

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 19.

THE HARBOR QUESTION.

Two and a half years ago, the people of St. John decided by a popular vote that they did not want the harbor put in commission. The subject was pretty well ventilated at the time, and while the total vote was not large it represented those who felt an interest in the matter as much as any subsequent vote could do. The common council felt that this expression of opinion was sufficient to preclude it from any further action on the matter, and has since acted accordingly. The present members of the board were chosen without the slightest reference to their views on the subject.

The recent move of Ald. BASKIN looking to a decision of the council in favor of harbor commission was, therefore, so extraordinary that a good many people were inclined to regard it as a joke. The members of the council took a rational view of it when Ald. BASKIN made his motion on Thursday—that it would be most improper to vote for it in the last days of a council not elected on such an issue. Whether there would have been any affirmative votes apart from those of the mover and seconder is rather doubtful, but by a consolidation of the amendments of Aids. MCCARTHY and ALLEN, the harbor commission scheme has now come to the front in another form. The former gentleman does not believe in it, but the latter does, and it is probable that a majority of the board would favor it were it permissible to vote for its adoption without reference to the wishes of the people, as expressed in September, 1889.

As the matter now stands, a committee has been appointed to find out what further information can be obtained and what new terms can be made with the government. Nothing can be done, however, without another vote by the people, and it is very possible the whole matter will end before that trouble and expense is again incurred. It may be, as Ald. BASKIN says, that a majority of the people would now favor it, but that is only his opinion on the subject. Men with quite as much knowledge of the public pulse as he has, had equally sanguine views before the taking of the vote by which the scheme was rejected. There is nothing to show that a larger proportion of the people would go to the polls now than went there before. In such a case, another vote would be simply a waste of time and money.

In the meantime there are live issues as to harbor improvements to be dealt with by the council. The Rodney wharf scheme was rejected last week, and the Sand Point site is next to be considered. With the idea that it too will be defeated, the Rodney wharf men are preparing to come to the front again. The indications as to any scheme carrying, or anything further than talking being the result are not of the most assuring character.

The point for the council and the public to keep in view is that, supposing it is necessary for the city to proceed with harbor improvements, the site which will furnish the best accommodation at the smallest cost is the site to be chosen. Personal prejudice should be subordinated to this end. It may be very satisfactory to some aldermen to refuse to buy land from this man or that, but does it suit the citizens as well to pay more than there is any need of paying to secure another and poorer site? Common sense as to what is really best for the people should override all personal feeling. If the Sand Point site is the best and cheapest, as it seems to be, why should it not be chosen?

SHOULD SHE ENCOURAGE HIM?

An important question, which suggests much more than is expressed by the words, has been asked by a New York paper, with a view to evoking bright letters from the public. It is, "Should women find out, during leap year, the intentions of bashful lovers in regard to matrimony?"

The query, as will be readily seen, is not to be answered by a mere yes or no. The reply must be made in the light of certain conditions precedent, but in most instances it is likely to be in the affirmative.

The question as put, seems too restricted in its scope. There is no good reason why it should be limited to leap-year. On the contrary, the subject is one that is always timely, and which is continually coming to the front in the feminine mind. Put in its proper form it would read, "How far should a woman encourage a lover to declare his true feelings—how far is it her duty to let him know that his attentions have more than a temporary pleasure for her and if he is willing she is willing also?"

Bashful lovers, in the true sense of the term, are not numerous in these days. It is, doubtless, a good point in a young man to be a little diffident in such matters, but the young people of these days are not troubled with such an old-fashioned peculiarity. The rising generation is more apt to be distinguished by pertness and forwardness, and especially does this hold good in city life. The average girl is not apt to appreciate a really bashful lover, but in very few cases is bashfulness the real reason why a youth does not reveal his intentions so soon as he might and often ought to do. He may, perhaps, be of a sensitive nature and dread refusal, because he is unable to guess how a sincere avowal would be received by the object of his affections. In most cases the happy hour is only delayed. If they are fitted for each other, all will be explained in time, and perhaps it will be for the better that they have learned the more of each other's nature.

Inmemorial usage dictates that the advances shall come from the man. Some men are ready enough to declare themselves and take the chances of failure. Others, and it may be they have the truest of hearts, want to be sure of their steps as they advance. One may feel such a profound admiration for a woman that he believes himself unworthy of her; he may reverence her and hope for the day when he can open his heart to her, and receive her confession of love in return. In the meantime, he may be wholly unable to guess from her treatment of him whether she simply likes him as a friend, or whether she is merely letting him find out for himself, resolved that it shall never be said she sought him or made advances. Many a man has waited and waited in vain for an encouragement that never came, and has lived and died a bachelor. To the end of his days his heart has had a deep love for one who might have been his wife had he spoken the word. Yet it was not bashfulness that kept him back. It was that two natures were too much alike in being over reserved in the subject most vitally important to both.

It may be said, on a different state of facts, that there are many instances where a woman should not try too plainly to find out how far a supposed lover has matrimonial intentions. He may not be sure about them himself. A wise man should be pretty well acquainted with a woman before he takes what may be the irrevocable step of a lifetime. In few cases will it improve her chances if she plainly shows that she is trying to hurry him along. If she lets him alone, he will come of his own accord in most cases—that is, if he really wants a wife and has begun to feel, as he believes, a deep and sincere affection for this particular companion.

A wise maiden must act according to the circumstances of her particular case. It is not womanly for her to try to entrap a husband, and one who is likely to be the best of wives would shrink from the thought of playing such a part. Yet, it is not well to go to the opposite extreme and convey the impression that she is absolutely indifferent, if in her heart she is not. No rule can be laid down, but the subject is worthy of thought in order that, in some cases, the course of true love may run fairly smooth where otherwise it might be turned aside and lost.

LEGISLATION ON LITTLE THINGS.

With a large portion of the people of the old world, the idea prevails that America is the ideal land of liberty. The oppressed of all nations seek its shores under the impression that a man can do pretty much as he pleases here. So he can, if he is on the right side of politics and goes about it in the right way, but there are a great many things which in the presumption of law he cannot do. It is, in fact, very easy for a foreigner to make himself a criminal here by doing many things which he was at perfect liberty to do in a land where he felt himself to be oppressed.

It matters little whether one looks to Canada or the United States for examples of this. There is more restriction in the latter because there are more bodies with the power of making laws, and there are more cranks who are anxious to have things run to suit their own ideas of what is right in the world. To say nothing of the various kinds of liquor laws, the business license laws and such like—some of which may be good and some not so good—there is a continual cropping out of special legislation or special official regulations under some general powers given by law. The inland revenue department of

Canada is prolific in such things. Most people know by this time that it is a crime to keep a cigar box which is not mutilated so as to be useless for holding anything, but everybody does not know that it is also a crime to own a tobacco cutter without having a permit, and that it is a more serious offence to have in one's possession a common spring steelyard than to have a package of dynamite. There are a host of such petty little prohibitions which seem to have been made, in most cases, for the purposes of giving unnecessary officials an excuse for eating the bread of semi-idleness at the expense of the public.

At the present time there is a good deal of agitation on the subject of tobacco. Certain well meaning people have long been trying to abolish the use of the article by moral suasion, but so far from producing any perceptible effect, the trade appears to have grown in its dimensions. Most of us are willing to admit that smoking is an unnecessary habit, and that the stinking cigarette represents the worst form of it. Few, however, have been prepared to hear that the Massachusetts house of representatives has passed a law making it a crime to expose for sale cigarettes or cigarette paper.

There is already an old law on the books making smoking on the streets of Boston a misdemeanor punishable by a fine, if PROGRESS remembers aright, of five dollars. There is also a law by which a man can be made to pay a fine for every oath he utters on the street in the same moral city. These regulations are founded on common sense, because street smoking and swearing are unquestionable nuisances, to all decent people, but unfortunately nobody ever hears of anybody being fined in Boston for either offence. It seems a little absurd, however, to say that a man who has the bad taste to use cigarettes cannot be allowed to buy them to poison the air of his own room where the public do not have access.

Still worse, in the line of restrictive legislation, is a bill now before the New York legislature to prohibit the disposition of human remains in any way rather than by burial. The object of the well meaning cranks who have originated the measure is to put a stop to the ancient and cleanly method of cremation, and in crowded districts, to make sure that the soil, air and water, are tainted by decomposing humanity. So long as no moral or sanitary reasons can be urged against cremation, it really does not seem to be anybody's business to what extent his neighbor adopts it. From a sanitary point of view, indeed, everything is in its favor. It is purely a matter of taste.

Many other instances might be adduced of restrictive legislation in little things. It may not amount to much as yet, but it shows a bad tendency to needlessly multiply laws, and to encourage the increasingly large class of people who are unhappy unless they are interfering with the affairs of other people. There are a good many folks who would like to see the world run in their own groove, and such folks are never tired of making themselves heard.

The people who are wont to say the climate is changing and becoming so mild that it is unhealthy, have not been heard from this week. Four days of biting, penetrating cold in the middle of March have shown that the average keeps about the same from one generation to another. A text book for intending immigrants, published many years ago, asserted that the farmers of New Brunswick were frequently found ploughing their fields on St. Patrick's day. They are not reported as doing so this year, and it may be that the biggest snow storm of the season is yet to come. The more people talk about the weather and the climate, the more they find they do not know, as a rule.

If the fool-killer is not too busy around New York, for the next few days, he will find an opportunity for the exercise of his talents on a certain WILLIAM DAVIS, of Australia, who is reported as having taken passage on a steamer from England. Mr. DAVIS is coming to this country with the intention of trying to swim the Niagara rapids with better success than the late Capt. WEBB. If he is a good swimmer, it is a pity he cannot put his abilities to better use. He might come to St. John, for instance, and show the people of Carleton how to get along in case the ferry is not made free.

The Eastern Chronicle says that New Glasgow has been given the reputation of not being a hospitable place. PROGRESS was under the impression that this was merely the jaundiced opinion of occasional commercial travellers who happened to go to the wrong hotel, and that it was not the fault of the people. Is there any connection between the Chronicle's statement and the recorded fact that nearly a hundred million gallons of water—unpoetical cold water—were consumed in the town last year?

The latest aspirant to fame on the lecture platform is Mr. BERRY, the English hangman, who has resigned his position and is talking to the London people in favor of the abolition of capital punishment. In due time, no doubt, he may come to the front as an author with a book entitled, "People that I have hanged." There are said to be 140 whose exit has been accomplished by Mr. BERRY's hands.

NOW IT IS FRED BREEN.

(Continued from first page.)

knew that thousands of dollars were staked on him; that he was a new skater with a probable future. But few knew him. That might would tell the tale.

But when McCormick was lifted over the heads of the crowd onto the ice! Then the cheering! Everybody knew him, and everybody cheered. Friends and opponents alike greeted him, for no matter how a man placed his money, he knew McCormick was there to win—if possible. His record in the past flashed across every mind—an honorable record, none could dispute. Once the pride of St. John, the crowd consoled itself with the thought that if he were beaten, it would be by a man from the same place.

So Hughie had to make his bow. Skating around the outer edge he doffed his hat again and again, and made the circuit a second time munching an apple. As he glided easily over the ice his long, graceful, sweeping stroke made his admirers confident, but the champion himself wore an anxious look and a smile seemed almost impossible.

Meanwhile Breen skated round—an unknown man. Solidly built and muscular, he excited admiration. Unlike McCormick, his skates seemed to sink into the ice, but no one could fail to see that he was not exerting himself, and that a wonderful amount of speed and endurance was at his command. Breen looked indifferent—the indifference of a man confident of winning, but when he looked toward the crowd and smiled, it was not the expression of a man who underrated his opponent from conceit in his own ability.

At last the men took their positions at opposite sides of the rink. Each waited anxiously for the first to go; then off they started. From the first it was evident that both men were determined to skate for all they were worth. They began to do from the moment the word was given. McCormick seemed unduly anxious to get up speed, and started off on a run. In doing so he lost that long sweeping stroke that has helped him so often. Breen, however, went off gracefully with long powerful strokes, and his skates hardly seemed to leave the ice. But he looked and skated like a winner.

The crowd took all this in during the first lap, then set up a shout that lasted for fifteen minutes, while the ratters rung as the cheers grew louder and louder. McCormick seemed to gain a little, and the crowd said so with one breath. But it was only for a moment. Breen was getting down to work, and soon it began to tell.

"He's gaining; he's gaining," came from every throat; and the champion's admirers shouted "Go it, Hughie!" Still there seemed some doubt, and men excitedly argued about it; but not for long. The new man was gaining slowly but surely. It took McCormick longer to appear from behind the spiral every time; and Breen was gradually bringing him into view. Then there was no doubt about it. The spectators on the outside circle could see both men at once, and Breen had done the work.

Still the cheers rang out; and words of encouragement were shouted into the ears of both men as they passed groups of admirers. But it was no use. McCormick was going for all he was worth—as fast as he had gone in the first mile—and his friends knew it. His abilities as a skater were all on the surface. Breen was still hard at work, but nobody could tell how much faster he could go. He was fresh and graceful, and gradually increased his speed. It could hardly be said that he spurred. Slowly he closed up the gap; then, with one grand burst of speed, passed the champion and the race was his.

The race was finished. Flukes, mistakes, or squabbings—Breen won. He was the better man. All had to admit it.

The race last night was too late in the week for PROGRESS to deal with, but the scene and race at the rink Monday night, when McCormick was completely outskated for the first time in St. John, is an event in local history. Two miles: time 6.14 1/4.

The Banks Have Too Much Tea.

Some of the Halifax banks are wondering what they will do with the large lots of tea they have on hand just now, owing to Mr. Temple's peculiar way of doing business.

Mr. Temple had been importing large quantities of tea lately, and customers being slow in buying, he hypothesized it with the banks, with the result that they have it in their hands, the tea houses have Temple's accepted drafts, but where is the money? It is known that Mr. Temple had bought \$10,000 worth of land in Puebla, Col., and Chicago, during the past year, on which he had paid about \$4,000, but it is very likely these are only a part of his transactions. A number of country merchants are losers by Mr. Temple's unique methods of doing business. Having every confidence in Mr. Temple's integrity, they would send him money to take up their notes, but he coolly pocketed the money and left the notes in the banks for the merchants to pay again. A bank manager said that they would spend \$500, if there was any way to bring Temple back and punish him as an example to any that might be tempted to follow his footsteps, but as yet they had not found any criminal act by him much as they would like to.

FROM SCOTIA'S CAPITAL.

LIVE TOPICS THAT PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT.

Relics in St. Paul's, and a Nervous Bride—One Church Too Many—A Furrier Gets Left, and a Bank Director "Throws Up the Job."

HALIFAX, March 16.—There is in the library of St. Paul's church, this city, a most interesting relic of the early history of this venerable church, which may be called the Westminster Abbey of Nova Scotia; as under its sacred roof lie the dead of the first generation that worshipped there. The relic I refer to is a prayer-book—a well used one—and bears this inscription: "Richard Small's present to his wife, Francis Small, 1768; took pew No. 25 in 1756." This book was entered at Kensington, Dec. 3rd, 1696. Richard Small was a clerk in the adjutant's office, Halifax, and was succeeded by the father of the present sexton of St. Paul's church. In another part of the book was the record of the formidable journey to Boston, where Mr. Small was sent on duty.

It may interest some to hear the story of one of the first weddings that took place in St. Paul's. It is told by a descendant of the bride. Just after the service the groom, an Englishman, who, for some reason, had not taken his own name during his residence here, suddenly remembered that he must sign his proper name or serious trouble might arise in after years. He therefore wrote his proper name. His bride, nervous as women generally are upon such trying occasions, when stepping forward to sign her name, read what was written and to the dismay of groom and friends fainted away. The scene that followed "beggared description." (The bright reporter wasn't in it in those early days.) When consciousness was restored an explanation was made by the groom. The couple lived happily together, the lady being thoroughly satisfied with the reasons given by her husband for his conduct.

In the extreme south end of the city there are two presbyterian churches. It is pretty generally admitted that this is one too many for the locality, although both congregations, while not large, are well to do financially. There are those in either church who are of opinion that amalgamation of the two would be a good thing. One of the churches—Fort Massey—is at present without a pastor, Rev. Dr. Burns, who has ministered to the flock for quite a long period, having recently been attacked with paralysis, which rendered him unfit for duty. The other—St. Andrew's—loses one of the most attractive of Canadian pulpits orators and an ideal pastor, Rev. D. M. Gordon. The question of amalgamation has recently been whispered, but it is known that while many in both congregations would favor such a proposition, there are others who have very decided objections to such a course. Will there be one less presbyterian church in the south end? is a question which, I don't believe, can be answered positively just at present, either in the affirmative or negative.

It is possible an interesting case may come before the courts here within the next few weeks. The defendant, should the matter come to trial, will be the wife of a well known merchant who recently assigned, the plaintiff being a turnier of the city. The lady in question, a few days before her husband's assignment, called on the turnier and selected a seal jacket—price about two hundred dollars. It was to have been a cash transaction, the bill being figured with that important factor in view. The jacket was delivered to the purchaser, but up to date no settlement has been made. The merchant will likely pay a small fraction of a dollar on the hundred cents and the furrier will be out a considerable amount. Of course he is mad and has an idea that he has not been used right in the matter. A demand for the return of the jacket, has failed to secure it, and the dealer in furs has been consulting a lawyer with a view of making out a case of fraud.

The annual civic elections are coming on, and names of aspirants for mayoralty and aldermanship are very plenty. About this time every year we hear much talk about the necessity of influential men, men having some business stake in the community, and who know something about conducting business on business principles, taking a hand in the running of the city's affairs. But the men in whom the citizens at large would have most confidence are the men who are not offering for election and who do not intend to offer. So that there is little hope that the next council will be any improvement on the present one. The contest for the mayoralty promises to be an interesting and exciting one. There are several names mentioned as prospective candidates, but in all likelihood the fight will be narrowed down to two—Alex. Stephen and Michael Keefe. Which of the two will be the lucky man, and I may venture to guess later on, at present it looks as if they might have even chances. Both men have had considerable experience in civic matters. Mr. Keefe is a liberal in politics; Mr. Stephen has all his life a liberal until the general election of 1891, when, with many others of the same faith, he joined the conservative ranks and worked hard for the return of Messrs. Kenny and Stairs. Naturally he expects the conservatives to rally to his support when he makes his appeal in April. He is also of the opinion that very many liberals will vote for him—that it is politics cannot be kept out of the election. We shall see what we shall see.

One of the banks of Halifax wants a director, the board being one man short. A week or so ago one of the directorate asked for a loan of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars on his own name. For some reason the board wasn't unanimously in favor of accommodating said director. He didn't wait to argue the point, but walked over to a neighboring banking institution, and got what he wanted without any question. He then sent in his resignation as a director. Hence it is that the board is one man short, and the neighboring bank has a new and good customer.

AN ALDERMANIC JOB.

How Civic Politics are Shaping—Catering For Votes.

HALIFAX, March 16.—Candidates for mayor are bobbing up here in all directions. The most likely ones so far are ex-Ald. Stephen, Ald. Lyons and Ald. Keefe. Ald. Lyons, however, has just left for Colorado, to be gone six weeks for his health, so the race may narrow down to Messrs. Stephen and Keefe.

Ald. Keefe is one of the men who recently voted to expend one quarter of a million of dollars (the estimate is \$150,000, but you are always safe in doubling on a city job) on a new pipe line in the north end of the city. No doubt, this will make him popular with some of the working men who are looking for employment, but very unpopular with the right-thinking tax-payers of the city. This job was carried through the council after much opposition, and in the face of an adverse report by Mr. Doane, the City Engineer. Mr. Doane, in his report, stated that the water supply of Halifax was sufficient for the next twenty years at least, if the city officials would only take steps to stop the great waste. But, instead of following the recommendations of the city engineer, a number of these aldermen have fastened this huge job on the already overburdened taxpayers—a job which a great many citizens claim will not give any better water service to the north end people, for the reason that the contemplated pipe line will tap the same lakes from which the city now draws its supply.

Ald. Keefe, before he is elected mayor, will have a good deal of explaining to do as to why he voted to saddle this load on the city.

The tax rate is about the same here as in St. John. The main reason why we do not have good streets and sidewalks seems to be that there is too much patching done here and there.

The council is composed of eighteen aldermen, six being elected every year for a term of three years, and the board of works is made up every year of four aldermen, which gives these gentlemen a chance to have work done in places best suited to re-elect them. This is a very bad feature of the system.

Another bad feature in the civic government is the fact that certain gentlemen after buying large blocks of land in the outskirts of the city get elected to the council and then the improvements begin around this newly acquired real estate. Sewer and water pipes are laid, new streets are opened, and one beholds sidewalks through pasture fields.

Of course this doubles and troubles the value of property in these sections, so that although the city pays nothing directly for the services of these gentlemen at the council board yet indirectly it does pay large amounts every year. Of course it is very commendable in these aldermen to make improvements on the outskirts, but the people would think more of them if they devoted some of this money to improving the sidewalks and streets in the heart of the city. Take Barrington and Pleasant streets for instance, the principal thoroughfares; the sidewalks are a disgrace to any civilized community. The bricks are standing on edge and it is absolutely painful to walk on them with an ordinary soled boot. A person would have about as much comfort walking through a frozen ploughed field. But they intend laying an asphalt sidewalk on the west side of the street where there is not one hundredth part of the traffic there is on the east side. It looks like another case of the favored few. It is time the people woke up and sent some men to the common council who would represent them.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

What a Correspondent Thinks About "Progress."

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: PROGRESS justly boasts of being the handsomest weekly paper in the dominion. And not only is it a handsome one but it is a very instructive and interesting one as well. But to my mind the greatest merit of PROGRESS is not the news it contains, although its usefulness in that way is preponderant on Saturday morning. How many interested readers peruse the exposition of some question of the day or the account of some event of the week; and how many eager eyes scan the society columns for the mention of distant friends and other items of interest. But its usefulness will last long after the events there chronicled are forgotten and the people who now figure in them have joined the silent majority. And it is to the writers not the readers that the most lasting benefit comes. Take, for instance, the correspondents for the different towns and villages; there we find about forty bright, intelligent scribes, mostly ladies, if one may judge from the letters.

Think for one moment what a benefit it must be for them to have some stated literary work for every week. It would do some good if it did nothing but keep up their spelling and composition, but it leads to higher things than that. It improves their style and creates a taste for literary pursuits, and who knows but in the future some of these dilittants may blossom out into professionals. Could not PROGRESS already tell of some who are on a fair way to success in literature who owe their start to its help and encouragement?

Who can tell how many famous writers may arise from the ranks of contributors to "Progress"?

Certainly such a prediction might easily become a true prophecy after the display of literary talent shown in those bright and clever letters of the children of St. John, published by this paper a few weeks ago. Now, this simple little start may prove of inestimable benefit to some of those children, and they may continue to cultivate their talent. With them and the future rests their success or failure.

MICKEY FREE.

Make the Faded Goods Bright.

The announcement of the American dye works on another page will be interesting to those who are preparing for spring and want to make faded goods do service again. The American dye works use the French process, are well known, and have only to be mentioned to be remembered.