

PROGRESS.

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

CIRCULATION, 6,200.

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

ORGANIZE NOW.

There should be no mistakes made in the civic elections this year.

There will not be, if the better class of citizens will take that interest in public affairs which is manifestly their duty, and should be their pleasure. The better class is in the majority in every ward, if it will only exert itself and not allow the other class to run the machine for its own purposes.

The better class is not necessarily composed of those who have the most money and wear the best clothes. It consists of men without axes to grind, of men who, whatever their calling, are honest, industrious, and anxious to see the affairs of the city conducted in an economical and business-like way. These are the men who should come to the front at election times. Unfortunately, in some wards they do not.

There are reasons for this apathy. The wards in question have been in the hands of rings, the leaders of which boast that they can elect any man they choose. These rings are organized for action, and in the absence of an efficient organization against them, are able to make good their boast.

Knowing this, many of the men who have the interests of the city at heart have become discouraged and have ceased to exert themselves. They recognize, and rightly, that it is only by active and aggressive measures that the rings can be broken. They are not organized. They lack leaders and system, and instead of working they stand back and grumble.

Yet if only a few of them were to undertake to do something, they would find a following, if they were any sort of men. No elaborate system of organization is necessary. All that is wanted is a purpose and a will to carry it out. The first essential is the choice of two good men—the best citizens of the ward who will consent to serve—who are not chronic place-seekers, and who will have some standing with the voters.

Such men are not so easy to find, and that is why PROGRESS begins now to urge that the matter have attention at this early stage. Take any ward, at random, name over its best citizens, and one will find after almost every name the remark that "he would be a good man, but he will not serve." In the same way one will hear the names of a dozen who are anxious to serve, but who, as a rule, are working in their own interests, and not in the interests of the people. There are too many such at the board already.

As a rule in such cases, the office should seek the man. Where the man seeks the office, he has some object in view. It may be the harmless one of gratifying his own vanity by such "honor" as now attaches to the position of an alderman, or it may be that he sees money in it for himself, his relations or his friends. In the first instance, he may make a fair representative; in the latter he may make a very bad one. There are samples of this kind of goods in the council now. They should not be there another year. The people have no use for them.

Now is the time for the electors to begin work quietly, and look around for the right men. If the duty is deferred until a week or two before the election, the labor is likely to be wasted. There is no time like the present time. Organize now.

THE SUNDAY PAPER.

A week or so ago the clergymen of Minneapolis united in a general denunciation of the Sunday newspaper. These attacks have been made in various cities from time to time for many years, but sad to say, the Sunday papers in such cities are not only increasing in number but have attained most phenomenal circulations. The clergymen are no doubt convincing many that the Sunday paper is a very wicked thing, but they do not seem to be gaining ground in the battle. In other words, while they are persuading all good people to have nothing to do with the iniquitous thing, an increased number of bad people appear to be springing up to frustrate their good intentions. Perhaps the foreign immigration supplies the sinners in the case.

At the rate at which the Sunday paper

is being abolished, it is more than probable that its opponents will leave some of the work to their successors, and that the leading journals will not be compelled to suspend for want of patronage in the next generation or two at least. There will be Sunday papers in the twentieth century, if the world lasts that long, and probably in the century after that.

The world would perhaps be as wise and as happy if there were no Sunday newspaper. Nevertheless, it has come, and undoubtedly has come to stay. All the clergymen in America cannot stop it, nor convince the bulk of the people that it is wrong. The press is more mighty than the pulpit in these days, and the well meant efforts of the preachers are so much misdirected energy.

"What would you have us to do?" they may ask. "Shall we stand silent and permit this great iniquity without a protest? No, we will obey our consciences and do what is right. Though all the world be against us, we will rebuke sin and be faithful to our trust." Well, gentlemen, all honor to your principles and your courage, but what good are you doing? You are not abolishing the Sunday paper; you are not decreasing its circulation, or lessening its influence. It is increasing in spite of you. More people read it than listen to your sermons. It is influencing, for good or evil, millions whom you never reach and can never hope to reach. What can you do about it?

Plainly, there is but one course open—to make friends with it. Let it print not only your sermons but other good things from your pens. Assist in educating the people to demand something higher and better than tragedies and scandals with tenebrous headings. Help to make the Sunday paper a paper fit for Sunday. Then, perhaps, you will find that it is not such a bad thing after all. Nearly all the work for it is done on Saturday, and its distribution on Sunday could be so regulated as to give no offence even to you. Then you might undertake to abolish the Monday paper, which as regards the labor of production, is the much more wicked of the two.

The people of the United States demand the Sunday paper. Those of Canada will do so in due time. Its existence cannot be crushed out or ignored. It can be made better, and that is the most that the best of men can hope to see done. It is to this end that the pulpit in the United States should direct its efforts.

A PRETTY BAD SONG.

The Moncton correspondent of PROGRESS calls attention to a new song of the Salvation Army, which is shocking the sensibilities of the decent citizens of that place. An extract is given, which we publish with reluctance and only because it is hoped that it will lead to the suppression of the blasphemy. It can be called by no other name, and the persons who sing it are as amenable to the law as would be a man who stood on the street corner and shouted out ribald jests in regard to the SAVIOUR. If any citizen chooses to make a complaint, the singers of such a song can be summoned before the police court and taught how to conduct themselves in a christian community.

The Salvation Army may be doing a great deal of good by raising the fallen who cannot be reached by the churches, but their methods at times are not such as commend themselves to good taste or common decency.

"What is the use of a cow giving milk, it she kicks over the bucket when she's done?"

It is a sad commentary on the dishonesty of man in the abstract that the business troubles reported in the newspapers are the constant study of New York underwriters. They know that when a firm becomes financially weak, the chances of a big fire in that establishment are greatly increased, and they regulate risks in that vicinity accordingly. They find that accidental big fires are of rare occurrence with prosperous concerns, and that the liquor saloons are among the best of risks, because they do a good business. The clothing stores, on the contrary, being rather uncertain of success financially, are not sought after for insurance. Some companies go so far as to refuse to take risks on them under any circumstances.

The world is very evil, as the fire insurance man in a big city views it.

The comic valentine is well enough, so long as it is merely funny without being ill-natured. When it degenerates into a missive carrying malice in every line, it becomes simply an anonymous letter. The season gives license for the sneak, but it should not protect him if his act can be traced home. The sending of valentines intended to wound the feelings of others is a pretty mean business.

"I tell you, gentlemen, that God is not all love," shouted the orthodox, Dr. PAXTON, just before his fellow-Presbyterians voted for revision. Perhaps the learned doctor will find, when he dies, that he did not know as much about the subject as he supposed.

Found It Cool.

C. Bruce McDougall has again resumed the editorial chair of the Restigouche Pioneer. In a despatch to one of the city papers, announcing the event, Bruce concludes with the significant remark, "weather cold."



GOLDEN EAGLE AT MOST ALL GROCERS.

SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.

How do you like the "deal?" Now that the grippie is leaving, what will be the next new affliction. He is a wise politician who does not sell himself until he gets his price. Have you begun to consider who are the two best men for aldermen of your ward? The opposition members are still hopeful, but then Mark Tapley was "always jolly."

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Now that the Messiah is over, and the people who worked so hard for its success are resting from their labor, there is not much going on in the musical world of Saint John to write about. Every one of the Oratorio society's friends will be glad to know that they cleared expenses in their last concert, and although the board would have liked to have given more to those who assisted, still I think everyone concerned is pretty well satisfied this time.

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ROUGH ON OTTAWA.

A Boston Critic Expresses His Opinion on Social Affairs at the Capital. The last number of Boston Social Topics has some breezy notes on society matters at Ottawa. Of course every Canadian reader will know just what value to attach to the slanderous remarks in regard to the two ministers, Sir John and Sir Charles, and those gentlemen will probably have a hearty laugh over the pen portraits of themselves. They have been too long before the public to fear any investigation into their habits or history.

Speaking of virtue, where will you find it if not in the official circle at Ottawa, Canada. Only a few months ago, Hon. George E. Foster, Dominion Minister of Finance, married a lady who bears as spotless a name as ever woman did. Unfortunately, however, she had previously been the wife of a man who came to this country in preference to going to jail for theft, and from whom she secured a Chicago divorce. Her second husband, Mr. Foster, is not only one of the ablest men in Canada, but one of the most clever. Nevertheless, because he had married a woman who chose to free herself from a miserable scoundrel rather than to continue to bear his name—because she is a divorced woman—Rideau Hall is closed against the pair, and Lady Stanley and Lady Macdonald hold their noses as they pass by on the other side. I don't intend to discuss the ethics of divorce: Her Majesty Queen Victoria's judgment deserves as much respect as though it came straight from heaven. Admitting, however, that the marriage-bond is properly indissoluble; that a woman who leaves a debauchee, a drunkard, or defaulter, ought to be first pilloried, then stoned, and finally drawn and quartered; the case of the Fosters has caused me to wonder whether divorce is the only crime that Canadian official society can take cognizance of?

Lord Stanley, governor-general of Canada, is morally blameless, so far as I know; in fact, I don't believe he has force enough to commit a peccadillo. The real head of the department, Sir John A. Macdonald, is a fish of another color. If there is anywhere in the Dominion a more drunken, disreputable, depraved old rascal, Heaven preserve me from ever meeting him! The staple of his conversation is filthy stories. He rakes over his mental muckheap alike in parliament and parlor. No guest has ever escaped from Government House without being bespattered, and a woman "catches it" as hard as a man. Yet the moral sense of the government gang is never shocked by such trifles as that! Next to this man in position and influence, and his successor to be, is Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner to England. Tupper began life as a shoemaker. His first ambitions pointed towards medicine. He had no money to pursue his studies, but that was a trifle. Hunting up a servant maid who had saved her wages, he won her heart, borrowed her little hoard, and set out for Edinburgh. When he returned a full-fledged M.D., he calmly threw her overboard. But would any of the virtuous Ottawa dames ever dream of reproaching Sir Charles for that?

And so I might go on, down through the cabinet, both houses of parliament and the civil service, spicing the narrative with tales of the female connections of these custodians of public virtue. Talk about divorced women! If some of these others had decency enough to realize their own degradation, they would divorce themselves by suicide. One of these days some honest man like Mr. Foster will speak his mind about his surroundings; and when, by telling the truth, he pulls the plug out of Ottawa society, so to speak, the whole rotten mess will drop straight into public view.

Nova Scotia Poetry.

The Halifax Recorder has been trying for a long time to make blank verse popular by using it as a medium for communicating the news of the day to its readers. Here is a specimen: —Jas. R. Koop, Warden Annapolis Co'y, Says there was a loss in working of the Scott Act in that county last y'r, \$659.48. —Kingston, Ont., paper says sev'l hundreds Of destitute families in that town, Which expected so much from the N. P. —Prince of Wales wears a No. 10 boot; Princess of Wales wears No. 5 walking Boot, and has a couple of pairs of shoes To match every dress she owns. —Very disagreeable weather—to-day Slippery, slushy; in fact, the past month The weather has been most wretched, And almost everybody has a cold.

It is suggested that the Recorder enlist the services of Squiers Eldridge, the poet of Sandy Cove, Digby county. He can make just as good measure and a great deal better rhyme. Here are two stanzas from his touching poem entitled, "Scenery of Sandy Cove": The backbone of Nova Scotia mountain range Is broken here by volcanic straits; Which causes magnificent scenery fine For a satisfactory study of geology sublime

There's sandbanks here that has once been washed And rocks made round by their washing tossed There's a lake in the centre all surrounded with sand That is seldom discovered without a bog near at hand A geologist here would stop and conclude That the cavity of the lake was a creator of old That as the fire died out the water filled in Which is now a lake full up to the brim.

Satisfied With Her Trial.

"Well, I went to Frodsham's meat store as you suggested last week, Mrs. Brown, and I am really satisfied. The steak I got there was delicious. Besides everything about the shop is so neat and clean that those who buy the meat at least fancy that it tastes better. And his prices are very reasonable."—Advt.

OUT AT SEA—At the Mechanics' Institute, Monday and Tuesday evenings, Feb. 10th and 11th. Magnificent scenic effect.