

PROGRESS.

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

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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. 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.

he composition and presswork of this paper are by union men.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 5.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

THE IDEAL CABINET.

A Happy New Year to you, president-elect HARRISON!

There is no reason why it should not be. On the 4th of March next you will begin to rule a great people. For four years it will be your happy lot to occupy, rent free, a desirable family mansion situate in the most beautiful and most malarious city on the globe; to distribute offices with one hand, while you "shake" with the other; to kiss babies, hand out photographs, give dinners, review processions, sign documents; to be blessed, cursed, besought and bulldozed, and to supply material for the gossip and tittle-tattle of 60,000,000 people.

During these years you will live in the fierce light that beats about a throne. If you chance to put a button in the collection-plate, to scold the cook or kiss the housemaid, we shall all hear of it. Any mail, even now, is liable to bring us authentic information whether your night-shirts are marked with your initials or your full name. We have already learned that you shave every morning, that you wear false teeth, and that you labor under—or over—a lame leg, and we are reaching out for further details. Privacy will be impossible, in your case. Even if you would, you cannot bribe or "knock-out" the 10,000 editors who will write paragraphs about you. Even if you could, it wouldn't make any difference. How important it is, then, that you should begin right!

The choice of your cabinet will be your first stumbling block. The United States is running over with statesmen and every statesman feels himself entitled to an office. For each one that you placate you will make ten enemies. If you choose from the doubtful states, the neglected ones will be doubtful in 1892. If you don't restrict yourself to these, your council-chamber will have to be enlarged; for even in the insignificant state of Maine there are no less than four men who have been "mentioned"! What are you going to do about it?

We will tell you, Mr. HARRISON: When you are inaugurated, provide yourself with a second-hand cabinet, so to speak: one that can be displaced. Let your first official act be to move for the annexation of Canada. Consume that and then appoint a cabinet as follows:

Secretary of State—GOLDWIN SMITH. Secretary of War—BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH.

Secretary of the Navy—EDWARD LANTALUM.

Secretary of the Interior—J. W. LONGLEY.

Secretary of the Treasury—ERASTUS WIMAN.

Attorney-General—CHARLES E. KNAPP. Postmaster-General—JOHN V. ELLIS.

By so doing you arouse no sectional animosities, while at the same time you compliment the newly-admitted states. What more could any patriot ask?

And assure yourself on one point, Mr. HARRISON: between the members of such a cabinet as that, there would be no friction. The lion and the lamb, Secretaries SMITH and LANTALUM, would lie together, and Secretary KNAPP would put his hand upon Secretary ELLIS's den. All would be banded as brothers, to pull together for one purpose. For Mr. WIMAN would be secretary of the treasury—and he would leave the treasury door open.

A PHILANTHROPIST IN TROUBLE.

MR. HENRY A. POST, of New York, has become involved in serious difficulties in Baltimore. These will involve his retirement from active business for a number of years.

Mr. POST is better known to the public, and especially to the people of New York, as HUNGRY JOE. The title is not a dignified one, nor is it at all expressive of Mr. POST's appearance. As a general thing, he dresses well and has a prosperous look.

Nevertheless, the police, who do not represent the higher intelligence of New York, have fixed a nick-name upon him for purposes of their own, and Mr. POST has borne it as a philosopher should for many years. It has been the least of his troubles. Mr. POST has been a speculator, quite as honest in his way as some of the men

around Wall street, a place which the detectives did not allow him to frequent. He has speculated, as they have, in human gullibility, and he has, as they have, relieved a great many fools of their surplus money. They have been respected as brokers, while he has been denounced as a confidence man.

He has associated with some very distinguished men. He induced OSCAR WILDE to part with some of the money which had been paid by fools in the leading cities of the continent, and he showed himself a man by telling the truth about it, whereas OSCAR lied to hide his folly. JOE taught a great many other fools to be wiser, and he was not accustomed to take any fool's money more than once. In this respect he was much more honest than the bucket shops.

Long immunity from prosecution by people who were ashamed of themselves, made JOE careless. About three years ago, failing to wheedle an Englishman by the usual methods, he so far forgot himself as to snatch a pocket book and run. From being a philosophic and artistic speculator he descended to the vulgar level of a common thief. It was an extraordinary and fatal mistake.

So JOE found when he was arrested, convicted and sent to prison for two years. He was released last year and went to Europe. It was thought that his mission was to popularize the bunco game among the effete monarchies of the old world, and that he would probably catch suckers who had pedigrees and wore coronets.

But he returned to America some months ago. His life seems to have been soured by his prison experience, and he had lost all heart for speculation. He has not been prominent before the public to late until a week or two ago, when he was arrested in Baltimore for stealing \$5,000. Association with bad men had brutalized him. The skilful speculator had become an unskilful thief.

He has confessed, and has been sentenced to seclusion for the next nine years. More than that he has fallen so low as to "sneak" on his accomplice, who is now in custody.

This ends Mr. POST's career of usefulness for the present. Even allowing for the usual commutation, he has long years of trouble before him. It is a pity that he has been so foolish. He had before him the opportunity for much useful work. He was greater than the Fool-Killer, because he did his work more often than that indolent benefactor of mankind. He was more fair than the bucket-shop man, because he did not aim to take all that a man had, and he was more honest than speculators in general, because he did not attempt to disguise his operations with the cloak of morality. He did humanity a great deal of good and taught his fellows some valuable lessons. If he could have been allowed to kill fools, as well as plunder them, his sphere of usefulness would have been greatly increased. He would have had a busy life, and future generations, in which the fittest will survive, would have honored him in bronze and marble. But he is gone. His career is cut short. Peace to him in his prison.

THE SAME OLD SQUABBLE.

A Haytian revolution is composed in equal parts of vile smell, loud talk, bad rum and smoke. It is neither an inspiring nor an awful spectacle. There isn't enough blood in it.

If the rival rulers would only imitate those courageous and self-sacrificing Kilkenny cats, what a deal of both the world would be saved!

In accordance with precedent, LEGITIME and HIPPOLYTE are now engaged in making faces at each other. They scare children, but adults look on in contemptuous silence. If these two gentlemen would change their tactics, grasp each other by the throat and strike for the fifth rib—meanwhile inciting their respective armies to follow suit—all this would be changed. The nations would view the instructive scene with friendly interest, even with delight; both combatants would receive that which their souls yearn for, applause; and, finally, when the glorious end had come and nothing remained of the two armies but scattered teeth, patches of skin and fragments of wool, aristocrats and democrats all around the globe would join to perform the obsequies and raise the Te Deum.

A contest that has a principle back of it and brave men to engage in it ought never to be overlooked, however distant the battle ground; but decency demands that a "revolution" owning neither measure nor man should betake itself to Chaos and Old Night as soon as may be.

It makes us tired.

The Toronto Empire has completed its first year, and has good reason to be proud of what it has accomplished in that time. The Empire is one of the few really good Canadian papers. It is conducted with energy and intelligence, and its style of treating matters is such that it is read with interest wherever it goes. Most upper province papers are purely local and will not stand such a test. The Empire is as complete locally as any, but it appears to have a much wider scope in other matters.

In the issue of PROGRESS for Dec. 8, were printed 50 quotations which, though in common use, bear no internal evidence

of their authorship, and a year's subscription to this paper was offered to any reader who, previous to Jan. 1, without the aid of a dictionary of quotations, should "place" them all. No one has succeeded in doing this. Mr. HERBERT TEMPLE, of Halifax, has, however, assigned the authorship of all but four (Nos. 1, 8, 20 and 50), and as he leads in the competition we take great pleasure in adding his name to our subscription list. Mr. TEMPLE is evidently the kind of man who will appreciate PROGRESS.

The latest train that leaves Fredericton under the new arrangement of the New Brunswick railway is one-half hour later than formerly. It carries no mail from the capital, however. Proper representation to the inspector should remedy this. Fredericton business men cannot under the present system send an answer to a letter until next day, when the time of its arrival in St. John prevents its despatch to the Eastern parts of New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. So long as the railway thinks it worth while to run a train, surely the postal authorities might give the people all possible advantages to be derived from it.

If the daily papers tell the truth, THOMAS, the Braintree murderer, beats the Wandering Jew all to pieces. Less than a fortnight ago, he was seen in Cape Breton, a week ago he was arrested in Nebraska, and now he is being hunted in Nova Scotia. A man who can get across the continent faster than the express trains ought to be pensioned rather than hanged.

The St. John Opera house company is now organized and at work. Let there be no shuffling. Thirteen thousand dollars of stock is subscribed and at least seven more is wanted. There should be no trouble in getting it. Energetic men are in the company and failure isn't in their calendar for 1889.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The report that at the production of Macbeth, by Mrs. Langtry, the ushers will be dressed in kilts is denied by the Lily herself. She professes to have heard nothing about it until she saw the story in the papers. Perhaps her manager can throw some light on the subject. It appears to have been an unqualified success as a free advertisement.

It is very doubtful whether Mrs. Langtry will be a success as Lady Macbeth, from an actor's point of view, though there is no question that she will have crowded houses, and that the production of the play will be something beyond the common. Extravagant expenditures have been made for scenery, dresses and general effects, and the cast will be a strong one. The play can hardly fail of success, but whether it can beat the New York record by a profitable run of seven weeks, as intended, remains to be seen.

Joe Jefferson's tour will end tonight, at Holyoke, Mass., but it is announced that he will appear again before the season is over.

Will A. Whitecar has become leading man for Maude Banks, in her tour of the minor circuits.

The latest, and apparently the worst thing in the dramatic world, is a play founded on the Whitechapel murders, to be brought out in Brooklyn by Marlande Clarke, an English actor who has had some success in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He will appear in the dual role of Jack the Ripper and a clergyman. It is announced that it will be an instructive psychological study. Possibly.

Henry Irving's Macbeth, as now given at the Lyceum, London, appears to be something worth seeing. It has some magnificent effects, one of which is the flight of sixty witches through the air and their vanishing amid unearthly shrieks. The banquet scene is said to be a triumph of stage splendor. Of course, Irving's Macbeth and Ellen Terry's Lady Macbeth are original in their way. The music is the work of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

The Best—and the Cheapest.

Business men and others who wish to procure engravings of any subject, in any style, at reasonable prices, will do well to consult PROGRESS. This paper has the exclusive agency in the maritime provinces for the Electro-Light Engraving company of New York, the largest concern of the kind in the world. Their truthful and beautiful cuts have become so familiar to the readers of this paper that to say anything in praise of the workmanship is not necessary. On the score of durability and cheapness, however, it should be borne in mind that the Electro-Light Engraving company's cuts are substantially made and metal-faced, and can be obtained for less money than injudicious buyers pay to amateurs, who hew out a piece of wood with a meat-axe or carving-knife and call it an "engraving."

He Was Well Supplied.

A popular church organist in town had ten surprise parties, Christmas. He received ten silk handkerchiefs from as many members of the congregation. Now we know why the dry goods merchants seemed bent on emphasizing silk handkerchiefs in their "ads." Christmas week.

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHY

And a New Year's Resolution—An Open Letter to a Friend in the States.

MY DEAR HARRY: I can't understand why the 1st of January should be especially sacred to good resolutions. I never met anybody who could tell me why. For my own part, I never "swore off" anything on that day—until this year. Last Tuesday, I recorded my first New Year resolution. It is as follows:

I will never again attempt to explain, to man, woman or child, where and what St. John is.

During the last two years I have wasted a good deal of breath and ink in this effort. So often as I have invaded New England on occasional vacation journeys, friends new and old have prostrated me with such questions as: "St. John is in Nova Scotia, isn't it?" and, "How far are you from Toronto?" afterwards, in some cases, adding insult to injury by confessing that they weren't sure they had ever heard of the place. I have been informed by other friends, who thought they would compliment me by getting posted, that the curse of St. John was its French-Canadian population; and certain misguided persons have condescended with me on the inconvenience of living among people who were dependent on the fisheries—following this up with the query, "Is there really such extreme destitution down there?" I have heard this city assigned to every province in the dominion, and I have seen its name spelled in five different ways. Other questions and allusions might be put in type, but they would be too grotesquely horrible for belief. Reason totters on her throne as I recall them. The examples I have given above will be enough. Wars have been waged on less provocation than this.

You will remember that so long as these misapprehensions wore an air of novelty, I bore with the individuals who expressed them. When I was in Boston, I carried a pocket-map of the dominion and proved to several inquirers that St. John—my St. John—was not a next-door neighbor to Labrador. In New Haven I was nearly forced to make affidavit that my fellow-citizens had no very intimate trade connection with codfish. Probably you haven't forgotten that I demonstrated to you that St. John is not contiguous to Cape Breton and that it is in New Brunswick,—and to what effect? At this present moment, if you or your compatriots had occasion to come here, it would be a toss-up whether you took the New Brunswick railway, the Canada Pacific or the Allan line!

I have a London correspondent who addresses his epistles, "St. Johns, N. B., Newfoundland, North America." I receive a New York daily whose wrapper bears the legend, "St. John, N. B., Nova Scotia." I have sent my correct address to London, as often as six times, but it does no good; and even the persuasive eloquence of Jack Boden is powerless to instruct the hard-headed mailing-clerk of the Press. So I've done trying.

Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. Reconstruct our geography to suit yourselves.

But I should like to be within hearing distance when you summon your friends and set about it! What stores of knowledge a man might heap up! While you wrestled with the conundrum whether the Bay Chaleur is off Toronto or Winnipeg; while you triumphantly assigned to Amherst its place as the capital of Nova Scotia; while you decided that Fredericton is in the Annapolis valley, and that Musquash is a suburb of Halifax: all this time, information would be in the atmosphere. You would be astonished to find how much you knew about Canada. Before your labors ended, you would have gotten together hundreds of facts that would be novel to Canadians themselves.

Don't ask me to help you, though. I have said my say. I have answered my last question and expressed my last opinion. It's all the same to me whether there is more fog in the Bay of Fundy than in your brain, or vice versa. Hitherto, I have responded to all your demands for information and you have calmly brushed me aside and gone on asserting that Canada is a limited monarchy, that the inhabitants subsist by hunting, fishing and trapping, and that the Canadian winter is fourteen months long. So be it. I can stand it—and so can Canada.

But, since you desire it, I will repeat my correct address. It is St. John, (not St. Johns, nor St. John's) New Brunswick, (not Nova Scotia, nor Prince Edward Island, nor Quebec, nor Ontario, nor Newfoundland, nor Manitoba, nor North-west Territories,) Dominion of Canada, North America, The World, Solar System. St. John, Jan. 4. LEON.

They Swore Off Together.

They loved each other and at Christmas time they exchanged all sorts of tokens of affection. When New Year's came there seemed nothing left but kisses to give. Both felt disappointed. She was the quicker-witted, however, and it didn't take her long to find a substitute for a present:

"Suppose we exchange good resolutions, John?" she suggested. "If you'll stop using tobacco, I'll stop chewing tea!"

John consented. He is "tapering off" on cardamon seeds and cloves. She has banished her idol to the upper shelf and the girl and the canister never speak as they pass by. Man and maiden are better off.

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

We would direct the attention of the Ladies to OUR CORSET DEPARTMENT.

Our special makes are Crompton's Coraline, Dr. Warner's Health, The Imperatrice, for Evening wear, The Diamond, white French woven and a remarkably Cheap Double Busk Corset, at 45c. Other makes in great variety.

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C. MASTERS, 94 King Street, - - - St. John, N. B.

RECEIVING NEW GOODS DAILY. Now showing full lines of NEW DESSERT, BREAKFAST, TEA, TOILETTE and PORRIDGE SETS, ROSE JARS, FIGURES; also, a large assortment of Hanging and Stand Lamps.

Prices Low. C. MASTERS.

BIG DRIVE

WALTER SCOTT'S.

Balance of Winter Goods

Rousing Reductions!

HOMESPUNS AND CLOTHS;

DRESS GOODS, 8c. upwards;

Balance of ULSTER CLOTHS, very cheap;

Men's and Boys' CARDIGANS, 85c. upwards;

DRESS TWEEDS, 7c. upwards;

CORSETS, 24c. upwards.

THE BEST VALUE IN CITY.

ASTRACHAN GLOVES, Ladies' and Gents' Kid Faced;

Silk Handkerchiefs and Scarfs; Knitted Wool Shawls.

Cash! Cash!! Cash!!!

WALTER SCOTT, - - - 32 and 36 South side King Square.

Confectionery and Christmas Novelties,

HUGH P. KERR'S. - - - Branch Store, KING STREET.

BARLEY SUGAR WHISTLES, VICTORIA CAKE, SPINNING TOPS, ALMOND BAR, BANJOES, MARSHMELLOES, SINGING CANARIES, TRY OUR SUPERIOR JAMS AND JELLIES. And don't fail to get a LITTLE PIG for the Xmas tree; also, a 5lb. box of our XMAS MIXTURE for \$1.00. SOMETHING NICE.

Money Made by Buying your DRY GOODS

KEDEY & CO'S., 77 King Street.

BARGAINS NEXT WEEK IN

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.

THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY ADVERTISE FACTS.

We made more Cigars than all Cigar Factories East of Quebec City during 1888.

We paid more DUTY than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888.

We have imported more HAVANA TOBACCO than all Cigar factories east Quebec city during 1888.

And still we do not ADVERTISE to give a CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR for 5c.

Established April 21, 1884, we have doubled our production every year, and today we are making better Cigars than any other factory in the maritime provinces.

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