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HALIFAX BRANCH OFFICE: KNOWLES' BUILDING, Cor. GRANVILLE and GEORGE STREETS. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 20.

WHAT THE ELECTORS WANT. "What would you expect the mayor to say if he did call a meeting?" was the question asked Progress a day or two ago. The reply was that nothing more is expected of his worship than a plain statement of how the affairs of the city stand, whether we are going backward or forward, whether our taxes are to grow greater or less, and whether we are getting fair value for what we annually pay into the city treasury.

The reports published annually do not convey to the ordinary reader any idea of whether things are in a good or bad state. The figures are all there, probably, but it is another thing to make an application of them. Besides, the figures for 1891 have not yet been published. The mayor, however, knows or should know all about them by this time. He is able, no doubt, to make a summary of facts which everybody would understand and which would throw light in what are now dark places to the public.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat that there is a general impression that every department is run on a scale much too expensive. People think there are too many officials and too big a salary list. They fail to see why three engineers are necessary, and they do not understand why several other officials, whom they name, are essential to the completeness of the civic organization.

Then, too, they do not know whether the expenditure on public works has been wisely or unwisely made, but they do know there has been a good deal of it. They know that the highway to Indian-town has cost, so far, about \$40,000 more than the original estimate, and that a good deal of money has literally gone into holes in the ground. They do not know what there is to show for it, or whether all the expenditure has been justifiable. It may be that the public has a wholly mistaken idea in these and many other respects, but that is because of its ignorance. The people know what they are giving, but they do not know what they are getting.

Progress has tendered the mayor the institute as well as the use of its columns to explain what the people want to know. It has not heard from him up to the hour of going to press. In the meantime the electors are beginning to talk more than ever of civic affairs. So are some of the newspapers.

Progress reviewed the harbor improvement question, a week or so ago, and gave the public an intelligent idea of what was proposed and what was wanted. Since then, the Globe and Telegraph have fallen into line, and adopted the ideas of Progress as being in the best interests of the citizens. The mayor may fall into line, in time, in regard to the suggestions made to him as to civic affairs generally. He is possibly considering the matter now.

He should not wait too long. Time is passing, and the people are getting anxious.

THE FAITH PREVAILS. A St. John man whose creed is far from positive recently asserted that agnosticism was greatly on the increase in this city. Progress did not accept his statement, but believed that he heard more of the free-thinker than he did in the old days when he was content with the simple faith of christianity. There always have been doubters and there always will be. Whether they are increasing in greater proportion than the believers is another question. The evidence, the world over, negatives such an assumption.

A great many good people are troubled in heart because, every now and then, some theological fight reveals heresy in those who have been looked to as champions of the faith. It seems to an on-looker, at a distance, when eminent divines deny this or that dogma and drift out into liberalism, that religion is in a very unsettled state. Admirers and imitators of such men proclaim with a trumpet blast

that creeds are rending asunder, and free thought is coming in their stead. They would have it that "I deny" is to take the place of "I believe," as the world grows wiser. They would have it that the faith of the fathers is a survival of the middle ages which must yield in the nineteenth century and be well nigh forgotten in the twentieth. Is it so?

A New York daily which makes no claims to being a religious paper, points out, on the basis of the census, that christianity in the United States is gaining much faster than the population, and relatively faster than ever before in the history of the country. The increase is in every line which can be measured by statistical tables. It is not alone that there is greater value of church property, but that there are returns of larger church membership and church attendance, more liberal contributions for religious purposes, etc. There is a great deal of talk made about drifting away from the creeds, but the census shows nothing of the kind. There may be more agnostics than there were ten years ago, but there are relatively many more who profess the christian faith.

So, too, it may be assumed, is the rest of the world. There are plenty of BRADLAUGH's followers in England, and they make a noisy time once in a while. There have been less boisterous but not less earnest demonstrations within the last week or two, when thousands of all classes paid tribute to Cardinal MANNING and Pastor SPURGEON, two eminent, though widely differing christians. In these demonstrations the wide world has sympathized. If all the agnostics in the world were to die at once, they could not in their deaths command the respect paid to these two workers for the faith, nor could the story of their lives excite a tithe of the interest.

The world is not beginning to revolt against christianity, nor is the so called higher criticism likely to destroy in the future the faith that has been preserved in the past. Forced to a choice of the extremes of reason without faith and faith without reason, it would be only a question of the relative majority of the latter with the respective nations of the earth.

There is a moral in the fact that a man dropped dead on the ferryboat the other night. He had been a passenger on a train which arrived in Carleton a few minutes before, and in order to catch the boat had hurried so that the heart was called upon to do more than its share of work. Something gave way and death was the result. He died from being in too much of a hurry, as thousands have died and will continue to die in this age of haste and impatience. Life is long enough to take time to eat, drink and walk, but the American idea is to the contrary. Men bolt their food, rush after street cars to save five or ten minutes and do a hundred other things which shorten life, when the results are not immediately fatal. In the majority of cases as much could be accomplished if matters were taken in a more leisurely way. It is well to be diligent, but habitual hurry is one of the evils of the age. We are living too fast and dying too early.

A fight between two wings of the prohibition party in Massachusetts has developed the fact that funds were supplied that party by the democratic state central committee, which body as everybody knows derives its revenue largely from the liquor interest. SAM SMALL was one of the orators who was paid for portraying the evils of strong drink, and put the gin mill contribution in his pocket. It is believed he did not know that such was the case, but there is a moral about the whole affair, if anybody knows how to apply it.

Sir PROVO WALLIS, who has just died in England, in the 101st year of his age, must have been well acquainted in his youth with men who lived when GEORGE III. was king, and who perhaps took part in the capture of Quebec. Such a link between the past and present reminds us of how new everything is in this country.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

The Horse in Time for the Services. Rev. S. H. Cain, of Annapolis, had a formidable experience in reaching Bridgetown during the storm on Sunday while going to attend the opening service in the new church in that place, the roads in some places being impassable by snow drifts. At one time the quadruped fearing he would be late in reaching the town came out of the harness and started leaving the reverend gentleman and a traveller alone in the sleet; he was afterwards secured and managed to reach the town in time for the services.—Liverpool Times.

The Editor Has Patent Cars. Porter's Patent Lug is a lug of safety and durable, never shifts, easy unfastened in case of any accident. The editor of this paper will be pleased to show sample of this lug by calling at this office.—Liverpool Times.

A Hot Time in Halifax. The horse continued his mad career and was not stopped till he reached the parade. The sleigh was smashed to atoms and the horse badly cut about the legs.—Echo.

Acrostic. Prepare for the Eternal Home, in mansions bright, Earth has no perfect peace, no fixed enduring light, Arm for the fight, that lasts, while breathes the living dust, Cling to the Cross, to Christ who sure salvation gives, Enduring light and perfect peace, who ever lives, adore and trust. FRAS.

Concert Programmes, Spring Circulars, Mantilla, different sizes and weights at "Hard Pan" prices by "Progress Print."

MARKED BY SOUND PRINCIPLES.

The Honorable Life Record of the Late Robert Turner. The announcement of the death of Mr. Robert Turner at the Victoria hotel, Tuesday morning, was heard by his many friends and acquaintances with much greater regret than surprise. His illness has extended over a long period and has been borne with that fortitude so characteristic of the man.

For many years Mr. Turner was a leading figure in the mercantile community. Starting at the foot of the ladder as a lad in the dry goods business, by patient industry, perseverance, and marked ability, he made his way to the uppermost round, a position he continued to hold with ease so long as his health permitted his constant attendance to business.

Quite early in his career he became connected with the house of Vassie, and, in a short time, so won the confidence of the firm, that he was entrusted with the important position of buyer in the old country markets. Year after year he crossed the ocean twice with untiring regularity. In this way he became widely known among the leading English and Scotch manufacturers and formed acquaintanceships many of which proved friendships of a lifetime.

When Mr. Turner severed his connection with Mr. Vassie he entered into a partnership with Mr. E. D. Watts and the firm of Watts & Turner soon came to the front as a most progressive and successful dry goods house. The disaster which overtook the business—fire—lost him his partner as well as his business, for Mr. Watts was accidentally killed in the building while it was burning. Nothing daunted, Mr. Turner bought a fresh stock of goods from the shelves of his new store before the fire of 1877 swept everything away again.

Some idea of the business courage and undaunted will of the man may be gained when it is stated that in a short time he was found in business again. Then his real success as a merchant began. His dry goods establishment easily took an enviable position in the community. His business methods were straightforward, methodical, honorable from every standpoint, and the name of Robert Turner became synonymous with uprightness and integrity. His success from every point of view continued until his long and severe illness, brought on perchance by overwork while selecting goods in the old country. He sailed for home when barely convalescent, and the steamer in which he came was partially wrecked. For many hours Mr. Turner was tossed about clinging to a plank in the sea that rushed with the vessel, and with nothing but the open ocean. His escape from death was marvellous and his iron constitution was his greatest help through the long, tedious and severe illness that followed his exposure. From that time his health was miserable. Those who knew him at all intimately could not understand how he was able to be about his business in his physical condition. But if his body was weak his mind was as active and his will stronger than ever.

Desiring to be relieved of a portion of the responsibility of the business he took as junior partner, his brother-in-law, Mr. Andrew Finlay and the firm name became Turner & Finlay.

This partnership was dissolved about a year ago and Mr. Turner's rapidly falling health induced him to transfer his business to trustees to wind up as quickly and as profitably as was possible.

Those who understood Mr. Turner valued his friendship highly. He was a man of very decided views on many subjects and he never failed to give expression to them when the occasion demanded it. "I believe in saying what I feel," he has said to the writer, "when I think so." And yet there were times when "no" was a rare word with him. The needy and the suffering never appealed to him in vain. He was a generous giver, and, but few knew that he gave at all. Even in his later days—during the past year—when he was less able to be generous than formerly, he was apt to forget himself in his eagerness to help those who appeared to be in need. When his own troubles were forgotten—and he had many to forget—there could not be a more entertaining companion. An intent observer, he possessed a keen memory for what was worth remembering and admirable powers of description.

His wife and children returned to Glasgow more than a year ago, but he could not have had more loving attention in his illness had they been with him. He possessed the affection of his employees in an uncommon degree, and they were only too eager to do all in their power for him. The sympathy and unremitting attention and kindness not only of the host and hostess of the Victoria, but of their employees as well, assured him of every possible comfort in his illness.

The funeral took place Thursday from the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. George Robertson, and the representative gathering of citizens presented plainer than words can express the general esteem in which the deceased was held.

More Frank Than Kind. The Sun folks had a sleigh ride, the other day, and this is what the Telegraph said about it:

The day was a splendid one for the purpose, and the members of the party were, in consequence, in high spirits, enjoying themselves in a measure and in a manner which may be looked upon as features peculiar to the outings of the newspaper craft.

Supposing they were in "high spirits" and found enjoyment "in a measure," large or small, whose business was it? Saturday was an off day and the paper came out as usual on Monday. Besides, isn't it saying too much to assert that this kind of hilarity is peculiar to the newspaper craft? The Telegraph is unkind, and from what PROGRESS knows of the Sun staff, conveys an impression not in accordance with the facts.

THEY ADVERTISE THEMSELVES.

How Some "Well-known Canadian Journalists" Acquire Fame. A few weeks ago, PROGRESS had an editorial review of an article by W. B. Harte, in the New England Magazine, on Canadian journalism. It appears to have commended itself to a good many readers, who are beginning to get a little tired of having small bore writers pushed to the front as representative lights in the literature of this country. A letter recently received voices the opinion of a good many readers. The writer says:

I have been in a position to know and hear a good deal of the methods and doings of a certain class of small literary folk who, by means of such mouthpieces as Mr. Harte, are constantly proclaiming themselves—to each other mostly—in American and English literary periodicals. They travel mainly on the friendly criticism of each other in periodicals to which they may have access, either as contributors or "associate" editors. For the most part their work, especially their verse, has no market value and has generally been published in high quarters like Century and Harper's only through a personal "pull."

I know of one who has in his time done good work, and who, though occasionally publishing short lines in high quarters, was unable recently to get the more prominent publishers in New York to take his new volume of poems, though all expense was offered to be paid in hard cash. The Harpers themselves declined to put their imprint on a book which, they stated, was not up to the standard. Yet this person is looked upon as a representative Canadian literary man and is loudly proclaimed as such. Another has been dozens of times referred to as the "well known Canadian poet" and so with whom everyone is acquainted, who has never (until recently) published except "for private circulation only" at his own expense, and circulated among his friends and acquaintances who are the only ones who ever have or do read him and outs of whom he is entirely unknown. These are the men that received the greatest share of attention from Mr. Harte. Mr. Harte, as you rightly guessed, wrote a request to every Canadian poet or writer he knew, and requested each one to write out a short account of his life and work. Such a one was sent to one Canadian who was at the time editor of The Epoch and whose work in Canadian literature and history is well known and consequently easy to have been estimated by anyone. He, of course, ignored Mr. Harte's request and was therefore omitted. Goldwin Smith was dismissed with a word, on the ground that his ideas were foreign to the true Canadian spirit. Sam Slick, if I recollect, was not mentioned at all, nor was Dr. Daniel Brinton, the author of Pre-historic Man, etc., whose books are an authority in England, in Russia, and are the acknowledged text books of the universities of Germany.

Such articles as these are disgraceful and probably you are more aware even than I of the extent to which fictitious reputations are being built up out of nothing. I have seen the inside workings of the clique and I am personally acquainted with a number whom I am sorry to say belong to it, and I could tell you much more. I have long been wishing that some one would undertake a crusade for the sake of simple justice to men who really have earned reputations but who scratch the back of no one. It is a shame when a man goes to New York for a city like Toronto and cannot make his salt, and has to be sent home by his friends, that he should be mentioned as a writer of any merit at all, let alone raised high above his betters. It might be interesting, also, if you could learn whether a certain "Dr." did not get his L.L.D. in exchange for a F. R. S. C., because he belongs to the same clique.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Mr. Staples Does Some Fine Work at Mr. A. Everitt's Residence.

Mr. A. G. Staples was in New York not long ago, and combining business with pleasure, took advantage of every opportunity to get new ideas in the way of decorative painting. He saw some of the best work of New York painters in house decorating; and a room just finished in Mr. Arthur Everitt's residence of Wentworth street shows that his customers are going to profit by the trip. A description of the room would be almost impossible, and could not leave the impression that a view of the handsome walls and ceiling has made on all who have seen them. The wall paper, though quiet and unpretentious in colors, is very pretty, the ground being of a light shade of buff with modest flowers. All the decorating is in colors to harmonize with the paper, and in no particular is there a tendency to undue contrast or gaudiness.

The dado of anaglypta has a rich buff ground with flowers of different colored bronzes. The frieze lines the wall with a band of steel blue below a shade, of the same color as the ground of the paper, and a bar of gold leaf, broken at intervals to relieve the monotony, heightens the effect.

Good work has been done on the ceiling, both in designing and coloring. The large centre panel is oval shaped and of a rich buff color, while steel blue is worked in harmoniously in the corner pieces, and is brightened by gold leaf. The lighter shades in the panels are relieved by crimson and brown, and the effect of the whole is very pretty. Since the room has been finished it has been seen by quite a number who have been struck with the fine work of the painter and never fail to express their admiration.

A New and Popular Idea.

The new show rooms opened by Messrs Emerson & Fisher in the mantle and grate department will be popular with customers, from the fact that they are arranged so that the colors can be seen to good advantage by night as by day. There are now two rooms, one for wood and the other for slate mantels, and the department is attracting considerable attention.

THEIR BIG DAY

(Continued from second page.)

tion, and soon the sweet strains of "Katie Connor" filled the house. Several selections were rendered with a splendid imitation, particularly the band selection, and Katie Connor. During the entertainment Rev. Geo. Bruce explained this wonderful modern invention. The phonograph was invented by Edison. It consists of a galvanic battery, a small drum, a steel rod, and several wax cylinders. These cylinders are round, smooth and highly polished. When any noise strikes the drum it moves and causes the rod (one end of which is sharp) to strike the wax, making an indentation. When the sound ceases, if you look at the wax, you will find it covered with minute grains of wax which has been displaced by the strokes of the rod. Now replace the cylinder, turn on the current and the sound is reproduced. During the sound the cylinder turns rapidly. After the entertainment Mr. Carter spoke to the children, then all filed out, expressing in the warmest terms their satisfaction for being present at so useful as well as an amusing entertainment.

STEPHEN P. GEROW. 46 Garden street.

Dear Mr. PROGRESS: I am a little girl nine years old. I was at the phonograph concert you gave. I had a nice seat in the third row from the front. I liked Katie Connor better than any of the songs. I forget what came after Katie Connor but I think it was the Military Band. I liked it too, but not so well as Katie Connor. I heard the Military Band very plainly. I am very sorry, but I have forgotten what comes after the Military Band, but I think it was the piece played on the cornet by Mr. Williams and his son. And then when the phonograph took it in and made the phonograph repeat it, it was splendid. It was so like it when it was played on the cornet. I have forgotten, but I think there was a song came in between Katie Connor and the Military Band, or after it, called A Letter to my Love. It was a very pretty song and I heard it very plainly too. Then when the Rev. Mr. Bruce explained how the phonograph repeated it, he did it in such a short time and such a few words, I don't see how he did it. Anyway he did it, and did it well. He showed us how the force of the air made the little drum go and then how the drum hit a little stick, and the little stick had a sharp point on it like Mr. Bruce's ice stick, and made scratches when the person took long breathes and made little scratches when they took short breathes. He said that he had no intention of being on the stage. He said that his little girl thought there was a hole in the curtain, and there was people who sang and we could not see them; but there was not. The people who sang were in New York. Then there was a piccolo and piano played together; it was very pretty.

I think my letter is quite long enough; anyway I forget what was after, except Mr. Williams played another cornet solo and the phonograph repeated it. Good bye, your little friend, LULU ROBERTSON. 88 Orange street.

I have taken the opportunity to give a little description of the concert on Saturday afternoon. It was very nice and I enjoyed it.

It is wonderful how anyone could invent such a thing as that phonograph, and how a man in New York could sing the song of "Sweet Katie Connor" through the phonograph so well as it was done.

The two men who played the cornet did very nicely. And I thought the band was the nicest thing in the concert. I would not think that the phonograph could take in the music that was played on the cornets.

At first I thought that there was something behind the curtain singing. Edison must have had a wonderful thought in his head when he invented the phonograph and he must have tried quite a while before he got it to work.

I do not expect to get a prize as I am not accustomed to writing anything like this.

This is a very short description of the concert but I do not know any more. LIZZIE BUCHANAN. 45 St. David's street.

The exhibition of the powers of the phonograph, at the Opera house Saturday, was very interesting. The phonograph first played a song sung by a singer in New York. Then it played a piece by a military band. Two gentlemen very kindly played a duet on cornets, which the phonograph repeated as soon as they had finished. The Rev. Mr. Bruce then explained the working of the phonograph. He told us that when you speak it is just like throwing a stone into water, it makes the air go off in little waves. There is a drum in the phonograph, which moves when the waves strike it; attached to the drum at one end is a small instrument finely balanced; the other end of the instrument touches the cylinder on which wax is put, and then it (the cylinder) is highly polished. When the drum moves, the instrument moves, and makes dots and dashes on the cylinder, which is kept going round by an electric battery.

When the phonograph gives out music or words, the revolving cylinder moves the little instrument, which moves the drum and produces the same waves of air, that went in at first.

After this explanation by Mr. Bruce, several other pieces were played by the phonograph. HOMER D. FORBES, Aged 11. 47 Duke street.

DEAR PROGRESS: I received PROGRESS as usual Saturday, and seeing the coupon in it for the entertainment in the Opera house, I took advantage of your kind offer and went.

The concert was very interesting indeed, and it is wonderful how the selections played by Prof. Williams on the cornet were reproduced so plainly on the phonograph.

The explanation of the working of the instrument given by Rev. Mr. Bruce, was very interesting and instructive, and I learned from it what I never knew before, relative to the working of the phonograph; and I think as he said that it is one of the

most wonderful inventions of the age. It was very kind of Mr. Bruce to take the trouble to explain it to us; and I am sure all who heard his explanation wish to thank him.

The gentlemen who had the instrument, was very patient with us boys, and seemed to enjoy it as much as any of us. Thanking you for the pleasant and instructive afternoon spent, and wishing for many happy returns of the same. I am gratefully yours, FRANK PIDGON. North End.

I was pleased to be present at the entertainment in the Opera house, Saturday afternoon. Mr. Williams and his son played very nicely on the cornet which was played exactly the same way by a wonderful instrument, which I shall now attempt to describe. Rev. Mr. Bruce gave us a simple but very interesting sketch of it.

It seemed almost like a sewing machine to me, but with a battery on the table of it. Inside this battery is a tiny drum attached to a rod, and at the opposite end of the rod is a black cylinder. When the person plays the music the sound impresses a scratch or dot, if played loud the impression on the cylinder will be a scratch, if played gently it will leave a dot on the cylinder. This cylinder and drum are continually moving. If the music is played loud the drum will strike with a greater force and so produce a louder sound and will also strike the cylinder and produce a louder sound. The waves of the air just like the waves of the sea will seize the music, carry it through these organs and thence into the ears of the audience. EMILY BARDSLEY. 55 Exmouth street.

On Saturday afternoon, Feb. 13, 1892, I accepted the kind invitation of PROGRESS, who is ever mindful of the little folks, to attend a concert in the new Opera House, and hear the wonderful musical performance from the phonograph. It represented a New York band playing Annie Laurie. There was also some nice singing by Mr. Gaskin. Prof. Williams and son played on instruments. Mr. Gaskin also sang a piece called "A Letter to my Dad." More music by Prof. Williams, piano and cornet played together. Rev. Mr. Bruce explained about the phonograph. The building is lovely. I sat on the first floor. There were two galleries, and in the front of the stage hangs a great large curtain representing a view of Naples. Oh, it is lovely, I do not know what the editor will do next to please the little folks. But maybe he will give us all a picnic when summer comes. I do not think I will take one of the prizes; but I do hope the editor of PROGRESS will accept my thanks for the pleasure I enjoyed at the concert. Yours truly, ARABELLA GARFIELD WILSON. Strait Shore.

I attended the PROGRESS concert which was held in the Opera on Saturday, Feb. 13, 1892. My dear friend there was a great success. The building was crowded from top to bottom with big boys, little boys, big girls, little girls, big ladies and gentlemen. My dear friend the first on the stage was a song by a New York gentleman on the machine. The next the machine played like the Artillery band, and it played some lovely music; it played Annie Laurie just like the band would play. The next, Mr. Williams and his son come on the stage and played the cornet, and then Rev. Mr. Bruce came out and gave a speech about the machine. It was very nice. There and then Mr. Williams came out and played himself. The boys clapped so hard that you would think that the house was falling down. I think that is all I can say about it. I enjoyed it splendid, and wish there will be one every Saturday. ANNIE EVELYN PETERSEN, (aged 9). 123 Sydney street.

DEAR PROGRESS: I had the pleasure of attending the "phonographic concert" held under your management this afternoon, and enjoyed it very much. Although not the first time I listened to the phonograph, yet I found myself deeply interested in this afternoon's performance.

The instrumental selections were excellent, especially so. The Rev. Mr. Bruce's explanation was very helpful as well as interesting. The boys and girls who attended the concert are indebted to PROGRESS for the musical treat. I for one thank you heartily. Respectfully yours, WALTER N. GOLDING. 177 Leinster street.

I am one of the little girls that was at the concert Saturday afternoon and enjoyed it very much indeed. I hope you will give us more of them, and that I may be able to go again. Thanking you, I am yours truly, ETHEL FALES. 60 Sydney street.

A Successful Canadian Magazine. A long list of the best Canadian writers make Canada for February one of the magazines that people will look for and read with enjoyment. When a New Brunswick magazine attains the success that has been won by Canada there is no doubt as to its merit. It started in small form and is now a dollar monthly with a fund of good reading of special interest to Canadians. Its stories and articles are by the best writers, many of them Canadians who have access to the leading magazines in the United States. The selected matter is mostly the work of Canadians now residing in the states who occasionally take an opportunity to write about their native land for the American papers, and in some of these articles is found their best work. The departments are in charge of experienced and conscientious literary men, who evidently try to make their special columns better every month and are succeeding wonderfully. The editor, Matthew Kichey Knight, will be remembered as one of PROGRESS' first contributors; but all his best efforts are now found in Canada.

To Correspondents. Owing to a press of matter this week correspondence from a number of places had to be omitted, and many interesting letters "cut."

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