

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 18.

THE STRIKE CONTINUES.

We regret to say that the millowners' strike—their demand that the men shall return to the ten hour a day system—continues. The millmen seem as determined to hold out as they were at the commencement of the trouble.

The millmen are doing more in this contest than asserting their own rights. They are fighting the battle of every other wage earner in the city and county of St. John.

We can see that trade is depressed in various important quarters, but what has caused that depression? The answer can be easily given: Over-production; and yet certain of the millowners suggest as a cure for this over-production that their men shall work ten hours a day instead of nine hours.

We do not belong to the school of thinkers who say that workmen should share in the profits of their employers in addition to getting a few day's pay; but we do say that the millmen, not having shared in the profits of their employers beyond getting their wages when times were good, should not be expected to make good to the owners what the latter lose in a time of temporary depression.

Our position regarding this trouble is much like that of one of the speakers at the millmen's meeting last Wednesday week. If the millowners had at the outset proposed a temporary reduction of wages, giving the men the option of taking the reduction or accepting the ten hour system, we would have urged the men to have submitted to the reduction.

three weeks, should the men now go back to work at the nine-hour system, but at a reduced rate of wages? If the men say yes, we have no fault to find, but under the circumstances would it be just to ask them to accept a reduction of wages now? It would certainly not be just, because the men have already lost what would be equivalent to quite a reduction of wages for the rest of the season.

We would suggest in the present crisis that first of all, the men continue their present firm stand. In order to do so money may be required. It is therefore the duty of Pres. LINGLEY of the Millmen's union, to see that all the other labor organizations are informed as to the actual requirements of the men out of work.

WHEN WILL WE GET PROHIBITION?

Progress is, and always has been, an advocate of prohibition. We are not of those, however, who declare that the country is at this very moment ready for that great measure of reform.

We take but little stock in the statement that the greatest objection to prohibition is the matter of revenue. It is true that that would mean at least \$7,000,000 a year; but considering that the sum of \$25,000,000 a year is spent in liquor would not the saving of the larger sum more than compensate for the loss of the lesser?

In the first place we do not think it at all likely that such a measure could be carried in the early future in this dominion. The province of Quebec would oppose it vigorously because, while its people are, as a rule, a temperate people, the temperance leaders there have carried on their labors almost altogether on moral suasion lines.

rapidly, but is it much more pronounced all over the Dominion than it was in New Brunswick in 1855? In that year, as Sir LEONARD TILLEY told Progress last week, the petitions in favor of prohibition were so lengthy and numerous that the leading men of the country were mistaken as to the real depth of temperance sentiment.

If not destroyed by over-zealous advocates, we believe that the temperance feeling will grow to such an extent within the next few years that prohibition will not only be possible, but very probable.

Coming back to the question of revenue, we think that matter will not be a strong argument against prohibition once public sentiment is thoroughly analyzed. There need be no resorting to direct taxation to make good the loss to revenue of \$7,000,000 a year.

JOHN BULL'S WAY.

While Mr. BLAINE has been interesting himself and the great American people by his letters and speeches on the great scheme of Pan-American reciprocity, Lord SALISBURY has quietly been working out a little plan which was consummated the other day by the hoisting of the Union Jack over the mouth of the Oronoco.

A correspondent of one of the New York papers is very wroth because the South American people look askance at United States gold, and will have nothing to do with United States national bank bills.

admiral what would be the result of a naval war between France on the one side and Germany and Italy on the other. "We would sweep them from the sea," was the answer. "Suppose," continued his querist, "that England were to send out her fleet against us."

MEN AND THINGS.

PHILLIPS BROOKS has been described as "an episcopalian with a leaning towards christianity." The "leaning" of the eloquent rector of Trinity has been very pronounced recently.

After all, is he not simply typical of the religious world? Have you ever passed through a mountain chain, in a railway train, while the morning mists filled the valleys and covered the foothills? You look backward and all is dark and gloomy.

In England they used to say that the best treatment for a restless clergyman, one who "wanted to know, you know," was to make a bishop of him.

If you weigh 150 lbs. in Halifax, you will weigh 150 lbs. 5 oz., if you go to Greenland, and by the time you get up to Smith's channel, where the ice-barrier stops northern progress, you would probably weigh 151 lbs., that is, provided you do not lose flesh en route.

Speaking of going north, it may be observed that a woman has gone in search of the North Pole, that is she has accompanied her husband on an expedition with that object. The chances are in favor of her success.

On the other hand the woman, Mrs. SHELDON, who attempted to cross Africa gave up the job before she had got more than fairly started. It is only fair to say that she was unable to make the journey under the conditions she intended.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

The common plan of teaching history is to begin at the beginning and teach up. Would it not be wiser to begin at the end and teach down? Much that a pupil is taught about the early days of ancient nations is absolutely false.

thousand it is immaterial whether VENUS was in love with MARS, or whether LUPA was or was not the name of the foster mother of ROMULUS. On the other hand when a child is old enough to be taught history, the study can be given a present interest and practical utility by beginning at today and at the place where the pupil lives.

"By what title do you hold these lands?" demanded Commissioner BEDELL of the Indians at Bull's Island, Carleton county, and the chief answered: "Behold the graves of our grandfathers, the graves of our fathers, the graves of our children."

PECAVI.

The most interesting thing in print last year was our last summer girl. (We state this as we go to press).

The terrible charge of the light brigade is enacted quarterly at the office of the gas-works.

The moon shone full bright As I leaned o'er and kissed her, That balmy June night, The moon shone full bright, And spilled its soft light

They say it makes Keely, of Philadelphia, tearing mad to ask him does his motor know he's out. (N. B.—The stockholders are).

"Speaking of ice-carnivals," quoth Weekbrane the other evening, "reminds me of an account I once read of an ice palace in a Russian city, where they had a statue of Venus, made entirely of ice."

"Well, yes," responded one of the incurables, "Yes, I should say it was rather a nude-of-ice"—and the ensuing silence was so distressingly void of sound that you might have heard an engagement ring.

"I have just gone into a rapid decline," said the editor, as he swept three pounds, fourteen ounces of words-that-burn poetry into the waste basket.

Lead astray—Bullets from a policeman's revolver.

A certain young man named Carlisle Had a face that would re-cut a flie; And he loved a fair daisy, But, alas! she went crazy, For upon her, one day, he did smile!

To Clementina Von Magillieuddy: No, dear, no, no! The story "Thrown upon the World" is not a bicycle tale.

A certain young fellow in New York, Couldn't keep out of the re. The poor youth was a dude That was fed on bird fude— Thus the reason, you see, was quite ple.

"There goes young Grinnon Barrett. They say he is his mother's idol." "If'n! That so? Well, he must be a broken idol. He tried to borrow a tenner from me yesterday in the Royal Hotel."

The round-shouldered mental Colossus whose fancy signature has been sewed to the end of these lurid brain-bursts has been lately honored—and at the hands of no less a personage than that paragon of veracity, Mr. "Eli Perkins." My mail recently brought me two tickets—one blue, and one red—about four inches by two-and-a-half in size, worded as follows:

"Season ticket. Eli Perkins at Large. Admit the bearer or wife, his own wife, to Eli Perkins' lecture, anywhere in the world, for years and years. The lecturer will commence at eight o'clock sharp, and continue till somebody requests him to stop. In case of an accident to the lecturer, or if he should die or be hung before the evening of the disturbance, this ticket will admit the bearer to a front seat at the funeral, where he can sit and enjoy himself the same as at the lecture. The highest priced seats, those nearest the door, are reserved for the particular friends of the speaker. At—Seat No. —, Row —. Good anywhere on earth for 962 years."

I think I shall go. CASEY TAP.

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

For the Want of a Cipher.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In your issue of this date under the head of "Things Worth Knowing" are not the yearly heart beats ten times the number as therein stated. SUBSCRIBER. Halifax, July 11, '91.

A Coincidence.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The beginning of the executive career of Sir John A. Macdonald was his appointment to the "standing order committee" of the house, 1844. He soon began to be spoken of as a possible cabinet minister—a rumor which was favorably entertained by the press.

One paper declared him to be a liberal, able, clear-headed man of sound conservative principles. It is curious, perhaps merely a coincidence, that years afterwards the very two words which I have italicized should have been adopted as the designation of the great political party of which Sir John became the distinguished head. *** Wolfville, N. S., July 4, '91.

Trouble at the "Transfer."

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—You would do the residents of the North End and others who use the Paradise row line of street cars an obligation by, if possible, exposing the Street Railway Co.'s unreasonable, not to say unjust, disregard for the comfort and interests of the public in the way the service is managed (or rather mismanaged) so far as making connection with the transfer office concerned. It is rarely indeed that anyone going from town by car has either not to wait at the "transfer," or has to walk the rest of the way in order to save time. I have heard frequently of the Paradise row car starting while the car from town was within sight and between the railway track and the foot of Portland. It would also be a great convenience when the company do manage to make the cars connect, if they would let those that do (because some cannot, as the one line runs a 6-minute service and the other a 14) carry a small flag or some distinguishing mark so that passengers could tell which car to take in order to meet the other at the "transfer." By making some inquiry you will find that almost everyone who patronizes the cars has the same complaint as the undersigned CITIZEN.

Information Asked For.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In an issue of two ago of PROGRESS, appeared a brief paragraph concerning P. O. money orders, and the method in which the moneys applicable to them are arranged in the New Brunswick department of the post office service.

Will you please explain more lucidly, for the benefit of myself and many others of your readers what is or was meant by the paragraph in question? Surely it is not intended to indicate that there is anything wrong with the official heads of the department in New Brunswick now, or that there has been in the past whereby the public trusts are endangered.

If so, it is time that the public knew something of the matter, and not be kept in the dark any longer. What with banks smashing, defaulting bank and insurance presidents and cashiers, and public kite-flying officials living beyond their means both in the U. S. and Canada, it would seem as if the people are being either systematically fleeced, or imposed upon, or both, and that they should have some guarantee that matters of public trust in which large financial questions are involved, should be placed in such shape that they could not be well open to even the slightest suspicion of crookedness.

Perhaps I am unduly alarmed over the paragraph in question. If so I shall be pleased to know it, and particularly if you can render its import more clear and comprehensive. B. Z. New Brunswick, June 26, 1891.

[From what we know of our correspondent he should be the last man to ask for information, the premature publication of which would not be wise. A good detective officer keeps his mouth fairly under control until he has all the facts. Do you see the point?—THE EDITOR.]

THE STUDENT.

I have learned not the lore of the volmies That gather the dust on the shelf, Nor the delicate veins of the roses, Nor the sinew and bone of myself, Nor the earth with its rock-hid treasures, Nor the sky with its stars and its strife, Nor the sea with its mermaid monsters— Not these, but the lesson of life.

That an atom of gold-dust weighs ever All the hearts in creation above, That diamonds are better than kisses, And money is better than love, Vice goes in the garment of folly, Or wears the grey gowns of the prudes, And woman is servant to fashion, And man is a creature of moods.

When love with the face of an angel And the rags of a beggar boy lay In my path, I passed on to the palace Of mammon, and strove to be gay. But over the rustic of satins, The songs of the fair and the brave, And the silvery ripple of laughter, I heard the last groan that he gave.

And often I lie in the midnight, When the casement is dripping with rain, And long for the peace of my girlhood Ere I wakened to passion and pain; When I lived with the birds and the blossoms In a little brown cottage I knew, And dreamed that all my women were stainless, And men were all noble and true.

Ah! bitter and hard was the lesson, In anguish and weariness learned; And these are the laws and the tenets That into my brain it has burned: There is nothing so high or so holy That it cannot be purchased with gold, And virtue and honor and beauty Are wares to be bartered and sold.

So give me the gown of the doctor, And L.L.D. to my name, Though Hebrew to me is a jargon, And Latin and Greek are the same, And sealed are the secrets of ocean, And of sky with its splendor and strife, I have morganized my soul for knowledge, But have mastered the lesson of life!

Everybody Moved.

The half holiday movement is gaining ground. Yesterday afternoon the dry goods, hardware, hatters, wall paper and one carpet establishment joined in the procession and had a good time. Progress congratulates the employes and the employers also. The former will enjoy many pleasant hours, and the latter will lose nothing by their action.

A Good Move.

The largest retail firm in the city has given its customers notice that hereafter bills will be rendered every three months instead of half yearly. This is a move in the right direction—a move that PROGRESS hopes will be followed by all merchants in the city.