

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ADVICE TO HIS WORSHIP.

The daily papers announce that Mayor Peters has stated he will be a candidate for a second term.

Mayor Peters is a man who shows admirable judgment in many things. The citizens can point him out to strangers with a feeling of just pride, because of his excellent taste in the matter of dress and his sauity of manner in daily life. He has not been headstrong or arbitrary in his government of the city, and yet he has been so well acquainted with his duties that he has won praise even from his opponents as the presiding officer of a somewhat unruly council. He has expressed the opinion more than once that he holds his office as a trust confided to him by the people.

It is therefore the more surprising that he has failed to show his usual good judgment in the present instance. It does not yet appear that there has been any request from the citizens that he should allow his name to be put in nomination for a second term. The proposition emanates from himself. This is contrary to the principle that the office should seek the man rather than the man the office.

It may be that Mayor Peters is the best available man for the position, but that is a question for the citizens to decide. It is in the contemplation of the law that the mayor shall be chosen by the people every year, not that, having been once chosen by them, he is to say whether he will nominate himself for successive years until the people turn him out.

It may be that Mayor Peters will be the recipient of a pressing and numerous signed requisition to allow himself to be put in nomination for a second term, but in the meantime it will be as well for him to await developments, and refrain from giving publicity to his aspirations.

When his worship assumed the chair he delivered an inaugural address in which he used the following words:

I will do the best I can to meet the expectations of the people, and aided, as I know I will be, by your consideration, forbearance and assistance, I hope at the end of my term to be able to present a record of duty performed and anticipations satisfactorily met.

There were a good many anticipations when Mayor Peters was elected, and his promise to present a record of duty performed should be fulfilled. It is quite certain that the electors are not at all well informed in the matter. They are under the impression that there has been extravagance in some directions, and that the taxes are rolling up under the general management of civic affairs. Mayor Peters is understood to contend that such is not the case, and that the outlook is very much better than people suppose. He should know, if any man does, and it is clearly his duty to explain, to say nothing of his definite promise to "present a record of duty performed."

Clearly, too, it is the duty of his worship to make this explanation in such a way that the public can not only hear it, but ask such questions as may be suggested by the statements. The council chamber has not the necessary accommodation for the electors, but the Mechanics' Institute would be a very suitable place. It will cost something to hire it, it is true, but if Mayor Peters objects to the expense Progress hereby offers to pay the hall rent for the occasion. Can there be a more fair offer than this, and can there now be any excuse which Mayor Peters can offer if he does not so give an account of his stewardship?

The electors are entitled to know what has been done in civic affairs. They have a right to know where they are and whither they are tending. It is the duty of the mayor to satisfy them. If they feel, after such explanation, that all is well and likely to be better, it cannot be questioned that they will again name Mayor Peters for the chair, and again elect him. There will be no need for him to nominate himself. He will be safe enough in the hands of his friends.

Do not wait for the end of your term,

Mayor Peters. It may be too late then. Begin now, hire a hall, or let Progress hire one, and tell the people what hundreds of them want to know. It your duty and their right.

HOW TO PICK A WIFE.

An entertaining correspondent of some of the leading American papers is CLARA BELLE, who is sometimes painfully frank in her comments on her sex. In one of her recent letters she lays down the proposition that "some things about women are so well settled by observation that they ought to be put into a text book for children." One of these things is that a girl would rather be caught in a lie than in her curl papers. Another is that she does not mind showing her foot if only it is pretty, and if she thinks you think she does not know she is showing it. Again, it is asserted that a woman more often praises another woman's beauty for the sake of being contradicted than for the sake of convincing you by her expressed opinion.

There are girls who are exceptions to these laws, and there may be more of them than people are inclined to believe. There are many who would scorn to lie under any circumstances, though at the same time it must be confessed that too often the sin of falsehood is not viewed as it should be by the sex. They will lie, at times, upon the principle that the end justifies the means. Yet there are girls and girls, and despite of CLARA BELLE's assertions it would be pretty hard to write a text book on which a man could rely with certainty in a search for a wife. It is one of the quests in which a man has to buy his knowledge by experience, and sometimes at a pretty high price. "The more I see of women, the less I think I know about them," is a saying of one whom Progress fears is likely to remain a bachelor, having for his recreation the contemplation of women as a problem not to be solved. Yet he is not a cynic. He is capable of a very strong affection, but having been unhappy in some of his experiences, he perhaps feels that it will be wise in him not to risk disappointment again. It may be that he is wrong. Doubtless he will change his mind some day and, when he does so, may find the happiness that, so far, he has sought in vain.

It is hard to lay down any rule by which a man may make a wise choice of a wife, for all rules are subject to exceptions. A diagnosis which will hold true in one case may be wholly wrong in another. CLARA BELLE, however, says that a man may select his wife from a crowd on Broadway, from the way she walks. Here are the signs by which she may be known:

The girl with chest high, head drawn back and chin held close to her collar will be proud, self-willed and steadfast, especially if her step is swinging and swift. The girl whose chest isn't quite so prominent and whose head droops a little and whose step isn't so high, will be affectionate, gentle, intelligent, sensitive and modest. The girl who carries her head on one side and steps unevenly is a flirt. The one whose chest is depressed and whose belt is prominent is inclined to coarseness, but may be good hearted and affectionate. The girl who comes down hard on her heels will fight for her opinion. The one whose heels are tight will have her own way, even though she make her way yours to do it. A girl whose arms swing free will be more companionable than one who holds them stiff and tight.

Now, it must be admitted that so far as externals go the above are pretty good signs by which to judge a girl. Most of us are reminded of this one or that by each of the classifications, but even then we do not know much. "The girl with chest high," etc., may or may not be a good wife, and so it is as to all the others. It depends on how far her temperament is in harmony with that of the man who seeks her. Girls of the first class, proud and self-willed, would just suit some kind of men, while they would make the life of other kind of men a burden hard to be borne. There is a risk about them which is not so likely to be found with girls of the next class—"whose step isn't so high," and who ought to make the very best of wives. After all, however, it takes all kinds of women and men to make up the world, and there is a mate for everyone—somewhere. A woman might be a failure as a wife in nine cases out of ten, but in the tenth instance she would be a supreme success.

Besides, a good deal depends on the husband as to the success or failure of the wife.

NEED A NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Every now and then the cry is raised that the United States needs a national anthem. Once in a great while an effort is made to secure one by stimulating the muse of song with the offer of a reward for a successful one. So far, nothing in recent years has caught the fancy of the people, and the songs of today are the songs of the past. No one can assert that "America" is the national anthem, for it has to share that claim with "Hail Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner," while not one of the three comes up to the requirements of the case. "America," as has been well observed, is not American. "It is English, and before that is Teutonic." "Hail Columbia," while musical, does not touch the heart; and the "Star Spangled Banner," while beautiful in both words and music, is too circumscribed in its scope. It applies to an incident in history, but is only indirectly an appeal to patriotism in the present. There is nothing to be to the Americans what "Fatherland"

HOTELS AND CONDUCTORS.

Three Good Houses in the North—A Conductor Who Rose from the Ranks. The cards of two new hotels—to Progress readers—appear among the hostelry cards in this issue. The proprietor of the Woodstock Exchange was known to the travelling public up to a short time ago as the capable and obliging clerk of the Queen, Fredericton. "Fred" Nicholson, as he is known to everybody, has made many friends in Woodstock and the Exchange in gaining him for a proprietor made a long stride in public favor.

Conroy's Hotel is the new house at Madawaska and it is brand new in every respect. Host McInerney opened the hotel a few days ago, and those who have seen it express their surprise at the way it is fitted out. It will, no doubt, have a generous patronage in the warm weather and the traveller who finds shelter there when the bottom has fallen out of the thermometer, and the telegraph poles have vanished under snow drifts (such things do happen sometimes, though not this winter) votes it a perfect haven of rest.

For fun and good fellowship, go to Felix Herbert's, at Edmundston. Mr. Herbert is a perfect specimen of a hotel proprietor, and a splendid advertisement for the means and comfort of his quarters. There is a Conductor Henderson on the northern division of C. P. R., no relation to the "Joe" of the Fredericton express, but as well known in the northern section as his namesake is in the south. Conductor Charles Henderson began railway life as a news agent on the train, and by perseverance and attention he has won his way to the front. He knows all about the business, and finds plenty of favor with those who travel with him.

A Scarcity of Wedding Cake. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Don't you think that there should be some reform in regard to our church choristers? The little fellows work hard and give up a great deal of time to practice for church services, anniversaries, weddings, deaths, etc. They do it cheerfully, and show a great deal of interest in their work. They all go to school, and have other studies to attend to, which leaves very little time for play or recreation. But many people seem to think they are church property, and should go whenever required, without the slightest remuneration.

Now, the clergymen get paid (if more than one, they all get paid.) The organist, the organ-blower, the bell-ringer, the sexton, also gets paid. But, for instance, the boys are told to come to the church to sing at a wedding. I overheard the conversation of some boys the other day, and it ran something like this: "Joe, are you going to the church this afternoon to sing at the wedding?" "No, I am not. I have just got out of school, and I am going to have some fun with my sled. Are you going?" "I don't want to. I just got my new snow-shoes, and I want a tramp." Then Georgie chimes in with "Come along boys, we will get a piece of cake anyway." So off comes the skates and snow shoes, face and hands washed, and away to the church to sing at the wedding, and a piece of cake. But they were doomed to disappointment; the supply of wedding cake must have been unequal to the demand, for the little fellows went home with heavy hearts.

PROGRESSIVE HUMOR.

At Windsor Castle.

"Your majesty, the cellar is already so full of addresses of sympathy and condolence that there is no room to walk around, and another steamer has just arrived from Canada. Where would your most gracious majesty have us store them?" "Do as usual, my servant. We cannot lumber up the castle."

They Are All Sisters to Him.

"There is nothing beautiful about Jones, is there?" "No, but he has some very pretty sisters."

News for His Wife.

Mrs. Brown (to office boy)—Is Mr. Brown very busy? "Yes; but I guess he will see you."

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

What Appeared to Mr. Jacklin.

Mr. William Jacklin, while going to his rabbit snares met a large snake crawling along the snow.—Sheikine Budget.

A Wall from the Sanctum.

Wood will be taken at this office in payment of subscriptions.—Bevelock, N. S., Register.

Sleds Carry Scott Act Supplies.

The recent snows have made good hauling and so revived the spirits of the lumbermen.—Cor. Gleener.

The Cow's Mistake.

Mr. M. Sandford lost a valuable cow; she swallowed a stone the size of a hen's egg, mistook it for a potato. She lived several weeks.—Cor. Windsor Tribune.

Big Time in Upper Burlington.

The chimney of Mr. Dearman's house took fire on the 14th inst., but the prompt arrival of help and a few pails of water checked the flames; no loss of property.—Windsor Tribune.

Where Language Falls.

Language fails us to give just expression to the indignation all right minded people must feel at the scandalous report published in the Chronicle of the 26th inst., relative to Mr. Morine. There is but one man in Queens county base enough to commit such a disgraceful outrage on decency,—yes, his right hand man would assist in the production.—Liverpool Times.

A Ferry Fare Sort of a Joke.

(Overlooked by the Amateur Minstrels.) Mr. Plum Jones: "I say, Mr. Mac, did you know that Garfield died?" Mr. Mac: "You tell me that Gen. Garfield is dead, Plum?" Mr. Jones: "Yah, the General has canted up the flume!" Mr. Mac: "You mean, Plum, that he has gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

Mr. Fred Hall (suddenly): "That's Carleton! Sure!"

Mr. Jones (singing): "And he never came back, he never came back!"—(Curtain.) CASEY TAP.

To Correspondents.

LOTTIE M.—We have tried to locate you and failed. You gave no street address. We have to pursue the course outlined.

A SUBSCRIBER, Pictou.—Too late for regular position this week.

J. F. FREDERICTON.—Printing such as you wish for your invitations and programmes can be had of any printer who carries such stock. PROGRESS PRINT can always supply you.

Through a misunderstanding the Musical correspondence did not reach the office in time for this week's paper.

Envelopes—Commercial white—Amber—Folders, tasty and neat by "Progress Print."

WHAT THE TAXES USED TO BE.

Letter From Hon. Robert Marshall on City Assessment.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I read to day, with deep interest, your pertinent article on the subject of city taxes, headed "Where is it all to end?" It may not be deemed out of place, for the writer, to be as briefly as possible say a word or two on this most important subject. You remark that "the rate of taxation has more than doubled in the last fourteen years, in the city proper, while it has been nearly trebled as regards Carleton. The rate for the west side was less than for the east side until the cities were united."

The increase has been steady from year to year since the fire of 1877. The following table shows the rate from year to year:

Table with columns: Year, East Side, West Side, United Cities. Rows from 1876 to 1888.

Now, this statement as regards the years from 1876 to 1881, both inclusive, would naturally lead the casual reader to imagine that he is paying more toward civic taxation at the present time, and since the year 1882, than he was previous to that date, provided such reader was a wage earner and assessed solely upon the income of labor of the head or hand! Such, however, is not the case. In the year 1876, the rate was not 75 cents upon the \$100 of income, but \$3.75. In 1877 it was not 72 cents upon the \$100 of income, but \$3.60. In the year 1878, it was not 90 cents upon income, but \$4.50. In the year 1879 it was not 90 cents upon income but \$4.65. In the year 1880, it was not \$1.13 upon income, but \$5.65; and in the year 1881, it was not \$1.17 upon income, but \$5.85. I take the city, East Side, for this reference, but the same remarks apply relatively to the West Side.

As you are aware, prior to the passage of the "Saint John city Assessment Act of 1882." The taxation was based upon 20 per cent. of the valuation of real estate and personal property and 100 per cent. of income, making the rate for 1881 five dollars and eighty five cents (\$5.85) upon the \$100 of the above described valuation.

ONE WHO SYMPATHIZES.

Mr. I. S. Holmes not being able to deliver his lecture in Parrsboro, has concluded to give Windsor the benefit, and will lecture in Reform Club Hall on Thursday February 4th. Mr. Holmes wishes us to say that among the many reasons why he did not speak at Parrsboro was that no one appeared to oppose him. On having his attention called to the statement in PROGRESS that a prominent Baptist was prepared to answer him, Mr. Holmes said he did not know of it, and would be very glad to have that Baptist meet him here. Mr. Holmes is imbued with great zeal and a large faith, and we are anxious to see him here a fair show. He wishes all to come, whether they are able to drop a copper in the hat or not, but as he is not a rich man and is preparing himself for a life of usefulness, a small collection will be taken up towards defraying the expenses of Hall rent etc.—Windsor Tribune.

They Are Different.

The receipts to be found on the third page are not copied at random from a cook book, as is the custom of most newspapers, but all carefully selected with a view to their practicability and usefulness; and readers of PROGRESS have the unusual privilege of asking questions on this important subject from an authority whose experience must be valuable. It would be a good thing for everybody—for we must all eat—if those who cook our food were a little more inquisitive as to the why and the wherefore of roasting, grilling and frying. It has been said that "the fate of nations depends upon what they eat."

Not Worn Out, but Shabby.

A new department has been added to Ungar's steam laundry, and the proprietors are now devoting all their energies to make it as widely and favorably known as the old branch. A dyer who has had experience in London and Paris has been engaged, and in future a dyeing and cleaning department will be one of the features of their already extensive establishment. In their regular advertising space is a list of prices, and PROGRESS readers will find it useful when they have something that is "not worn out, but looks shabby." Those who do not want to cut their copy of PROGRESS can get a printed slip at the laundry.

A Concern to be Proud of.

The Amherst boot and shoe manufactory at Amherst is added to the list of PROGRESS' advertising patrons this week. Anything that could be said about it in a paragraph would not give much information of the manner of its growing and successful business is carried on. It is one of the concerns Amherst has a good right to be proud of. For a small town it has more important industries than many of equal size can boast of.

THE COLORS TO WEAR.

A Correspondent Has Something to Say On the Subject.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The article about The Colors to Wear, that appears in PROGRESS of January 23rd, accredited to The Housekeeper periodical, has, of course, been read by everyone interested in that all-absorbing topic. There are so many people who never have made a serious study of color and its effects and who will be influenced by that article in the selection of perhaps their very next dresses, that it is a duty I owe as an artist to correct the mis-statements of the writer, whose journalistic instinct was better than his knowledge of this subject.

The writer thereof lays down a set of rules so explicit that the selection of becoming colors in dress would be a simple matter; but, unfortunately, the one law of color-effects upon which all such rules are based has been completely reversed, so that in nearly every case a conclusion has been reached that is the opposite of true, as I wish to show.

Instead of classing the seven colors of the spectrum as all "primary," it is simpler and more in accordance with the experience of artists, of designers for textile fabrics and of other practical colorists, to regard the "primary" colors as red, blue and yellow only. All other colors are produced by mixture of these "primary" ones. Thus blue and yellow make green; yellow and red, orange; red and blue, purple or violet; etc. White light is composed of red, blue and yellow rays mingled in proper proportion, and one color is said to be the "complement" of another when the two combined produce white. Thus blue is the complement of orange; red, of green; and yellow, of purple. And, of course, the complement of a greenish blue would be a reddish orange, and the opposite of a pale violet blue would be a dark orange with yellow predominating.

Upon these colors and the effect they have upon each other, a treatise, setting forth the colors that should and should not be worn with each kind of complexion, has been written by the superintendent of the Imperial Manufactory of France, where the celebrated Gobelins tapestries are made. It starts with the axiom that "a color when placed next another color is modified by it, and appears different from what it really is," the reason therefore being much as follows:

The eye, looking long at one color, acquires a tendency to see the complement of that color. After looking through red glass, everything for the moment appears green; or if the glass be yellow, everything seems violet. If one be shown, in a shop, several pieces of a similar bright red cloth, the last appears duller and less beautiful than the first and the eye is only relieved by looking at green, whereupon the red will seem brighter even than before. Therefore, as the most perfect harmony is produced when complementary colors are brought together, so two similar colors will neutralize each other.

Now, in the human complexion is the most subtle coloring, tints of red and blue and yellow. In some the rose predominates; in others, the yellow. In some there is an excess; in others, a greater absence of color. The effect, therefore, of a given color is to bring out or enhance those flesh tints that are the opposite of itself and to neutralize or subdue those tints that are similar to itself. For example, a red neutralizes the pink and exaggerates the yellow and blue; in faces lacking pink it produces a disagreeable greenishness; a florid complexion is toned down. But if more rose is needed, a green only will impart it.

There is no need now of going far into details; but turning to the article under discussion one is amazed to read, that the sallow face with much yellow should avoid all yellows, which on the contrary would at least neutralize the objectionable yellowness. Heliotrope is recommended as very becoming to such a face, notwithstanding its tendency to impart yellow; and blue and orange both are said to produce a "deep jaundice yellow" in this same sallow face in spite of the fact that blue and orange being complements, exert a precisely opposite influence. If it were true, then, that brilliant complexions are subdued by having cold colors next them; that bright rich colors impart color to a colorless face; and that pale tints make a pale face even paler, why would not a negro appear lighter in white clothes and blacker in dark ones?—which is too absurd for serious consideration.

In general the article sets forth that a color imparts similar color to the complexion, instead of its opposite which accords neither with theories of color, nor with the experience of any well dressed woman that I know. There is an element of truth in some of the directions, but it is so hopelessly confused with misconception that it needs an expert, almost, to separate the two, and appearing in a paper read as PROGRESS is its unreliability should be pointed out.

FOR LA GRIPPE.

They say that there is nothing better than plenty of Bees Honey and Ramons with Leibig's Extract of Beef to keep up the strength and flesh, all with Jellies, Preserves, Fruit, Biscuits, etc., for sale by J. S. Armstrong & Bro. 32 Charlotte St.

Where You can get Rubber Goods Repaired. Frank S. Allwood 179 Union st., is selling Over Shoes, Rubbers and Rubber Boots very cheap. you can also get your Rubber Cloaks, Coats, etc., repaired. Rubber Boots and Shoes Patched and Resoled.

WHOSE HANDWRITING IS THIS?

By publishing the above you will greatly oblige

The above is an exact fac-simile of the handwriting of the North End correspondent who signed her letter "Alpha," and appended to it the name of a well known lady living in that section. The Editor of PROGRESS will reward any person liberally who will give him convincing evidence of the identity of the writer of the above.