

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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CHARITY AND CHATTER.

The proposition to establish a central charitable organization in this city is a happy thought which has occurred to a number of philanthropic gentlemen, who have already made a start. The beginning of the movement was undertaken some weeks ago, and up to the present, apparently, the promoters have had their time fully occupied in discussing constitutional matters, drawing up bye-laws and otherwise proceeding very much in the way they would do were they organizing a rival to the Union club or some such select organization in which membership is presumably a privilege. A fee for admission has been fixed for those who wish to join, and the sum charged, though only a dollar, will doubtless be quite sufficient to exclude the doubtful element. It may be that some fastidious folk may carp at the fee being made so low, but it may be pointed out that the amount is the same as that charged for honorary membership in the Oratorio society, the roll of which contains the names of many prominent citizens. In order to draw the line somewhere, however, the new organization proposes to have a sort of a reserved seat contingent of life members, consisting of those who pay twenty-five dollars spot cash. Only one or two have so far, given indications of a desire to achieve this honorable distinction, and they are men who would have contributed as much without that kind of a reward. Every other man, however, who has an expectation of life, as actuaries put it, for more than a quarter of a century hence, can not only gain honors now, but actually save money for the rest of his life after the twenty-five years have expired.

When the society has fully organized itself to its own satisfaction, the work it has in view will, no doubt, have due attention. In the meantime the month of January is nearly half gone, and it is to be hoped the society will ere long feel that it has complied with all the formal preliminaries necessary to enable it to do some practical charitable work.

That some organization for the prompt and judicious relief of distress has long been needed, nobody can doubt. To what extent it is essential that it should have such a constitution, bye laws and circumlocutory machinery generally, is another question. At the present time the poverty which is apt to get the most attention is that which is most forward in its applications, while that which is slow to ask relief is very liable to be overlooked. One disastrous result of this is that just enough suspicion is created in the minds of some citizens to make them slow to assist the poor unless they have evidence that the wolf is really at the door of the applicant for charity. Somebody has told them that he—or more likely she—has heard that the so-and-so family had been getting a good deal from this or that church or person, when perhaps the so-and-so family had got a mere trifle from that source and was really in want. Nevertheless, on the suspicion raised by the word of a wrongly informed man or gossiping woman, the supply to the so-and-so family is shut off. A good many people seem to think that they are absolved from aiding in certain cases if any other person has given aid.

A case in point came to the notice of Progress during the last week. A city clergyman, who is one of the promoters of the central charitable organization, was applied to for aid from his church for one of his parishioners, a blind man with a dependent family. The applicant was not a member of that church, but knew the man was in need of immediate help. The clergyman declined to give any assistance, saying he understood the blind man was receiving "outside aid." He probably

meant outside of the church organization, but he might have remembered that it was not outside of the pale of christian charity. The truth is, in some cases, churches and individuals are limited both in their means and their system of helping the needy. Surely a man or a family who is kept on very short commons by somebody who has him or them in charge is committing no crime in trying to mitigate his misery by seeking aid from others. It is quite true, there are cases where the charitable are imposed upon, but he who is sincere in his desire to help others will take the chances and have a better conscience than if he had excused his lack of generosity by the plea of prudence. The lot of those who ask aid is pitiable at the best, and even if they occasionally do get two loads of coal or two baskets of food or clothing from different sources on the same day, their deception should not exclude them from further sympathy and aid.

A good deal is said about the "deserving poor," by which term, probably, are meant those whose poverty is due to no taint of vice or laziness. When their poverty is from such a vice as drunkenness, for instance, some kinds of professional philanthropists think they should suffer the consequences by being left severely alone. That a man or woman who is lazy and drunken should not be encouraged to depend on charity is clear enough, but even such are "deserving," if they are in want. If we were all to suffer in this world from our neglect of God's law, our waste of opportunities and our failures to live up to the light that has been given us, where would some of us be? That the environment of hereditary ignorance and poverty have kept men, women, and families wretched and degraded, should be thought of by those who attempt to dole out charity on finely drawn lines of distinction between good and bad. All poor are deserving poor if "naked and destitute of daily food," and the philanthropist who weighs his dole by the weight of morality on the other side of the scale should learn anew from the Master's teachings.

Individual charity in cities, however, must be incomplete at the best, and wholly inadequate to the needs of the poor. The idea of a central body is good, and its opportunities are great, if it is not hampered by too much machinery and too much official formality. The quicker and more simply it does its work, the less it strives to assume the importance of a corporation and the characteristics of a debating club, the more promptly and cordially will the public be likely to aid in its work. There are hundreds of people who are willing to give a dollar, or more, if asked, who have no ambition to be members of a formal society. Besides if a working man gives only a quarter of a dollar, he may give in proportion to his means more than many a member of the society, and should have an equal vote when a vote is required. Every subscriber should be ipso facto a member of the society without "joining," and that provision, with a section providing for an executive with a secretary-treasurer, was about all the constitution and bye-laws the organization required. To the outside observer, it would seem that a good deal of time has been wasted. In the meanwhile there is plenty of scope for organized charity. Funds are needed, rather than opinions, but they can only be raised when the promoters of the organization make up their minds to have less talk and do more work.

WATCH IT AND SEE.

When the first issue of PROGRESS appeared, nearly six years ago, it was very brief in its announcement of advent, and still less communicative in regard to its plans and prospects for the future. This has been its principle ever since—to speak for itself by its contents, from week to week, so that its readers will always know that new features of interest are sure to come in the future.

While it is customary for many leading periodical publications to outline their programme at the beginning of the year, and while PROGRESS has arranged for much that will prove of interest in the next twelve months, the principle of promising little and striving to do much is still believed to be a sound one. It may be said however, arrangements have been made for a number of articles on live topics by writers of note, and that it is intended, at an early day, to add new departments, to be under the direction of writers who are specially qualified, so that whatever PROGRESS gives its readers will be the best to be had.

One of the features of PROGRESS for the current year is already known to the public. It is the publication from week to week of Mr. GEORGE E. FENET'S second volume of "Political Notes," a work which is historically of a value not to be fixed even at the present time, and which will be carefully preserved in the future. For many years, it has seemed that Mr. FENET'S work would end with the first volume, and that the notes and observations, made by him in the last half century would never be given to the public. The fact that the long unfinished work will be completed in the columns of PROGRESS, and can be secured by no other means, will of itself make the paper of wonderful value to all who are interested in the hitherto un-

written history of the politics of this province.

During the present year, also, greater attention will be given to a department which was one of the features of PROGRESS at the outset—that of current literature. The latest and best publications will be dealt with less after the conventional style of book notice than with a view to interest the general reader in some dominant feature of the subject treated. Several competent critics will be entrusted with the work of treating in a popular style, the topics which they are especially qualified to discuss. In this way something more will be learned of a publication than that it has a cover, so many pages and a table of contents which may mean a great deal or nothing.

So long as advertisers, at home and abroad, insist on wanting space on every available page of PROGRESS, it will be impossible to do all that, from the editorial standpoint, ought to be done to give all classes of readers more than the full money's worth they now receive. Even the advertisements, however, are usually interesting reading, because the advertisers are men who know how to please the public in anything they have to say or sell, and because PROGRESS makes their announcements as attractive as type can tell the story. The very many unsolicited testimonials to the efficiency of PROGRESS as an advertising medium prove that both advertisers and readers know a good thing when they see it. For the business man and the seeker of recreation, for the young and the old, the grave and the gay, PROGRESS this year will try to make itself as welcome as in the past. And it the widening of its circle of readers year by year is any index of popularity, this means a great deal.

ETHICS OF JOURNALISM.

The Record utters a protest because one of the morning papers not only appropriates its special despatches without credit, but sometimes does not even change the headlines. There is an unwritten moral law that special matter in a newspaper is as good as copyright for at least twenty-four hours, after publication, but that fact may not be known in St. John. No paper is likely to object to anything, however, if the proper credit is given and this would be a very simple way of preventing accusations on the one hand and a sense of wrong-doing on the other. As an instance of the English etiquette in such matters it may be mentioned that a member of PROGRESS staff recently received a letter from the London editor of the famous BAEDERER'S guide books, with advance proofs of matter copied from and credited to the official tourists' guide of the Intercolonial railway, written by the PROGRESS man, and hoping there was no objection to what had been done. If the same courtesies were observed between newspapers as are customary between gentlemen, "the ethics of journalism" would be more than the expression of a non-existent possibility.

Either the orange element in Fredericton did not realize the gravity of the situation or Brother DAN JORDAN joined the lodge too late in the campaign to have his merits recognized. Both he and HARRY BECKWITH were good men for the place, but the latter was just old stager enough to get something like three score and ten votes more than his rival. Now that Brother JORDAN has had his experience, he ought to be better prepared for a tussle next year.

They do say that in the election of a chief magistrate for Fredericton a good many thirsty voters were refreshed outside of the provision of the Scott act. Now that there is a new mayor, perhaps he will take measures to have the law enforced.

It is some of the prominent citizens of Halifax would do as much thinking before they get excited as they do afterwards, it would not be necessary for them to write to PROGRESS so often in regard to accounts of their doings.

Some of the old time and away back coroners in New Brunswick are pretty bad misfits, but they are not in the race when Coroner Weeks of Nova Scotia comes to the front.

Heads of families should anticipate the regular November thanksgiving by rejoicing now that the epidemic of nasty affidavits in the SHATFORD case is over for the season.

Mrs. McQueen's Accident.

Mrs. McQueen, the old lady who is well known by her selling the daily papers and PROGRESS around the city, fell on the street last Saturday and broke her arm. She is probably past three score and ten years of age, and will not soon recover from such a serious injury, if indeed she does at all. She has medical attendance, but being unable to earn anything, is not in as comfortable circumstances as an old and sick person should be. PROGRESS has inquired into her condition and knows that any assistance extended to her will be very welcome. Anything sent to this office for her will be promptly forwarded and used for her benefit.

It's the man who drew a blank who is in the habit of speaking of life as a lottery.

The man who tears being taken at his true value is always on the alert for slights.

PELHAM'S PARAGRAPHS.

Today has St. Hilary marked opposite it. Hence the Hilary term. It may be of interest to unsophisticated laymen to know that in this province the four terms of the Supreme Court are as follows:—Hilary, beginning the last Tuesday in January; Easter, the second Tuesday in April; Trinity, the second Tuesday in June and Michaelmas, the first Tuesday in October. We follow the English names but the dates are different. If you have much of a case, you can easily get it carried through all these terms. You must not grumble at the costs though. "Law is a technical arrangement for the creation of costs."

One of the problems of cities today is how to provide safe, rapid and cheap transit, with the least possible interference with regular street traffic. Roads are run on the surface and up in the air and now Boston is about to try putting them under ground, after the English fashion, which is very likely to prove the best of all. The "deadly" trolley, at all events, must go sooner or later. Any one who looks at the awkward system of overhead wires, at present necessary for the running of electric cars, must realize that the system is not a permanent one. It is the best device up to the present, but man's ingenuity is bound to improve upon it before very long. The question is, who is going to make a fortune by devising some method of furnishing electric power to run the cars, without the present system of wires? One company (the Metropolitan, of New York) has, I believe, offered a prize of fifty thousand dollars for such a method.

When the band plays "America" in the United States, and "God save the Queen" here in Canada, it plays just the same tune. Among the other good things our Yankee friends got from England was this tune, but of course it would not do to call it "God save the Queen" there. New York papers have been trying to prove that the tune is not of English origin. By-and-by they will be trying to prove that their language is not of English origin. But there is no getting over the fact that it is, notwithstanding the queer twang some of them give it over there. The Albany Journal, however, says that the tune was undoubtedly composed by Dr. John Bull, music teacher to Queen Elizabeth, about 1600. This is, perhaps, questionable, but the air is certainly of English extraction, like the people of the United States to themselves. They have absorbed many foreign influences, but the English element rules. They can establish no distinct nationality, but should be proud that they are a branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. The race is proud of its offspring.

A friend of mine has recently been studying heredity and thinks that he is now getting it laws down to such a fine point that he can account for about all the physical and psychological peculiarities which appear sometimes in people. He thinks he can find out everything but he is young yet and does not know that there are things which "no fellow can find out." He is, as Mr. Kipling would say, such an aggressive, cocksure, you-be-damned sort of fellow that it is no use to talk reason to him at all. We were out walking the other day and he came to fall in with a man who, we soon noticed, walked with a most peculiar gait. He had a very singular fling to his right leg. My friend immediately "got on" to this gait and as soon as an entente cordiale was established, turned the conversation to his favorite theme of heredity and finally began questioning the man as to whether his father had shown this peculiarity in walking. "No," said the man. "Nor your grandfather?" pursued my friend. "Yes, he had it," was the reply. "I expected so," jubilantly said the questioner, "turned up in the second generation, just as one might expect. You inherited it then from your grandfather." "Yes," said the man, "I inherited it from him. It's the only one in the family. It's a cork leg."

People who journey from St. John to Boston by rail, and most of us make the trip to that Mecca of the Blueseas more or less frequently, cannot help but be struck by the difference, in speech and manner of the people, as soon as one gets on Yankee soil. Even the brakemen seem to announce the stations in a different manner. It is curious sometimes to notice the pronunciations of stations when they are called out. Last time I was over this ground, when nearing Ipswich, one man flung open the door at his end of the car and called "Ips-wich Ips-wich," immediately following, the door at the other end opened and the other man announced "Ips-wich, Ips-wich." A quiet person, sitting next me, looked up and asked "Ips-wich?"

In some sections there are many places of the same name with the addition of East, West, Centre, Lower, Upper, etc., such as Newton, Massachusetts, or Orange, New Jersey. On the latter division the brakeman, instead of calling out the different names, abbreviates, by giving forth, "This train for East Orange and all the other Oranges." There is a lot of humor in brakemen. I remember a man over on the W. and A. Road in Nova Scotia who would call out very sharply "Paradise, Paradise," and just when everybody was alert and thinking that this would be an excellent place to stop for good, he would quietly add, in an explanatory tone, "N. S."

Is President Cleveland's jaw all right? This is a question which seems to be causing considerable anxiety in the United States. Unfortunately there is no question about the jaws of all the members of the United States Congress being solid. PELHAM.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

The Morning Watch. O the lonely, lonely watch before the morning! In the cold, grey shadows ere the day's first dawning; When our sore heart from the coming cross is shrinking, And our tired brain is throbbing with long thinking! With that white face on the pillow strangely staring! Its loving eyes, unknowing, on us glaring,— And the dear, cold hands amid the shadows groping; When our broken heart is done with hope—and hoping! Oh! the lonely, lonely watch before the morning! O, that lonely watch before the grey dawn's breaking! The last dark hour before the soul's awakening; When through the silence, sobbing prayers are calling, And on unheeding brows our tears are falling; When, far away, we hear the first cock-crowing, And watch with aching eyes the faint light growing; Till from that patient face, the night has drifted, And from that loving heart—the cross is lifted! Never again, through long, long nights of sorrow, He'll pray for strength to bear its weight "to-morrow;" Never again, thank God, he'll share my weeping, Grieving for me,—my long watch-keeping! Around his brow, a glory seems to hover, As the bright sunbeams creep his dear face over; Rays from the Brighter Light his soul adorning, Where, after earth's darkest hour, he has found the morning. JAN., 1894. JEAN E. L. NEALIS.

Nearing the Shore. I'm drawing near the unknown land Beyond time's depths and shoals of sand, The watchman signals to my boat, Across the sea where still aloft; I see the dim forever more As daily I draw near the shore. The evening shadows silent grow, The stormy winds no longer blow From out the drifting mists of night, Gleams steadily a friendly light; And happy voices gone before, Now call me as I near the shore. Dear unknown land though there I'm known, Land where no heart is sad and lone, Land when all worldly strife is stilled And where no life with tears is filled, Where no sweet souls dark days deplore, To-night I'm drawing near the shore. O Land of light to thee resigned, I leave this dream life far behind; Singing loud I still I know, Fills the dear home to which I go; Love beckons from the open door, As daily I draw near the shore. CYPRIUS GOLDB.

"Ode" to a Tailor. There was a little tailor Who trusted every man, Some paid him very promptly, Some the "installment plan." But there was quite a number That dressed quite a-la-mode, Who never did intend to pay, And hence this little "owed." JAY BEE.

ALL ABOUT A CORNET.

The Experience of a Musician with a Customs Official. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Is the Canadian government bordering on bankruptcy or is it ignorant of the contemptible manner in which its laws are carried out by officious employees? On Dec. 6th, I left San Francisco, via steamer to Victoria, B. C., with my instrument, a cornet which I purchased six months ago and have used it constantly since that time, it being a means of livelihood. The inspector at Victoria had no complaint to make, why should he? It did not require four eyes to see that the instrument had been used, and times there were not so distressing as in the east. Coming from Montreal to Boston the instrument passed another inspector. Common sense and decency had not deserted him, consequently it went through without a word, but at Vancouver the cornet was held up. J. S. Connelly's acumen ran to fever heat—remonstrance was of no avail—he wanted duty. Musical instruments could not be admitted free, no matter how much they had been used. Personal property met the same fate at his hands. The cry was duty! duty! Upon requesting him to send the cornet through in bond to Sussex, his reply was that "he couldn't do it," but would bond it to St. John, thinking I was unknown at that point and would experience more difficulty in obtaining it. We have a Collector of Customs here. I know articles have been bonded from the United States direct to Sussex, still Mr. Connelly "couldn't do it." The instrument was forwarded from St. John, manifest attached, with imperative orders to collect duty thereon. Our collector here could do nothing but comply with orders, and as a last resort I called on J. B. Ruel, collector of customs, St. John. After explaining the case to him, he gave me a note to the collector at McAdam, which I must show him on my way through to the U. S., and he must be very sure the instrument returns to American territory, and then he must cancel the manifest. Now does Mr. Connelly think the Cape Bretoners, Nova Scotians, P. E. Islanders and New Brunswickers are a lot of "fish" that they don't know anything? Does he think their cheeks pale at the sight of an officer and when he yells duty, they will spout it out like a whale does water? What a delusion to labor under! Still he did frighten 75 cents out of a fellow on a pair of rubber boots, with the heels partly worn off, 50 cents on a set of old boxing gloves, \$1 on a gun that had been used twenty years. These were but a few instances of his magnanimous treatment towards Canadian citizens. Surely the Canadian government does not sanction or approve of such ignominious dealings, such outrageous extortion from its inhabitants. Is it any wonder Canada's sons and daughters get disgusted and ashamed of such home treatment and turn their faces to foreign countries where they can command common decency and justice. AZ

This Is a Good Advertisement.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—In the article referring to me in the last issue of your paper your Halifax correspondent was true to his reputation and his statements therefore were very incorrect. The points in the article which are harmless I need not of course refer to. It is true that I was assaulted some weeks ago by a man who fills a somewhat important official position but in justice to him it must be said that at the time he was not accountable for his actions. For me there was but one course that I could pursue, namely, to restrain him until his friends arrived and pacified him. I am glad I was able to do so without losing self-control or injuring a hair of my assailant's head. The tenderness and patience exhibited seems to have impressed your correspondent for he kindly styles me "a very religious doctor." Now, I assure you, Mr. Editor, there was nothing unusual in my conduct, and it is not an uncommon experience for a physician to be brought in contact with individuals in wild delirium with homicidal tendencies. It is simply a medical accomplishment to know how to manage them until proper officers arrive and house them carefully in padded apartments. I must deny the statement that my consulting rooms are to be removed, and I hereby inform my old patients and friends that I am still on Hollis

street in the building partly occupied by the Confederation Life Association, where besides routine practice, I study specially mental and nervous diseases. Thanking you for your space, I remain, yours respectfully, A. I. MADER, M. D. Halifax, Jan. 8.

LOST THE CASH DISCOUNT.

Mr. Currey's Bill of Costs Has Grown, in Spite of the Cold Weather. Shortly after the close of the proceedings in the Ellis contempt case, one of the staff of PROGRESS tried to find out from Mr. L. A. Currey what the costs were likely to be. There had been a current rumor that they would amount to \$4,000, but Mr. Currey asserted that such an idea was preposterous. He did not know what they would be, he asserted with one of his bland and knowing smiles, but he could safely say that they would not be even \$3,000. Indeed, he added, if Mr. Ellis were to come then and make him a cash offer for considerably less than \$2,000, he would take it and call the matter square. According to the Globe, his bill has been made up and is in the vicinity of \$1,200. Mr. Ellis evidently missed it by not being able to take advantage of the cash discount Mr. Currey was willing to make at the time he was interviewed by PROGRESS.

Allowing for the amount contributed by sympathizers, Mr. Ellis will be about \$2,000 out of pocket. This is quite enough to pay for all the fun he has had.

"There is Something Wrong" With the returned Exodian who can see nothing so good in his own land as he did abroad.

With the man who advises you to try Jamaica ginger for la grippe, while patronizing Jamaica rum for similar afflictions.

When a man admires another man's wife, but thanks heavens she is not his.

When a man "kicks" about that "exorbitant tax bill" and displays perfect passiveness, when the bills of a less beneficial nature are presented.

When a society man finds so little in the society of his family.

"When nothing goes right." When people least expect it. When you are not "at home" to anyone except a debtor.

When "frills" form the most conspicuous part of the personage. When "trouble" is the excuse for blues or jim-jams.

When "collections" are mostly copper, when silver is expected. When contentment no longer abides with a man.

When the "fifth" commandment is persistently ignored. When all days appear gloomy. JAY BEE.

The Countess as an Advertisement.

Merchants are constantly looking around for some new way to present their goods to the public, and commercial travelers who can send their customers an advance notice that will attract their attention, has gained something. The latest and perhaps most audacious attempt of this kind is a card from Messrs H. Shorey & Co., of Montreal, upon one side of which is an excellent likeness of the Countess of Aberdeen. No doubt the firm's customers will be pleased to get such an announcement, but whether the pleasure of the Countess in having her features thus put to commercial use is as marked, is a matter for conjecture.

Money in Detective Work. When Peter Carroll, of Pictou was in St. John not long ago, he was on the charitable mission of assisting the imported Scott act "detectives" to skip back for Yankeedom, after Nova Scotia had become too hot for them. It is reported that Peter got \$50 from the Scott act prosecutors to get the men out of the way of the liquor dealers. Sometimes it pays to be a detective and sometimes it does not.

Building Up to Them. Customer.—These pants won't do; they are a mile too big round the waist. Dealer.—Mien friend, shunt you leave dot sheap brodder Isaac's fine restaurant, und dose bants fit you like a gourt plaster.

A great man is one who knows how to make somebody else paddle his canoe for him.

The man who is the life of the company often bores to death the other fellows who want to talk.

By the time a man's daughters get old enough to help him, they make up their minds to help some other man.

To appear helpless is woman's way of flattering man. It is because she allows man to look down upon her that man looks up to her.

It is not always polite to tell a man what you think of him. It is safe to tell it to somebody else, and just as effective in most instances.

Wife of American Minister—"Dear me, Mr. Penrose, who is that beautiful Russian in the shockingly décolleté gown?" Mr. Penrose—"I think that must be one of the Orloffs."

In counsel it is good to see dangers, but in execution not to see them unless they are very great.

She (heatedly)—"I wish I had known you better before we were married. We haven't a single sentiment that we can agree upon." He—"Oh, yes, we have—that last sentiment of yours."

Recreation is not the highest kind of enjoyment, but in its little time and place is quite as proper as prayer.