

PROGRESS.

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

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.

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. 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.

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

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 25.

CIRCULATION, 6,000.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Correspondents will please be careful to place nothing but their "copy" in the unsolicited 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.

ELECT GOOD MEN.

One week from today the nominations for aldermen must be filed, and three days later, on June 4, the elections take place.

It has been pretty generally acknowledged that our board of aldermen last year was a good one. With few exceptions the right men were in the seats, men who performed their duties with credit to themselves and advantage to their constituents.

We have been at pains to show that this agreeable condition did not exist in old Portland; that there the council was the best collection of undignified, quarrelsome, incapable boodlers that ever sat at that or any other board. There were some exceptions, but they only served to prove the rule.

We cannot imagine that the people of the new wards will return representatives of the CHESLEY-MURPHY stamp to the new board. Portland withered and suffered for years under them. The people gave them the power and could not take it away when they would. The credit of the city went to pieces under their regime, and its reputation was that of the worst governed city in Canada. The men who were in the ring were absolute. They knew no law. They hindered its officers from doing their duty, forbade them in fact from meddling with what they winked at.

What is the result? Today there is more unrestricted freedom, more free license and more run in Portland than in any three cities in New Brunswick. And the men who are to blame for this are the free and easy aldermen who trampled on law and right for the sake of popularity.

Will the people re-elect them? We hope and think not. We believe that honest business men will get their preference and their votes.

ENFORCE THE BETTER LAW.

The temperance citizens of Fredericton had a grand demonstration yesterday. It was a splendid show, worthy of the great order it represented. We congratulate them heartily upon their complete organization.

It was held, we suppose, in anticipation of a temperance and an anti-temperance campaign and a Scott act election.

In our opinion, it would be in the interest of temperance if the Scott act went by the board and the present local law was rigorously carried out.

It is wrong for the state to license an evil, but it is licensed, and all the temperance influence in the province cannot change it now. What we want then is the better law.

There is no comparison between the Scott act and the provincial law. The former has been proved a failure, the latter has been more successful than any liquor legislation ever passed in this province. We have had an excellent opportunity to judge how it worked in this city and cannot find any serious fault with it. The people have it in their power to make it thoroughly prohibitive. Every man before he can get a license must have the signature of two thirds of the property holders in his district attached to his petition. He must be free from the stigma of the police court and he, as well as his petition, must be thoroughly satisfactory to the inspector and the mayor. If the resident real estate owners in any one ward do not want a saloon about them they need not have one. Therefore the law is really prohibitive if the people will have it so.

For an example of this we need go no further than Carleton. The real estate owners there refused to sign the petition of any applicant for a liquor license, and there is not a licensed saloon on the west side.

If the people of Fredericton will repeal the Scott act and refuse to sign the petitions of any applicants for license, they will have no legal saloons about them. The penalties for illegal selling are so severe that they deter even the reckless from violating the law.

We speak in the interests of temperance when we place the local law before the Scott act.

Reliable reports lead to the assertion that the "council" has not been in such continuous session this week in Mr. FINN'S "little back room."

"Boss" LON CHESLEY began his inquisitive tactics at the new board, Wednesday, and was promptly sat upon. The "boss" has been the king of the Portland fire department up to last Saturday, when Chief KERR took charge. There have been some changes since and "upon whose authority" Mr. CHESLEY wanted to know. When Chairman KNOBELL got ready to answer he said, "at the recommendation of the fire department chief." If the "boss" is privileged to sit at the new board for any length of time he will learn that the civic business is carried on in a business like fashion in this section. And he will probably see a few more changes in his late mismanaged department.

Mayor GRANT, of New York, passed every account presented to the Centennial committee, though, he says, the prices were exorbitant. For instance, for the "breakfast" set on board the *Despatch* the sum of \$20 a head is charged; for the rent of a building in Twenty-third street for four days \$1,000 is asked, and for another building used by the committee on Thirty-fifth street, \$1,100 was asked and paid. Three days of this were too much.

One of the greatest difficulties the managing committee of the New York Centennial had to overcome was the lack of accommodation for visitors. But it was surmounted: the people threw open their houses. Each family who could take a lodger or two left their names with the captains of the police and in that way the visitors found places to stay. Some plan such as this will have to be adopted here.

Mr. JOHN McMILLAN had a happy thought when he said that the carnival executive was too large, and moved a managing committee into power. The hearts and heads of the carnival are now where they should be—in a position of authority, and it won't be their fault if the grand event does not succeed. But who is hinting that it won't succeed?

Mr. JOSEPH W. LAWRENCE hit from the shoulder in last Saturday's *Globe*. He did not mince his matter or his words. His opinion of Hon. DAVID McLELLAN was certainly to the point. And hundreds who would have repudiated the assertion vigorously a short time ago have not a word in contradiction now.

That fearless clubber and good officer, inspector WILLIAMS, of the New York police, will spend his vacation in his native place in Nova Scotia. It would be a good thing to hunt up his double and station him on Portland bridge for a few nights. Broken heads would keep the hospital busy during that time.

The *Telegraph's* talk on North end politics last Tuesday was thoroughly amusing. There was more taffy about it than Mr. WOODBURN could manufacture in a week. If the candidates read it they must have felt very sticky.

That little but lively Scotian town, Digby, is on the boom. St. John has set a good example, and all the pretty resort wants to complete its summer equipment are the missing link and a big hotel. May both arrive soon.

Come, gentlemen of the city council, if you cannot build that burial ground fence any other way, follow the example set you many years ago, and devote your allowance to the object. Who will make the start?

Let no forgetful subscriber indulge in profanity this morning, but if his favorite paper fails to put in an appearance for want of a dollar paid in advance, let him get into a corner and try to kick himself.

The fashionable parasol of today is a wonderful thing. Open or shut it commands attention and respect. The broom handle, so long the undisputed weapon of the gentler sex, is in the shade.

Mr. JAMES ROURKE gives us his personal assurance that he will not run St. John city and county in support of the present administration. Mr. ROURKE's brain appears to travel with him.

That is an unlikely story which connects Mr. J. W. LAWRENCE's present opposition to the acts of the local government with his alleged failure to secure a seat in the legislative council.

The friends of Mr. B. LESTER PETERS are not saying much, but there's a lot of thinking going on. "How to get square" is the problem of the hour. It won't be solved just yet.

The columns of PROGRESS are not open to political contributors. Our correspondent "X" will, therefore, understand why "Put Him Out" is not in print.

When we think of yesterday and the base ball, excursions, races and fire crackers, the 4th of July takes a back seat.

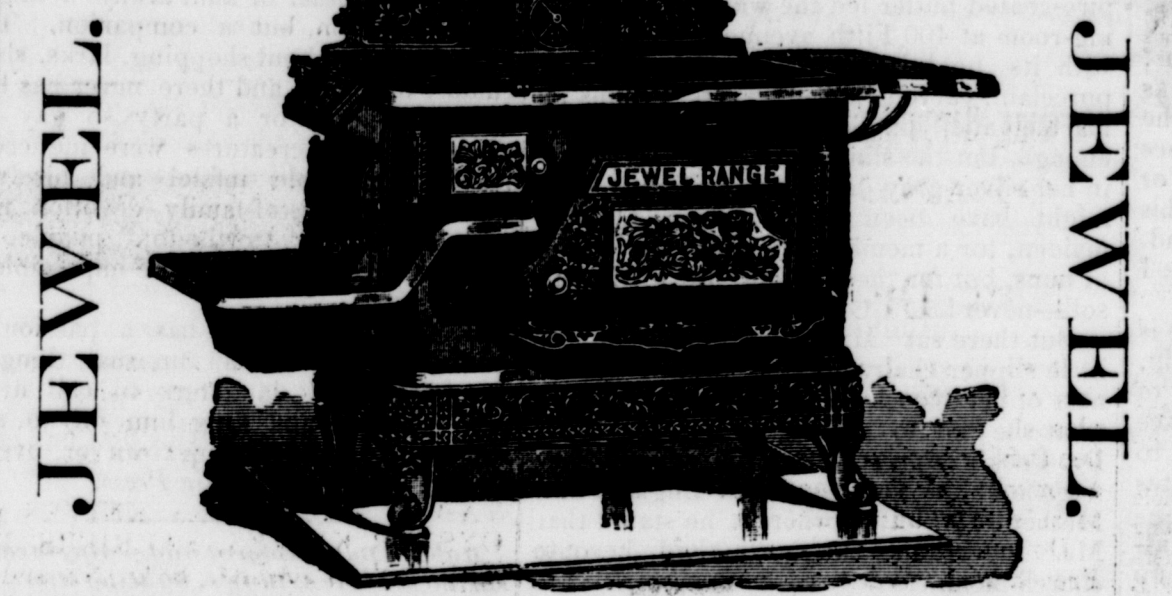
There is only one blight on this elegant springtime—the outrageous, unblushing fish lie.

Smokers will not fail to try the "National" Havana Cigars, and Virginia Tobaccos. The best in town.



Still you, m'ams, 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.

A MORNING BRACER.

A Mixture of Kerosene, Vinegar and Molasses Pronounced "Good."

People sometimes make queer mistakes going to the wrong place for goods. A quaint old lady from the country walked slowly into a carpet store on King street, recently, and asked for a few pounds of spikes. She was surprised when referred to another store. A few hours afterward the writer spoke of the incident in a grocery, where two "sugar wretches" were hob-nobbing. "That's nothing," said one, and then he began an enumeration of queer mistakes people made in his store. They would fill a column. "Yes," responded his companion, "I always used to refer them to my neighbor, who was in the same business, and I guess he played the same trick on me. But one morning, a little after 7 o'clock, we had a call from a thoroughbred. He wanted a drink, and supposed from our syrup bottles in the window that there was an abundance of hard juice within. So in he came and tackled me. I referred him to the boss clerk, who, looking for half a minute at his shaking hands and quivering face, said, "Well, the bar isn't open yet, but I guess I can let you have a drink from the cask." And taking a large-sized tumbler he went to the kerosene cask and filled it about one-third full. He added an equal proportion of vinegar and molasses, and stirring it rapidly gave it to the customer, who drank it, and with a long breath said, "A-h-h, that's good!" "Never mind money," said the boss. "We only sell that wholesale."

We Can Reciprocate.

Mr. Augustus Cliff, president of the City club of St. John's, Newfoundland, in a letter to a friend (A. W. Masters) in this city says: Many thanks for PROGRESS. It will be a very welcome addition to our reading room, as it is the only Canadian paper we have seen here with columns devoted to what is going on in society. This is a new departure it is not, in your journalistic enterprise? and I should say a good one. We islanders rejoicing in the possession of friends in New Brunswick, may now hear of them often."

And it Mr. Cliff pleases to use the columns of PROGRESS, New Brunswick people can hear as frequently as he likes from their Newfoundland acquaintances.

One Hundred on Alfred Augustus.

There is a good Conservative in town who is willing to bet \$100 that Alfred Augustus Stockton will lead the poll by 100 votes when the election takes place. PROGRESS hears that a dozen gentlemen started out to hunt him up at once, but failed to find him. Still he wasn't trying to keep out of sight, and for all that is known, his check still back his assertion. But isn't he a trifle reckless!

Give It No Rest.

Speaking of relics, why should not the Old Burial Ground fence be placed in Mr. Jack's museum? It is a very old fence. There is a tradition that the loyalists hewed the timber.—Sun.

REAL CHILDREN.

Queer Remarks from a Bright Girl and Boy.

Among my most valued friends I count a real child who, though she has reached the mature age of thirteen and lives in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, is neither pert nor forward and is not able to instruct her elders on every possible subject. Although an unusually shy and reserved little maiden she condescends to look upon me with great favor, and even takes me into her confidence. The other day she looked at me for a long time thoughtfully, and at last spoke her mind in this fashion: "There was a lady down town who told me such a strange thing the other day. You know I really don't believe it quite, but she said that if you touched a squirrel's tail just the very lightest touch in the world, it would drop right off; do you think it could really be true?" I thought of the days when I used to steal lumps of salt to put on the tails of the sparrows that scolded and chattered in the back yard, and I did not hurt my little friend's feelings by laughing, but I told her the next time she saw a squirrel to try and touch his tail and then she saw the joke. And I thought that the squirrel the whole human family were chasing was happiness and his tail was pretty safe, for the present.

A very small boy of my acquaintance aged four was being instructed by his mother, a short time ago, on the joys of heaven, and what a beautiful place it was for little boys to go to if they would only be good. The youthful philosopher was very much impressed and almost, but not quite, worked up to a sufficient pitch of religious enthusiasm to be willing to relinquish all earthly pleasures on the spot for the purer joys of heaven, but he was blessed with a large bump of caution, and moreover he cherished delightful memories of mound-building and clam digging at Shediac during the summer; so it struck him that a compromise might be effected, and heaven used as a sort of winter palace, and, after a moment of profound thought, he crushed his mamma with the eager inquiry, "Well, m'uvver, if you and I went to heaven this winter do you think we could crawl out and go to Shediac next summer?"

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union Street.

He is Going to Learn French.

"You will excuse me this afternoon Mr. Blank, I know, when I tell you that I cannot miss my Berlitz lesson. French, today, and I like it immensely. So do all the girls. Just think what an advantage it will be to us when we go to the exposition at Paris. I really don't think I would go if I didn't know a little bit of French. And yet I would like to go with you this afternoon, there's so much life in the air. But I must not miss my French."

And he took his walk alone, and made up his mind that he would take French too.

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

The earliest mention of Ribbons occurs in the 14th Century, and Chaucer shows them as part of a Garment.

"RICHESSE a robe of purple on had,
Ne trow not that she had it mad,
Ne by a thousand deale so riche,
Ne none so faire for it full well;
With or fraise laid was eney dell,
And purtraid in the 'ribanings'
With Duke stores and of Kings."

Our RIBBON STOCK in plain colors is replete, with all the new shades.

BARNES & MURRAY,
17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

TO-DAY THE BOQUETS ARE GIVEN.

Right Time!

Right Place!!

Right Price!!!

OUR NEW SPRING and SUMMER HATS and BONNETS invite inspection.

THE RIGHT TIME: Because if you leave it a little later you will not have as complete an assortment to choose from.

THE RIGHT PLACE: Because every Hat and Bonnet we are showing is new and the most popular shape.

THE RIGHT PRICE: Well, call and hear our price quoted, and you will be satisfied they are right.

MANTLE and DRESS-MAKING executed on the premises, and perfect fit guaranteed.

Mourning orders taken at residence if necessary.

MANSON'S, 16 King Street.

WE MISS MUCH FUN.

By Not Being on the Looking For It—A Scene in Church.

"Though I was born in England," writes an occasional correspondent, "I have a very deep strain of Irish blood in my veins which has given me a sort of happy-go-lucky nature and that sense of the ludicrous which is such a blessing out of doors and such a nuisance in church and at funerals. I shall always cherish among my happiest recollections the memory of one very warm Sunday last summer when a small, stray kitten of the Maltese persuasion attended divine service by accident. She was got up for the occasion in a large blue neck-ribbon and she took a seat in the chancel directly behind the unconscious Mr. —, who was pounding the reading desk and expounding the scriptures with his usual vigor, and after scratching her left ear with a rapidly revolving hind leg, she proceeded to scrub her little brown face with an intensity of purpose worthy of a W. T. C. U. delegate. I had been a little late and so had to take an elevated seat in the synagogue, and as I laughed out loud, an unregenerate choir boy who had been watching me followed suit, but I didn't think anyone else in the church saw it. People do miss so much fun by not being on the look out for it.

As Handsome as Can Be.

The painter and the decorator have been at work in Messrs. A. & J. Hay's, and the evidences of their art and skill are very plain. The show-cases are stained a rich mahogany, an admirable background for such a handsome display of goods. "Rich and reliable" express better than any other words the character of Messrs. Hay's stock. The furniture and finishings of the store are not lonely in their freshness. The most fashionable goods of the spring—the choicest gems set in the latest unique designs—are there to keep them company. And they are worth looking at. PROGRESS vouches for that. Ladies cannot spend half an hour more pleasantly anywhere than here. If they are delighted with the appearance of the store, they cannot fail to be pleased with its contents. Many of them will be glad to know that Miss Tingey, who for so many years was in the church of England Institute, is now an assistant in Messrs. Hay's.

A False Report.

There was a rush up town the other day. Somebody said that Kerr's Cream chips were almost gone, and there was a candy panic. Progress has tested their virtues again and again, and knows that they are good enough to eat. Their flavor is so delicious that once a person begins to eat them it is difficult to leave any in sight. But the chips weren't all gone and everybody was satisfied.

Lawn Tennis.

The assortment of ladies' and gentlemen's lawn tennis shoes shown by the American Rubber Store is large and varied, embracing the latest styles. These shoes are made to fit perfectly and are cool and easy to wear.

The "National" Dining rooms are the best in town. Dinners from 12 to 3. Choice lunches at all hours.

PEN AND PRESS.

C. W. Knowles, of Windsor, editor, publisher and bookseller, died this week, of consumption. Continuous hard work shortened his life. He began to think of rest too late, and the balmy climate in the world couldn't save him. And yet not one newspaper man will take a lesson from his fate. The life has a fascination that cannot be resisted, and no matter how hard the work, the grip of the newspaper man can only be loosened in one way. Mr. Knowles lost his grip. Windsor and Halifax are poorer for the loss of such energy and ability.

The *Mail*, of Halifax, is going to follow up the city's carnival with a special number which Mr. Gill has been engaged to illustrate. This artist has quite a reputation of theatrical scenery, and we will watch his first newspaper undertaking with considerable interest.

Mr. Jones, of the city staff of the *Telegraph* has become the advertising agent for the New Brunswick railway. There are more shakels and easier times in the new job. There should be plenty of satisfaction and fun as well. Mr. Jones will have an opportunity to let his originality loose at his new desk.

Another good newspaper man has given his health for his paper. Editor L. M. Wood has been forced by ill health to leave the *Maple Leaf* to try and find health in Fresno, California. We are sorry to lose him; sorry that New Brunswick has lost such a fearless writer. He always spoke his mind, and said it well. Under his control, the *Maple Leaf* was a model country newspaper, clean, bright, entertaining and as handsome as good type, better press-work and the best taste could make it. Mr. Wood introduces his successor, Mr. M. J. Jones, in this week's issue.

Latest and most accurate foreign and local base ball news at the "National," the ball tosser's retreat.

He is a Busy Man.

A. O. Skinner is president of the A. A. club and chairman of the base ball committee. He presides at the general executive and managing committees of the carnival, he is working from 7 a. m. until 2 a. m. the next morning trying to give the ladies Brussels carpets to suit them and then some friends walked in with an invitation for him to run for civic honors in Prince ward! He had too bad a cold to answer them and English literature has lost something.

Any child will take McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup; it is not only exceedingly pleasant but is a sure remedy for all kinds of these pests. Look out for imitations. Get McLean's, the original and only genuine.—Advt.

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

CERTAINTY.

Phyllis, love may be for you,
But it is not for me;
For fortune comes between us two
And says it must not be.
Another fellow's fortune, too,
A million, as I know,
You ask me how I found it out?
Your mater told me so.

—Life.