

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Unless this is done they are quite sure of being overlooked.

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CIRCULATION, - - 11,150

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN. 9.

MR. BLIZARD'S CASE.

It will be quite evident to anybody who looks at the legal aspect of the case that, despite the fiat of the minister of justice, Mr. BLIZARD has very good reason to consider himself wronged.

It is admitted that Mr. BLIZARD is better qualified for his position than the man Mr. FOSTER has selected for the place. It is probable he is better qualified than any man who could be found. It is not contended that, even were there any irregularity in the matter of Mr. BLIZARD'S past occupation of the position, the government is forced to interpret the law against him.

Mr. BLIZARD'S case is not a political party more than another. It is free to praise or blame, either of the two. When it sees a cabinet minister, a man moreover of such former high professions, engaged in a scheme of jobbery, it has no hesitation in voicing public sentiment in plain words.

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The young conservatives who whooped for the old flag and the old party would be likely to be more subdued in their enthusiasm were an election to spring up at the present time.

The members for St John appear to have fallen into line with Mr. FOSTER without any evident effort to justify the hope they pledged had given the young conservatives who worked for them.

DO THE WOMEN BELIEVE THIS?

One of the city papers objects to philosophical reflections being introduced into census bulletins printed at the public expense. The particular cause of offence, in this instance, is a passage which occurs in Bulletin No. 3, in relation to the decrease in the size of the average family. It may

not be generally known that families, in Canada and elsewhere, are smaller than they used to be. Households of a dozen or so were much more common fifty years ago than they are today, when, indeed, they are so rare as to be very noticeable when they are found.

The average is steadily growing smaller. In the maritime provinces it was 5.74 persons to a family in 1871; 5.77 in 1881, and only 5.43 last year. Statistician JOHNSON points out that if the average family of 1891 were as large as that of 1871, the population of the three provinces would now be 923,198, instead of 880,842.

Now, of course, it is the duty of a statistician, specially engaged to consider such things, to offer some explanation of this fact, if he can, and if he cannot he must do the next best thing. So Mr. JOHNSON has followed out this idea and dropped into philosophy as readily as an obituary poet drops into rhyme, and even more naturally. He thought the matter out, and this is what he says:

The causes for this decrease are: 1st the decay of early marriages, and 2nd, the increasing tendency to celibacy. The first cause is the effect of the increasingly complex conditions of life; the second is due to the spread of education which enables females to become better wage-earners and, therefore, less interested in marriage.

Mr. JOHNSON may or may not be correct in his deduction, but it must be admitted that he has made a very creditable effort to show that he is earning his salary by devoting his mind to a subject which is, or ought to be, of vital importance to the people who contribute to the revenue.

Whether he is right or wrong is another question, but as nobody else is paid to think out the matter, there is not likely to be a conflict in the nature of the "Ipsa Ipsa, Ipsum" controversy. Nor, should there be, is there likely to be a more definite settlement of the question than there has been in that instance.

Despite of this, a good many will be reluctant to accept this official statement as correct, even though they may not be able to show that it is otherwise. It may be that early marriages are getting out of date, because increasing taxation in cities and the national policy in the country do not permit men to accumulate enough to support wives until they pass the golden period of youth, and this too would account for the increasing tendency to celibacy on the men's part.

Mr. JOHNSON assumes that the responsibility rests with the woman. He leaves us in painful doubt whether they do not accept proposals or whether they fail to "set their caps" for eligible young men. The phrase "less interested" would suggest the latter idea.

The matter is worthy of a further explanation from the government statisticians. It may be given in a later bulletin. Let us hope so. It is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization if the spread of education is to have the effect of making the land teem with lonely bachelors because girls have learned to be trained nurses, telegraphers, stenographers and typewriters and are literally "wedded to their profession."

The doubt which must suggest itself to the trembling swain of the future will not be as to a prior attachment of his adored one, but as to whether she has so much education that she can afford to do without him. The day may come when fond hope will be crushed after this fashion:

"Dorothy, dear, will you be mine?" "No, Mr. deGooseberry, I regret to say that it cannot be."

"Alas! I feared so. It was too much to hope—you love another. My life is blasted forever."

"No, Mr. deGooseberry, I do not love another. I have neither the time nor the inclination to devote my mind to such subjects. My occupation is remunerative, and I am not interested in matrimony."

Is this the young woman of the future? We shall see. In the meantime, to find out how far the woman is to blame, the government should see that its statistician carefully collates the marriage statistics for 1892—for this is leap year.

The Print is Very Legible. A gentleman in Woodstock writes: In your advertisement of Cooper's works you say that the print is coarse, or large, I think. If you could give the readers an idea how large, it would help the sale probably, as many books given with newspapers have very small print.

[The print is very legible, what is known to printers as "brevier," a standard between that used in PROGRESS correspondence and that used on the first and other pages.—THE EDITOR.]

Webster Says "Cuspidor." TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Please tell us how cuspidor is spelt. I have seen it in two advertisements in the daily press recently spelt, cuspadore and cuspidore. Which is correct? ORTHOGRAPHY.

PROGRESSIVE HUMOR.

Trade Jealousies. Tom—There's old Parson Hiltcher. He don't speak to me now, since I've gone in opposition to him.

Jack—How's that? You're not a justice of the peace are you?

Tom—No, I'm agent for Longnail's patent button fastener.

Conclusive Evidence. Lady—Was your companion dead when he was washed ashore?

Tramp—He must a been ma'am; for he'd never have submitted to be washed anywhere if he's alive.

He Was to be Congratulated. Timid old lady (to stranger on the train)—The man was killed right here, you say, and all cut to pieces. Poor fellow!

Insurance agent—You're mistaken, madam. He never was richer in his life than at that moment. Life insured for \$40,000 in our company.

Both Were There. Parson Optic—I did not see you at church last Sunday, Brother Goodfellow.

Brother Goodfellow—Neither did I see you. The lady in front of me had her theatre hat on.

Poor John. "Did the doctor say your husband was in a serious condition, Mrs. Monthwed?"

"Yes; but, of course, we couldn't tell anything by that. John is always serious now. I don't believe he has laughed once since mother came to live with us."

He Was a Parlor Contortionist. Bobby (to sister's beau)—Say, Mr. Smith, if I stick this card on your back kin you turn your head round and read it like the foller does in the circus?

Mr. Smith (astonished)—Why no; what made you ask that?

Bobby—Oh nothin', 'cept what sister said she could twist your round whatever way she liked, and I thought perhaps you could do it when she wasn't here.

"Green Christmas, Full Churchyard." Jehu—If we had a little snow for Christmas it would be a great thing for trade.

Stranger—Yes, some trades; but not mine. "What is your business?"

"Grave digging."

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

To "Progressive" For a Him. I am sunthin' of a vet'ran, jest a turnin' eighty year—

A man that's hale an' hearty an' a stranger tew all fear—

But I've heard some news this mornin' that has made my old head spin,

An' I'm goin' tew ease my consunsins if I never speak agin!

I've lived my four score years of life an' never till today

Wuz I taken for a jackass or a 'ign'raint kind 'o jay

Tew be stufed with such durned nonsense 'bout them crawlin' bugs an' worms

That's a killin' human beins' with their "mit'roskopic germs."

They say there's "Microbes" all about a huntin' fer their prey—

There's 'nuthin' pure tew eat or drink an' no safe place tew stay.

There's "Miasm" in the dew fall and "Malaria" in the sun—

Taint safe tew be out doors at noon or when the day is done.

There's "Bacter" in the water and "trikeezy" in the meat,

"Ameeb" in the atmosphere, "Calory" in the heat—

"There's 'Corpuscels' an' "Pigments" in a human bein's blood

An' every other kind 'o thing existin' since the flood.

Terbaccker's full 'o "Niekerteen," whatever that may be,

An' your mouth 'll all get pucker'd with the "Tanin" in the tea,

The butter is "Oleymargareen," it never saw a cow,

An' things is gittin' wus an' wus from what they be jest now.

Them bugs is all about us jest awaitin' for a chance

Ter navigate our vitals an' tew'naw us off, like plants,

There's men that spends a life time huntin' worms jest like a goose

An' taddin' Latin names to 'em an' lettin' 'em 'em loose.

Now, I don't believe sech nonsense an' I don't intend tew try—

If things has come to sech a pass, I'm satisfied tew die—

I'll go hang me in the sullar, fer I won't be sech a fool

As tew wait until I'm pizen'd by a "annymally cool."

L. W. S.

An Open Confession.

I have fostered endurance of pride, And even of selfish ambition; I have fostered forgiveness beside For malice and morbid suspicion.

For science I've fostered a love, For religion an equal affection, And the arts I have fostered above All other pursuits of perfection.

I have fostered for all kinds of men, A mercy inclining to weakness; And fostered such tolerance when Deceit was dissembled in meekness.

A love I have fostered for kings, Yes, even for Richard of Gloucester; A love for all manner of things— But I can't foster any for Foster.

COLUMBINE.

Who Won the \$25 Prizes.

For the information of others beside those interested PROGRESS may state that the special prizes for city society correspondents who had not yet contributed to PROGRESS were won by "Partout" \$15 and "Delta" \$10. Both ladies did exceptionally well. Several other competitors pleased very many by their interesting contributions, and PROGRESS is glad to announce that they will continue to do so.

A Handsome Book.

PROGRESS has to thank Mr. C. E. Davidson, representing Messrs. Barber, Ellis & Co. of Toronto and Montreal, for a handsome volume illustrative of the growth and importance of Toronto. Among the principal business places shown in its pages are the warehouses of Messrs. Barber, Ellis & Co., who are well known in these maritime provinces.

WOMAN'S POWER.

A Homely Homily by a Young Man Who Knows all About It. I was reading a college journal lately, edited by a saucy young thing, in which this astounding query appeared—What is meant by "Woman's Power?"

Come hither, sis, I would speak with thee.

I notice that the less some people know about certain subjects, the more apt are they to open the flood-gates of their intellects upon said subjects—so, come hither, Mabel. That's right, dear. Sit right down there on that stool, by my feet. There! Now place your pretty little hand confidingly in mine, and as you gaze so trustfully up into the grief-furrowed visage of genius, I will fill the golden chalice with the Piercean waters and gently press it to your blush-red lips.

Woman's power, my daughter, may mean a good many things. A friend of mine became addicted to the club habit, and would frequently absent himself from his better half until long after the gloaming, oh, my darling, had gloamed, and would then appear, struggling with "a moment of weakness" and more or less knotted, my dear. His wife stood this patiently as long as she could, and at last she decided upon a desperate course. Her mother was visiting her at the time, and she sent her home. In two days my friend was a gibbering idiot! and he now wears out his young life writing dialect verses for the papers. Isn't that a tale to freeze the young blood, and make each particular hair stand on end like the quills on the fretful tooth-brush.

Again, Mabel, I'll tell you something else a woman can do. A woman between the ages—well, we'll not particularize—a woman, I repeat, can change the whole course of a man's life. She can take a man of a sunny, joyous disposition, from whose lips flows naught but merry thoughts, and in whose eyes there sparkles the light of a cheerful, generous nature, and in a year's time—ay, far less—that same man will be going around like a bear with a sore head (to invent an expression) and mothers will have to lock their children in the ice-chest for fear he will eat them rare, and people will point him out, my daughter, as the man who sat for the statue of Melancholy darkening the world. The she in this case may not be one who would deliberately bring the battery of her charms to bear upon a guileless youth, merely for the sake of the pleasure, to her, that his suffering would produce—but woman is, always has been, and always will be, fond of attention, and she allows the unhappy wretch to tumble desperately in love with her, merely to gratify her vanity, little recking that she is offering up a human sacrifice to that vanity. (The tan, please!)

But this, my dear, is not nearly all of woman's power. She can brighten up the darkened paths of our earthly pilgrimage. She can, by the sage counsels that spring from her pure affections, and by her noble, self-sacrificing spirit, lift us from the slough of despair, up to the firm ground above, and show to our jaded eyes the beacon of hope, gleaming afar off and with its inspiring rays lighting up the tortuous roads that lead to the goal of success. And when the hour of sickness has come, and the weary soul is struggling to leave its earthly habitation, and heart-broken friends are gathered around to take their last sad farewell, is she not there to smooth the pain-rack'd brow, to whisper words of bright comfort, and to kiss away—God bless her!—the trembling fears?

Mabel, you may go now.

CASEY TAP.

HAVE YOU FRIENDS

Who You Want to Get a Copy of "Progress?"

In response to our suggestion, a number of PROGRESS subscribers when renewing their subscriptions have at the same time enclosed a list of their friends whom they think do not get PROGRESS.

We put "them on the list" at once, and sample copies of the paper go to them as soon as possible. Many of them, we find, live in places where PROGRESS has no agent, many of them live in the states or in Canada and many of them live in western Canada. It is probable that at some time many of them have lived in the lower provinces, and to them such a paper as PROGRESS—even a single copy of it—will be very welcome.

In order to add to the appreciation, PROGRESS has devised a way to inform every person who gets such a copy through whose kindness their names came to us—and a double value will be placed on the issue.

This offer is open to any person who reads PROGRESS, and as it costs nothing but a stamp and an envelope—even a postal card will do for a few names—to remember as many of your absent friends as you can think of, it may be repeated.

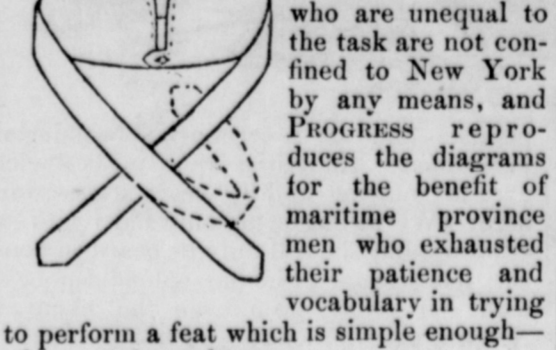
It is this: In order to increase its acquaintance and to pave the way for new subscriptions PROGRESS asks its friends and subscribers to send in lists of the names of their friends not regular readers of the paper and not in the way of buying it regularly. Each of them will get a specimen copy, free, and each one will know through whose kindness his or her name was sent to the publisher.

Windows Kept Clear of Frost. The best and only way to keep the store windows clean from frost is to cut a space through the window frame at the bottom and another at the top of the windows that front on the street. Then close up the back of the window from the store proper. In this way you keep a current of cold air circulating inside of the show window, making the interior of your display window the same temperature as the street all the time. The cold air constantly passes in and out, keeping the glass just as cold inside as it is on the outside.

TYING THE TIE.

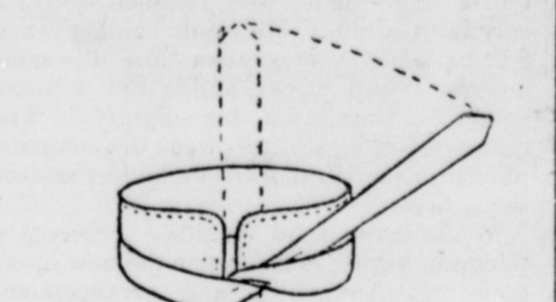
An Exact Description of a Method that Needs Care and Patience Only.

In compliance with a request from one of its readers, the New York Sun printed the following directions for tying a white lawn tie for evening dress. The men who are unequal to the task are not confined to New York by any means, and PROGRESS reproduces the diagrams for the benefit of maritime province men who exhausted their patience and vocabulary in trying



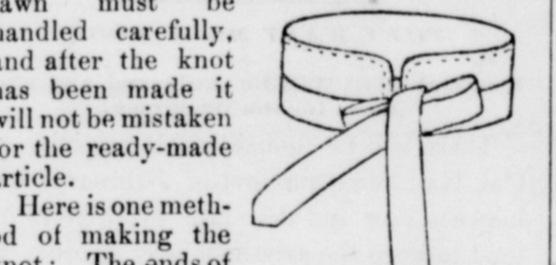
to perform a feat which is simple enough—when you know how.

The well-dressed man never wears a made-up tie, an expert says. He ties his own four-in-hand and his Ascot. The ready-made lawn tie, too, evening dress, is stiff, cannot be made to fit snugly to the collar, and its only recommendation is that it saves the time required

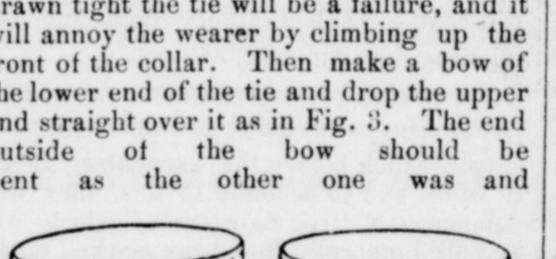


to tie a knot. Any man who can tie a bow-knot can tie a lawn tie. On each man's skill and patience, however, depend the success of his tie. It the knot is made carelessly and the lawn twisted and wrinkled his tie is a failure. One reason why some men fail to make the proper knot is that they do not take time enough. The lawn must be handled carefully, and after the knot has been made it will not be mistaken for the ready-made article.

Here is one method of making the knot: The ends of the tie should be of the same length. Then place one end across the other, as in Fig. 1, and make a simple knot, as in Fig. 2. Twist these ends around so that they will be in the position outlined by the dots in Fig. 2. If the first knot be not drawn tight the tie will be a failure, and it will annoy the wearer by climbing up the front of the collar. Then make a bow of the lower end of the tie and drop the upper end straight over it as in Fig. 3. The end outside of the bow should be bent as the other one was and



drawn up inside of it. That makes a double bow knot, as shown in Fig. 4. Before the bows are drawn tight they can be brought down so that they will be parallel with the ends, as in Fig. 5. That gives the tie a finished appearance. To keep the knot tight a very small pearl pin, or a silver pin with a small round head, can be run through the back of the knot so that only a glimpse of the head of the pin can be obtained from the side. Small pins were worn last winter, although



they are not necessary after drawing in the bows tightly. The bows can be shortened or lengthened easily after the knot has been made.

In Fig. 6 is shown the style of tie that is popular at cake walks. It is not always white, and is usually tucked into the bosom of the shirt just above a "sparkler." It permits the display of a tie pin, and that seems to be its only recommendation. It never should be worn with evening dress.

"Talked to Death." There is a large marble tombstone in a country churchyard in Clinton county, Ill., upon which there is the following odd inscription:

SARAH JANE WISE. Erected to the Memory of My Beloved Wife She Was Talked to Death By Her Friends.

The tombstone was erected by order of John Wise, the bereaved widower and a prosperous farmer of that county. In vain have the friends of the family endeavored to have the widower take down the tombstone. He firmly refused to do so. A movement was on foot some time ago to remove the tombstone from the graveyard at night. Farmer Wise heard of it and gave the plotters fair warning that he would shoot the first person that attempted to remove the marble stone. The threat had the desired effect, and the tombstone remains in its place in the church-yard, to the satisfaction of the bereaved widower and the everlasting sorrow of the friends of the deceased lady.

Mexican Manners. If friends meet twenty times a day, the ceremony of handshaking is gone through each time. In passing a friend, driving, riding, or walking, the hat is removed entirely from the head.

Mrs. Gooch saw on the Calle Plateros one day two splendid carriages, each occupied by one man. On approaching each other the carriages were halted, both men alighted, removed hats, shook hands, embraced, talked for a few moments, again embraced, shook hands, bowed, took off hats, and each entered his carriage and went his way.

A vein of sentiment runs through the intercourse of ladies with each other. A spray of flowers sent by one lady to another will be first pinned over the donor's heart, and the pin left in the spray to indicate that she has worn it.

A STRANGE DUEL.

A Tarantula and a Rattlesnake Fight to the Death.

It is quite a common thing among the soldiers in Arizona to pit tarantulas against each other and bet on the fighting powers of their favorites. This fact doubtless suggested to the clerks in H. H. Tamm's curiosity store in Denver the idea of getting up a fight between a large and lively tarantula and a rattlesnake.

Before the fight began the odds were ten to one in favor of the snake, and there were few takers. The proprietor was not in at the time, and the clerks had closed the store for the night, so there was not much probability of an interruption. The big snake was driven into one end of his cage and a partition let down to keep him safe, so that the tarantula could be introduced.

The little sliding door at the other end, carefully protected by a closely woven wire screen, was raised and the tarantula slipped into the compartment. Then the partition was pulled up and eager eyes peered through the glass sides of the cage to witness the result.

The tarantula arose and bristled all over like a chetsnut burr, the rattlesnake reared its head and thrust forth its forked tongue with the rapidity of lightning. Thus the two strange and deadly creatures remained for a moment, gazing at each other.

Suddenly there was heard the thrilling whirr of the snake's rattles, and with the pliancy of a steel spring the snake threw himself into a coil with his head raised in the center and vibrating rapidly from side to side. The tarantula was as immovable as if carved in stone.

Suddenly, with a motion almost too swift for the eye to follow, the rattler struck, but he missed his mark, for the tarantula, with the speed of lightning, bounded into the air, and descending on one of the serpent's coils, sunk his fangs into the flesh. The snake instantly began thrashing around the cage and dislodged his foe.

Again the tarantula became immovable, and again the serpent coiled and struck, only to be foiled. Fire seemed to flash from the eyes of both the contestants, and both appeared to know that it was fight to the death.

There was now a tremulous motion visible in every limb of the tarantula, and it was evident that he was contemplating offensive measures. With the leap of a tiger he bounded upon his foe and once more sank his fangs into the body of the snake. This time it was in vain for the serpent to writhe and flounder, for the tarantula clung to his enemy with the tenacity of a bulldog.

The spider was bruised and beaten, some of his legs were broken, but he held on with desperate courage, and gradually the efforts of the rattler grew weaker, until at last his coils relaxed, and, with only a faint vibration of his tail, he lay stretched out upon the bottom of the cage dead. The deadly venom of the tarantula had done its work.

The fight lasted only ten minutes, and was a most thrilling exhibition of ferocity and courage. The quickness of motion exhibited by the tarantula was marvelous, and through it he avoided being struck by the serpent. The dead serpent was evidence against the proprietor that they had introduced the tarantula to the serpent with a result which none of them had anticipated.—Arizona Divide.

THE GOVERNMENT ON WHISKEY.

The Report of Chief Analyst Macfarlane on the Quality of Whiskey.

Chief Analyst Macfarlane, of the Inland revenue laboratory, has just published the result of an inspection of 680 samples of liquors collected from 1883 to 1889, and 180 samples collected during the year 1891. These samples, Mr. Macfarlane says, were submitted to the various district analysts, and the duplicates, as required by law, forwarded to the department, which latter were subjected to the minutest examination in the government laboratory. The report, which is issued as bulletin No. 27, and which is most exhaustive and comprehensive, furnishes on page 21 a list of the Scotch whiskeys analyzed, with the following results:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Opalescence on Distilling, Distinct, Furfural Reaction. Includes Mackie & Co., J. B. Sheriff, Bullock, Laid & Co., Thom & Cameron, Bernard & Co., Donald Stuart, Kicker, Green & Co., "Heather Bell" brand, Mitchell's Heather Dew, None.

Several other brands, shipped by blenders and distillers, whose names do not appear, not having been given the inspectors, are not included in this list. These, however, appear in the report in connection with the vendors' names, and are all ranked as more or less inferior to the highest grade above mentioned.

So that, according to the official report of the laboratory branch of the Inland Revenue Department, the highest recognized authority in the Dominion of Canada, Mackie & Co.'s Scotch stands conspicuously at the head of the whiskey list, thus confirming once more the claims to superiority as set forth in the advertisements of these world-renowned distillers. Their advertisement, together with reports by Alred Robinson, the celebrated English analyst, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and John Clark, city Analyst of Glasgow appears in another part of PROGRESS.

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