

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Masonic Building, 88 street, St. John, N. B.

The Subscription price of Progress is Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Until March 1st, only old subscribers whose subscriptions expired before February 1st, can renew for the old price—one dollar.

Renewal Subscriptions.—At least one clear week is required by us, after receiving your subscription, to change the date of expiration, which appears opposite your name on the paper. Let two weeks pass before you write about it, then be sure to send the name of the Post Office, how the money was sent, and how it was addressed.

Discontinuances.—Except in very few localities which are easily reached, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuances can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of three cents per copy to February 7, and five cents per copy after that date. In every case be sure and give your Post Office address.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Unless this is done they are quite sure of being overlooked. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. Unless this is done the editor cannot be responsible for their return.

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. Its advertising rates are reasonable and can be had on application.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns, and villages of Nova Scotia and P. E. Island every Saturday for Five Cents each.

Liberal Commissions will be given to agents for subscriptions. Good men, with references, can secure territory, by writing to the publisher. Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 21.

A SPLENDID SUCCESS.

We want a little space in this issue to speak of our first sixteen page paper and how splendidly it was received. To say that it was a success does not express the idea we wish to convey. We would have called it a success if the circulation had fallen off 1,000 or more, but when we consider that every copy was disposed of an edition as large as usual, we feel that we have good reason to be gratified.

It is a great satisfaction to know that such a venture has met with the approval of the public. Some of our best friends, more cautious than us, advised us against the step, but while we thanked them then and do still for their kindly interest, still it is pleasing to know that our maritime Canadians are just as loyal in their support of a good newspaper as their upper Canadian brothers or American cousins. We are more than proud of the fact that it was reserved for the maritime provinces to publish the first sixteen page weekly newspaper in Canada. We will always try to make it what some of our contemporaries have been pleased to call it already, "a credit to American journalism."

We will take the liberty in this connection to quote the following extract from a business letter from a well known firm in Upper Canada. "We have also a copy of your sixteen page paper, and it is certainly a splendid turn out and the best value in Canada for the money. This country is flooded with sensational American papers from Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago and Utica. Their influence is bad, and we would be glad to see them driven out of the market by such papers as yours." Encouragement and commendation of a like nature have come to us from every quarter. We thank all our correspondents for their good opinions, suggestions and good wishes.

What follows is perhaps a little more practical and for that reason will be more appreciated by our advertising patrons and some others who like to have the "documents" with every statement. We have the most enterprising newswriters in the country. We say newswriters, though the sale of books and papers is with nine-tenths of them merely a side issue which is frequently attended with more loss than profit. For that very reason we have more occasion to thank them for their generous attention to PROGRESS. Here is what some of them say:

- Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, city—All sold out at 9 a. m. Saturday.
D. J. JENNINGS, city—Send me 10 more next week.
MORTON L. HARRISON, city—Sold seven more this week than last.
WATSON & Co., city—All sold out.
W. H. MURRAY, Moncton—Send me 20 more next Saturday.
JOHNNIE McCoy, Moncton—All (175) sold out at 12 o'clock. Could have sold 20 more.
G. S. WALL, St. Stephen—Send me 5 more.
O. P. TREAT, Calais—Please double my supply.
W. F. H. FENEY, Fredericton—Sold better than ever. Send me 25 more.
W. H. EVERITT, Woodstock—Send me 10 more.
W. W. PRICE, Peticodiac—Had to get 5 from train boy. Send me 8 more.
G. W. Hoben, North End—All sold out.
A. McARTHUR, North End—All sold out.
J. H. HAWTHORNE, Fton.—Send 25 extra.

These are a few of the practical evidences of the success of the sixteen page paper. Our contemporaries in the province are more generous and just than our city neighbors—excepting the Globe. The few notices that we have seen are below and give some idea of the outside impression.

A Credit to St. John and Dominion Journalism.

PROGRESS is just as progressive as its name implies. On Saturday it reached the Beacon office a sixteen-page sheet, and every sheet filled with en-

tertaining reading or neatly-set "ads." We must congratulate PROGRESS on its success. It is a credit to St. John and to Dominion journalism.—St. Andrews Beacon.

It is Good.

PROGRESS enlarged comes up to my expectations. Good. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

The Order Increases at Five Cents.

"We did not have enough papers. Better add five more." St. Stephen, Feb. 16, 1891. G. S. WALL.

We Will Excuse You This Time.

St. John PROGRESS has been enlarged from eight to sixteen pages. Progress seems to be the motto of the publisher as well as the name of the paper.—Yarmouth Light.

Fine Reading Matter and Illustrations. PROGRESS comes into its enlargement today. It contains sixteen pages of fine reading matter, including a great many illustrations.—Fredericton Gleaner.

A Credit to American Journalism. PROGRESS always was a welcome visitor and in its enlarged form it is a credit to American journalism. It is a handsome, racy, and well edited sheet. It will surely meet the success it deserves.—Fredericton Herald.

"Proof of Popularity and Prosperity." Proof of the popularity and prosperity of PROGRESS is furnished by the fact that it is now a sixteen-page paper. Today's issue contains a very large amount of interesting reading matter, much of it illustrated.—St. John Globe.

Every Line is of Interest. The St. John PROGRESS has been enlarged to 16 pages, and is bubbling over with entertaining reading matter. Every line in its pages are of interest, and its circulation should largely increase.—Halifax Recorder.

Short But to the Point. This is what a Fredericton man writes when renewing his subscription to PROGRESS: "Send me PROGRESS of course. I don't want what little hair I have left pulled out. I was not aware my term had expired. Good paper."

"Unique and Indescribable." PROGRESS, St. John, is unique and indescribable. It certainly has illustrated its name in a wonderful way in the short three years of its history, and now, still true to the name, it is going to enlarge to sixteen pages.—Canada.

Everything in Unison. PROGRESS has developed into a sixteen page paper. Its rate of progress in quality of reading matter and circulation keep pace with this enlargement. PROGRESS marked out a special scheme for itself at the beginning and sticks to its own lines.—Woodstock Press.

How Progress Went in Moncton. PROGRESS was a great success on Saturday. I did not have one paper left at 12 o'clock. Everybody wanted one. If they go as well other Saturdays as they did this one, I can easily sell 200 more. Everybody was delighted with it. JOHNIE McCoy.

Moncton, Feb. 16, '91.

Progress Believes in Advertising. As the Saturday issue of the Globe has a very large circulation it is a good medium for advertisers. Of this the enterprising publisher of PROGRESS takes advantage.—Saturday's St. John Globe.

The Fredericton Gleaner can tell the same story, for PROGRESS has made arrangements with it to print its announcements in every Friday evening's issue.

More Than the Ladies Look for It. When the enterprising proprietors of St. John PROGRESS started that paper, there were many who considered that a paper giving as it does, special prominence to social matters throughout the province, could not be made a success. But it has become an institution which promises to be permanent, and it has been doubled in size and it now is issued as a sixteen page paper. It is the paper the ladies look for when Saturday comes, and as soon as they get it open their gaze rests upon the social events of the week, and they commence to discuss the dresses worn of which a description is given. We congratulate the publishers on the success they have made PROGRESS, and heartily wish its continuance.—Newcastle Advocate.

Up To Magazine Standard. Tomorrow St. John PROGRESS increases its number of pages from 8 to 16, and its price from three cents to five cents. From a small beginning PROGRESS, true to its name, has made its way slowly and surely, until today it stands in the front rank of maritime provinces journalism. The society jottings from the numerous centres where PROGRESS has correspondents, have, of course, no great literary value, but are chatty and exhaustive. But the leader and original columns of the paper are of a very different stamp. They are frequently up to magazine standard, and it is a matter of regret that their life is so ephemeral. The workmanship and general get-up of the paper highly is creditable to St. John. We wish the journal every success on its enlargements.—Our Society, (Halifax.)

ADVENT OF JOHNNY HAYSEED. The farmer has come into United States politics, and it looks as if he had come to stay. When the farmers' alliance first stepped into the ring and pitched its hat into the corner, a smile of derision covered the countenances of republicans and democrats alike, but his lively sparring in the first round, which took place last November, has changed matters very considerably. The farmer has been sat on. He is about to sit on somebody. And he is a heavy weight and not particularly graceful. Somebody is therefore very likely to get hurt. He has been sat on by the money lenders, who took all his earnings in interest, and he is about to pay them back. He is bound to have free coinage in silver. At this the bankers shout in chorus "You will ruin us"; but the good farmer smiles and says "If an abundance of money will ruin you, it is time you were ruined." He has been sat on by the railways, and he is going to reverse the process, if he can. The railway men see the coming danger and are combining to resist it. JOHNNY HAYSEED says to the railway magnates: "One of us has to own the other. Either the people must own the railways or the railways the people, and I propose it shall be the former."

The great west has only begun to realize its strength; but now that it has done so look out. Not many of the social, business or, for that matter, religious traditions which rule the last have extended beyond the Mississippi, and the

old yardsticks that did to measure events in the last generation are fast becoming useless. Of course it is possible that the farmers may move too fast, it is indeed quite probable that they will. Avalanches always start slowly, but they are apt to acquire a frightful velocity, but, fast or slow, the movement which has been inaugurated in the western states is one of extreme importance, and the advent of JOHNNY HAYSEED will mark a new era in United States politics.

MEN AND THINGS.

Once upon a time, if the geologists are right in their deductions from the rock records, there was an era in the history of this world when frost was unknown, and if we may credit divers and sundry traditions, principally current among the North American Indians, men lived in that age. The fact that the remains of mammoths are found in high northern latitudes frozen solid and without a trace of decay, shows that the cold, when it did come, came suddenly. If, as has been suggested, the story of Job is a poetical account of the beginning of the ice period, we get a fuller idea of what the writer meant when he exclaimed, "Who can withstand this cold."

What a day that must have been when down upon a world teeming with animal life, and glorified with vegetation in its grand forms, the breath of what the Icelandic Eddas calls the Ice Giants came.

Speaking of cold days, it was a cold day up in Westmorland on the 14th inst. for a very distinguished member of the fourth estate, whose yellow valise—which was not yellow—will no more vex the vision of those gentle children of the north, of whom D. G. SMITH and LEMUEL J. TWEEDIE are bright and shining examples.

Speaking further of cold days, think what March 5th will be like to somebody. As to whom that somebody will be, PROGRESS is not expressing any opinion. Ex post facto prophecy is sater than that which anticipates events.

There are prophets and prophets, but we fancy that of all the tribe, those who prophesy that any political party in Canada will throw up their hats for annexation are the furthest off of all. In the first place nobody—that is, nobody worth mentioning—in Canada wants annexation, and in the second place it need not be taken for granted that everybody in the United States wants it.

The addition of Canada to the United States would completely disarrange the political situation there, and while neither the republicans or democrats would refuse an offer from the Dominion, neither of them is in any particular haste to have one made.

Annexation is not necessarily the destiny of Canada, even in the remote future. Of course none of us is so wise as to be able to foresee what will take place fifty years from now, and none of us need trouble ourselves very much about it. The voters of that day will settle its issues in their own way.

Speaking of anticipating the future, recalls certain anticipations regarding North America. The great FRONTENAC dreamed of a day when with a cordon of forts from Quebec to the mouth of the Mississippi, he would rule the interior of the continent in the name of his christian majesty of France, and as he emphatically, if not very politely expressed it, "Drive the spawn of that puritan CROMWELL into the sea." We tell ourselves that WOLFE ended that game when he scaled the heights of Quebec! But did he? Just cast your eye down from Quebec into New England and the Maritime Provinces, and see how the French are crowding down. In another century they will be fifty millions strong, and they will need a large territory.

The visitor to Quebec must have been struck with the absence of the name of WOLFE in streets, wards, markets and the like. There is a MONTCALM market, and a MONTCALM almost everything, but you do not see much to remind you of the gallant young general who laid down his life on plains of Abraham. Yet when one stands upon the citadel and looks out over the city and the busy river he feels that no such honors would do the hero justice, but that there should be inscribed to him some where the lines, which St. Paul's in London bears in memory of its architect, "Si monumentum queris, circumspice." If you seek his monument look around you.

What a delightful people our French fellow-Canadians are! There are really none more so anywhere. An educated Quebec gentleman is the embodiment of genial intelligence, an educated Quebec lady is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And how intense their pride of race is! They are the aristocracy of America. Their lineage is almost uncontaminated. In the United States and English Canadian provinces, immigration has so mixed up families that you cannot possibly tell who or what anybody is by descent, but up in Quebec you will not be astray in ninety nine cases out of a hundred if you seek in some humble Jean Baptiste a descendant

of the chivalrous adventurers, who with the blessings of the church and the smile of their sovereign, sets out two centuries ago to conquer the new world for the cross and La France.

The Dominion Illustrated St. John edition is at hand, two months after it was promised and the time the advertisers contracted for. PROGRESS has commented upon this delay several times, and this, together with the absence of "pulls," which the representative of the Illustrated wished to offset by a free portrait of the editor in the edition, does not seem to have disposed of it very favorably toward this paper. The fact that the Illustrated thinks that PROGRESS "does not emulate to be as respectable" as the daily papers, does not worry us. If, like it, we made drafts upon our patrons before the ink was dry on the edition and in some cases, for larger amounts than the contracts called for, we should be a good deal more concerned. In the gratuitous slur hurled at PROGRESS, the Illustrated representative says he was not acquainted with its character when he arrived in the city. If that is so he is not acquainted with the Illustrated, because in back numbers of it he can find some of the most complimentary notices PROGRESS has ever received from any paper. If the representative did not know the character of this paper when he came to St. John, he was still in ignorance when he left, some months afterward, for one of his last calls was upon the editor of PROGRESS asking again for his portrait. Refused politely a dozen times, the remark was then made "If I had no other reason I would not care to figure in that company. I prefer to stay out and, as you say, Mr. ELLIS is not going in I will keep him company." The "rogues gallery" existed only in the imagination of the Illustrated man. Perhaps, in future, it would be well for the Illustrated to confine its estimates of respectability to its staff, if the boastful fellow sent to St. John is a sample of it.

The "Sunday Reading" department of PROGRESS has won popular favor in one week. It was, perhaps, a surprise to many readers to find such a department conducted on lines differing from the ordinary. We direct their attention this week to the timely reading to be found there. It is not political, and yet politicians might do worse than read what they will find there. A word as to the phenomenal interest taken in our prize Bible questions, the successful competitor in which will be announced next week. At this writing more than 100 answers have been received. The lady who conducts the question departments has this to say to those interested: I am very much pleased to find so many boys and girls who read PROGRESS also read their Bibles, as these very excellent answers to "The Prize Bible questions" testify. I am only sorry that I cannot give a dollar to all; especially to the little boy who wished to send his prize to the "South Bay Fund," but hope he will be successful another time. I am surprised to find how many have confused ELIJAH's hiding place and lodging place with his dwelling place. Don't you remember? God told ELIJAH to hide by the brook Cherith. ELIJAH lodged in the cave at Mt. Horeb, but God at once asked him what he was doing there, and sent him back in the path of duty, but God sent him to dwell with the widow at Zarephath, Luke, 4, 25, during which time ABRAHAM searched every nation and kingdom for him. And now, if this "Scriptural shield" found by so many boys and girls, will be used by them, how many happy homes will be brightened by these young warriors! For we read, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Proverbs, 16, 32. I will announce the successful competitor a week from today as I announced in last week's issue. NEAL.

Somebody has lately been taking the trouble to inform the world that none of the very rich men of the United States drink intoxicating liquors. It has been generally understood that some of them, especially a small gentleman by the name of GOULD, have a great fondness for water, so much so that they fairly force it upon the public in the shape of stock. There is no particular moral lesson to be drawn from the fact that the ASTORS, the VANDERBILTS and the ROCHEFELLES do not drink wine, and that COLIS T. HUNTINGDON does not even drink coffee. They are business men who, like other business men by thousands, have never acquired the habit of drinking. It speaks something, however, for the progress of our civilization that abstinence from the use of intoxicants is the characteristic of leading business men everywhere.

Thank Heaven there is a deep sentiment of loyalty still in the world, the canker of petty business has not entirely eaten it from the hearts of the people of Canada (cheers).—Hon. Geo. E. Foster's Speech in the Mechanics Institute.

The "canker of petty business"! Phew!

Chats with Correspondents. TEMPERANCE, St. John—Your letter will be attended next week. FAIR PLAY, Woodstock—Opinions will differ. We do not care to open correspondence on the subject. F. C. St. John—Your sketch is held for the present. Too busy to give it careful reading just now. TRUST, St. John—Your letter is sweeping and severe. Can you call at this office any day between 12 and 1 o'clock. DIGBY and ST. ANDREWS—Friday morning, too late.

"Progress" as a Premium. Mr. Geo. H. McKay has taken a novel mode of attracting attention to his dry goods store and inducing custom. He proposes to place 50 copies of PROGRESS on his counter every Saturday, and every customer to the extent of 50 cents will be entitled to a copy of the paper.

A LIBERAL ON THE SITUATION.

A Word to the Working Man on the N. P. By a Liberal.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The writer is not an unrestricted reciprocity man and never will be, because the word means "having no limitation." He is a Liberal all the same and will vote for no man who, under such a title, screens his annexation methods. For this is in fact what one of our Liberal candidates would have us do.

But to our facts. The St. John Globe of Monday copied from the Ottawa Free Press an article with the heading "Taxes, Taxes, Taxes: the effect of Sir John Macdonald's Policy." The said article points out the fearful duty that you, the working man, pay at the customs house on everything you wear, while the rich man pays nothing or next to nothing on his silks (30 per cent.) and his broad cloth, etc., which, as higher priced goods, are taxed at the same rate. It is a fact that the rich man pays duty, and will for a long while to come—it may be fifty or a hundred years—before we will reach the state at which such articles can be made in this "great country."

But what I want to call your attention to, and that of Mr. Ellis, is that the National Policy baby is now thirteen years old and has grown to be such a strapping chap that he is well able to take care of himself, and you working men, whom Mr. Ellis is so careful and anxious about, will be astonished when I inform you that you are not taxed a cent on what you wear which accounts for the fact that Sir John Macdonald is without much of that revenue derived from the taxes on your goods, because this "great nation, Canada" makes the larger portion of all the goods you and your families use.

Here are the facts for you: Unbleached cottons which, thirteen years ago, were taxed one cent per yard and 15 per cent under the then new national policy are now made in every part of the country and pay no duty whatever. Not only do they pay no duty, but they employ thousands of working men and women who want homes, food, churches, amusements, etc. So you see that Sir John Macdonald's N. P. baby, now thirteen years old, prevents fifteen per cent, and one cent a yard entering his treasury, and is distributed among all classes. There is no duty on raw cotton and as a result we have better cotton today at seven cents per yard than we could have got thirteen years ago for ten and twelve cents per yard. This will apply to all cotton productions, such as white cottons, sheeting, pillow cottons, shirtings, gingham, shakers, cottonades, ticking, etc. Hosiery thirteen years ago paid a large tax; under the National Policy today it is made in all the provinces and is better and vastly lower in price than before the N. P. tax was put on; again the working man and all his family pay no tax.

Thirteen years ago flannels paid 30 per cent duty. To-day they pay nothing, because they are made in the country. Tweeds can be bought from 30 cents to \$1.25, without a cent of duty—it is only the swell or dude who pays for West of England or Scotch makes, and sometimes gets Canadian and is not aware of it. Blankets of white, pure wool can be bought to day from \$1.50 up to \$10, all long fibre, pure wool, which cannot be equalled in any country in value; for, as yet, our best wools enter into the manufacture of tweeds, flannels, yarns and blankets simply because we have not started to make the classes of dress goods used by ladies. In all countries, such as Great Britain, France and Germany, the makers buy up all the long fibres and best wools of Australia for such uses in the London market.

Let us have free trade with Great Britain and we can hold our own in native goods, and not have to bend our necks to the yoke of the McKinley bill and annexation. We want no wall let down because it would sweep away every mill in the country with Johnston-like flood of over-production, which the McKinley bill will in time bring upon us, and further, the goods in the United States are similar in make, purity and finish, to Canadian, while the British cottons are still as in the past, sized with China clay, chalk, sour flour, etc., and would not be bought by our Canadian workingman's wife, one of the most prudent, wise, and careful creatures to be found in any country. Free trade with Britain would give us all we want of the high class goods, for there is none like unto her among the nations of the earth for skill, and diversity of textile fabrics, which places her in the position she holds. It is useless talking bosh about the poor working man, for he is better off today than for the past 50 years. What we want is to work up our timber and native woods into doors, etc., and take them like our Yankee brothers, to London, England, and there display them, as they do in a store in Holborn Viaduct—not in New York, Boston, etc. Millions of boxes are used, but it wants some person of means to tackle this business, because no London firm will contract with any one unless he is able and willing to give worthy guarantees that the stock in London will not give out. Why, of spool wood, cut properly and true, Paisley would consume a small forest untold wealth, and in free-trade England lies our best cash customers, if we have faith in ourselves. Half the dry

goods used in Canada by the working man are made in it, and no duty paid thereon. Mr. Ellis in his Carleton speech as given in the St. John Globe of 17th inst., says:

The taxes are paid by the workingman, and not by the rich. To this subject he had given most careful study, he said, and had become convinced from every dollar earned by the poor man the Government got a share.

I would only say that Mr. Ellis has no doubt given a vast amount of study, and in his path or street in life may hold most profound ideas, but it has not been up dry-goods or manufacturer's street his life work has led him, and consequently his ideas have to be taken with a grain of salt. I will take all for granted he may say about a stone cup or a china one, but he knows little of the very largest interest—the dry goods interest, of this city, which requires more money to carry it on, than any other single interest in it. This is true of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, etc.

Under the National Policy the value of property all over the Dominion is diminished. Under a policy of free trade it would expand. Expansion of trade would give employment to the people.—St. John Globe, Feb. 17.

The farm of 450 acres in Amity township, Berks county, Pa., belonging to the late John W. Casselberry, for which twenty years ago \$13,000 was paid, has been sold for \$500. Thus farm lands have depreciated under a high tariff. Whatever else may be said in favor of so-called "protection," one thing is certain, it is a burden upon the farmers.—Delaware County Democrat.

Berks county is the seat of great manufacturing industries. The farmer sows his seed and reaps his harvest in sight and hearing of manufacturers which have been for nearly a lifetime the nurslings of protection. He has his "protected" home market at his very door. But every year he finds himself growing poorer and the value of his lands shrinking. Is it any wonder that the deluded grangers should begin to flock by themselves and seek desperate remedies for the evils that afflict them?—Philadelphia Record, Feb. 16.

Farmers in Canada note the fact and contrast Uncle Sam's higher tariff, not to mention the effect in time to come under the McKinley bill and unrestricted reciprocity.

Prosperity for the workingman means prosperity for everybody. Let the people on the outskirts of the city remember the time when on Courtenay Bay there were many vessels building. What a number of people lived in that vicinity. What a large number of small stores flourished. And these small stores helped the larger ones. It is employment that is wanted for the masses.—St. John Globe, Feb. 17th.

I would, in reply to the above, simply say that large wooden ships are as dips—things of the past. The world moves ever on. We have got to electric light days, hence iron ships, such as The Majestic, are in touch with the life of the day, and are built in Belfast, Ireland, London and Glasgow; not in the United States under the McKinley bill, but in free Britain, the mother land of many true-born Canadian workmen and their sons.

It is the first duty of every Canadian to make his country prosperous. It is not made prosperous by constant taxation, by squandering the public money, by making the people pay duties on their flour, their beef, their pork, on their clothing. It is the labor of the country that pays these taxes.—St. John Globe, Feb. 17th.

By his introduction of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States Canada would not have a N. P. but a duty called McKinley Bill. If that blessing would not make the working man howl "Taxation, Taxes, Taxation, Taxes." I do not know what would. This country is good enough for the honest farmer to raise beef or pork. Let the young farmers read up on stock raising, etc., etc., put forth one half the energy into his work that is required in all city occupations, and his reward is sure independence.

As for the clothing, we can in our own city put together clothing for workmen as honest and as good as in the United States, because in the U. S. wool is taxed very high, and in Canada wool is free, therefore tweeds, etc., are lower in price than in the U. S. Consequently the working man is benefited and pays no tax. It is only the swell or dude who has his New York or Boston "tailor," and let him pay. I am proud of being only a St. John lad and of the fact that my province, New Brunswick, can give every good man and true, who is willing and able to work, good returns for honest toil.

ROBERT TURNER.

NOUVELLES FRANÇAISES.

La Reunion Allemande.

Le département allemand de l'école de langues est maintenant sous la direction de M. Busse. Il y a, chaque semaine une réunion des élèves allemands. Celle qui a eu lieu la semaine passée chez Mme. Paterson était très agréable, le programme se composait de récitation tirées pour la plupart des meilleurs poètes allemands. Deux des élèves ont récité la jolie petite comédie jouée chez Mme. Cowan.

M. Bober, le premier professeur allemand qui est venu ici, a assisté au meeting, vendredi soir, ce qui a fait un grand plaisir pour ses anciens élèves qui lui garde toujours une place dans leurs cœurs. On s'amuse toujours bien à ces réunions, il y a toujours de la musique et l'on a y trouve maintenant une bonne occasion pour se familiariser avec celle de Wagner, ce grand compositeur qui est aussi inconnu du monde général.

Dans une grande administration un sous-chef de bureau regarde par la fenêtre. Etrange! murmure-t-il, voilà deux heures que je contemple ce maçon placé sur l'échafaudage vis-à-vis de mon bureau! Il n'a même pas encore effleuré avec son pinceau le mur qui lui est confié. Parole d'honneur! je ne serais pas fâché de savoir pour quelle espèce de travail ce paresseux va toucher sa paye à la fin de la semaine!

Dans un salon. Un artiste amateur vient d'entonner, d'une voix caverneuse, la romance connue: Le soir ramène le silence... Une voix aigrelette se fait entendre: —Vous savez qu'il est déjà tard! UNE ELÈVE.

Why not have long selected CANE in your Chairs. Lasts longer, cheaper. Duval, 242 Union street.