

PROGRESS. EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR. Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, from the Halifax Building, 38 St. John's Street, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance. Discontinuances.—Except in those 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 five cents per copy. All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. The circulation of this paper is over 11,000 copies, is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section. Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every part of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each. 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. Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, cor. George and Granville streets. SIXTEEN PAGES. CIRCULATION, - - 11,150 HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, COR. GRANVILLE AND GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 30.

seen the statesman, but felt sure he could pick him out in a crowd from a memory of his portraits. When the train stopped, the man from Maine was one of the first to get off, and the reporter stepping up enquired, "Is Mr. BLAINE aboard of this train?" "No, he is not," was the answer, and the statesman was about to pass on when he was again asked, "Are you not Mr. BLAINE?" Then he admitted his identity, and in the course of a brief conversation made a number of statements which, viewed in the light of subsequent events, were models of diplomatic duplicity. The interview was published in his own words, but had it not been and the apparent meaning of it been given, he would have been in a position to deny that he ever made the statements imputed to him. It may be remembered that he has frequently denied what unquestionably honest reporters have credited him with asserting. In such cases it will be found that the interviewer has understood him as anybody would have understood him, but has failed to use the exact language which, by a play upon words, would have a different construction. That is why the Washington correspondent has thought it necessary to give BLAINE'S five words just as he spoke them and to use 30 words more to explain how and when they were spoken.

WILL NOT SUPPRESS IT. The latest plan for the suppression of the Louisiana lottery is found in the proposal to kill it by a tariff. A bill now before Congress provides that a government tax of 75 per cent. on the face value of each ticket sold be levied, in the hope that the gigantic enterprise will find no profit in the business. This would be a good thing for the state, in any case, for it would either close the concern or create a revenue of about \$21,000,000 a year. The face value of the tickets in twelve monthly drawings is \$28,000,000, a little more than half of which is paid out in prizes, leaving a clear profit of over thirteen million dollars to the company. There is really more than this, for all the tickets issued have a chance in the drawing, whether they are sold or not. The prizes drawn by those unsold go back to the company, which is just that much more in pocket. It seems clear that the concern gets at least half of all the money, and sometimes a great deal in addition. It is the best paying enterprise of the nineteenth century, and it is very doubtful if even the enormous taxation proposed will have the effect of causing it to cease its operations. So long as people believe there is a possibility of getting a fortune in a lottery, they will buy tickets, whether the price be one dollar or two. They are always in hopes that enough will be drawn, some lucky day, to reimburse them for all they have spent. The occasional receipt of a large or small prize by some one in the community strengthens their faith. The increased price of a ticket will no more prevent them from buying it than has the advance in the price of liquor prevented men from drinking. The consumer pays the tax on this as in other things. So it will be with the Louisiana concern. So long as it is permitted to have an existence it will find customers. If a tax is put on the tickets, their price may be increased to a proportionate extent, and while the state will be enriched, it will be at the expense of the people rather than of the lottery concern. The bill before congress seems to aim very wide of the mark in this instance.

The late ROBERT T. CLINCH had not reached the appointed age of man, as named by the Psalmist, yet his death recalls, more clearly than the death of many an older person, the progress of the world in the last half century. The fact that he entered the telegraph service when it was scarcely more than an experiment, and saw it grow to its present proportions shows what a comparative short time has been occupied in revolutionizing the methods of business which had been unchanged for centuries before. The electric telegraph has wholly changed some of the most important conditions of life, and has made possible a thousand things of which the world never dreamed when many who are still living were young. Go back half a century, when there was not a telegraph line in existence, and see what a different kind of a world we would live in. We are so accustomed to consider applied electricity as a feature of every day life that it is only when something specially recalls the past that we realize how much we have that our fathers had not. The death of Mr. CLINCH is one of the things which have a tendency to make us look back a little.

Every once in a while somebody comes to the front with a discovery that history has entirely misrepresented this man or that. The latest effort to disabuse the minds of men in regard to prominent persons of history is made by an Italian writer who asserts that NERO burned Rome from the highest of motives. He wanted to improve the city, and took the quickest way of clearing out the rubbish. Viewed in this light the Roman Emperor's fiddling on the occasion was not only pardonable but commendable. An apology is due to NERO for the gross misrepresentation of him in the current books of history.

BLAINE AND HIS WORDS. A recent Washington despatch reads: As Secretary BLAINE was entering the white house at noon today to attend a cabinet meeting, he was asked if any response had been made to his demands upon Chili. His answer was, "Not that I know of." To the ordinary reader it might seem there was an entirely unnecessary waste of words here, and that the story might have been told by saying that "no response has been made to Secretary BLAINE'S demands upon Chili." The Washington correspondent knows better than that, however, and so does any newspaper man who has ever had anything to do with BLAINE. The only safe way to report him is to quote his words and describe the circumstances under which they were spoken. He can be exceedingly evasive, especially when a newspaper man asks questions. During the presidential campaign of 1884, one of the present staff of PROGRESS was sent by a Boston paper to interview BLAINE at a point where he had to change cars on a journey east. The reporter had never

PROGRESSIVE HUMOR. A Weight Of His Mind. "Thank heaven," said Johnson, fervently, "I've broken the last of my New Years resolutions."

Will Probably Give More Details. "Jakes—I see by the papers that a colored clergyman has discovered the exact location of hades. Shakes—That so. I know several people who started in that direction some time ago, but they haven't come back to report."

She Was Curious. "You say, Mrs. Mulligan, that this fellow as was round with a tape lome this mornin', wis civil engineers?" "That's what they bees, "Mrs. Carne."

All in the Same Line. The teacher was showing the class how members of a family might sometimes take up trades and professions entirely different from each other, while the inclinations of other families seemed to be all in the same direction.

Why Halifax Laughed. This morning quite a laughable sight was witnessed on Cornwallis street. A young man was driving a hack up the street, and attached to the back of it were four dead cats, all tied on a wire, and fastened to the back of the vehicle. They had been put on by some small boys, who were following it up the street in great glee.—Echo.

Running a Road on Faith. Mr. Jones has told your correspondent that as soon as the usual lumber operations go on briskly and thereby put him in a position to pay the Havelock and Elgin railway help, he will do so with great pleasure.—Times.

The Crafty Baptist Got There. We have heard of efforts made in several districts in the maritime provinces to sell by subscription a book entitled "Bible Reading for the Home Circle." The agents who circulate the book disarm suspicion by their goodly good talk, and by taking part in religious services when opportunity offers. One of these agents managed to impose on a number of honest people in Musquodoboit. He traversed the district in October. He made a profession of true religion and actually partook of the Lord's Supper in the Presbyterian Church. When he brought the book around, recently, it was found to be a "Seventh Day Adventist" affair—a fraud on the Christian people.—Presbyterian Witness.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. More About Crests and "Society." TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Well done "Gorgius Midas!" A letter such as his has been needed, for really some of the "society" people seem to have taken leave of their senses.

So the "weal aristocracy" think they require crests to help maintain their newly fledged dignity, do they? Well, Mr. Editor, with your permission may I suggest a few: How would a roll of leather, a broad-axe or a plough do? These failing, a few mushrooms or a codfish? Any of these, especially the two last mentioned, might be neatly arranged with mottoes to suit by a heraldic engraver, and the most of them would be "so appropriate."

I learn from Gorgius Midas' letter that St. John "society" are trying to form themselves into a "Four Hundred" Where are the four hundred to come from? My memory carrying me back to 30 years I cannot help asking the question? Will any of your correspondents kindly inform me?

I sincerely hope they will select a highly distinguished social leader, one off the top round of the ladder, and I also hope he will be a considerate one, not like the famous Ward McAllister who advises his followers to "cross the street and avoid giving the cut direct," for King street is long and very steep, and it would be both trying and awkward for the noble "four hundred." On a fine afternoon between the hours of five and six, many of them would have a difficult task reaching the top. ROLLING STONE.

What a Woman Think. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I am in full accord with your sentiments concerning the late criminal trials. It seems a very undignified proceeding for a judge of the supreme court to supervise the whipping of a criminal. The idea is brutal enough to have been conceived by Judge Jeffries of odious memory, and people are everywhere expressing their surprise and disgust. It would almost seem as if the dark ages were returning. No doubt the miserable wretch committed or attempted to commit a heinous crime, but he has still some claim on HUMANITY.

The Boys Want a Hill. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: On Tuesday evening a number of boys were coasting on a rocky mountain terror, better known as a double runner, they were suddenly surprised by two policemen, who popped from behind a stoop and captured a great prize, which was a fine sled built by a boy 12 years old. On Wednesday morning the boy went to the police court to see about his sled, when the chief of police told him he could get it Friday. That was fair, but the boys think they ought to have a hill to slide on without being bothered by the police.

A Boy of the Crowd. TO CORRESPONDENTS. CORNER, St. Andrews—Please write on one side of the paper only. SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS—When more than one letter is received from one place, the first to reach the office usually gets the preference, the others being "cut" to avoid repetition.

Envelopes—Commercial white—American prices by "Progress Print."

THE PRINCE'S LODGE AGAIN. "Historicus" Suggestion to Restore it Has Opponents as Well as Supporters. The misconception entertained by many people as to the rotunda or band-house on the shores of Bedford Basin being the veritable "Prince's Lodge" stands a fair chance of now being corrected. The Critic has, ere this, referred to the subject and done its little best to spread the knowledge that the Duke of Kent resided in a more roomy abode than the picturesque little band-house could ever have afforded, and it is with pleasure we note that some recent publications have also made correct mention of the matter. St. John PROGRESS has been publishing a series of articles entitled "Random Recollections of Hon. Joseph Howe and his Times," and last week's issue contained a view of the real Prince's Lodge, as it appeared in 1820 taken from a picture in the possession of a lady residing in Halifax. The article dealing with the subject of the sketch is full of interest, and we feel considerably indebted to "Historicus" for his recollections. En passant, we may say that the habit of jotting down impressions with accuracy as to facts and dates is one that should be cultivated by all young people. The changes constantly taking place make but a faint impression if not committed to writing, and in course of time are entirely forgotten—at least for all practical purposes of history or entertainment—but it is a few moments daily given to making a record of important events, time to come may reap the benefit when another generation appears and asks the fathers to explain what has gone before.

"Historicus" makes the suggestion that Halifaxians should undertake to restore the Prince's Lodge and surroundings to their pristine grandeur, but we venture to remark that though doubtless it would make a charming resort, there are too many other and more important undertakings awaiting the enterprising citizen's attention, for a Prince's Lodge (not the real Simon pure, but a more or less Chinese copy of the original, and not in a satisfactory state of decay either) to absorb such a large amount of energy as would be required to restore it without serious loss to other and more-to-be-desired things.—Critic.

The Howe Recollections. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: As a native of the state of Maryland I take the liberty of correcting a mistake made by the writer of those interesting "Recollections of Joseph Howe and his Times," in the last issue of PROGRESS—where he refers to "Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, (state of Delaware). The Carroll name is one of the oldest, noblest, proudest of all Maryland names, and "Carrollton," situated a few miles from the city of Baltimore, is one of its famous ancestral homes. The first Roman Catholic Bishop of Maryland was a brother of the noted signer of the "Declaration of Independence," (that being the family faith), and his descendants have filled many high positions of trust. It is still a tower of social strength and a synonym for all that is noble, generous and chivalrous in manly character. It is a well authenticated fact, that when Charles Carroll, added the name of his home to his signature, he said as he laid down his pen, "I must answer to King George for treason I want him to know where his principles, and abide the consequences, makes him a representative Marylander. This is offered, with a desire, to have the mistake respectfully pointed out to the author of the article, and with no earthly wish to bring my name before the public—to which I should object. Baltimore Jan. 19.

[If our correspondent will again refer to the article of last week, he will observe that the author of the Recollections, expresses a doubt as to Delaware being the Carrollton abode for he places the following mark or question after Delaware (?).—Ed.]

A Novel and Useful Calendar. W. Tremaine Gard attempts originality with much success in all his advertising. This time it is a calendar, neat and convenient, printed in several colors, with that well-known scene, through Mr. Gard's space in PROGRESS, showing "the placing of the ring on the fiancée's finger." Between that and the months are the names of the months, each with the name of its corresponding jewel beneath it. This adds novelty and value to the calendar.

A New Departure. Mr. E. C. Cole of Moncton, is nothing if not enterprising. He has a large and growing clothing business the nature of which PROGRESS readers understand through his attractive announcements. This week he makes a departure and talks about children's clothing. What he has to say is interesting to many people, especially parents. It is money in your pocket to read some advertisements, Mr. Cole's is one of them.

As Others See Us. In one of the leading railway guide books published in the United States it is stated that "the climate of New Brunswick is subject to great extremes of heat and cold, the mercury rising sometimes to 100° in the daytime and falling to 50° at night." We are also told that the Owens Art gallery "is a superb structure, and contains one of the finest collections of paintings, by European and American artists, to be found in the dominion."

An Appreciative Paragraph. A valued correspondent and contributor writes: The Howe articles grow very interesting. I hope for their continuance for a long time yet. They bring up very many valuable things; and it is a pity men's recollections should die with them when they can dress and give them forth as can Mr.—

Concert Programmes, Spring Circulars, Men's different sized coats, hats, "Burd" Folders, tasty and neat by "Progress Print," You use print—g—"Progress Print" does work equal to any.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS." Keep Thou My Feet. When youthful zeal bold efforts prize, And actions rash—not always wise— Would lead me on to folly great, To be found out when quite too late, Let Thy kind presence, gentle, sweet, Be near, O Christ, keep Thou my feet.

And when I reach declining years, Remove all doubts, allay all fears, Grant strength upon the downward way, That from Thy paths I may not stray, Give counsel, aid and blessings meet, Redeemer, Lord, keep Thou my feet.

It Is Not So. ("The mill will never grind with the water that is past"). I went and saw the mill myself That stood beneath the hill; I saw the wheel go whirling round Before the rippling rill.

I marked the merry, merry waves, As onward yet they flowed; I followed them to where afar The verge of ocean showed.

There I beheld a water-man, And Phoebus was his name, His golden steeds so frisky once Were now of ancient frame.

I saw him fill his yellow cart, From out the spinning spill; And lo! his bucket sparkled with The waves that turned the mill.

I saw him slowly mount aloft, As though to heaven inclined— A bluff old chap called Boreas Came up and pushed behind.

I saw them speed with might and main O'er wood and vale, until With spur and bit, and whip and rein, They reached the distant hill.

And there the flying steeds were stayed, Old Boreas went to play, While Phoebus quickly pulled the plug And let the waves away.

I saw the sparkling waves again, With many a merry plash, Go hurrying, scurrying downward To reach the whirling wheel.

They reached the whirling wheel—and now I'd like a plaster cast Of the fool who said mills never grind With water that is past. BILDAD.

THEY HAVE ASSISTANT HUSBANDS. The Privileges of Alaska's Women, and The Tricks of the Doctors. All the people of Alaska cut their hair except the doctors. How this operation used to be accomplished is not known, but now, of course, they have scissors obtained from the white traders. They are cream-snifts and burn all the bodies of their dead except those of chiefs and doctors. The doctors are a most mischievous and dangerous set. When they are called upon to cure a sick person or to account for any accident or mischief, they are apt to ascribe it to the witchery or devilry of some person in the tribe—usually some one whom they hate or desire to have destroyed. They they are certain to do when they fail to effect a cure in cases of illness, and it was once the case that the persons they accused of secrecy were drowned or shut up and starved to death, but the power of the medicine men has been very much weakened by the white men who have come among the Indians. An efficacious way that the white men take to destroy a medicine man's power is to cut his hair. When that late overtakes a doctor his medicine is gone, and he usually takes to the woods. There is a wild old doctor in the Chilcat country who has red hair, and is so afraid of punishment for the evil he has done that he invariably disappears when a ship approaches his village. He fancies every slip to be a man-of-war. To make it appear that he has gone out of business as a doctor he sells the paraphernalia of his calling, his drum and queer sticks of carved ivory; but the trouble is that he always has a medicine outfit to possess but one set of charmed tools. His interesting name is Spondoco.

There are many handsome men and beautiful young women among these Indians. The women up there have not only husbands, but assistant husbands. Whenever a woman marries she picks out an assistant husband, the theory being that this deputy or lieutenant is to protect her when her husband is absent and to marry her when he is dead. Sometimes it is a boy that the woman honors with this office, but sometimes it may be a man older than her spouse. Ofttimes the women select men of whom they are fond. But, alas, the observant trader declares that these women are exceedingly immoral, and that not affection or passion are at the bottom of their sinfulness, but avarice. They belong to a race that loves money, from whom money can purchase anything. Some times the husbands who are thus belittled and made sport of will kill such wives; yet there are husbands who appear blind if not indifferent to their undoing.

This state of things is taken note of in one of their important laws—the one governing the right of succession to chieftainships. When a chief dies his children do not inherit, but if he has a sister her children turn a successor from among their number. Should it happen that a dead chief leaves no sister, or leaves a sister who is a virgin or childless, then the child of the dead chief's aunt or female relative ascends to authority.—N. Y. Sun.

The Police Secure a Horse. A horse belonging to Messrs. Manchester, Robertson & Allison, was bitten yesterday by a savage dog which has been snapping at horses lately. He was secured by the police.—Telegraph.

His Identity a Great Mystery. Another business man who preferred that his name should not be mentioned, but who, it may be said, is a well known furrier and largely concerned in the Exhibition association, was seen in the matter.—Saturday's Telegraph.

AS TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. What a Layman Would Like Mr. Paisley to Understand. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: A letter to the Sun, signed Charles H. Paisley, criticizes a sermon by Rev. F. F. Sherman on prayers for the dead. This sermon was preached by Mr. Sherman for the congregation of the Mission church, and not for the purpose of convincing methodists, unitarians or other dissenters from the faith of our fathers. No one can question the right of Messrs. Paisley, McDougall and others to rush into print on the subject, especially as they have every reason to believe that no notice of their remarks. A good many protestants make a virtue of what they do not believe, as opposed to what a catholic does believe.

I have nothing to say to Mr. Sherman's sermon, but I would like to explain something of which Mr. Paisley seems ignorant. He says: Now what Mr. Sherman means by the catholic church is difficult to say; but evidently he does not mean the Roman catholic church, as that would exclude his own, and I am loth to believe he means the Church of England alone, as that would exclude the church of Rome. I take it for granted, therefore, that by the term "catholic church," he means the whole body of believers, by whatever name they are called.

The catholic church, as understood by catholics, means the "one, holy, catholic, apostolic church," founded by our Saviour and preserving through nearly 1900 years the faith of the apostles. It is the church which can trace its history in the direct succession of its bishops from the day of its foundation. It is the church which alone continues to this day the laying on of hands began by SS. Peter and John, by which its children received certain gifts of grace. No sect has ever dared to assume such an authority, though many have grasped at an imitation of other sacramental rites. The Catholic church is a visible, not an invisible body. It has three communions—the Anglican, Greek and Roman. It does not include universalists, unitarians, mormon, quakers and others who consider themselves part of the whole body of believers. It declares itself a visible church of divine origin, not a man-made sect invented within the last 300 years. This is the catholic church. This is that which has always had three orders of the ministry, bishop, priest and deacon, of which the veriest "finest imitation" is the methodist assumption of episcopal authority on the basis of an irregular ordination by Wesley, when that otherwise really good man was in his dotage. I am sorry to say this much. As a catholic layman it is my duty to believe in my own church and not to attack the belief of others. I speak only for the purpose of teaching Mr. Paisley what he has apparently not known before.

AN ANGLICAN CATHOLIC. Prayer and Protestantism. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Apropos of the discussion in the Sun by the Revs. McDougall and Paisley, of their "peculiarities" differing from "Historic Christendom" in the matter of prayers for the dead, I am reminded of the remark of a dear and genial friend of mine whom I had not seen for some years, but met on the street the other day, accompanied by another gentleman, a stranger to me. In greeting him I asked after his mother, when, with a catch in his voice, he replied: "Poor, dear old lady, she died a year ago. God bless her."

His friend remarked: "That is a prayer for the dead, and does not come well from a good protestant."

His reply was: "D—n protestantism, anyhow; my heart tells me to pray for my mother, and God nowhere forbids it."

"Sweetness and Light" do not characterize McDougall, Paisley & Co. These can be found only in the faith and fellowship of the universal church, in other words, in Historic Christendom. Why, it is only three or four years ago such gentlemen as these discovered Christmas; and now, with what smug complacency and patronage, they regard that holy season, utterly unconscious of the feelings of the Magi at the first Christmas, or of historic christendom today! REVELLE.

The Trouble With Him. The young man twirled his hat nervously and cleared his throat. "If I understand you rightly," he said, "you decide that the further continuance of our acquaintance with a view to closer and more intimate relations in the future is inexpedient and not likely to be productive of such result. Am I correct, Miss Jiboom?"

"You are, Mr. De Ennis," answered the young woman. "If that is your decision," he rejoined, twirling his hat the other way, "I presume there is nothing for me to do but submit. I had hoped for a different result. The reason for the ill-success that has attended my efforts to place our acquaintance on a more confidential basis," he went on, "is, I apprehend, that I have failed in some way to bring myself into full and complete sympathy with the idea and purposes that animate and sustain you. I have not succeeded in becoming en rapport, if I may so express myself, with you as regards the things that go to make up what we call congeniality, affinity, co-ordination. To change the figure slightly, I have been unable to place myself on the plane where your sympathies, instincts, in short, your inner self abides, or to establish that fellowship of soul that grows out to harmonious views, preferences, and habits of thought. Am I right, Miss Jiboom?"

"Yes," she answered softly, while tears of pity for the wretched young man stood in her lovely eyes; "you don't seem to have caught on to my style a little bit."—Chicago Tribune.

Origin of the Loafer. In the beginning God created heaven and earth and all things therein. He then created man and woman and left the loafers on the corners, and in due time they multiplied and spread into the depot, postoffice and stores. In the latter place they sit and explain state and national problems that have vexed great minds and exist partially by sampling goods. While he is thus engaged his wife is out washing for her neighbors, and the poor, helpless children are left at home to care for themselves as best they can. There is nothing more noticeable than the loafer.—Callao Courier.