

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, 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.

Advertisements, (contract), \$15 an inch a year. 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.

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

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

CIRCULATION, 5,500.

THE MARITIME METROPOLIS.

That wide-awake and flourishing newspaper, the New Glasgow Enterprise, sees in the completion of the Chignecto ship railway a good thing for Prince Edward Island, Eastern and Western Nova Scotia and all New Brunswick, but a bad thing for Halifax.

The Island will send its potatoes to St. John and Western Nova Scotia ports in its own schooners as cheaply and speedily as it now sends them to Halifax—if not more cheaply. Pictou will send its coal by water to all Basin of Minas and Bay of Fundy ports in competition with Springhill and the Joggins mines.

The wholesale merchants of St. John will lose no time in getting there. For many years, they have sold goods in every part of Nova Scotia and the Island, notwithstanding the disadvantages of position and transit, but when the railway is open, and there is practically a short water route to every point in Nova Scotia and the Island, there will be nothing to prevent a large increase in this present wholesale trade of this city.

CHILDREN NOT WANTED.

After the reformatory has been secured and the general public hospital has been extended, philanthropists will do well to turn their attention to a class that is neither vicious nor deceased, but for which there seems to be no room in the world—the children of people who have to live in hired houses.

The landlords don't want them. Their parents are handicapped by them. Nevertheless, as the children were brought into existence without their own consent, somebody must take care of them until they become able to take care of themselves.

Let us have a public home, then, where, once a year, the children born since the 1st of May next preceding can be deposited. There let them remain until they arrive at years of discretion. Then the fathers and mothers of infant humanity will have their choice of flats, like other people; the landlords will be able to escape some of their gravest grievances; and everybody will be relieved of a good many annoyances and responsibilities.

But in the meantime, while this new public institution is awaiting erection, the people who have to move next month might agree with each other to put their children into hogsheads and feed them through the bung-hole.

IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

MR. EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, the talented editor of the Toronto Saturday Night, has taken a step that someone should have taken long ago, in calling together the advocates of Canadian Nationality.

They are many. MR. SHEPPARD will find no difficulty in organizing a society that, for quantity and quality,—if we may so speak—will compare most favorably with any other political club, of whatsoever nature. And it will be a growing society: for every day adds to the number of those who see no advantage in strengthening our present connection with the mother country and no honor in forming a new one with the great republic at the south.

We Canadians must learn the right and value and duty of self-help. There was a time, perhaps, when we needed to be coddled and restrained and fussed over, but that time has passed. We can stand alone, now, and we ought.

Long life, therefore, to MR. SHEPPARD's National society! and may its efforts prove a pleasant prelude to Canadian Nationality!

The legislators at Fredericton ought to be able to give the Sabbath Observance society some points. They rest the whole seven days.

What's the matter with Superintendent DAVID POTTINGER of the I. C. R., as president of the Moncton Base Ball club?

The extra 24-page edition of the Sun, announced Dec. 11 last "to appear early in February," finally struggled through the clouds of Wednesday morning. It contained a good deal of interesting reading matter, several columns of advertisements, dead and otherwise, and a map of the St. John river originally engraved for the Mt. Ararat Marine Journal.

There is a spirit of disgust in a half column carnival talk in the Mail, of Halifax, from which we clip the following bit of sarcastic truth:

In Halifax we have a way of convening meetings and passing vigorous resolutions, of making stirring speeches, on matters that seem to call for concerted action on the part of citizens in general, after which we go home satisfied that we have done our duty; and that is the end of it.

We have been there, and can extend our heartfelt sympathy. Gag the talkers.

The Chicago & Grand Trunk railway has arranged to run a through limited vestibule train between Chicago and Portland, during the coming summer. It will accommodate thousands of excursionists, and these are the people who will have money to invest or spend. We suggest to all whom it may concern that it would be for our and their advantage if we could induce them to come a little further east.

The criticisms of the Halifax Critic are rather suggestively ludicrous, when they affect to be inspired by morality or good taste. That is the periodical which prostitutes its advertising space to the uses of the Quebec lottery, and which, only a few weeks ago, indulged in a sneaking defence of that disreputable institution. The Critic should look to its own beam before it goes in search of notes.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS.—You will Please Send Me the Name of your Correspondent for Dorchester & oblige yours, TRULY YOURS, PATTON.

Dorchester, April 5th.

No, Mr. PATTON, we will not send you the name of our correspondent, but we will ship to your address, freight paid, any bakery you may select. Your letter entitles you to it.

Executive sessions of the United States senate are grappling with the old familiar salary question, and the personal experiences related by some of the worthy men who are trying to exist on \$5,000 a year are said to be extremely touching. It seems to be generally conceded that no congressman can be blamed for selling his vote to pay his whiskey bill.

MR. SAMUEL SCHOFIELD's paper on the comparative natural commercial advantages possessed by St. John and Halifax was more valuable and timely than anything read before the Board of Trade for a long time. MR. SCHOFIELD knew what he was writing about and his presentation of the facts was striking and forcible.

The people of the United States complain that Postmaster-General JOHN WAMMAKER has violated his most cherished business traditions. He has been in office a whole month, they say, and it is still impossible to buy six postal cards for 5 cents or to have a "hunk" of mince pie thrown in with a dozen stamps.

The development of a town depends more upon the brains, energy and enterprise of its men and women than upon any other consideration. Now, let us shuffle off old fogyism, give politics a rest, drop all petty cliques, and stand shoulder to shoulder and with hearts filled with hope—go ahead!

To which we say, Amen and amen.

A correspondent asks, "Why don't you give the Scott act in Fredericton a good writing up?" We were under the impression that Fredericton gave the Scott act a vacation during the session.

The New York Press asserts that the net profits of the Metropolitan Telephone company for six years have been 473,911-100 percent. That Gas company of ours will have to look to its laurels.

GEORGE F. BAIRD, M. P., made a practical speech in the commons, Thursday, and accomplished something. PROGRESS has a portrait engraving of him for its next issue.

GEORGE WASHINGTON wasn't the kind of man we take him for, if he didn't turn in his grave when he heard what sort of cattle are running that New York Inauguration ball.

How is it that three-fourths of the clever men in the house come from the maritime provinces?—Toronto World.

Fish and brains, Mr. World.

In spite of the debates at Ottawa, there is ground for believing that some Jesuits do not have horns.

The easiest way for Sergt. NIXON to "get square" will be to refuse to celebrate the 12th of July.

President HARRISON will not kiss any babies during his term of office. We can respect him now.

MR. JOSEPH O'BRIEN and the "rag-tail bob-tail" element of Carleton seem to be at loggerheads.



Stell you, m'asam, washing can't be done well unless the soap is right. I've been washing these 30 years and tried all kinds, and there's none like Logan's Ideal Soap for taking dirt & stains out of the clothes without rotting them, and it don't make the hands rough and sore as many soaps do. It's made by Wm Logan St. John & all grocers sell it.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE, 38 King Street, (OPPOSITE ROYAL HOTEL), Open for Business.

There are many persons outside the State of Maine to whom the announcement of the sudden death of HOBART WOOD RICHARDSON, editor of the Portland Advertiser, will come with the crushing weight of a personal bereavement. Mr. RICHARDSON made few intimate friends, but he had no enemies among honest men; and those who were privileged to be associated with him will not soon forget how just he invariably was, how generous he could be, how complete his appreciation seemed when it had been won—and it was worth winning. His personality was as strong as his convictions. He had the gift of leadership and those who followed him went straight to a foreseen end. He was an exalted ideal, but few men who knew him will venture to say that he did not fully attain to it.

One of the signs of spring is that the Free Public library has begun to grow.

That big snow storm is easily accounted for: It was an April fool.

PEN AND PRESS.

Two New York Sun reporters climbed into the wild beasts' cage at the Barnum-Bailey show, the other day, and treated themselves to a new experience. It is presumed that they are in training to interview Gen. W. T. Sherman.

One Angus Matheson, who sent some bogus items, supposed to be funny, to the Pictou News, has been interviewed by the Pictou News, and he is supposed to be in the place where the laugh comes in, though Mr. Matheson doesn't think so.

The North Shore "journalists" are hustlers. Mr. Smith, of the Advance, and Mr. Stevens, of the Times of Moncton, have been giving the people some insight into their characters. A short time ago there was an old-time tilt between the Chatham editors. The remarks of each showed that he knew much about his neighbor. But all this hubbub is too much for editor McDougall, of the Pioneer, who was under the impression, last week, that the Pioneer was a fortnightly instead of a weekly paper.

For an Idle Hour.

The Witness of the Sun, by Amelie Rives, is published in paper for 25 cents. McMillan has it.

Prof. Byron C. Tapley has composed and published a sacred solo entitled, "Joy to the World," which is for sale at the music stores. Price, 30 cents.

Silken Threads is the suggestive title of a splendid detective story by the author of Mr. and Mrs. Morton. Bryce Barclay, a society millionaire just engaged to be married to a brilliant and beautiful girl, is found dead in his chair in his own house. The coroner, doctors and his friends agree that he was murdered, but how or by whom are the questions that detectives set out to answer. The reader is given no insight of the conclusion and the story becomes more intensely interesting with every page. Published by Theo. Robinson, Montreal. Price 30 cents. For sale at McMillan's.

Room Paper. Large assortment, Special values. At McArthur's, Main St., Portland.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

His Ma Has a Stormy Interview With Mr. Crewdson's Crow.

There is a tame crow up town which belongs to Mr. Crewdson. His name is Jim, bein' named, pa sez, after Jim Crockit coz he's allers after boodel. His complexion is broomet and his nose is romin'. I tell you wot that crow don't know its fa coshin'. Why, the other day I seen him readin' PROGRESS to the pidgeins in Mr. Crewdson's yard as nacheral as life. He was drivin' his bill thru the paper wen he came to full stops, and wipin' his bill sideways fer commers, and plankin' both feet down wen he come to asterisks, and as fer latin', my land wen he come to the oostooms at our party, why he was chokin' as if he was a wale and had just swollered Jonah! Mr. Crewdson sez he never herd him luff like that but once before, and that was wen the Gleaner sed the Scott act trials was nearly over, and then he had histeriks.

I tell you he is a smart crow. He kin bark like a dog, crow like a rooster, cackle like a hen, and pa sez he's practisin' now to sing tenner in the quire. And the way he eats is orful. My land, you would think he was one of the ministers of the conference like wot stopped at our place once to see him wadin' into the wittles. Sometimes he comes into our yard lookin' fer grub. One day he flew over and lit on our back fence, and wiped his bill onto pa's new pants wot ma hung out, and before ma could get out he was a-diggin' into 'em two-forty. "Shoo, shoo away from ther'; pint your boots, you black scamp; shoo, shoo, I say!" sez ma, but Jim didn't shoo worth a cent, but just kept diggin' away with his bill. Then ma made a run at him with the broom, and he flew onto the peak of our shed, takin' with him the most of the pants. And then he begun to sass ma like everything.

"You're a nice pill," sez he; "now ain't you a ornymint to society in general," sez he, "a shakin' that broomat at your betters?" "O you pesky warmint," sez ma, "you've dug a hole bigger'n a washbiler in Hiram's new pants?"

"Whose pants?" sez Jim. "Hiram's," sez ma. "When did they come to be Hiram's?" sez Jim, leanin' his hed on one side as if he was goin' to argify the question. "Tell me that—when did they come to be Hiram's?" "He bot 'em last Mundy," sez ma. "Bot 'em!" sez he, sarcostick like, "but when did he pay for 'em? Tell me when he paid for 'em," sez he.

"I gess he spees to," sez ma. "He spees and you gess," sez Jim, laffin rite out. "Well, I gess there's nobody else spees it," sez he.

"How much do you owe for groceries, ma'am?" says he. How much for furniter? Have you paid for the ball-dress you got a month ago, or the coaches wot took you to the ball? Have you paid for that new spring bonnet. I'd like to know? 'Pears to me, ma'am, you pay for nothin' and own less," sez he. "O, you owdacious willain, gimme them pants this blessed minit," sez ma. "Pants," sez he, "whose pants? Ain't I entitled to peck at things wot no-body

Read Our Prices!

- 15 patterns Fancy Tennis Flannels, 10c.;
10 " Printed Challies " 10c.;
30 dozen Black Cashmere Hose, - 22c.;
30 " Colored Cotton Hose, - 8c. pair;
15 " Gentlemen's Half-Hose, - 8c. "
26 patterns Fancy Dress Goods, - 12c.
15 " " " " - 15c.
10 dozen Ladies' Under Vests, - 20c. each.
10 " " " " - 35c. "

TERMS CASH--ONE PRICE ONLY.

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

The New Crockery store, 94 KING STREET.

DAILY RECEIVING--NEW GOODS. Now showing a fine display of CUT-GLASS DECANTERS, CELERIES, CLARETS and WINES; also, DECORATED TOILETTE SETS, and OLD BLUE WILLOW CHINA BREAKFAST and TEA SETS, and CUPS, SAUCERS and PLATES.

C. MASTERS. WE HAVE



From the lips of several ladies, "who had been around," that our shapes are the prettiest and most becoming in the city. The above cut is the IVANHOE, one of the most popular styles in New York and Washington. The other leaders are the ESMERALDA, HADING, CLEOPATRA, FAUNTEROY, ELSMERE, MARGUERITE, and DIRECTOIRE, all of which we have in stock, with hosts of others. Our French imported Bonnets and Hats will be opened out on Monday. Some very pretty things in Children's Hats are being shown. The two greatest values offered in this Province: 1,600 yards of English Mohair Dress Goods, at 10 cts., really worth 20c. 1,000 yards of Scotch Foulle Dress Goods, at 12 cts., really worth 25c. We are showing the dandy 4-Button Kid Gloves, in Black, Tans and Drabs, at 50c. per pair. The latest novelties in sectional Gimpes, Ornaments, Collars and Cuffs, etc.

We most cordially invite the Ladies to call and examine the above lines. MANSON'S, 16 King Street. N. B.—Dress and Mantle making executed on the premises.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

There's No Excuse for It. TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS:—On behalf of the young men who have troubled themselves to undergo severe practice for the advertised sports of the Young Men's Christian association, I wish to express a justifiable indignation at the action of the committee of that body in failing to carry out their programme. It is certainly unfair to induce the boys to undergo the trial of training, and then without apparent cause to drop the matter; and it is especially unfair to those who have hitherto worked ardently in making this class of entertainment popular. As their exhibition of last April was a pleasing success in all particulars, this action is the more surprising. SORE MUSCLES. St. John, April 5.

He Finds It Everywhere. TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS:—Enclosed you will find 25 cents. Please send me PROGRESS for three months. I have been going to send for it all winter, but forgot it until now. I have seen your paper in nearly every city I have visited. Wherever I have seen a St. John boy, there have I seen your paper—even away out in Southern California, where I was last summer with the company. I am a St. John boy, but have been away nearly ten years. VAL. P. AKERLEY, Care Denman Thompson Co., Academy of Music, New York.

Here's a Way Out Of It. TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS:—I notice a paragraph in the last PROGRESS worded, "What will Janitor Dorman do?" Now I would ask a second question—What is the building known as the Epidemic Hospital for? In answer to this I would say—It is for cases precisely like that of Janitor Dorman. X. O. P. St. John, April 3.

Great variety of Room Paper, very cheap, at Portland News Depot and Branches.

Monday Was April 1st. Mr. McKay, of the firm of Hunter, Hamilton & McKay, played an April-fool joke on the newspapers, Monday, by ordering his advertisements printed in red ink. He didn't stop to argue, and by the time that the advertising clerk had recovered from his paralytic stroke and begun to explain how impossible it would be, Mr. McKay was half way back to his store, though he had to stop at every few steps and laugh. But this is a red-letter day for his firm, just the same.

Leave your orders for Carpet Cleaning at Harold Gilbert's, 54 King Street.