

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.

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 unsuited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 18.

CIRCULATION, 6,000.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents will please be careful to place nothing but their "copy" in the unsealed envelopes which they post at manuscript rates. Business letters or notes to the editors should be separately addressed and prepaid by a 3 cent stamp. Compliance with this rule will save delay and a possible fine.

ROUSED AT LAST.

The local government but added fuel to the destroying fire when they reappointed JOHN R. MARSHALL chief of the police of the greater city of St. John. For years the people, through their representatives, the common council, and the city and county members in the house, have tried to get Mr. MARSHALL replaced by a man competent to enforce the laws of the city. For years the executive has opposed it. Once the governor refused to sign the order of dismissal, though the government, at the request of the citizens, recommended it, and now the government refuse to accept the nominee of the representative of the city and reappoint Mr. MARSHALL to the office.

The people felt indignant when our efficient and respected police magistrate was removed, but they failed to realize the thorough disregard of the government for them and their representatives until an old man, nearly 80 years of age, incompetent in every respect to perform the more responsible and arduous duties of chief of police of the greater city, was appointed to that office.

In the face of this and the dismissal of Mr. PETERS to make room for Mr. RICHIE, Dr. SILAS ALWARD and Dr. A. A. STROCKTON could do nothing but resign. They have acted firmly and wisely and have created a bond of sympathy with the people which the government will find it hard to break. We cannot see any course but resignation for Dr. JOHN BERRYMAN. The government has no excuse for objecting to his recommendation of Mr. CLARK for chief of police.

We did not object to the construction of a bridge at Fredericton that cost \$100,000; we did not complain when the government stables and all the government stock were located within the bounds of the capital city; we were quite stoical over the further expenditure of \$30,000—some say \$40,000—in new departmental buildings in Fredericton; but when we are refused \$3,000 for an exhibition which must benefit not only St. John but the entire province, when the protests of three of our representatives and our best citizens are disregarded, and a competent gentleman removed from the best office in the gift of the government to make room for a retiring politician, when the recommendations of both our city representatives are passed over and an inefficient man reappointed as chief of police; then we object. The people object and they are prepared to back their objections with their votes.

ALL CASH AND NO CREDIT.

A large number of the subscribers to PROGRESS have received a postal card notifying them that their first year's subscription has expired. The notice reads:

Your subscription to PROGRESS expires (month and date). Kindly inform me at once if you wish the paper sent to your address as usual. Yours faithfully, EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

N. B.—Subscriptions are always payable in advance.

The publisher of PROGRESS does not propose to send the paper to any person who does not order it. The law will allow any publisher to do this, and collect the subscription, so long as the paper is taken from the office. Such a course cannot give satisfaction to either of the parties concerned. The person who sends one dollar for PROGRESS orders it for one year, not for two or three, and he will receive it only for one year. When any subscription has or is about to run out, the above notice will be sent, and if another dollar for the next year is not sent within ten days the publisher will conclude that the paper is not wanted, and will erase that subscriber's name from the list.

We know that in adopting this plan we are doing what no other paper in the provinces does. It has been the custom ever since St. John had a newspaper for the publishers to send their paper to their subscribers year after year without any renewal order. In many cases subscribers paid no attention to bills, and when after six, eight or ten years they had to pay, the mule could not compare to them. They "kicked," objected, said they did not order the paper continued, and finally concluded

to pay, the newspaper man having the law on his side.

But these incidents are disagreeable and PROGRESS will avoid them. It will make no difference whether a subscriber is worth one dollar or half a million, if he fails to send his dollar in advance the paper will drop his acquaintance.

Therefore no subscriber to PROGRESS must take offence if after due notification to which no attention is paid the paper does not appear in his Saturday morning mail or on his doorstep.

Avoid writing and saying, "I will send the dollar in a week or two," or "I will call in and pay." We have no doubt that you intend to do just what you say but it is impossible to keep two sets of subscription books, one for paid subscribers and another for those who will "drop in next week." We dislike to refuse any such request, but regret that system demands that no attention be paid to them.

By following the plan we have indicated, subscribers will avoid the disagreeable necessity of settling back scores, and we will not have the melancholy satisfaction of saying farewell at the end of every year to subscribers in arrears who have joined the happy band without liquidating their obligation to their favorite newspaper. We shall thus be deprived of the disagreeable necessity of noting how many of our esteemed patrons have left their country and their bills behind them—and what is best of all, we will never be accused of standing in the enviable position of "preferred creditor" to any subscriber.

So let all our esteemed patrons be on time, save themselves annoyance, and give us pleasure.

THE DUPES OF POLITICIANS.

We advocated and fought for civic union from the start, and today we see it an accomplished fact. Today the city of St. John has a much larger area and has nearly 20,000 more of population than it had yesterday. Without boasting, PROGRESS can claim that its thorough exposure of the mismanagement and corruption in the city of Portland had much to do with the result. Prominent citizens well informed in civic affairs have assured us that had not PROGRESS exposed the condition of Portland, the mismanagement of her affairs by the "ring" in power, union would not have been accepted by the people. Be that as it may, we did our simple duty. If the officials of the enlarged city have like success, we will be content.

We regret that the rejoicing of the hour is marred by any unpleasantness. Had the people anticipated, had they known, that the enlargement of the city would give the government the opportunity to do as they have done, we believe that union would be a thing of the past, buried under dissenting votes. But we can only speak for ourselves; had we anticipated the interference of provincial politicians with the business of the citizens, our voice would not have been raised for union.

We regret that we cannot give our congratulations with heartiness. The dismissal of a good magistrate and the retention of an inefficient chief of police make a poor beginning. We have been the dupes of politicians, whose greediness overcame their judgment.

THERE IS A REASON.

We want a metropolitan city down by the sea, either St. John or Halifax, in intimate relations with Montreal and Toronto, and we believe the short line of the C. P. R. and other improvements will set one or both of these places on the boom.—Toronto World.

St. John is at the scratch, and Halifax won't start in this race. Ocean steamships, grain elevators, dry docks, government wharves, imperial troops and men-of-war have failed to start her, and what could the Short line do?

Why is it that, with all the assistance of the imperial and dominion governments, and the great and superior natural advantages Halifax claims to have, she is behind St. John in trade and population?

Why is it that there is more life in four streets of this town than there is in all Halifax?

Why have Halifax merchants allowed our wholesale merchants to supply the trade of Nova Scotia?

There must be a reason for these things.

Is there any truth in that trite story that two men once started in business on opposite sides of the same street in a certain town; that one of them hailed from St. John, the other from Halifax; that ten years later the New Brunswicker "owned the town," and among his papers was a first mortgage on the Nova Scotian's goods?

The reason is not far away. There is more brains, energy, business activity, instinct—call it what you please—in one St. John man than can be found in a Halifax man.

Why is it that the Canadians always seem to be so greatly excited by any mention of annexation to this country? . . . We should like to know for several reasons, but especially because we admire the Canadians, and have no design of dragging or cajoling them into the American union of free and equal states.—New York Sun.

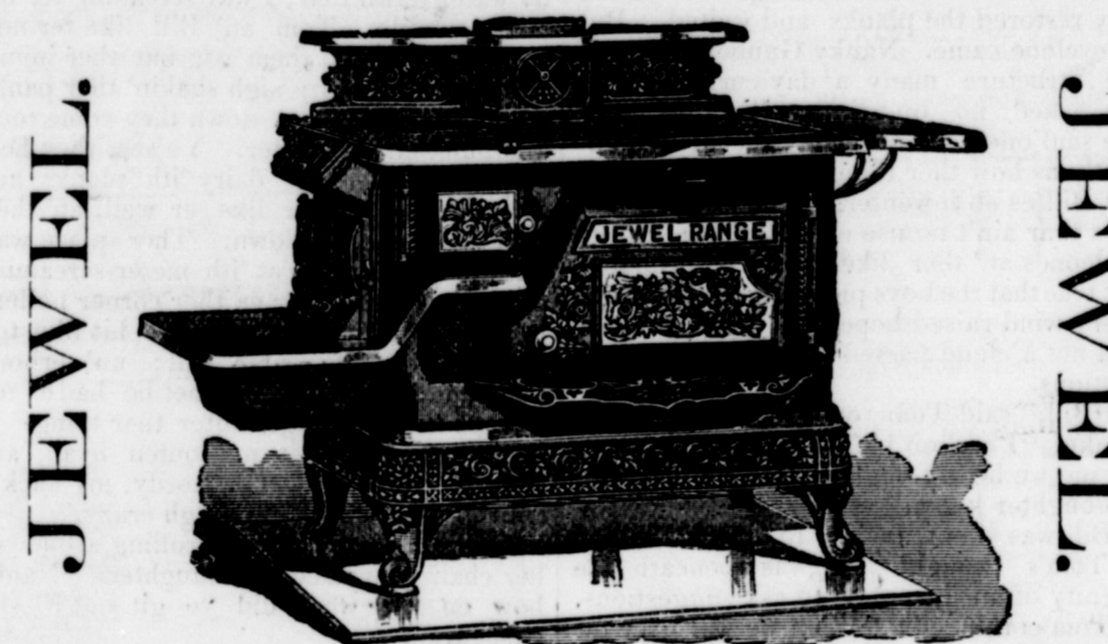
And we like Americans; we admire their check, we imitate their slang, but we know them too well to love them. And without love how could we be happy!

What must be known to pass a civil service examination? One of the overworked clerks in the dead letter office in Ottawa addressed a notification to a firm in St. John, N. B., U. S. A.



Still you, maram, 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.

38 KING STREET, - - Opposite the Royal Hotel.



Don't Fail to See the "JEWEL," with Oval Fire Pot and Ventilated Oven. IT HAS NO EQUAL.

SHERATON & SELFRIDGE.

PERHAPS AN OVERSIGHT.

There is substantial food for thought in Prize Essays on Tobacco, a neat little pamphlet that has just been published under the auspices of the Anti-Tobacco association. It is a work that sobers and saddens at the same time that it interests and instructs us. It brings us in contact with a problem that SOLOMON himself might hesitate to attempt.

Why, in the face of the preordained and foreknown fact that there was to be an Anti-Tobacco association in St. John, did the Almighty create tobacco in the first place?

The mind falters at the endeavor to balance probabilities and weigh the purposes of the Infinite. No man durst venture to question the designs of Providence. But—and we say it with reverence—since the Anti-Tobacco association has declared its views, He may well feel satisfied that He made a very great mistake.

If Mr. THOMAS LYNCH, jr., signer of the Declaration of Independence, could have foreseen the future, he would have employed his spare time in writing letters and storing them away to be discovered by his descendants, 100 years later. A New York dealer in autographs recently paid \$4,000 for a letter by LYNCH—the highest price ever paid for such a document. Letters by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, JOHN HANCOCK and other worthies of the revolutionary period can be bought for \$20 a piece or less, but the value of an autograph, like that of a diamond, depends a good deal on its scarcity.

There are a few hardworked clergymen in this town who never take a vacation. They work through heat and cold, sunshine and rain, looking after others and forgetting themselves. What better place this year than Paris with its exposition for a vacation? Give the workers a chance to recruit. Send them away with a light heart and a heavy purse. What church will start the ball rolling? Why not rich Trinity with its capable curate and a hardworked rector who has had but one vacation in sixteen years?

Mr. WILLIAM PUGSLEY is now solicitor-general of the province, and a member of the government. We have no doubt that he will be a capable officer and a prudent councillor. He made an admirable speaker, one who filled the office with perfect dignity and fairness, yet did not neglect the interest of his constituency. Let us hope that when he retires from his present position he will not be a party to jerking from any man's feet shoes that are several sizes too large for him.

There is an impression abroad that the dominion government has it in for St. John, but the local magnates appear to be getting in their work with great promptitude just now.

We are indebted to "C. H. L.," for an interesting but lengthy communication controverting certain portions of the fragment on "The Mound-builders," published in

this paper last week—and which essay, it may be noted in justice to the author, was not intended for publication, but was printed in his absence, under a natural misapprehension of the facts in the case. Our correspondent assumes that the writer of the essay locates "the cradle of the race in or near Mt. Ararat," but a more careful reading would show him that much of the paragraph in which the phrase occurs was purely hypothetical. We agree with our correspondent that, while so little is known of the mound builders, it is too early to dogmatize; and it may be added that the paragraph omitted from the essay as published (indicated by stars) covers the points which he presents with such vigor and clearness.

The following important item was wired from Ottawa, Wednesday:

The governor-general surprised the attendants at his office, in the eastern block, this afternoon, by quietly walking in unattended by either his military secretary or aide-de-camp.

It strikes us that this is not complete. Was the alarm sent out? Was Lady STANLEY informed that her husband was abroad? Was he grabbed by his keepers and hunted into his hole? Tell us what happened. This suspense is maddening.

The Globe has been in a very trying fix lately. Its dignity forbade that it should break its neck bowing to Ex-Solicitor General ROBERT JOHN RITCHIE who had opposed the appointment of Boss EDWARD LANTALUM, its pet candidate for the legislative council, and it was too risky to oppose the appointment of a clansman. Mum was the word, and the word was mum.

Mr. W. F. BEST says that it is evident that quite a large proportion of the spirituous liquor sold in this city is more or less sophisticated.

How about those who drink it, Mr. BEST—would you call them unsophisticated?

The Peach Growers' association of Northern New Jersey will plant half a million peach trees this season. New Jersey ought to be a great field for rising young medical men.

That foul nest of unclean birds, the Portland council, was finally cleaned out Monday night. Who says that union isn't a good thing?

Don't say that the local government is "in the soup." That expression is out of date. "Tureened" is the word.

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

The Only Remedy.

"I was so disappointed," said a lady to PROGRESS recently, "I could not get a ticket for the Berlitz entertainment." "You should join a class," was the reply, "and be sure of getting there." "Is that really so?" was the rejoinder. "I may as well do so, anyway, for all of my friends have been attending lectures for some time, and they have more fun 'jabbering'—I call it that, but, between us, I would like to be able to 'jabber' as well as talk plain, sensible English."

You May Require It! Venetian Blind Tapes, All Ready for the Slats. Special Prices for Quantities.

BARNES & MURRAY, 17 CHARLOTTE STREET. A COMPLETE



ATTRACTIVE STOCK OF PARASOLS, With Long and Short Handles, Silk and Satin, Black and Colored, Plain Checks and Stripes.

Dress and Mantle making executed on the premises. MANSON'S, 16 King Street.

I'VE GOT 'EM ON THE LIST.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE ON SOME SOCIAL NUANCES.

First Among Them Comes the Person Who Stops You on the Street—She Is Amiable, Loveable and Means Well, But She Never Would be Missed.

She—for it is usually a lady who commits this particular branch of the unpardonable sin—is generally possessed of an amiable disposition and an eminently social nature. She has a sweet smile and a certain indescribable air of having been on the lookout for you all day, without being exactly conscious of the fact. But the moment her eyes rest upon you, she recognizes the cause of that voiceless yearning in her soul. "Twas for this I pined, O Caesar!" and she greets you with a rapture that you cannot reciprocate.

I have noticed that the meeting almost invariably takes place in the centre of a block, or on a square, a spot from which there is no convenient mode of egress. You see the dreaded enemy advancing from a distance, and note, with a thrill of apprehension, that she has recognized you. Your heart drops into your shoes with a dull thud that makes you catch your breath, and you glance furtively to right and left for some avenue of escape. But there is none. You have passed the last cross street by only a few paces, yet you dare not turn back. To do so would be nothing less than a direct cut. So you take your courage in both hands, quicken your pace, and determine to be firm, to show unmistakably that you are in a hurry and cannot stop.

You have just received notice that a parcel awaits you in the custom house, you are consumed with anxiety to find out what it contains, who it is from and—most important of all—how much duty you will have to pay on it; you know you are a little late, but fast walking will enable you to reach the office portal just five minutes before the hour for closing, and a groan almost bursts from your lips as you see your tormentor slackening her speed, and smiling with innocent pleasure as she comes, in anticipation of "a nice little chat."

Before she has quite reached you she calls out in her soft, pleasant voice, "Well! is this really you? Where have you been this long time?"

One feeble effort on your part to pass on and you are lost. You try to keep your hands in your muff, but somehow she is holding one of them, without your knowing how she obtained possession of it. You are giving a detailed account of what you have been doing for the past week, telling how your mother's cold is and listening to a recipe for your little sister's mumps, together with a sketch of the speaker's own suffering when she had mumps. A cold dew breaks out on your brow and you make a frantic effort for freedom. "I must not keep you standing in the cold," you say, with hypocritical consideration. "Good bye!" "Good bye! Oh, wait a minute! Can't you come in tomorrow?"

Well, then come soon. Don't let it be so long again before you come to see us." You break away with a final effort, and as you do so the clock chimes the half hour, and that lost five minutes has caused you a very bitter, if small disappointment, for after all it is the small things of life that sting.

So much if the victim is a lady. Should he happen to belong to the other sex, hard indeed will be his fate, and bitterly does the writer speak from his own experience. How often has he dashed out of his office with frantic haste after making the discovery that it was later than he thought and that he had only ten minutes left in which to reach the bank and cash a check, or worse still! to catch the last train of the day. And did he ever fail to meet this same lady friend, never "at a point where two roads meet," but always at some spot where there was no escape but death!

She smiled so sweetly, and looked so pleased to see him, perhaps just paused for a moment to say what a lovely day it was; and so plainly expected that he was going to stop and talk a moment, that he hesitated, and hesitating was lost; lingered nervously for a few minutes, till he could escape without forever wrecking his reputation for gallantry, and reached the station just in time to watch his train go wheezing and choking down the track, with that curious look of malevolent enjoyment that always seems to exude from the rear end of a train that you have missed. Emerson once said that he was a strong man who could hold down his opinion. So he is! But he is a stronger one who can watch the train he is just 30 seconds too late for, fade into nothingness, and look as if he had no idea of going by that train, anyway! A great future awaits that man, if he exists at all; but I don't think he does.

Do these few scattered leaves from the Book of Reason need a moral? Well, here it is: Don't! my dearly loved friends who have plenty of time, and little to do, imagine that everyone else is like you. A butterfly hovering over a flower is a charming sight, but the honey bee has no time to gossip with her till his day's work is done. Whenever you see him skimming around about the flowers, you may rest assured that he is combining business with pleasure, and that his chief object is—Honey! Don't stop him on his way, dear Butterfly, let him continue to improve the shining hours as best he may, and thereby avoid the stigma of being "put upon the list" by GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

PEN AND PRESS.

A thorough newspaper man, and one whose friends are numbered by the thousand, is Mr. George S. Rowell, who succeeds the late H. W. Richardson as editor and controlling owner of the Portland Advertiser. The paper could not pass into more capable hands.

In the Bridal Chamber.

Groom—Oh, my darling, I call upon the gods to witness that I quaff your health in their own nectareous drink. Voice from over the transom—Well, here's lookin' at you.—Ex.