

PROGRESS.

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

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, FEB. 16.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

Citizens of Portland, it is time for you to wake up.

In a short time you will be called on to choose a city government for another year. What do you intend to do about it?

Do you intend to endorse the action of the CHESLEYS by returning them to power, or do you want a clean, honest government of citizens who will care more for the public prosperity than the prosperity of themselves, their relatives and their henchmen?

If you intend to strive for a better state of affairs, it is time for you to begin. The ring has the sinews of war which belong to a party in power, and it has all the odds in its favor. It will hesitate at nothing to retain its grasp. Strive as you may, it will die hard.

It is time that you selected respectable and honest citizens in every ward to take the place of the followers of CHESLEY. It is time that you agreed upon a man whose integrity is beyond question for the position of mayor.

It will be a lasting disgrace to you if the gang, by the tricks to which it will resort, succeeds in defeating what is undoubtedly the will of the majority of the people.

You have no time to lose. You cannot afford to be indifferent, as many of you have been. You have strength enough to rid yourselves of the curse with which you have been afflicted. Use that strength.

Turn the CHESLEYS OUT.

WHAT SHALL WE DO IN HEAVEN?

Thanks to our friends of the clerical profession, we have a score of answers to and comments upon the question that heads this article. Nine of these replies which, for one or other reason, seem to demand precedence, are printed in this number of PROGRESS.

The letters that add so largely to the value of the present issue, are fairly representative of all. With that assurance every reader will be more than content. It is not often that any paper is happily able to bring to its aid such a varied array of talent as finds expression in—for example—the thoughtful and eloquent essay of Mr. STEVENS; the logical and forcible utterance of Dr. WILSON; the apt and ingenious argument of Mr. WESTON; the suggestive and practical admonition of Mr. MACNEILL; and the brief but pointed notes of Dr. MACRAE, Mr. FRENCH, Elder CAMP, Mr. BRUCE and Dr. MACDOUGALL.

BOSS CHESLEY SPEAKS.

BOSS CHESLEY expressed his opinion of PROGRESS, at the council meeting Monday night. It was intended to be a forcible one, but as neither nature nor education has qualified the Boss for brilliancy of rhetoric it was simply abusive. Such language may be heard any day in the slums of any city, or in any place which is the resort of blackguards and toughs.

It was not an answer to the charges made by PROGRESS. It was rather part of a cowardly attempt to choke off an investigation which certain members of the council desired to make. It proved nothing except that BOSS CHESLEY and the other members of the ring are afraid of the truth.

BOSS CHESLEY "defied any man who was worth anything to stand up and openly say he was a thief." Who has said or insinuated such a thing? PROGRESS has not, because it has no evidence that he is a thief. If it did know that such were the case, it would say so without any dodging or evasion. So far as is known he is no more a thief than he is a gentleman, and he is certainly not that.

Every charge which has been made against BOSS CHESLEY and the ring is true, and can be proven so on oath. He has not publicly denied it, and he cannot do so.

No amount of bad language and bad temper can make his position any better. The charges of PROGRESS have been read and believed by thousands, and they will continue to be believed until they are proved untrue. That will never be. Not a statement has been carelessly made. Every allegation can be proved, not only

by a witness, but by numbers of them. And the character of each of the witnesses will weigh as much among honest men as the character of any or all of the CHESLEY clique.

The conduct of BOSS CHESLEY and his confederates speaks for itself. They virtually admit the truth of all that has been said. It is perhaps a redeeming feature of their characters that they have not had the effrontery to deny it.

We have shown some reasons why the CHESLEY ring is unfit to have the direction of public affairs. We shall show more reasons before the subject is dismissed. We shall show why the rule of these men has been attended by the worst possible results to the ratepayers, and that they have been a curse, a nuisance and a block in the way of the prosperity of the city of Portland.

BOSS CHESLEY would do better to save his bad words and reply to some of our charges—if he can.

Yes, Halifax, you have done it this time. You had the square enmity of every baseballist, and now there isn't a curlier on this side of Dartmouth who won't blast your character. Now, don't ask, "What did we do?" There's the rub. You did not do anything. After inviting the boys there, you made no arrangements for their reception or their entertainment. There's a story going the rounds in Fredericton that you paid their street car fare—five cents each—from the railway station to the hotel, and that's all you did. This is too bad. When you had such a splendid chance to redeem your reputation, you gave it the go-by and accentuated the evil current report by your inospitality.

Since the last issue of PROGRESS appeared, two well-known clergymen, who have been stationed at Sussex, have written to the editors expressing their hearty approval of the paragraph referring to the clerk of the Kings county court. If opinion in Sussex upon this question is as strong as it is in other parts of Kings county, the provincial representatives could do nothing better than recommend the removal of ORA P. KING from his present position.

Unless Mr. WHITEBONE has a remarkably amiable and forgiving disposition, Sergeant KILPATRICK will never be able to borrow that little black mare.

The snow came just in time to keep the tobogganers from losing their trust in an overruling Providence.

A DANGEROUS ELEMENT.

They Make More Scoundrels, a Correspondent Thinks, than an Infidel Club.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS:—The Sabbath Observance society, which appears to be the Evangelical Alliance under a different name, has had another meeting.

I have a deep respect for most of the gentlemen who compose the society and am in sympathy with their general motives. For that reason I regret that they have been obliged to resort to arguments which are neither in the spirit of Christianity nor common sense.

It is not the belief of intelligent Christians that Sunday drowning, shooting and other accidents are "proofs that the violation of the Sabbath brings condemnation, suffering and death." It might be if such accidents did not take place every day of the week and if the good as well as the bad were not equal sufferers by them. The gentleman who resurrected this bugaboo was warmly applauded.

Another speaker, and a business man at that, "spoke of a steamship line running out of St. John that ran Sunday boats. He had told one of the managers that something would happen, that God would not submit quietly to this desecration. They called him a 'hard-faced Presbyterian,' but that company lost three of their steamers all the same."

In other words, he would have it believed that for the sake of punishing the steamboat owners, the Almighty plunged numbers of others into distress and caused the loss of innocent lives. How many steamers have sailed on Sundays and not been lost?

The efforts of well-meaning men to belittle the Almighty by ascribing to Him the nature which the heathens give their idols, do not advance the cause of Christianity in the nineteenth century. It is such shallow reasoning as this that makes atheists out of bright boys. When taught of an orthodox God of petty caprices and vengeful passions—a God more cruel than the average sinful man—their reason and their humanity reject the belief. If they must accept such a God or none, they choose the latter course. Is it any wonder?

A band of clergymen and pious laymen who have never risen to a just conception of the Deity is a more dangerous element in our day than an infidel club with the same number of members. They supply the most potent arguments against their own cause. They sow the seeds of scepticism to bear fruit in future years.

St. John, Feb. 12. A. L. P.

If you want a flat, insert your need in "Progress," for only 10 cents.

For the People.

There's something to interest you in Scovil, Fraser & Co's announcement on the second page.

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W.M. LOGAN, Sole Manufacturer.

THE ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

WINTER LIFE IN THE "FLORAL CITY" OF FLORIDA.

Described by a Well Known Fredericton Gentleman Who is There With His Family—Some Description of Tallahassee and Its Surroundings—There and Here.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Jan. 29.—We left Boston on the 17th, on the good steamship Gate City for Savannah. Our company consisted of seven persons—four ladies and three ladies' men. There were probably 50 passengers in all. Among them was Mr. Baird, the representative of Victoria—whom to know was to like—who owns a saw mill on a stream between Savannah and Thomasville. He usually visits his property once a year, where he owns pine lands, and is doing a good business. Only think of a New Brunswicker sawing pitch pine in the southern part of Uncle Sam's dominions!

The run to Savannah was very pleasant for those who were able to be about, and free from the harassing cares of sea-sickness; but, notwithstanding the comparative smoothness of the sea, there were enough passengers who had made up their minds before leaving Boston that they would be sick, and they enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing and feeling the realization of their expectations. All such kept their berths until it was time to get up in Savannah, on Sunday night, three and a half days after leaving port.

The Gate City is one of the fine line of steamers which ply between Boston and Savannah. She appeared to be a fine, staunch vessel, well officered and well manned. The accommodations are excellent, whether as regards the mess, the stewards, the attention, or the homelike comforts everywhere pervading, and the arrangements of the dining saloon, which contains well-furnished divans, sofas, chairs, tete-a-tetes, and apparent guarantees everywhere against sea-sickness, or even the least vertigo. But Neptune, the arbitrary god, is not to be turned aside by any attempt at human allurements.

Our tickets brought us through by rail to Thomasville, which is about 200 miles southwest of Savannah. The whole journey was performed on stilts—for we passed through a country without any apparent bottom to it, the only survival of the deluge of which we have any conception—a dismal swamp throughout, with here and there an oasis, upon which solitary huts were planned, reminding one of the old slavery days, the glory of which (the darky) has long since departed. Most of those huts are deserted. Sambo having taken up his quarters elsewhere on higher ground, good as his master, so he thinks,—but of this more hereafter.

This dismal swamp, no doubt, is the home of malaria; but passing through it at the rate of 30 miles an hour, affords little opportunity for travellers to become acquainted with its shaking charms. But I believe if the train broke down and remained over for a few hours, the passengers would imagine themselves victims of this ricketty plague. How the engineers found bottom for laying their sleepers is to a green one not a soluble fact. However, we got through the mud and water, scrubby oaks and scaly pines, and reached Thomasville in good time for supper at the Gull hotel, situated near the depot, a most excellent hostelry, and where we would could form a convenient connection for the train going to Tallahassee.

Thomasville appears to be very pleasantly situated; but as we only tarried a few hours in this famous health resort, we have not as yet been able to make its acquaintance, but hope to do so on our homeward trip.

Tallahassee, "the floral city," is situated 35 miles in a direct line south of Thomasville, so that we are that much nearer the sea than the latter place; but in order to get here we had to perform a triangular journey of 55 miles, thus A. The first stem of the A at its base represents Thomasville; the apex, city of Monticello (don't mistake this for your new bay steamer); while Tallahassee is at the base of the right hand stem. A more direct line

no doubt will soon be built, and then Tallahassee will share the honors with Thomasville as one of the great winter sanitariums of the south.

Well, quoting Sir John's poetry, "here I am" in Tallahassee, the capital of Florida, where, as with us in Fredericton, all the wisdom of the state assembles, but here once every two years, for the despatch of business. Last winter the regular session was held; but next Tuesday a special session is called, for the consideration chiefly of a board of health measure, no doubt growing out of the late yellow fever visitation. I will be better prepared to write upon this subject "when the house meets."

Whatever may be the merits of other southern health resorts, my impressions of this are exceedingly agreeable, as already formed after a week's experience. Whatever revision of opinion there may be hereafter, I think it will be for the better. Tallahassee, as I learn, is not an old city. Like Rome, it is situated upon seven hills, perhaps more. It nestles among hills, and in striking contrast to the monotonous topographical features so common all over the South, on account of the flatness of the land, this spot reminds one of our Northern hilly country, while the soil, which is composed of a red clay, is of the best quality, and highly productive of the semi-tropical fruit so common to Florida. The roads everywhere, even just after a rain, are hard, as if composed by some mechanical process, of baked clay, with a thin layer of sand to keep them smooth. Plantations, most of which had known better days, are to be seen on the hillsides, with numerous huts within the boundaries of each, where the dusky domestics once resided and were cared for.

All the streets are overshadowed with trees, such as the live oak, magnolia, cherry, cedar, pecan and others unknown to the writer. But the most striking thing to a Northern stranger is to find most of them in full bloom in the month of January. A Frederictonian here has only to forget for a moment where he is, and in fancy cast his eyes along York street, from King to Brunswick street, or along Brunswick from Regent to Church in the month of July, when the foliage of the elms is most luxuriant, and he has before him any street in Tallahassee, in this to us at home the deadliest month in the year.

It is a rural city in every sense of the word, and will remind the Englishman of the old sequestered lanes of the Midland counties of his "native heath."

Then, every house stands as it were in the midst of a garden. The bloom just now (there is a succession as with us coming in say in March and April, and so on) consists of camellia japonica, myrtle, cape jessamine and roses in variety; and the small flowers such as we try to coax out of the ground in May—the crocus, hyacinth, narcissus, and such like. But the japonicas! It is a rare sight to a Northerner to see one of these in bloom—pink, red, white—trees, not shrubs, from 15 to 20 feet in height and so covered with bloom that the glossy leaves are scarcely more visible in some cases than each distinctive flower, and we frequently stop for a minute at a time to admire and study the picture. But the many wondrous things that appeal to one sense are unappreciable to another equally important. The japonica lacks fragrance, although we have not come all the way to Florida to find this out; and perhaps this is a wise provision of nature—for were it otherwise with so much richness and abundance of bloom, there would be no more standing it than in the inhalation of a passer-by, sometimes encountered, bedewed with musk, redolent of a disposition to appear sweet, but far otherwise.

Twice a year, we northern folk have to tax ourselves considerably in disposing of our oleander tubs—once in the spring, in bringing them from the cellar and placing them in the garden, and, in the fall, in restoring them to their winter quarters. Here the oleander is a tree, the only thing that reminds one of our dwarf willows, and it grows equally rank. Every garden contains more or less of these beautiful shrubs, or trees—red, white and pink; but they are not yet in bloom, only give promise of a brilliant future—perhaps in March, when the magnolia tree puts forth

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its blossoms, every one as large as a cabbage, filling the atmosphere, it is said, for a long distance around. The roses too are a sight to behold, in bud and bloom, the Lamarque, Marechal Neil, and others common to our green houses. As the season advances, this city of flowers will, no doubt, present a far more lovely aspect, and verily we shall have it to say that our lot is cast in pleasant places, and the leaving of Tallahassee will be as disagreeable as our arrival and sojourn so far have been agreeable.

FEBRUARY 4.—We have been here over a week, and can form some opinion of the climate—latitude about 30°. We are domiciled in a neat cottage, standing in the centre of a garden. The weather out of doors here in January is something like September with us in New Brunswick. Being thus situated we have all the private comforts of home, without the superfluities; and although the cares of housekeeping are not diminished, the freedom of action we preserve is more than compensation and in every way enjoyable. Through the kindness of Mr. Edward Jack, I was induced to come hither as a preferable place to many other winter resorts, and through him I made the acquaintance of a gentleman, formerly of Toronto, Mr. J. S. Lockie, who has been here for four years and owns and occupies a stately mansion on one of the hills of Tallahassee and overlooking the city, reminding me very much of the view obtained from the residence owned by Hon. T. R. Jones, and now, I believe, occupied by Gen. Warner, on Portland heights. Mr. Lockie was formerly manager of the Bank of British North America at St. Stephen, and married a St. Andrews lady. His farm, or plantation as here called, occupies many acres, a great part of which is in a high state of cultivation, where the orange, the grape in variety, the Le Conte pear, the banana and other semi-tropical fruits abound and flourish. The century plant grows wild; some are of immense size, ready to bloom if size is an indication, while small ones appear to be coming up in every direction from the earth, like dandelion weeds with us. Then there are the graceful sago palm and the Spanish bayonet flourishing to perfection. In a month from this (March) the whole landscape will, I am told, be aglow with bloom, when the pear, the peach, the grape, the honeysuckle, the wistaria, and the numerous other trailing vines, too numerous to specify, will be all out and in perfume, the harbingers of Spring and the year's fruitage.

The thermometer ranges between 52° and 64°, which will convey a pretty good idea of the temperature, and the mercury has only dipped twice below 50° since our arrival ten days ago. On each of these occasions, the mercury, after a heavy rain, fell to 34°, two degrees above freezing, which to us thin-blooded Northerners, was like 20° below zero when at home, which on explanation means that as the houses are not here built for cold weather but open at every pore, the windows and doors being conductors, letting in every piercing blast from whatever quarter the wind comes, we feel the cold far more sensibly than we do in the North, with the mercury outside away down below the cipher, because our houses are built for winter and not, as here, for summer. For two days it was almost impossible to find any warmth—the heat all went up the chimney

—with a large fire of pitch pine wood glowing upon the hearth. This temperature, however, is of rare occurrence—for the fact remains undeniable in the evidence of one's senses—for, on looking out of the window, the garden flowers remain untouched, the roses and japonicas continue to smile beneath their foliage, as if the cold snap had no terrors for them. Today the mercury stands at 62°. Next month, March, the range will be 70°, our average summer weather at home. This place reminds me very much of Fredericton, in a very important respect, and the thought makes me feel quite at home, viz., the great liberty the cows enjoy, for they have full possession of the streets and squares, and bellow about everywhere at their own sweet will—nor do they respect the sidewalk any more than our cows do; but Tallahassee is a little ahead of us in another respect—even the pigs seemed to have shared all the privileges as well as the cows when the emancipation act came into force—for these innocent little creatures are constantly to be met with wherever one walks on the streets and highways; but they are not at all sluggish animals, whose only ambition is to eat and live. They seem to go through the streets like racers. I saw two of them, yesterday, scudding along at full speed, as though they had some objective point in view, and were vying to see which should get there first. In fact, all the pigs here are full-blooded and great racers. The tide of travel hither has not been very great this season. This is accounted for in two ways, viz., the open winter at the North and the yellow fever visitation at Jacksonville, which seems to have discouraged the usual winter visitors in a marked degree. Last year, I am told, the hotels and boarding-houses in this place were filled to overflowing, while this season it is quite otherwise, which fact may be due to one of the above assigned causes—the very mild weather at the North—certainly not to the other cause, for the yellow fever is as great a stranger in this place as it has ever been in New York or Boston, and the reason for this is obvious and apparent even to a stranger. The home of yellow fever, malaria and all bilious diseases is in low, boggy, swampy lands—whereas the features of Leon county, of which Tallahassee forms the centre, as well as the capital of the state, are hills elevated 200 feet above the sea's level, affording thorough drainage. It is said to be one of the healthiest places, not only in the South, but in the world. The death rate, according to the well authenticated vital statistics before me, assures me of this fact. Although the population of Tallahassee is said to be 3,500, there are but three physicians in the place. But more upon this head hereafter. Be the cause, however, what it may, there is an abundance of room this year for northern visitors, whereas last winter every house was filled. Cabbages and turnips are growing in the gardens about, the same as with us in the middle of summer, and exposed for sale in the stores—while peas are a foot above ground, and the strawberry is in blossom. Early March will bring these latter to our table. While some folks are planting potatoes, others have them some inches above ground. In fact, they are sowing and planting throughout the year, winter and summer alike. Our garden is now in the process of digging. Whether we shall gather the fruit of our sowing is a problem—as our visit may run out before our peas come up and ripen, so that we only expect to enjoy the luxury of seeing them grow, while others have the luxury of eating from the labors of our hands. However, this is all right, whatever betide the future. G. E. F.