

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply.

The Circulation of this paper is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

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EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 14.

PUT THEM OUT.

We want more character and honesty in our civic politics. At no time in its history has the city been in greater need of capable, disinterested representatives than at the present moment.

MR. BLAKE'S DELIVERANCE.

As a faithful chronicler of the events which go to make up history, PROGRESS may not omit a reference to Mr. EDWARD BLAKE'S very remarkable letter to the West Durham liberals.

The Arab traders find no difficulty in penetrating Africa, and when they get home they do not go around lecturing about their achievements, and if one of them happens to get married, he does not, with great reluctance and unwillingness, give the details of his courtship to the newspapers to be published simultaneously with the lecture advertisement.

It was proposed some years ago when the scare was got up in England about the exhaustion of the coal mines to utilize the force of the tide along the south coast to drive machinery. Undoubtedly if we could discover some way of harnessing the tide we could have a force of incomparable energy and cheapness.

Looked at from a human standpoint there is a tremendous waste of energy in the natural forces operating around us. What an enormous amount of needless heat we apparently get in the summer, which if distributed a little more evenly over the twelve months, would make our winters delightful.

Any person who has lived up the St. John river for forty years, will tell you that we do not have as heavy thunder storms as they had a quarter of a century ago.

empire. We all know now that without responsible government some of the colonies would have cut loose long ago. Mr. BLAKE foresees that commercial union will be the result of reciprocity, and annexation is likewise quite sure that Canada needs reciprocity.

MEN AND THINGS.

Everybody does not take STANLEY at his apparent face value, and they are not all persons, who had some direct or indirect connection with the infamous rear column. They say that the dangers of an African journey have been terribly exaggerated, or at least have been greatly augmented by the precautions taken by European explorers.

These people say that if the late not-greatly-lamented CETEWAYO had landed upon the coast of England with a hundred Zulu warriors, and set out to explore Great Britain, or if he had camped at Portsmouth and collected a force of Frenchmen or Irishmen, officered by Zulus, and had then started out for Edinburgh, he would have had more or less trouble on the way—probably more. Of course it is always to be remembered that the people of Africa are colored, and we are not; that they do not profess to live according to the bible, and that we do; that we call them black savages and they only regard us as white devils.

You don't see why they should? Then you have read history or the newspapers to very little purpose. When did it happen that a people with a complexion different from ours had any right to which we felt bound to respect, when it suited our purpose, and we were strong enough to trample on them?

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Speaking of earthquakes, it has been said that these are only superficial occurrences, due to atmospheric causes. It is alleged that recently an earthquake meant the speedy disruption of the British

was not felt down in the mines. If this is true, then that particular earthquake did not come from below. This theory is not new; but it comes to light every now and then, when something occurs that cannot be otherwise explained.

ONE KIND OF LITERATURE.

And now COUNT TOLSTOI wants tobacco smokers thrust out of society. How would it do to eject TOLSTOI. If we may not own property, if we may not marry, if in our poverty-stricken bachelorhood we may not even smoke, this sad world will become sadder than ever.

To this class also are the novels of ALBERT ROSS largely addressed. Ross is brilliant enough, and he defends his work. We have grown accustomed, he says, to the nude in art and must make up our minds to take the nude in literature.

Most people are decent; most people respect the marriage tie; most young girls are pure-minded; most young men are not vicious. Let us grant that this is not true of the froth above referred to. That ought not to influence our judgment as to what is good for the majority.

President A. O. SKINNER has made a plain statement of the affairs of the Opera house which appears elsewhere in this issue. This was the right and proper course to pursue. It seems to us that the public has given very fair support to a company that had a few facts to give them.

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One of them we understand was equivalent to \$2,000 for the first month. The building, however, will not be erected on offers. The company must show an interest through its directors before the people will support it heartily.

PEN AND PRESS.

The brightest gem in the periodical line that has reached PROGRESS this week is *Figaro* of Chicago—a weekly paper replete with brightness and honesty.

The *Fredricton Globe* has a word contest on the carpet and the proprietors say it is giving the paper an unqualified boom.

Mr. McDeane is once more seated in his chair on the floor of the house, and just now is furnishing most of the reading for the morning papers.

The *Telegraph* is either more prosperous than usual or else is fearful of such live papers as *Progress* tramping on its toes.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Clothing Trades' "Manifesto."

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—I was somewhat amused, Mr. Editor, to note in Thursday's evening paper the "manifesto" of the majority of the firms in the clothing trade against what they are pleased to term "illegal methods of forcing business."

My idea is that it is always best for one firm to leave another alone so long as their methods are as enterprising and effective as those of Scott, Fraser & Co. If this firm was taking the money of 40 people and giving nothing in return for it to 30 of them they would be open to censure but every man gets the value of his money and forty \$26 suits average the firm \$22.25.

[As this is the first explanation of the circular referred to, PROGRESS prints it. We are not up in the law and know nothing about it from that standpoint. Every business firm has its own methods and very little comes usually from opposing them publicly.]

For Nothing But Stamps.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Please say to your readers that I will send the silvery moss to all who send postage, for, since coming down here to this land of alligators and oranges, I have received so many letters asking if I would send the Spanish moss, also, mistletoe and holly leaves.

Chats with Correspondents.

M. A. F. No, no, no, PROGRESS columns are not open to a controversy. A number of contributions in verse will be considered as soon as possible.

A Generous Send Off.

PROGRESS, of St. John, N. B., one of our much prized and brilliant foreign exchanges, recently made its appearance enlarged to sixteen pages and greatly improved typographically and otherwise.

WALKS ABOUT TOWN.

Last Sunday was a glorious day—overhead. Under foot it was quite the reverse. But the walking don't count on a fine afternoon; for the sun seems to act on humanity, much the same as it does on flies.

This shows how little consideration the majority of people have for the condition of their feet; yet, a great medical authority, gives a recipe for perfect health, which is generally accepted as gospel truth, in the four words: "Keep your feet dry."

Sunday is a great day for the street railway company; no matter about the weather. When the day is fine the sleighs are crowded with "excursionists," and the children seem to enjoy themselves in a way that must strike the religious census people with horror.

Those of us who have been "educated up" to riding in the street cars will welcome the return of summer, if for no other reason than a change in the street railway vehicles.

While on this subject, I am reminded of something I saw on one of the finest days we had last summer. It was a beautiful day and everything looked bright and cheerful.

What a contrast! Outside everything was bright and cheerful; but what must the atmosphere have been behind that closed window! What is the use of God's pure free air, if people will not take advantage of it.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

A Question of Fate. Their nodding masts break the distant line Where the sky and ocean meet.

On the sun-kissed beach, where wavelets break Stands the sailor's sweetheart fair.

Their shivering masts break their rugged line Where ocean mounts to the sky.

On the wind-swept beach stands the sailor's love, Watching through salt spray and tears Her darling's bark breast the awful storm.

Her heart, too full to frame a prayer, Almost forgets to beat, She can only note that the foamed capped waves Seem the lowering clouds to meet.

Did the plunging sloop cross the foaming bar, And safe from the storm's alarm, Was her darling clasped in a fond embrace In those lovely rounded arms?

Or, when at morn the wind had sunk, And she wandered out on the shore, Did she find his body with sea-weed draped, Soulless for evermore?

Was there life or death in the threatening reef, Where ceaseless billows strike? Well, I've given the principal facts of the case, You can end the tale as you like.

This is the Talk Everywhere. Kindly send me 30 more PROGRESS Saturday. They go fine. J. E. McCoy. Moncton, March 11.

NOUVELLES FRANCAISES.

A la reunion française de la semaine passée il n'y avait pas beaucoup de monde, et pour deux raisons; d'abord il faisait très mauvais temps, beaucoup de vent et de la neige en même temps, et aussi c'était le jour de l'élection—cet événement qui a causé un renversement générale dans toutes les affaires.

En Angleterre les femmes votent depuis plus de vingt ans sur les questions municipales, comme ici maintenant, tandis qu' aux Etats Unis, cet Utopie des amonxiions, on commence seulement à reconnaître l'existence politique de la femme.

Esperons donc que quand les conservateurs se présentent encore devant les électeurs dans un autre cinq ans, pendant lesquels le Canada se sera sans doute bien avancé vers cette prospérité qu'il nous ont promis, espérons qu'à cette époque ils recevront la majorité des votes des femmes.

The most enterprising paper in the lower provinces is, by all odds the St. John PROGRESS. Ever since its first issue it has been an eight page, hand-somely-printed, frequently-illustrated, weekly, filled with current notes and gossip not only from New Brunswick towns, but from Truro, Amherst, Digby, Yarmouth, Halifax, and other places in Nova Scotia.

The sixteen-page PROGRESS is "booming;" this is now the largest weekly paper in the maritime provinces, if not in Canada, and we wish it every success. There is room for us all, and our many bulky contemporaries only seem to help poor little *Our Society* along the uphill road.—*Our Society, (Halifax).*

The St. John PROGRESS comes out with 16 pages of the best original and selected reading of any paper in the province. It is also well illustrated. We are glad to see a paper of this kind established in our midst, and wish it all prosperity and success.—*Butler's Journal.*

PROGRESS, of St. John, N. B., has doubled its size and comes to us now with sixteen pages. It is the brightest paper that crosses the line.—*Boston Times.*

Always Room for One More. No matter how many firms are in one line of business there always appears to be room for another. So thinks Mr. Andrew Pauley, who has started a custom tailor shop on his own account.

Brightening up for Spring Time. Preparations for spring trade are quite visible in many parts of the city and painters and decorators are up to their eyes in business.

A Sale and Other Attractions. The willing workers of St. Stephen's church are to have a sale of needle-work on Thursday and Friday next, 19th and 20th inst.

Editor McNutt Slops Over. A seat in parliament, a charming wife, three beautiful children and a fortune, and all at 30 years of age. These are some of the good things of life possessed by Mr. J. Douglas Hazen—and he deserves them all.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

