

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 4.

THE MILLMEN'S STRIKE.

We are in hearty sympathy with the millmen in their protest against what must be considered by every right thinking man as an unfair demand by the mill proprietors.

We are not of those who believe that employer and employed are intended by nature to be swords' points with each other. No one is foolish enough in this age to suppose that capital can do without labor, nor that labor can do without capital; and he would be an enemy to the community who sought to teach any other doctrine than that contained in the recent encyclical letter on the condition of labor.

Coming back to the millmen's strike, let us look the situation over calmly. Last year the men asked that their working hours should be reduced from ten to nine hours per day. Considering that in many other fields of labor wage-earners were asking for eight hours a day, the request of the mill employes for a nine hour day was not an unreasonable one, and, to the credit of the proprietors, be it said, the request was acceded to.

We do not know to what places the mill owners refer. This we will say, however, that it has long been an admitted fact that the mills of St. John, all things considered, turn out more lumber in a day than do the mills in any other part of America.

toilers of our mills be asked to return to the slave system of ten hours a day? Mill owners who want to be fair will admit that in order to keep up with what modern mill machinery demands a day's work now in any of the St. John mills, even under a nine hours system, means a greater physical strain on the working-man than a twelve or fifteen-hour day meant some years ago.

The state might as well try to take the franchise from the masses, after having given it to them, as for the millowners to endeavor to again lengthen the hours of labor after having last year admitted that a nine-hour day was sufficiently long.

The millmen's meeting in Berryman's hall on Monday night, was one of the greatest in-door labor demonstrations ever held in this city. Mr. FRED LINGLEY made an excellent chairman. He put the case fairly, and at the conclusion of his remarks no one could misunderstand the position of the millmen.

Properly organized and with men in whom they have confidence to represent them, there is no reason why the condition of the working classes generally in St. John could not be vastly improved without imposing any hardship on capital.

THE ENCYCLICAL.

"At this moment the condition of the human race is such that the question of the papacy has become a prominent one in its latest endeavors, which will re-echo far and wide. The declaration above quoted follows a long and elaborate exposition of the advantages of organization among laborers.

The correctness of his claims as to the importance of the labor movement cannot be called in question. Every day, almost, new evidence is furnished that sooner or later the demands of the masses will force recognition from the governing classes.

MEN AND THINGS.

Not much more than two hundred years ago a member of the General Court of Massachusetts endeavored to persuade that body that a highway ought to be built

from Boston harbor to a point fourteen miles in the interior. The monstrous proposition was promptly voted down and the general court put on record its conviction that settlement would never be likely to extend so great a distance from the ocean.

About the same date Count FRONTENAC was writing to his christian majesty of France asking for a regiment of troops and some munitions of war, promising, if he received them, to build a chain of forts from Quebec to New Orleans and "drive the spawn of the Puritan CROMWELL into the sea."

About the same time the Portuguese were setting up their colonies on the coast of Brazil and the Spaniards were occupying points along the west coast of South America. What a contrast is presented by the history of the three races during the last two centuries.

What is true in America is true everywhere else. Africa, Asia, Australasia, and Oceania tell the same story—they repeat the triumphs of the Anglo-Germanic races.

A New York jurymen was recently fined for non-attendance and subsequently excused on the grounds that he was subject to fits of mental aberration. Thus one by one the landmarks of our civilization, the bulwarks of our constitution are going.

What a farce this jury business usually is? In theory it is a capital arrangement, but when the class of men usually selected for jurors, and the ingenuity of counsel, and the comments of the judge are considered, the chances for a decision in consonance with the facts are not very certain.

Recently there has grown up in the courts a practice of submitting a lot of questions to juries, and they are told that if they answer some of them in a certain way their verdict is to be so and so, and a lot more wisdom is dealt out to them, with the result that the average intellect is apt to be bewildered by the multiplicity of counsel.

Speaking of law and common sense recalls the old apothegm that common law is supposed to be the perfection of common sense. This is not usually called a legal fiction, but it belongs to the same set of notions as the principle that every man is supposed to know the law.

Another thing is worth a word in passing. Why cannot the supreme court en banc let the public know a little in advance what judgments it is likely to deliver? Some people will ask why does not the court get through its judgments in a little quicker, but perhaps there is not so much reason to ask this question now as there used to be.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT.

About seventy millions of people are living in North America, not including Mexico, and they are increasing at such a rate that in something like thirty years, they will number one hundred and forty millions. Did you ever stop to think what this means? Every man, woman and child in the country at present lays under tribute, directly or indirectly, eight acres of land.

of the wants of the people for anything except minerals. No one will pretend that there is not at least an equal amount of waste land in Canada. In round numbers there are about 4,000,000 acres in North America, not including Mexico. Half of this being waste land, it follows that thirty years from now all the good land will be laid under tribute unless people learn to do with less produce, or raise more to the acre.

Col. INGERSOLL has taken the field to say that there is room in the United States for 600,000,000 without crowding. If the eloquent colonel does not know any more about the next world than he knows about this, his unfortunate followers in the religious field will find themselves sadly deluded. Six hundred millions of people with their flocks and herds would require, at the lowest estimate, 4,800,000,000 acres of land for tillage and pasture, the way things are managed now.

The Farmer seems loath to drop the subject of Mr. CROCKET'S dismissal and returns this week to an attack upon an alleged "contributor" to the Sun of this city. The fact that the article was contributed would not lessen its force in the least.

The Gleaner has opposed the Government for some time, and it is true that it is published by one of Mr. CROCKET'S sons, yet this is only one son out of many, and while it is doubtless true that he was beyond his father's control, yet we are not so uncharitable as to say that the junior members of the family, who stood in the court house and hissed Mr. BLAIR and his colleagues on the hustings, are beyond their father's control, nor do we think that the ballot by which Mr. CROCKET said he would turn Mr. BLAIR and his government out of office was beyond his control, nor were the actions by which he plainly said that he could not, or would not work in harmony with the board of education and the government of the province, beyond his control.

The "lack of harmony" comes last in the Farmer's list. It may not be right to hiss the premier of the province—it certainly is not courteous—but the attorney general has been too long in politics to pay any attention to such an act. Mr. WILSON, it seems, took it more to heart, for even Mr. RYAN referred to the treatment of Mr. WILSON on the hustings by young CROCKET when he talked with the then superintendent. But the fact that Mr. CROCKET'S son was of age, gave him a perfect right to express his opinions. His manner of doing so may be open to criticism, but his right is unquestioned.

We wish the superintendent of education, Dr. INCH, the same success that has attended his efforts in educational work elsewhere in this province. If the government carries out its intention of last winter, we presume the day is not far distant when we can also call him the president of the university.

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By the way, one of the organs of the local government seems rather anxious to repel the assertion that there is a want of harmony between the administration and the presbyterians. In proof of this, it cites the appointment of Mr. JULIUS INCHES as secretary for agriculture. It might at the same time have told us just how much Mr. INCHES contributed to the Y. C. F.

INSTANTANETTES.

Grief abounds where crepe is cheap. Ingratitude! shake! I've seen thee before. Backsliding is like unto vaccination that did not take. Be not thou "respectable" at the expense of the inner man. The brighter the light, the darker the shadow it casteth. Of all animals, man uses instinct the least—comparatively. How would cast steel soap do for cleansing metallic substances? Take not thou much stock in the undertaker's sympathy, it's his business. "The naked truth" needs not even a fig leaf, by way of clothing or covering. The dude cuts his wisdom teeth at the dentist's, Nature does not provide them. A man believes in phrenology in proportion to the flattery of the phrenologist, after a sitting. "Take things as they come," we are told, but care should be taken lest they belong not to ourselves. The Darwinian theory does not apply to dudes, progression is too slow to come under the head of evolution. Young ladies desirous of being married should live in Gage-town. And old bachelors should try Petitecoat-iac. Impose a duty on Pride and remove it from Laughter, and the result will not only be beneficial, but healthy and satisfactory. The best club to attack a dog with is now imported from Chicago under the nom de plume of Bologna, at least 'tis safest for the attackee. Your neighbor's land-mark is more readily determined after a heavy snowfall,—about the time you draw the line with your shovel thereon. Encroachment seldom takes place till spring approacheth.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Honey-moon. "Does you lub your pet," she murmured, "I does," he soft replied; "How much you lub your precious?" "A fousand tons," he sighed. "What for you lub your precious?" "Coz she's my bootfuls pet," "Aint you dot none ozzer precious?" "I nezzar has, you bet."

AN IDYL OF THE ROAD. Sierras, 1876. (By Bret Harte.) DRAMATIS PERSONAE. First Tourist, Yuba Bill, Driver. Second Tourist, A Stranger. Look how the upland plunges into cover, Green where the pines fade suddenly away, Wonderful those olive depths! and wonderful, moreover.

At Rest. Written on reading the words of Sir John A. Macdonald's favorite poem entitled "Rest," by Father Ryan. Adown the hill of life thou wandered slowly, As the sun sinks, softly, brightly in the West, So sank thou in death's sleep, brave, manly, Mourned by a nation's tears, to thy sweet rest.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. About the Exhibition. To the Editor of Progress: If there be no prizes offered for the agricultural and horticultural exhibits, those exhibiting any of the above should be granted space to do so without any charge. It is ridiculous to expect an exhibitor to go to the expense necessarily incurred, unless he has a prospect of something to meet that expense. It goes without saying, that whatever sales an exhibitor may make, will not recoup him for labor and trouble.

Something New. Messrs. Estey & Co., Prince William street, are putting upon the market the seamless waterproof hat. These hats are very dressy in appearance and match the tweed waterproof coats now so much worn. The seamless hat weighs about four ounces and meets a long felt want. The Holidays. Remember the holidays and keep them wholly in pleasure and recreation. Go on an excursion with your friends and take along fruits, coffee and cream, canned meats, biscuits, ginger ale, lemonade, etc., from J. S. Armstrong & Bro., grocers, 32 Charlotte street.

CAMPBELLTON.

Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. E. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery. Social circles are no way lively for this time of the year. The only event that took place last week was the basket social held in Baker's hall on Saturday evening. It was under the management of the French, and it was a grand success. Mr. Albert Mott, it is said, had the honor of paying the highest price for a basket. Mrs. A. E. Alexander is spending a few days in Bathurst. Miss Janie Thompson left by this morning's St. John express for Digby, N. S., where she will spend her vacation. Mrs. Michael Murray is spending a few days visiting friends in Chatham. Mrs. John Devereaux is spending her holidays in Little Meads, Q. P., and Mrs. Sarah Morton has chosen Newcastle as her spot of recreation. Miss Ida Nelson gave Eel River a flying visit last week. Mr. Andrew Loggie, of Dalhousie, was in town yesterday. Rev. Father McDonald was in Dalhousie on Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Steeves and bride, of Moncton, returned from their honeymoon and spent a day in town on their way home. Mr. John Henderson who left here some time ago for British Columbia, returned home last week. Mr. Henderson says that although British Columbia is a fine country he would choose the little town of Campbellton to live in preference. Miss Fannie Maher is visiting friends in Halifax. Mrs. Connaught, who was attending the W. C. T. U. convention at St. John, has returned home fully satisfied with the proceedings. Mr. and Mrs. Will Davies, of Moncton, spent Sunday in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson. Mrs. Henry McIntrye left by tonight's express to visit friends in Maria, P. Q. "Last Saturday" was spent very joyfully on the green banks of the Metepedia by three of our young ladies, namely: Miss Corine Venner, Miss Grace Yeaman, and Miss Maud Lacosse. I would like to hear of the catch. SUGAR LOAF.

TRURO.

JULY 1.—Mrs. Harry L. Harding, returned on Saturday from Windsor, where she had been attending the exercises of Kings college. Mr. W. H. Harrison of the Halifax Banking company's staff here, left last Thursday night for St. John, his former office, where he takes the position of accountant. Mrs. G. O. Gates returned on Saturday last from Florida, where she spent all last winter. Readers of Truro notes in Progress a few weeks ago will remember the matter of a paragraph on a "walking party" said to have been inaugurated by Mrs. Geo. Hyde. In the following week's issue appeared an apology which I tendered at Mrs. Hyde's instigation. She wished it, having come to me and denied all complicity in the afore-mentioned walking party. The latter paragraph was intended to apologize for the lady has evidently much incensed her. The matter so trivial at first has developed a new phase. Mrs. Hyde fastens the authorship of the apology on a former welcome guest and habitue of her house, Mr. Cecil French, who is credited with writing the same. Mr. French has written to me asking me to try to assist in the conciliating of the lady. I have to say in conclusion that it was I, "Pez," who conceived and wrote the grievous thing, that apology, and if any one has anything further to say they will have to present their grievance to me. PEG.

AN IDYL OF THE ROAD.

Sierras, 1876. (By Bret Harte.) DRAMATIS PERSONAE. First Tourist, Yuba Bill, Driver. Second Tourist, A Stranger. Look how the upland plunges into cover, Green where the pines fade suddenly away, Wonderful those olive depths! and wonderful, moreover. The red dust that rises in a suffocating way. Small is the soul that cannot soar above it, Cannot but cling to its ever-kindred poplar; Better be you bird, that seems to breathe and love it.

Yuba Bill: It ain't my fault, nor the Kumpepeny's, I reckon, 'Ye can't git ez square mealy ez any on the Bay, Up at you place, and the sunset 'pears to beckon— Ez that sharp allows in his airy sort o' way, 'Thar woz a place w'er your lash ye might her, wresled, 'Kept by a woman ez chipper ez a jay, Warm in her breast all the morning sunshine nestled; Red on her cheeks all the evening's sunshine lay. Second Tourist: Praise is but breath, O chariot compeller! Yet of that hash we would bid you farther say. Yuba Bill: 'Thar woz a snipe—like you, a fancy tourist— 'Kem to that ranch ez if to make a stay, 'Ban of the gal, and ruined jist the purist 'Criter that lived— Stranger (quietly): You're a liar, driver! Yuba Bill (reaching for his revolver): Eh? Here, take my lines, somebody— Chorus of Passengers: Hush, boys! listen! Inside there's a lady! Remember! No affray! Yuba Bill: Ef that man lives, the fault ain't mine or his'n! Stranger: Wait for the sunset that beckons far away, 'Then—as you will! But, meantime, friends, believe me, Nowhere on earth lives a purer woman; nay 'If my perceptions do surely not deceive me, She is the lady we have inside today. As for the man—you see that blackened pine tree, Up which the green vine creeps heavenward away 'He was that scarred trunk, and she that vine that sweetly 'Clothed him with life again, and lifted— Second Tourist: Yes; but pray How know you this? Stranger: She's my wife. Yuba Bill: The deuce you say!

It is Necessary Now.

A good directory is necessary to a city the size of St. John and it can be safely said that the merchants find it of such great use to them that they would find it very difficult to get along without it. The new one for this year is just out and Mr. McAlpine is not sorry. The labor is very great to say nothing of the danger of mistakes. The new edition is a necessary part of the office furniture.

The Fall Term.

The announcement of Miss Hitchins' school of music appears in another column. The particulars of the course and much else desirable for those to know who contemplate attending such a school can be obtained by sending for the calendar of the school.

Spirit Seatings.—Duael, 242 Union street.