewd betters. Still I hope I may prove a false prophet.

Senator Blair, the other day, introduced a concurrent resolution in the United States senate providing for the taking of such steps as may lead to political union with the British provinces of North America on "fair and honorable terms." The matter was referred, as were a number of similar suggestions introduced in congress this summer, and may perhaps be heard from no more. But such measures on the part of American politicians are suggestive, showing a change in the condition of affairs between the countries of recent years. The shoe at present seems to be on the other foot.

I can after some experience and investigation on the subject see no reason why Canada should desire political union with its go-ahead neighbors south of the 45th parallel. Canadian workmen are dissatisfied at home; complain of hard work and poor pay, but they should remember, what is indisputably true, that one dollar in Canada has an actual purchasing power equivalent to \$1.25 here. Outside of skilled labor \$1.25 a day is the current rate of wages in the United States, and there are lots of men idle even at this low figure.

Wall street just at present is in arms against the Canadian Pacific. Its competition with the American trans-continental lines has reduced dividends, and the hue and cry against this "British Military Highway" has been taken up by politicians, who skilfully distort the facts, pointing out how Uncle Sam has yielded up invaluable privileges to the railway, while Canada on the other hand annoys American fishermen, pulls down their stars and stripes, and discriminates against their shipping in the Welland canal. Unfortunately both parties are mixed up in the affair, Levi P. Morton, the Republican candidate, being a director of the Canadian Pacific, while Scott and Sewell of the National Democratic executive committee are both as deep in the mud as he is in the mire.

Certainly every advance of the Canadian people is eyed with envy on this side, and popular sentiment as voiced in the great newspapers will in the end succeed in inaugurating as niggardly a policy towards Canada as is possible without open hostility. The tone of the debate in congress at present towards Canada is remarkable in a friendly nation; but it must be remembered that the American people are great hogs, and, as they themselves say, chronic kickers.

How the good people of St. John must open their eyes when they come to New York, and see the utter disregard which is, now more than ever, apparent of the laws governing the sale of liquor, the observance of Sunday and the regulation of gambling, for the authorities do not pretend to eradicate the latter, but simply see that it is carried on *sub rosa*, and on businesslike principles. This western liberality or progressiveness of opinion on such points is even more marked in the large cities of New York state.

Last Sunday I was at Rochester, the "flower city" of the Empire State. Its saloons and billiard rooms were all wide open, and seemed to be doing a splendid business. No notice of this undisguised violation of the law is taken by the authorities. That afternoon I went to Charlotte, a beautiful summer resort, on the shores of Lake Ontario, a few miles from Rochester. Twenty thousand people had preceded me, and were already enjoying themselves drinking beer, playing keno, faro, roulette or some other of the thousand and one catch-penny games of chance that were going in full blast along the beach. Ten thousand people attended a ball game between two professional teams, on the beach, that afternoon, while the other half of the great mob stuck to the toboggan

slides, roller-coasters and bathing, to ek out enough amusement for another week.

New York is getting in trim for the reopening of its theatres after the holidays, and in strolling along Broadway, between 14th and 40th streets, any of these fine afternoons, one meets a lot of sun-bronzed faces that have become familiar over the footlights. Many of the actors and actresses of the stock companies go abroad during the holidays, but more retire to the summer resorts to lay in a store of health and spirits for another season's hard work.

J. E. D.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

When a sleeping-car company enters into an agreement with an overworked, sore-headed, weary wanderer, contracting to supply him with two dollars worth of slumber; and when the said party of the first part flagrantly violates the terms of the said contract by deliberately casting the party of the second part into a den of professional snorers, where he has to lie awake the whole night long, listening to the car-trembling efforts of Herculean, Jumbonian, John L. Sullivanian and other grades of snorers that go to make up the amateurs, an action for damages ought to be brought, and the result should be such a verdict as would lend a lively assistance to the inauguration of a plan for the better distribution of sleeper passengers—a plan whereby the applicant for a berth should be compelled to produce a certificate from his wife, or his family doctor, or his next-door neighbor, to the effect that he is a member, in good standing, of the anti-snoring association; and in the absence of such certificate, the applicant should be consigned to an iron box on the car-roof, a sound-proof compartment to be known on the plan of the car as the snorers' saloon.

In setting forth the many uses to which the phonograph may be applied, Mr. Edison has forgotten to enumerate an use to which the invaluable little machine will certainly be put, and with telling effect. I am now thinking of the poor woman who married John because he didn't chew, or smoke, or use whiskey and profanity; but she didn't know that John had a snoring record until it was too late, alas! too late. Many a young woman is there in this world of half-told misery who has come off the parental roof, or rather from under it, only to wake up next morning, or rather, only to lie awake all the way through the otherwise stilly night, listening with sorrow-stricken ears and a sad, sad heart to her gay deceiver personating the fog-horn. Perchance throughout the long, long night this fair young bride snatches a few minutes sleep between snores, John having omitted these. These few minutes of slumber are crowded with dreams. Are they the beautiful dreams on which happy brides float over mountains of ice-cream, across fields of strawberries and lakes of cool soda? Oh no, no such visions of dreamland are her's. The fair, but unfortunate creature dreams that she has been sentenced to spend the rest of her life on Partridge Island, and that she is chained to the fog-horn. Verily she is, poor girl, chained to a fog-horn.

The snoring villain who secures the heart and hand of an unsuspecting maiden, and in doing so conceals the fact that he is afflicted with noturnal bugleism, is guilty of obtaining goods under false pretences. The law ought to regard it in that light, and compel him to restore the stolen property.

The phonograph in the witness box of a divorce court, testifying that the defendant executed no less than 8,641 snores of different styles in eight hours, must facilitate matters for the plaintiff in a very satisfactory degree, and must at the same time confer upon womankind what the majority of them have been looking for. Such a blessing certainly entitles its bestower, Mr. Edison, to a monument of pearl, emerald, ruby and sapphire, which might be erected in Menlo park, or at the head of King street. All lovers of female liberty, suffrage and other varieties of woman's rights may send in contributions of pearls, emeralds, rubies and sapphires to my address, care of PROGRESS. It will take some time to make the necessary collection; therefore, let us begin at once.

P. S.—A few diamonds will be accepted, but no bricks.

RORY BORY.

Conundrums.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: What is the salary of the city engineer and what time does he occupy in the service?

What is the salary of the street inspector and what does he do in return for the same?

What is the salary of the street contractor and does he fulfill his contracts?

If all those gentlemen are required to look after the streets of the city, is it still necessary to employ another inspector to overlook the laying of those cedar blocks on Union street at the expense of the city?

I think not.

QUERY.

St. John, Aug. 16.

It is Worth Having.

The city schools open Monday, and the scholar who has been graded will need new books. Mr. D. J. Jennings offers a handsome photograph album as a prize, which every person buying \$1 worth of school books has a chance of winning.

NOW THAT THE 40 DAYS FROM ST.

SWITHIN'S IS PASSED WE'LL

HAVE WARM WEATHER.

97 KING STREET.

In about two weeks we expect to receive our new Neck Wear for Gentlemen. Before that time we intend selling every Scarf now on hand, employing our only known means to do so, viz., a noticeable reduction. They will be placed in our window, and gentlemen will find them worthy of more than a passing notice. In connection with this sale: one line Regatta Shirts,

Broken Assortments;

Summer Underclothing and

Odd Lines Linen Collars,

At Half-price.

Sale begins Saturday, Aug. 18th.

Those who wish to avail themselves of the bargains which we offer in Summer Goods had better come quickly!

We advertised Striped Shaker Flannel at half price for Tuesday—Wednesday it was all gone—200 yards.

Seersuckers all sold;

Light Prints all sold;

Parasols, we have 3;

Lace Curtains, not a pair left;

Not a yard of curtain net.

We have a few pieces of Colored Dress Goods and a fair assortment of Cotton Hosiery and Summer Gloves with a sprinkling of odds and ends, but those who wish to avail themselves of these bargains had better come quickly.

HUNTER,

HAMILTON

& McKAY'S

COLUMN.

PLEASE NOTE: We have not made any reductions on staple goods and do not intend doing so—we have them always at fair prices, but summer goods, goods for which the season will soon be over, must go with the season.