

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 Thurs- / day, and no changes of advertisements will be re- / ceived 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 wel- / come, but all communications should be signed. / Manuscripts unsuited to our purpose will be re- / turned 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, FEB. 9.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

LET THE PEOPLE KNOW.

Many citizens, and especially those who / contribute largely toward the civic revenue, / are somewhat exercised over the proposed / extension of the water works. It means the / expenditure of some quarter of a million / of dollars. This money will be raised by / issuing debentures, the interest on / which must be provided for by additional / taxation. This much is known.

There is quite a general belief that the / water commissioners have not taken the / people into their confidence in the past as / much as they might and should have. The / people have an idea that they have a per- / fect right to the fullest and most complete / information of the workings of a public / service which they have the privilege of / paying for.

The idea has gained strength that the / proceedings of the water commission are / not as open as they might or should be.

We take the ground that the meetings of / any commission appointed to look after a / public service should be open to the public. / We go further than that, and claim that / everything done by that commission should / be as open as the day, so that the people / could gain any information at any time, / either from the commissioners or from the / books; that there should not be the slight- / est ground for suspicion.

If money is expended there should be / the fullest information of the transaction. / The people should have a right to know / where and how their money is spent, and / the commissioners and the superintendent / are negligent in their duty if they fail to / give that information.

There is another reason for great frank- / ness and openness in the financial conduct / of the commission. In the past, the office / cost the people some \$15,000 more than it / should have, and while we have no reason / to imagine that history will repeat itself, it / is better for everybody concerned that all / transactions should be open and above / board.

OBTRUSIVE COMMISSERATORS.

In his reply to a correspondent charging / the asylum management with cruelty to the / insane, the superintendent, Dr. JAMES T. / STEEVES, says:

They are not exactly the sickly unfortu- / nates that pseudo-philanthropists depict; / on the contrary many of them are better / men, live more comfortably and enjoy more / than their obtrusive commisserators.

Obtrusive commisserators! Well, this is / rich, for the superintendent of the Provin- / cial Lunatic asylum to call any citizen an / "obtrusive commisserator."

Does Dr. STEEVES forget that in the in- / stitution which he is suffered to have charge / of there are nearly 500 human beings pre- / sumably bereft of reason?

Does he imagine that because a person is / so unfortunate as to come under his control / that his friends lose all interest in his wel- / fare?

Does he suppose that the institution / which costs the province more almost than / all the others combined is not an object of / interest to the people?

Obtrusive commisserators, forsooth!

The directors of the Saint John Opera / House have had quite a nap. It is time to / awaken. Spring is here; the building ex- / cavations are about finished and the sooner / the people see the walls of the new build- / ing going up the greater will be their faith / in it.

The prospectus of the Atlantic Monthly, / which will be found in another column, / opens the door to a feast of fat things. / Give up your last \$4, if need be, go in to / the intellectual banquet, help yourself and / be happy.

ORA P. KING, barrister, of Sussex, left / last night on a business trip to New York / and expects to be absent about ten days.— / Sun.

When you reach New York, Mr. KING, / take the next train for the Pacific and don't / return. If you won't do the right thing, / the breadth of the North American con- / tinent is not too much to keep between you / and your victim. If you do return, PRO- / GRESS proposes to make the seat of the / clerk of the Kings county court very warm / for you.

The bully of Kings county has been / downed at last. For more than 20 years / NEIL TAYLOR has terrorized certain sections

of the county. Thoroughly unscrupulous, / careless of everything and everybody and / possessing great physical strength, his / record as a law breaker is unenviable. / There isn't a man in Kings county who will / not be glad to learn that at last Sussex has / found a man in GEORGE GODSOE who paid / TAYLOR in his own coin for his brutal / treatment of peaceable citizens in the past.

The Magazine of Poetry, printed at / Buffalo, N. Y., pays a graceful compli- / ment to Prof. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, / M. A., by publishing his portraits, several / of his poems and a brief biography by Mr. / BLISS CARMAN. It is worthy of note that / but one Canadian writer shares this honor. / No other so well deserves it.

Dominos, Check ers Games, Cards, etc., / at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King St.

HOW THE RENT WAS PAID.

A Fredericton Lawyer Won't Get Left If / He Can Help It.

Mr. Blank, who was once the mayor and / is now a lawyer in Fredericton, counts / among his earthly possessions certain build- / ings on the front and back streets of the / town. The front street tenants pay their / rent on the nail; but some of the occu- / pants of his rear tenements are not so / prompt. One of his shanties brings him / the munificent sum of \$35 per annum, which / means \$8.75 every three months. Feb. 1 / came round but the rent didn't. How / could it, with the head of the family on a / sick bed, and a half dozen children to / be fed, and a hundred and one necessities / wanting, with nothing to get them? But / the rent had to be paid and the generous / landlord devised a scheme to get it. In / his own plausible fashion and in his own / handwriting he detailed the pitiable circum- / stances of the destitute family; he por- / trayed their many needs in ink and besought / the generous citizens of the town to aid / them. Armed with this missive, one of the / destitute children sallied forth and in a / short time was in a fair way to have the / landlord's rent. A keen professional brother / penetrated the cloak of the petition as soon / as it reached him and had the pleasure of / contributing his mite "toward the rent."

Poor ware is never cheap! Avoid all imi- / tations of Ideal Soap.

For an Idle Hour.

The Canadian copyright edition of Under / False Pretences, by Miss Adeline Sergeant, / is published by Bryce, of Toronto, and is / for sale at McMillan's. Price 50 cents. It / is a handsome paper edition

A Crown of Shame is Florence Marryat's / latest contribution to light literature, / through the National Publishing company / of Toronto. The book is flashily bound / and luridly written, and cannot be recom- / mended for family Sunday reading. For / sale at McMillan's. Price, 25 cents.

The midwinter Century is second to / none of the magazines of the month. The / artist Jerome and his masterpieces is the / interesting introduction, written by Fanny / Field Hering, and beautifully illustrated. / Mary Hallock Foote continues her deligh- / tful "Pictures of the Far West," and George / W. Cable, "Strange True Stories of / Louisiana." George Kennan has another / chapter of exile life in Siberia, entitled, / "Exiles in Irkutsk." "Two Negatives" is / a bright, original love story, by Mary / Spear Tiernan. One of the noteworthy / features of this number is the beautiful / illustrations of the different portraits, en- / gravings and monuments of Mary Queen of / Scots. For sale by T. H. Hall. Price, / 35 cents.

2,500 Novels, from 10 to 30 per cent. dis- / count, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

THE NORMALITE.

Across the desert Calculus / We hunt the hapless How, / And 'neath the sombre shades of Thus / We pounce upon the Now.

We clamber up the hill of Time, / To glean the mossy When; / The slippery Wayback tree we climb / To rob the nest of Then.

Deep down in caverns of the Why / We trace the Wherefore worm; / We love to catch the Ergo-fly / And watch the Which-bug squirm.

Along the garden fence of Yet, / The squirrel If we chase, / And through the copes of Forget / The trail of Truth we trace.

Amid the woful waste of Was, / We scan the Icy Is, / And o'er the billows of Because, / We sail in search of Viz.

The nimble Minus and the Plus, / The square and cubic root, / Armed with a mental blunderbuss / We run to earth and shoot.

For But and Though, and While and So, / Vile insects every one, / With analytic broom we go / And mash them on the run.

Lit by the glimmering torch of Right / We shudder at the Should, / And on the awful brink of Might / We angle for the Could.

At times the holy hush of Hence / Out throbbing senses calm, / And equinoctial gales of Whence / Give place to placid Am.

Wherefore, Wherein and Thus and Such / Whereas, Whereat, Whereto, / Whereon, Wherever, Whensuch, / Moreover, But, Also.

But Ah, scarce e'er the Mullen-bush / Of Brittain pass we through, / Than from the harshell Creed we rush / To Father Bellvean.

Fredericton, Feb. 6. BILDAD.

WEIGHTY WORDS

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WM. LOGAN, - - - Sole Manufacturer.

ONE WHO KNOWS BEANS

LOOKS VAINLY FOR HIS OLD / FRIENDS IN BOSTON

And Concludes that There is a Good Open- / ing for the Right Kind of a Restaurant / -The Peculiar Virtues of the Bean-How / It Should Be Baked.

I visited Boston, last week, for the first / time in seventeen years, said my friend / from Ohio. The event deserved to be / commemorated and I tried my best to / celebrate. I went into a restaurant and / ordered some baked beans.

The bejewelled waitress smiled and toyed / with the salt-cellar. She evidently con- / cluded that I had just come out of the / woods. "We're all out, sir," she said. / "We don't have them very often, anyway, / except Saturday night and Sunday."

"Don't have beans!—in a Boston / restaurant!" I gasped.

"Well, you see most of our reg'lar / customers think beans are kind o'—kind / o' vulgar. You can get 'em at the cheap / saloon around the corner, I guess."

I went around the corner.

I found some beans. I recognized them / at once. They had been imported from / New York, where are cooks so hardened / in sin that even Omnipotence shrinks from / a conflict with them. If a Boston cook / had perpetrated such an atrocity as these / beans, under the time-honored name, he / would have been smitten with lightning / from heaven.

The dish was literally, as the waiter / named it, "Pork and." There was a good / deal of the pork but very little of the / and. The mess was stone cold. When I ex- / cavated a hole in the coating of grease I / found a few beans—but how sadly changed / from the beans I used to know! White, / tasteless, mashed to a pulp, spurned from / the table of the dainty diner, degraded to / the level of the 10-cent feeder, torn from / the place they should hold in the gastro- / nome's heaven and tortured by the thought / of what they might have been—what wonder / that they looked sickly and unhappy! I / bowed my head on the table and burst into / tears. I wept for the pork, too. It was a / saddening thought that a whole pig had / been butchered to bake a pot of beans.

My craving, once roused, had to be as- / suaged at any cost. I went out to Wor- / cester and hunted up a friend of my soul / and we took turns standing over the ser- / vant with a club, for five hours, until the / beans were baked in proper fashion—and / then we ate the quart and scraped the pot.

Where are the beans of my boyhood, / anyway?

I carried that inquiry a little further when / I got into Maine, a few days later. There / was a time when Portland people appre- / ciated beans. Then every Sunday morning, / between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock, the / solid citizen who had lugged his bean-pot / to the bake-shop over-night, joined the pro- / cession that bore the sacred vessels home / again. Two hours later, full of high and / holy aspirations—because full of beans— / the solid citizen wended his way to wor- / ship. During service he dreamed of beans / and when meeting was out he went happily / homeward and ate all that had been left / over from breakfast. As evening fell, the / appetizing scent of beans pervaded the / whole town; strangers were soothed by the / prevailing air of peace, contentment and / repose, and forgot to curse the Maine / law; natives laid hold of a new lease of / life: the wholesale price of beans rose 10 / cents a barrel. Ah, those good old days!

Well, while in Portland last week, I / called on the new-married daughter of an / old flame, whose tombstone bears—or / ought—the inscription, "She baked the / best beans in Beverly." My young friend / is no novice in cooking. She gave me a / devilled kidney that made me feel ten years / younger, and her pudding was perfection. / But when I interrogated her about beans, / she blushed a little uneasily as she an- / swered: / "I parboil my pork and beans together. / Then I cut my pork into pieces about a / half-inch square, and put in the pot a layer / of pork, then a layer of beans, then an- / other layer of pork, and so on, until pretty / near the top, when I add pepper and salt / and a cupful of molasses."

"Is that the recipe your mother gave / you?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Mamma would never let any- / one attend to the beans but herself, and I / didn't get her recipe. I studied out this / way. My beans are not at all like mam- / ma's"—and she sighed volcanically.

They were not. I am sure of that, for, / to my lasting sorrow, I ate some. Daniel / Webster had praised her mother's beans, / but Daniel would never have praised these / —unless he happened to be drunk at the / time.

The contemporaries and predecessors of / the godlike Daniel recognized that a bean / is a thing to be studied. It has individu- / ality. There is a touch of poetry in it. / To drown beans in molasses is to commit a / crime. To make them subsidiary to a / piece of pork is to be guilty of sacrilege. / They need to be gently assorted and ten- / derly handled. The pork and the mol- / asses are incidentals—the bean is the / principal. The pot is the body of which / the bean is the soul.

Properly baked, a bean is as whole as it / was when it went into the oven. It isn't / hard, but neither is it mushy. Much less / is it white! Golden-brown it swims in / gravy of its own color, its single eye turn- / ing up now and then, as if to say, "Come / and eat me!" And that invitation is never / rejected by any one who knows beans.

There ought to be some place in Boston / where a man could be sure of finding such / beans. Along with them he ought to find / real brownbread and genuine cucumber / pickles. If these weren't enough, the / restaurateur might add clam chowder to / his menu—and, on second thought, pump- / kin pie! If I had the necessary wealth and / no previous engagements, I would open / such a New England home restaurant in / Boston, and advertise it the world over. / Pay? Within five years I would have / money enough to buy Boston common!

Imagine the mingled sensations that / would sweep over the home-returning wan- / derer as he opened the door of such a res- / taurant and inhaled the aroma of bean and / clam and pumpkin! He would see the / old brick oven that engulfed the big brown / pot as regularly as Saturday came round. / He would hear the plash of the waves on / the familiar beach where he hoed clams and / chased crabs and went in wading. He / would feel the crisp and yellowing stubble / under his bare feet as he rolled the big / pumpkins to the end of the row and stacked / them in the cart. He would—well, he / would be a boy again, with all that that in- / volves in the way of appetite. I say no / more. Starting on the basis of a boy's ap- / petite, satisfied at tariff rates, any caterer / can figure the profit.

And such a restaurant would bring the / bean into good society, if it be really true / that it has dropped out. Vulgar! the dish / that nourished an Everett, a Choate and a / Story. Vulgar! the perennial fount of in- / spiration for an Edwards, a Channing and / an Emerson. What misconception is here!

It must be that inefficient cooks have / wrought this ruin. So thinking, I add the / only correct and strictly Bostonian recipe / for baking beans. It ought to be taught / at the Harvard Annex, but I'm afraid it / isn't:

Soak the beans in water over night. For / every quart, take ¼ lb. of clear (fat) salt / pork, 1 tablespoonful salt, do. molasses, / and water enough to cover the beans. / Bake five or six hours in a covered earthen / pot by a steady fire. Add part of a cupful / of water every one or two hours, or suffi- / cient to keep moist.

Baked in this way, a bean has the stately / dignity of Beethoven's major symphony; / the tender though passionate grace of one / of Rossini's overtures; the pervasive / charm of "Sweet Violets," and the general / rustle and rumble and get-there of "The / Mulligan Guards' Ball."

And, as Shakespeare so appropriately / remarks:

To bean or not to bean, that is the question:— / Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer / The stiale succession of plain roast and boiled / Or to set lips against such daily dishes / And by refusing end them?—To cook—to eat— / To eat, perchance, too much;—ay, there's the rub; / For in the stress of gout what pains may come, / When on seductive kickshaws we have fed, / Must give us pause; there's the respect / That makes our lives a burden without beans.

LEON.

Not "One of," but "The." / PROGRESS is one of the liveliest papers / in Canada.—Fancouver World.

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WHAT LADY hasn't some cosy room in her house which is different from / every other, which is her joy—her pride: made so by the skilful painter / and his artistic designs and color blending. It is beautifully decorated, / tinted perhaps or frescoed in either oil or water colors. She delights to show her / lady friends there and hear and see their admiration.

But such work is best done when there is plenty of time. As spring advances / the painter has more than he can attend to. Therefore, ladies, ask A. G. STAPLES / (175 Charlotte or 141 Britain street), plain and decorative painter, to use his time / and best skill to retouch your favorite nook.

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All descriptions of House, Sign and Decorative Painting. / A special feature is made of Decorative Paper Hanging, Tintin; and Frescoing / in either Oil or Water Colors.

PEN AND PRESS.

The carnival number of the Montreal / Daily Star is bright, beautiful—and Cana- / dian. Finer engravings than those that / adorn its pages are not often seen in the / great illustrated weeklies, and nothing / better was ever done in this country. If / the Star keeps on improving, Canadians / will soon have no need to go abroad for / either their literature or their art.

The prospectus of that excellent New / York daily, the Mail and Express, which / appears elsewhere in this paper, deserves / careful reading. The Mail and Express / had suffered for years with what appeared / paralysis, when, a few months ago, Col. / Elliot F. Shepherd took charge, gathered / a staff of capable assistants, and applied / the electrical treatment. The paper has / probably quadrupled its circulation since

that time, and it is gaining ground every / day in public esteem. Bright, readable, / reliable, pure in matter and soundly con- / servative in tone, it will be found to meet / the ideas of almost any one who wants a / good metropolitan daily.

Many a subscription monthly is not / nearly so bright and crisp as the Travelers' / Record of Hartford, Conn. The fact that / it is published in the interest of the first / accident insurance company in the world, / The Travelers, does not detract from the / interest it has for the average reader. / Some of the jokes are "chestnuts" and / some are gems; the contributions are / bright, the illustrations good and typo- / graphically the Record is a model quarto. / Progress is indebted for its copy to / Messrs. M. & T. B. Robinson, the repre- / sentatives of the company in St. John.