

PROGRESS.

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

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 8.

CIRCULATION, 8,500.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

AWAY WITH SUCH NONSENSE.

Alderman and Boss JOHN KELLY made the bold, broad, and false statement at a recent session of the police committee that Sergeant COVAY was being persecuted because he is a Catholic.

Such an assertion as that could only come from such a source. We want JOHN KELLY, and all others like him, who are prone to seek for motives, to understand that it makes no difference to this paper whether a police officer is a Catholic or a Protestant, or an Atheist.

How does the happy bridegroom stand the shock of his first encounter with curl papers? It is pretty safe to assume that he never saw his adored decorated with them in the courtly days, else his admiration would surely have cooled, and so when he first beheld his angel in her real halo, and not the one with which his glowing fancy crowned her.

Curl your hair, girls, curl it all the time if you want to, but if ever the fancy returns in full force, do we implore you, in the name of fair VENUS, Goddess of Beauty, of the three graces, the nine muses, and all the other nice, pretty girls of mythology, and any other ology—use the curling tongs.

If somebody had not let go the rope; if there had been a lifeboat in that vicinity; if DODGE could have reached him; if there had been power enough to throw a rope to the drowning boy; if the fire department had been called! What then? FRED YOUNG is dead.

The idea seems to be a good one, but it is hardly in keeping with the age. The professions are already overcrowded, and the fostering of a non-productive class, such as lawyers, is not a move in the interests of humanity.

What we want is a better class of workmen, and more of them. Any movement to reduce the number of intelligent mechanics—and only the better class would think of entering the professions—should not be encouraged.

There is as much opportunity for the exercise of brain power in the trades as there is in the professions, and the day is not far distant when the intelligent tradesman will take his place beside those in the professions.

When Rev. Mr. MACNEILL denounced political bribery and other corruption from his pulpit last Sunday he trod on the corns of a good many citizens who have been or tried to be prominent in the public eye.

It was a genuine treat to listen to such hearty condemnation of the election methods of the present day from a gentleman who, though a preacher, is not ashamed of his political convictions.

Unfortunately for his peace of mind his own party received the greater scorching. One of his most attentive listeners was an ex-cabinet minister of the present government while others in the congregation are not slow in pulling the wires when occasion demands it.

Still, this is the kind of preaching we want more frequently. We wish Mr. MACNEILL for his courage and wish there were more like him.

not acquainted with it—like mere machines, not knowing why a certain thing is done such a way, nor indeed thinking anything about it; whereas by a little thought and study the task might be made lighter or more easily accomplished.

Reverse the idea and give the young men in the professions a chance to learn something about industrial pursuits.

CURL PAPERS AND GIRLS.

One of the great advantages of the deposition of the bang and the severely intellectual style of coiffure now in vogue is the utter rout of the curl paper nuisance, which has held the female world in its ruthless grasp for years.

It is lovely in summer, but in November it has a very different effect. What can be more depressing than the sound of ceaselessly falling water on a cold, damp day in November?

In all earnestness we advise the chief of police to get rid of Inspector RAWLINGS and any others who follow his footsteps. It would be most unsatisfactory to all parties to feel that daily convictions depends upon the sworn evidence of any man who has been on trial for perjury.

PEN AND PRESS.

Notices of the Christmas editions are going the rounds even at this early date, and among the first received by PROGRESS is one of the Halifax Christmas Chronicle.

Greater love than this, no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—St. John, ch. xv., v. 13.

People, and times, and places too, have changed, are changing still, since loving hands laid thee to rest, upon St. Peter's hill!

O, "Noble Army of Martyrs," that dwell in the Heavens high, You know his name, you sing his fame, who saw our Hero die!

O, "fifteen hundred" martyrs, would your dry bones might stir And quicken awhile, to tell of that awful massacre! Victims of vile misrule and wrong! Fever and Faune slain!

When the wrongs of the world are righted, we shall hear of you again! For you indeed are the "Witnesses," handful (of millions more), Who shall arise in strength one day from that fateful island shore!

To tell of the Christian hero (of Sainted Damien's faith) Who bid farewell to his fair young wife to enter those Gates of Death!

For well he knew, in his inmost soul, ere he crossed that foaming track, That for him, to his love, and his happy home, there was no "coming back!"

So he bid farewell to his fondest hopes, and all that made life sweet, And laid them down on the Altar-stone—at his blessed Master's feet!

Then sailed across the harbor fair, death's gloomy heights to climb, His brave heart strong for sacrifice—heroic and sublime! He fought with patient skill—and lost!—in the all unequal strife;

He gave a brother's love and care—and then—his noble life! O mournful Bell, by billows rocked, as long as the Seas shall roll For the martyred dead on those lovely shores, thy ceaseless Requiem toll!

For him,—no earthly recompense, or monument was given; His "Great Reward"—unspeakable,—is builded up in Heaven! Our Hero needs no tolling bell—nor "monument" of stone; Save the simple slab on St. Peter's hill,—forgotten and alone!

more were like him. If the subsidized and subservient party press would support such doctrine and aid in exposing corruption, open bribery would soon be a thing of the past.

We commend to Rev. Mr. MACNEILL'S attention the following straight away talk, from the outspoken Philadelphia Press, on the morning of the recent election:

At whatever poll tonight's returns shall give evidence of accomplished fraud, the election officers of that poll will be arrested tomorrow.

Probably there has never been an election held in Philadelphia in anticipation of which more careful arrangements were made to swell the Republican vote by fraud.

Probably there never was an election in this city when the friends of honest administration were more determined to prevent fraud.

Is it not time the water was turned off from the fountain in King square, or are we to have it playing all winter? Nothing can be more delightful than the plashing of a fountain in July or August.

Had there been such a newspaper in York!

Is it not time the water was turned off from the fountain in King square, or are we to have it playing all winter? Nothing can be more delightful than the plashing of a fountain in July or August.

A noise like a hidden brook, In the leafy month of June, That to the sleeping woods all night, Singseth a quiet tune,

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JEAN E. U. NEALIS. Sunset Slope, Nov. 3, 1890.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

In Memoriam—J. Fred Young.

The raging tempest shook and mighty wave, Daunt not the loving heart and purpose high, He sees the struggling boy, and hastes to save, But 'mid his noble effort, death is nigh.

His noble effort failed, but yet above All praise, there stands the good and generous part, The grand, unselfish, living act of love, That gained the willing trust, the grateful heart.

No bar of creed, of country, worldly state, Withhold the heartfelt praise, for deed so brave, But all will mourn his sad, unhappy, fate, And honors heap, upon his early grave.

Within the loving arms of Jesus Christ, Who yielded up for all, His gentle life, The manly youth, has found a happy rest, Safe from an angry sea, a world of strife.

A Plea for the Micmac.

More than one hundred fleeting years have passed, And 'mid Time's cast of Yesterdays are classed, Since first the pale-face sought this pleasant shore, In quest of spoils not "grabbed up" heretofore;

The lofty spruce trees reared their heads on high; Their spreading boughs eclipsed the vaulted sky; The fertile soil upon by plow or spade In wild, uncultured verdure was arrayed, And gaily tinted clusters of wild flowers, Sweet perfume sent amongst the forest bowers.

The royal eagle poised aloft on wing; The dread mosquito whet his truculent blade, And joined in column, line, or in brigade, To find a foeman worthy of his steel;

The feathered choir melodious music sent; To greet their day god in the firmament, The brilliant June-bug lit his signal lamp, And scintillated o'er each brake and swamp, The fierce rac-coon, and frisky squirrel strayed, In calm seclusion in each woodland glade,

The dusky Micmac trod his native wild, A brave, unfeared, cunning forest child, Unlearned in gentle vice, or Jewish sin, Or unpolished yet by Christian gin;

As yet the rich contractor left no trace, Of his ingenious methods round the place; No public structures crowned with massive towers; Nor silvery chimneys to toll the passing hours;

No annexation had yet come here To whisper treason, in the savage ear, Nor patriot consumed by loyal fire Fed by the "pap" most patriots desire.

No acrobatic stunts jumped the fence, And boodle sought in every mood and tense, There was no tariff like the great N.P. Nor suffragists who voted for a fee,

No cotton king, combine, or syndicate Was subsidized, or fostered by the state, No trade promoters who were wont to loan Those dimes, and dollars which were not their own,

No three card monte fakir, cad, or prig, Versed in that little game called "blumber rig," Nor Scott Act witness who was nowise loath To swamp a "gin-mill" by a perjural oath,

No operators who a mine would "salt," Or water stocks, or clean out a bank vault, No Board of Trade whose meetings did evoke Great orators who spoke, and SPOKE and SPOKE,

No quacks were there prepared to cure, or kill, With patent physic, ointment, salve, or pill, Nor pious fraud the scriptures to expound Nor fanatic, nor bigot could be found,

No fools were there whom sharpers love to fleece, And so, there were no lawyers, or police, No turnstile was there to indicate How many persons passed the ferry gate,

The water used was taken from the fill, And so, there was no "plumber's little bill," No civic crook was there to cart away The pickets which enclosed his father's clay,

And nothing was, as most things are to-day, Yes! many changes have come o'er the scene, The place is not, what erstwhile it has been, The Micmac brave was forced to shift his camp, And to new hunting grounds compelled to tramp,

His noble race is fading fast away, He's but a relic of a by-gone day, Foredoomed by fate to dwindle and decay, Suppose the edict was ordained by fate, Which robbed the native of his vast estate,

Should he—whose sires by the Great Spirit sent As masters of a glorious contingent,— In semi-savage squalor vegetate, Neglected ward of an unthankful state,

Should he I ask, be grateful for his fate? No, no, ten thousand times I answer, No, Mete tardy justice to poor Brother Lo. St. John, N. B., 31st October, 1890.

Acrostic.

(In reply to Enigma of "G. M.") Saratoga is welcome to fashion and health, Thy daughters need not travel thither for health, Just as balmy thy air, and refreshing the breeze On thy beautiful river, which mirrors the trees Hanging low o'er its edges, saluting thy shades, Never Hygienic bowler like thine own Sylvan glades.

St. John, N. B. M. J. W.

Making his Show Popular.

Manager McCann, of the Lyceum Theatre, added a great deal to the popularity of his new venture when he devoted the proceeds of a night's performance to the Young Memorial Fund.

Box Paper from 10 to 50 cents a box, at McArthur's 80 King street.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

I attended the Church of England Institute service in Trinity, last week, and heard Bishop Courtenay. The musical portion of the service was not very striking, I think it is a pity to attempt an intoned and choral service unless thoroughly familiar with it.

Trinity choir was assisted by members from the Mission and St. Paul's choirs. Miss Hea took the service in Centenary church for the first time last Sunday.

This is what the Church Guardian thinks of vest-choirs; "The choir in Ascension Church, St. Paul, Minn., consists of a number of girls and young women vested in Cassocks and Cottas, with a gracefully black cap with veil covering the head. The effect is pleasing and conducive to reverence.

It is within the bounds of possibility that we may have another visit from the Ariel Quartette this winter. I heard some gentlemen discussing the advisability of bringing them on, and I think, if properly advertised, they would be sure of having good houses.

There seems to have been a diversity of opinion, among the audience at the Exhibition concert, as to whether they should stand during the Hallebach Chorale or not. One man, who is not remarkable for his musical tastes, said to a friend of mine, "I didn't have a programme, but when they commenced one piece, I noticed a lot of church folks stood up—D'ye know what the tune would be?"

I heard a report on Monday evening to the effect that the St. Andrew's church organ had been offered to Master Fred Blair, but at the time I am writing, have not heard whether the information is correct.

I regret to announce that Mr. Morley, who has been suffering from a bad cold for some weeks, has been detained in Halifax through an attack of congestion of the lungs. By last reports, he was recovering, and expected to resume his post at the Mission church tomorrow.

The rehearsal last Monday, at which the Philharmonic society was present, was the most largely attended one for some months. Another practice was held last night. Those for next week will be Monday, in the practice room, and Tuesday and Wednesday in the Mechanics' Institute.

The Philharmonic are also working hard, having had practice Monday and Wednesday nights and Thanksgiving morning. They are also to have one tonight. As Miss May Bowden plays at their rehearsals, as well as at the Oratorios, she must almost have enough of it.

Mrs. Allen in writing to a lady friend in this city, expressed herself very much pleased with the prospect of singing with the Oratorio society again; and in speaking of her five months' visit in Paris, said that it had been beneficial both to her voice and general health.

There seems to be some little difficulty in deciding whether to put Aeptha or Jairus first on the programme for Friday evening. I should say decidedly, Jairus first, for put it the other way, you would have something like a Turkish (or is it Chinese?) dinner, sweets first and solids afterwards.

And so were we to have a "Musical Union," under the leadership of Mr. Thos. Hall. I scarcely think St. John is large enough, or musical enough, to support two choral societies, and why join another, while we have our own Oratorio society with a fine leader and a reputation already made.

No doubt it is comforting to know that there are "nearly all denominations" in the "Musical Union," although I never before knew that one's religious principles had anything to do with one's voice. But surely if that is any inducement, the Oratorio is not made up of one sect alone.

No doubt there will be a large audience at the concert in the Mechanics' Institute, on Monday evening, in aid of the "Young Memorial Fund." The object is good, and I dare say the concert will be enjoyable.

Work was commenced on Saint Saens' Noel, Thursday evening, by the St. John's church choir. And at the Thanksgiving service, Thursday evening, the anthem "O Lord, how Manifold," by Barby, was sung.

Oh, Where did they get them? A smile went round among the crowd on Thursday, when the Citizens' band struck up, "Where did you get that Hat?"

The new band wears nicely ironed silk ones, and look well in them, too. Paper and Envelopes for 5c. per quire at McArthur's, 80 King street.

THE COMMERCIAL SITUATION.

Matthew Richey Knight says that Canada has not, and must not be discouraged.

Whether the framer of the McKinley bill is likely to see very soon the attainment of the objects he had in view, it is difficult for us to determine with much confidence until we have a clearer apprehension of what his objects were.

Major McKinley and his assistants at the incubation of this wonderful measure have probably very much juster imaginings than we can expect to have of the particular way in which the bill is going to develop the industries and build up the trade of the great republic.

What concerns us and should interest us is how we are to reap the greatest possible amount of good for our country out of the situation. There are certain things which the situation thunders in our ears.

There seems to have been a diversity of opinion, among the audience at the Exhibition concert, as to whether they should stand during the Hallebach Chorale or not. One man, who is not remarkable for his musical tastes, said to a friend of mine, "I didn't have a programme, but when they commenced one piece, I noticed a lot of church folks stood up—D'ye know what the tune would be?"

Other things that we must do is to seek other markets, so that we may not only overcome the present emergency, but provide against such contingencies for the future. The whole world lies before us.

Who is shortsighted enough to entertain the idea that Canada is dependent for prosperity and even existence upon the American markets? I know that in the geographies we studied when I was a boy, the United States occupied about three quarters of the space, and we saw stars everywhere; but then the geographies were published in the United States.

But we have learned since that there are important countries and large markets outside of the Republic. We must seek those. They are waiting for us. They are just as willing to be fed and clothed with Canadian produce as with the produce of any other part of the world.

In order to reach these foreign markets quickly and cheaply, we must provide greater carrying facilities, although we have very much in this way already. There are very few of our products which cannot be landed in any part of Europe in prime saleable condition.

For a young country we have made marvellous strides in carrying ability, and can experience little difficulty here. But we may have to change the character of our products to a certain extent to suit the markets we may seek.

There is a future step that it may not only be advisable but imperative for us to take. That is to adopt the principle of free trade as far as Great Britain is concerned. It can hardly be expected that we should enjoy the English market to the fullest extent and impose as great a tax upon everything coming from there as we do upon a country which endeavours to shut our products out.

This one-sided state of affairs cannot continue long. It would be unreasonable and absurd. In the course of time, and perhaps very soon, we shall throw our markets open to Great Britain without any impost, the other British colonies will do the same, Great Britain in the interest of her empire will modify her cherished policy and impose a tariff on the products of the United States and other countries, and the British Empire will be welded in a vast commercial union that will outdistance Mr. Wiman's wildest dream.

The London Post has already suggested the possibility of something of the sort. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

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