PROGRESS.

Subscriptions, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

NET ADVERTISING RATES. One Inch, One Year, -One Inch, Six Months, - 5 00 One Inch, Three Months, -One Inch, Two Months, -One Inch, One Month, - - - 200 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, 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. His religion need not interfere with his duty. Why should John Kelly suppose that because a man is a Catholic he will not get a fair show? Why have not RAWLINGS' friends the same right to stand up and say: "this man is a Protestant and an Orangeman, and is being persecuted on those grounds."

Away with such balderdash.

Let us have less of such talk. When a man seeks employment is he asked what his faith is or if he has any? Why then, when a public official is charged with neglect of duty, should his religion be dragged into the discussion?

JOHN KELLY should have more respect for his religion than to pollute it by the insinuation, that because any man belongs to it, he has not as fair a chance for a living and for justice as any Protestant.

Gop forbid that our religious opinions should clash with our social or political life! If it was not for such men as KELLY, who look upon their religion as so much capital, and trade upon it, who contrive to make it enter into their daily life, who control political gifts and influences through their unscrupulous use of their creed, such collisions would not be thought of.

Out upon such men. They are greater foes to their religion than any others.

THE INTELLIGENT MECHANIC

Efforts are being made in New York to establish "night law schools," where ambitious young men, who cannot afford to give time to study during the day, can fit themselves for a professional career. In Chicago these schools have been open for a number

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. Large numbers of those who would take advantage of the schools would be young mechanics, and sons of mechanics. In the study of law they would lose all interests in their trades, and were they successful in their studies, the results of recruiting the ranks of a non-productive class, from those of the producers, is strikingly apparent.

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 a farmer or mechanic enters the legal profession, instead of being a benefit to his fellow man, he is increasing the already heavy burden that the workingman has to bear. He may be successful, and acquire fame and money, but the chances are one in a hundred. Again, he may be worse off than ever. In either case, the class of people from which he came will have to support him. Lawyers, as well as those in many other professions, produce nothing. They may work hard, and get well paid for it, days to the lawyer's one, in order to produce enough to pay his fees.

What is most needed, are night schools educations. There are hundreds of these open during the winter months in all parts of the country, but there is room for more. in an industrial career, and given instrucnot 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. They do their work as they were shown how to do it, and never stop to think whether it could be done any other way. To select the intelligent ones from this class would be disastrous, and "great movements," such as the "law night school" is said to be, sometimes assume vast proportions.

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. No head was complete, however fair it might be, without a nimbus of curl papers in the morning, and the hardihood displayed by the dear ladies in this respect was something for you. wonderful. Surely female vanity is not what it is supposed to be, or no woman would be content to make such a guy of herself, to achieve so trifling a result. If she could only know what a man thinks of her when he first sees her in curl papers she would abjure them forever. Nothing could be more untidy, nothing could be more unbecoming, or more unladylike, but yet it is said some girls make a constant practice of coming down to breakfast every morning, literally bristling with curl papers, newspaper ones at that!

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 courting 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. His regard must have been true and deep indeed to have stood the test.

Curls are lovely; a fringe of softly curling hair softens and improves every face, and if nature has not curled the girl's hair we thoroughly approve of their resorting parties to feel that daily convictions de- As yet the rich contractor left no trace, to artificial means. We agree with the pends upon the sworn evidence of any man Othis ingenious methods round the place, bright girl who answered the strict old deacon so cleverly, when he remonstrated with her on the folly and vanity of curling her hair. "Eliza," said the pious old disciplinarian, "It God had intended your locks to be curled, He would have curled them for you." "When I was a child," replied the witty damsel, "He did so, but now He thinks I am old enough to do it myself," and the deacon retired routed.

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

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. He died as few men die-in a brave attempt to save a fellowman. Not rashly, not foolhardy; not with a wild leap into raging waters without thinking of the consequences; but with cool judgment, prepared for his task, with confidence in himself as a swimmer, but with a realization of the danger the rescue involved. When he died, a city mourned. His was a funeral such as few of us may expect to see again. No pomp, no dis- O, "Noble Army of Martyrs," that dwell in the play, no music, none of the quiet boisterousness so noticeable in monster processions, even when they follow the deadevery man was a mourner. Even those who watched the funeral as it passed did O, "fifteen hundred" martyrs, would your dry bones so with reverence; talked in whispers, and of him. But they were few. Men who went to see the procession were not satisfied; they became a part of it, until the When the wrongs of the world are righted, we shall thousands of spectators emerged into one long procession that followed the dead with awful solemnity. There were no bands. Nothing to break the quiet that had come o'er the city, save the tolling of To tell of the Christian hero (of Sainted Damieu's the bells and the chimes. Seldom have death bells tolled as they seemed to toll that day; never before did the cathedral chimes awake such feelings in the hearts of listeners. But it was not the bells. They were the same. The change was in the hearts of the people.

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 | His brave heart strong for sacrifice-heroic and but the working man has to work two tried to be prominent in the public eye. It was a genuine treat to listen to such hearty condemnation of the election methods of He gave a brother's love and care—and then—his the present day from a gentleman who, where young men can get good everyday | though a preacher, is not ashamed of his political convictions. Unfortunately for his | For the martyred dead on those lovely shores, thy peace of mind his own party received the greater scorching. One of his most In these, the young should be encouraged attentive listeners was an ex-cabinet minister of the present government while tion that will help them in their daily others in the congregation are not slow in work. By this means workingmen can be pulling the wires when occasion demands learned to think and act. As it is now we it. Still, this is the kind of preaching we find tradesmen with very little education want more frequently. We respect Mr. performing work,—difficult work to those | MACNEILL for his courage and wish there

were more 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

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:

To Intending Scoundrels.

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

A reward has been set upon the head of every convicted Repeator or Personator, and of every election officer who shall, in violation of his oath, connive at fraud.

Supervisors will arrest every man attempting to vote on a false registration. Supervisors can arrest without a warrant

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 iraud.

Probably there never was an election in this city when the friends of honest administration were more determined to prevent fraud. No agency of discovery has been neglected. And so, we say, Messrs. Scoundrels, Personators,

Repeaters, Perjurers, et cetera, come on! The jails ache for you; the friends of fair play are ready Had there been such a newspaper in

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, Singeth a quiet tune.

is lovely in summer, but in November it has a very different effect. What can be more depressing than the sound of ceaselessly failing water on a cold, damp day in November? It seems to drip upon one's soul, as the water dripped upon the head of the victim in the famous drop of water torture of the inquisition. Turn off the water city fathers, and see how the social barometer will rise!

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 who has been on trial for perjury; who has been found guilty, when on duty, of provoking a breach of the peace and fined for the offence. If we must have loafers and bullies or spies on the force, let them at least be good natured and truthful. Otherwise the police will always be in a peck of No almshouse, hospital, or public mart,

PEN AND PRESS.

Notices of the Christmas editions are going the ounds even at this early date, and among the first received by PROGRESS is one of the Halifax Christmas Chronicle. According to it the Chronicle has been making extensive preparation for a nice publication, and it is satisfactory to know that No annexationist had yet come here "there is every reason to believe that the results | To whisper treason, in the savage ear, will be satisfactory to the general public as well as prove a credit to Halifax." Progress wishes its contemporary every success in its laudable enter

[FOR PROGRESS.] FORGOTTEN HERO.

Dr. James P. Collins, Who Died July 2nd, 1847, Aged 23 Years.

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

For more than forty years, aye forty years and three, The summer sun and winter snows have drifted over People, and times, and places too, have changed, are

changing still, Since loving hands laid thee to rest, upon St Peter's simple stone, with name and date, a prayer for "Rest and Peace,"

deathless memory in thy widow's heart-thy "monument" are these Heavens high,

You know his name, you sing his fame, who saw our Hero die You chant his triumph evermore; O, goodly com-

And quicken awhile, to tell, of that awful massacre Victims of vile misrule and wrong! Fever and

hear of you again! For you indeed are the "Witnesses," handful (of millions more). Who shall arise in strength one day from that fate ful island shore!

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,

He fought with patient skill-and lost!-in the all

O mournful Bell, by billows rocked, as long as th Seas shall roll 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!

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

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

In Memoriam-J. Fred Young. The raging tempest shock 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

The grand, unselfish, living act of love, That gained the willing tear, 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 off Yesterdays are classed. Since first the pale-face sought this pleasant shore, In quest of spoil not "grabbed up" heretofore: Great Ouangondy's torrent forced its way To kiss the fabled tide of Fundy's Bay. The lofty spruce trees reared their heads on high; Their spreading boughs eclipsed the vaulted sky; The fertile soil untorn by plow or spade In wild, uncultured verdure was arrayed, And gaily tinted clusters of wild flowers, Sweet perfume spent amongst the forest bowers. The whole scene glistened verdantly sublime, Just as 'twas fashioned at the dawn of time.

The royal eagle poised aloft on wing; In Heaven's dome, a veritable king: The dread mosquito whet his trenchant blade, And joined in column, line, or in brigade, To find a foeman worthy of his steel, And vampire like enjoy a crimson meal; The feathered choirs 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 hum of insect life diffused through air, Stole o'er the senses like a murmured prayer.

The dusky Micmac trod his native wild, A brave, uncultured, cunning forest child, Unlearned in Gentile vice, or Jewish sin, Or unpolluted yet by Christian gin; His wigwam nestled in some shady nook, Or sheltered dell, near rivulet, or brook, The furry costume which-when dressed-he wore Served to adorn the bear, or mink before, He loved his squaw, and trained his boy pappoose To spear a trout, or stalk the stately moose, To trap, and fish, and in the chase engage, And gave him tasks to learn from nature's page; The red man's store was small, his wants were few And nature taught him all the arts he knew.

Nor silvery chimes to toll the passing hours; No temples furnished with uproarious choirs, Whose melody was marred by jealous fires, No churches wherein sinners dozed, or prayed, And dudes and dames their finery displayed; No toney club house patronized by swells, Where as alleged æsthetic folly dwells, Free libraries, nor galleries of art, No big hotels-whose bills were bigger still-Dispensed fire-water, guaranteed to kill; No customs house, nor bucket-shop, nor jail, Nor court of law where justice don't prevail; No pyramidial palaces for schools; Where learned dolts flung wisdom at young fools; No grand memento by which one could trace The ancient prestige of the red-skin race.

Nor patriot consumed by loval fire Fed by the "pap" most patriots desire. No acrobatic statesman 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 "thimble rig;" Nor Scott Act witness who was nowise loath To swamp a "gin-mill" by a perjured 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 rill, 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 their shades. Never Hygican bower like thine own Sylvan glades.

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. He has done this before the entertainments have perhaps commenced to show any wonderful returns financially. The Lyceum has already become popular, and large numbers are spending the evenings there,

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. Of course, the Mission choir are accustomed to that sort of thing, but it is only attempted on red letter days in Trinity, and unless they learn to do it better, they had better abandon it altogether. I remember two or three years ago, at a harvest festival, when the mixed choir reigned supreme in Trinity, Tallis's responses were sung, for the first time, I think, and the rest of the service intoned. The Anthem, Magnificat, and Dimitis were finely rendered, but the whole service was spoiled by the awkward way in which the responses were chanted and the prayers intoned. No! if you can't have that description of service every Sunday, don't have it at all.

Thursday evening some of the responses were very much mixed up, and most of the "Amens' were not in tune, and really it seemed as if no one knew exactly what was to be done next. The special psalms were awkwardly given out; such a long wait between each one. I rather liked the hymn sung during the offertory; it is bright, and it went well. Mr. Strand did his best to keep his much indeed

Trinity choir was assisted by members from the

Mission and St. Paul's choirs. Miss Hea took the service in Centenary church of Carleton, has been filling the late organist's place until Miss Hea should be at liberty to enter upon her new duties. St. Andrew's Kirk is still advertising for an organist. Master Fred Blair played for the services on Sunday last, to the satisfaction of

This is what the Church Guardian thinks of yested 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 conduces to reverence. How much better this simple and seemly vestment than the display of divers colors and fashions often seen in the church choir." And I don't think the Guardian is far wrong.

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. The quartette is really very good, and it is a great pity they were not well patronized while in St. John.

There seems to have been a diversity of opinion, among the audience at the Exhibition concert, as to even for clever theorising. It is the time whether they should stand during the Hallelujah Chorus 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?" My friend suggested that it might have been "God Save the Queen," but was met with an indignant stare and the remark, "I don't pretend to be a musician but I know that when I hear it, and also Yankee

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. His illness would have been a very serious thing for the Oratorio society had it not had some one as capable as Mr. Ford to conduct the practices in Mr. Morley's absence. 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. I am requested to state that only persons producing honorary members' tickets will be admitted to hear the rehearsals at the Mechanics' Institute, and that Mrs. Allen and Mr. Parker will be at the rehearsal Wednesday. I am asked which night's performance will be the better, Samson on Thursday or that on Friday. The best advice is, go to both; but if you cannot manage this, and have heard Samson, you will find a splendid programme on Friday in the selections from Jeptha and the modern cantata, The Daughter of Jairus. The solos in these two works are very fine, and I hear that, by Mr. Parker's special request, the beautiful recitative and air, "Deeper and deeper still," and "Waft her angels," will be included in the Jeptha selection. In the tenor song, "My hope is in the everlasting" (Jairus), members of the Centenary church will recognize a lovely solo sung there by the late Miss. Clawson. I am also looking forward to hearing Mrs. Allen and Mr. Parker sing the beautiful duet, "Love Divine," from the same work. A new departure will be made on the programmes, as they will contain all the words to be sung. This will be a great, though somewhat expensive, improvement. I am also told that the board have decided not to sell more than 750 tickets for each night's performance. This is 270 less than for Samson last year, and then many could not

obtain admission The Philharmonic are also working hard, having had practices 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. 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 Jephtha 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. With all due respect to the composer of Jairus, I hardly think you can sing Stainer after Handel.

And so were are 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 shut our products out. This one-sided 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

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

Barnby, was sung.

By the New York Herald I see there is a proposition for uniting all the New York church choirs for union services. This seems a splendid idea if it can only be carried out.

TARBET.

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.

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. We suppose, however, that the bill was intended to benefit in some way the industries of the United States. If correct in our supposition, we must wait for time to assure us that it will produce such a result. It is not necessary for us to take it for granted that the bill is aimed against Canada. The helping or hindering of Canada may never have entered into the major's consideration at any time. That a country so populous, so powerful, so full of resources, as the United States, should so out of the its way to give an unmeaning and unprovoked slap to a sister nation of choir together, and I enjoyed his postlude very one tenth its population, is a conception that the reasoning mind utterly fails to grasp. Major McKinley and his assistants at the incubation of this wonderful meafor the first time last Sunday. Mr. George Coster, sure have probably very much juster imaginings than we can expect to have of the particular way in which the bild is going to develope the industries and build up the trade of the great republic. With their plans and expectations, with their wisdom or unwisdom, with the accuracy of their prophetic vision, we in Canada are not in the least concerned; nor do we think it worthy of a moment's thought whether our fair Dominion provoked in the major and his friends, either before or after the birth of the bill, friendly or hostile interest or no interest at all.

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. It is no time for lamentation and scolding, or for action, the more so because there are some things that all must agree it is necessary for us to do. It is but childish folly to be looking about for somebody to blame. No one is to blame yet; but some will be very much to blame, if they weaken the spirit and resolution of our noble country by criticisms and complainings. Facts are stubborn things when weak men grapple with them; but even facts will yield in conflict with the brave and strong.

One thing 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 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 diffi-

But we may have to change the character of our products to a certain extent to suit the markets we may seek. This can easily be done. We are not tied down to a fixed selection of products. Our producing capacity is elastic within certain limits and can be accommodated to circumstances. We can devote most attention Mrs. Allen in writing to a lady friend in this city, to that which commands the readiest and best paying market. The fertility of the country would be the gainer by wur turning the vegetable products into meat to a much larger extent than at

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 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 some-

thing of the sort. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Paper and Envelopes for 5c. per quire at McArthur's, 80 King street.