

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, / WALTER L. SAWYER, / Editors.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents or 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. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.

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, JAN. 19.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

SOMETHING FOR THE FUTURE.

In a short time PROGRESS will begin the publication of an interesting series of sketches of maritime business men and their success. Each sketch will be illustrated in some way.

We have found that few features of PROGRESS have as strong a hold upon the public as our illustrations. So far they have not covered a wide range, but have been mainly limited to leading gentlemen of the professions.

It is just as difficult for a commercial man to make a success of life and his business as it is for a professional. In many cases the latter has the advantage, and with less brains and less energy makes a mark in the world, while his unfortunate and unsuccessful commercial brother just manages to exist.

It is important, in our judgment, that the rising commercial generation should have the greater consideration. It is our aim to place before them and the people the best examples of commercial success. It may be that sometimes our judgment will be at fault—whose is not?—but in the main we feel confident of succeeding in the undertaking.

And in conclusion, though perhaps the statement is unnecessary, let us remark that we propose to make our own selections. Money won't buy a place in the honor, and it is he who can keep his money in his pocket. We are doing this not for anything else but to increase the popularity of PROGRESS, and in doing so we will give its tens of thousands of readers the best paper they can get.

LET HER SIMMER.

A very interesting and pithy letter has reached us anent Mayor THORNE and civic politics. There is one great fault with it—the writer forgot to sign his name, therefore it does not appear.

As yet, the civic political pot gives no sign of boiling over. It is keeping a pretty even heat and to heap more coal upon the fire might be an injudicious proceeding.

There is no doubt that Mayor HENRY J. THORNE is in the field. And more than that, ladies and gentlemen, until a better man comes forward for your votes he is the candidate.

Warden and Alderman THOMAS WILLIAM PETERS is the only gentleman who is spoken of in connection with the opposition. The people who talk about him may be wholly unauthorized to speak of Alderman PETERS as a candidate. PROGRESS has no information to give upon the subject and advises those who would stir the fire to "Let Her Simmer."

THE PATIENT HAS RECOVERED.

Those who have had the pleasure and the opportunity to feel the business pulse of the city lately find that it is strong and regular.

There isn't any fever about it. It doesn't lack vigor. The patient has recovered.

This is the stock-taking season, and every merchant whose eyes are clear can see right before him the very agreeable fact that the year 1888 was a good one for business.

There is every prospect, that 1889 will be far ahead of it in every respect. The people move with the times, and the times with the people. A thousand and one little things point plainly to success in the future.

St. John is just beginning to get there.

SHOULD BE ABOLISHED.

Why should lawyers be privileged from arrest on mesne process?

It seems that they are, though most people have been under the impression that the privilege was abolished long ago. It still exists, but it should not.

There is a theoretical reason for the privilege, as there is for much else that is nonsensical in law. The presumption is that an attorney's clients will suffer if he is placed under arrest.

As a matter of fact, it is, not so. Lawyers who are any good to their clients are not of the class who are likely to be restrained of their liberty. Attorneys who get into trouble because they are in debt

or misbehave themselves are not of the kind for people to intrust with valuable interests.

A physician has tenfold more reason to claim immunity from arrest than an attorney has. No such privilege is given him. The lawyers make laws for themselves first, and other professions afterwards.

It is time the privilege was abolished. It is one of which an honorable man would hesitate to avail himself. It should not exist to be used by others in seeking to evade the consequences of their acts.

Our correspondent, "Terpishore," who writes so entertainingly of social happenings, will be criticised in some quarters for her defence of the custom of offering wine at New Year's receptions. Her's is the society view. The other side of the question was once presented in the words, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." That is the Christian view, and it is the one which we approve. However, opinion is free.

In the municipal council meeting, Tuesday, "Councillor KNODELL moved that the warden be empowered to secure some appliance by which it might be possible to open the main door of the court house." We never thought that the alderman from Prince ward would turn out to be a dynamiter.

MACAULAY'S New Zealander will never have a chance to view the ruins of London until Britain's coal supply gives out. Thus holds Prof. WALLACE BROAD of St. Stephen. There is comfort in the thought that, after the coal is exhausted, he won't view the ruins very long: he will freeze to death.

MR. H. PERCY SCOTT, M. A., of Windsor, N. S., has some true and pleasant words to say, elsewhere in this issue, of the late Judge HALBURTON and his biographer, Mr. CROFTON. Our readers will not be slow to recognize the merit of the essay, as well as the engraving which accompanies it.

No man dares to get drunk in Portland, since he has learned that after the rum-sellers take his money the magistrate will gobble his watch. He is afraid that the police will carry it a little further and confiscate his clothes.

Fredericton needs all the Young Men's Christian associations it has room for. While it continues to fight for the Short Line railway, it breaks the ninth commandment into little bits. The Short Line is our "goods."

Grave-robbing is becoming altogether too prevalent in Mississippi. The late JEFFERSON DAVIS was serenaded in Vicksburg, the other night.

The fools are not all dead yet, but since the Electric Sugar Refining company bursted a good many of them are wishing they were.

We tender to the goose bone the assurance of our distinguished consideration. It has told the truth about the weather, so far.

TAPLEY TALKS.

[With apologies to Mr. W. S. Gilbert.] A more enlightened magistrate never Did in the world exist. To nobody second, I'm certainly reckoned A true philanthropist. It is my very human endeavor To make, to some extent, Each evil liver A running river Of harmless merriment. My object all sublime I shall achieve in time— To let the punishment fit the crime— The punishment fit the crime— And make each prisoner pent Unwillingly represent A source of innocent merriment. Of innocent merriment!

All quarrelsome people who want to wrangle And banter and bully and bore Are chained up together By very short tether With the aldermen from ward four. The highway robber, whom all men fear from— Who scorns the policeman's frown— Is placed at the order Of both the recorder And Mr. Roadmaster Brown. The loafers who "kill time" on the corner Are satisfied for their pains, For time slips by them When my men spy them And gabble their watches and chains. The rascally fraud who sues his debtor Is bound to come to his oats When I decree that He shall agree that He'll take police-court notes.

The harmless drunkard who longs for whiskey And never can get enough, Shall start at the river In Indian town's bad stuff. The fiend incarnate who wants to murder Shall use both his sound and sight While aldermen hammer The English grammar. 'Tis most any Monday night. The man who gets too full of liquor And threatens to "wipe the street" With innocent parties— I feel his heart is Much harder than his feet; So I take the shoes and the stockings off him And I drive him from dry ground, (To cross on a shutter, The main street gutter, Until he's reformed—or drowned.

My object all sublime I shall achieve in time— To let the punishment fit the crime— The punishment fit the crime— And make each prisoner pent Unwillingly represent A source of innocent merriment. Of innocent merriment!

Advertising Pays—in "Progress"

"PROGRESS"

Is a Good Paper to Advertise in:

BECAUSE it voices the sentiments of enterprising Canadians, is tied to no party, believes in "business" rather than politics, and esteems the good of the people to be the highest law.

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BECAUSE every book-buyer, musician, theatre-goer, and sportsman reads it. Its motto is, "Criticism by the Competent," and every department is conducted by a specialist.

BECAUSE everybody who receives it reads every word. PROGRESS spends more money for original contributions than all the other papers in the Lower Provinces combined; has printed 125 original engravings during the last eight months, and is always adding new features to keep the public interested.

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The Guaranteed Weekly Circulation is 5,000 Copies, and extra orders, attracted by the special features for which PROGRESS is noted, usually bring it far above that figure. From May to December, 1888, advertisers gained, in this way, a circulation of 44,000 Copies more than their contracts called for—for which, it should be noted, no extra charge was made.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher, No. 27 CANTEBURY STREET, "Telegraph" Building, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE MIND AND THE BODY

WHY NOT EXERCISE THE ONE AS WELL AS THE OTHER?

Mr. Carter Troop Asserts That There is No Reason for Supposing that Solomon would Have Approved of Cultivating the Muscles at the Expense of the Brain.

The Honorable P. T. Barnum once remarked to the present writer that people must be amused, and recognizing that fact he did his best to amuse them. And we all know that Mr. Barnum's best is something pretty good. But there are many who do not recognize as clearly as Mr. Barnum does the necessity of amusement, nor are they careful to make provision for the mind's entertainment.

Now, the mind must be entertained if we wish to keep it supple and bright, and to that end it were well if, in choosing amusements, we occasionally chose those bearing some relationship to the mental parts of man. An intellectual pleasure is one of the most precious things in life, and well worth the great cost it sometimes necessitates.

Goethe somewhere remarks that he made it a rule to view some great painting, to hear some grand music, and to read some fine poem every day of his life. It is the privilege of all to be able to read a fine poem every day, but to view a great painting or to listen to grand music is not a privilege of daily occurrence, not by any means. That there is not sufficient entertainment for the mind in ordinary Canadian life is a fact but half-consciously recognized by the many, and those to whom the want is a reality only sigh about it, perhaps, or abuse the short-comings of their country, or, if their means afford it, seek gratification in other lands, doing everything, in short, except making an effort to remedy the evil. Were the same efforts made to further intellectual amusements that are made to further those of a muscular description, the life of the people would soon be appreciably enriched. In amusements in which muscle plays a conspicuous part Canadian life is by no means poor, and they absorb the attention of the youth of both sexes, for mademoiselle, be it understood, sets great store by the man of big biceps. He is named with significant respect in every circle. With the great Hebrew King and author our maidens agree in thinking that the glory of a young man is his strength. And they are quite right, of course. Still, the glorification of strength may be carried a little too far. There is no reason for supposing that Solomon would have approved of cultivating the muscle at the expense of the brain. A writer in an English magazine, in attempting to defend certain amusements

eminently characteristic of our lower nature, once appealed to his readers to remember human beings were animals, and that the animal must receive due allowance and consideration. But we find that the animal in us is quite capable of taking care of itself; it rarely gets the worst of the compromise which is ever going on between the two natures, and does not often stand in need of championship. No, there is hardly anyone who will be prepared to say that the animal has not fair play amongst us, nor that the well-turned limbs and powerful biceps of the animal do not receive their full share of appreciation; and we provide plenty of amusement for the animal, and do all we can to make him sound in mind and limb. Now let us take equal pains and interest in entertaining the mind.

Fortunately there is an abundance of good books. We can read the best of what has been written in the past, and is being written in the present; we can know the classics of the world and the best modern books, which if they are not exactly "classics," are yet the most accurate expression of the best thought of the day,—we can do this and it is much, very much. But books are not enough. The man who reads much must talk much, else he will grow dull. So the art of conversation must receive due attention, and mind must come in active contact with mind. Few people know how to amuse themselves by means of conversation, yet some of the happiest and most stimulating moments of one's life are often spent in the period after supper in the private society of well educated men. The brains of all present are then, as M. Taine says, in a state of agitation and effervescence. But unhappily the character of social entertainments now-a-days is not calculated to give an impetus to the art of conversation. Any lady who would be courageous enough to introduce an imitation of the French salon in Canadian life would confer a blessing upon us, which the more intellectual members of society would not be slow to appreciate. The fashion once set by one having authority in social matters, the success of the salon would be assured. We are satisfied that the art of conversation could be developed in Canada to the same extent that it has been developed in France. It is true the environment is not so stimulating; we suspect, indeed, that the life of the people, even those who dwell in the chief cities, is duller, more narrow, and more unexciting than in analogous places in Great Britain. In Italy there are the opera and love-making; in Germany, the philosophy and music; in France, art and the drama, but in Canada there is little yet that intellectually characterizes

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the country. There is no reason, however, why this should always be the case. Our surroundings are not altogether wanting in mental exhilaration as it is, and it remains with ourselves to bring about an improvement.

Of music and painting we cannot now stop to speak; but before we bring these random remarks to a close, we wish to say one word on behalf of private theatricals. The intellectual stimulus to be found in this delightful amusement, the benefit it does in the way of elocution, and bearing, and manners, and the bringing together of bright young men and graceful maidens united in one common object—all these things tend to make private theatricals the best, or at least one of the very best, of social amusements. It draws out latent ability of the most varied kind, and awakens thoughts and aspirations which might never have been awakened had it not been for the study which theatricals necessitates.—Carter Troop, in Trinity University Review.

It Was a Fat Christmas. Mrs. Sillibus says she got for Christmas presents, "a lovely Oyster can fur tippet, a pretty satin ridicule, an oxen-eyed silver inkstand, a silk pen-wiper, and one of them sweet little brookets with a weasel to stand on."

"And what did Santa Claus bring Mr. Sillibus?" "Oh, his class in Sunday school gave him a lovely address done in calumniated text on venom. It was done by an engineer clerk in Catchem & Squeezem's law office. Isn't it nice for our friends to give us these little mementos of friendship at this festive season?"—The Gripack.

It Has Stood for a Hundred Years. The Lent term of the collegiate school, Windsor, N. S., begins today. It is hardly necessary to say anything in praise of the institution, since the character of its graduates is the best measure of its efficiency. Readers are referred to the announcement in another column.