PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER,..... EDITOR.

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MR. HARTE AND MR. QUIGG.

The February number of the Arena contains a story entitled "A Drama in Tatters," from the pen of WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE, a young gentleman who was born in Canada, and has written good, bad and indifferent things for the United States press. His story is not balf as amusing as the extra page which the Arena prints in a second edition of the February number. Tae page bears an article entitled "An Applogy to the Hon. LEMUEL E QUIGG Tais endeavors to soothe the wounded feelings of that gentleman, these feelings having been lacerated by the fact that the hero of "A Drama in Tatters" is "the Honorable LEMUEL Quigg," and contains the following: "As I do not tollow, and an not interested in municipal or state politics, I am not acquainted with the names and fortunes of party politics, and I was totally ignorant that there was any gentleman in public life, or even occupying any public position in society, business, or any vocation, bearing the name given my hero."

There are two very remarkable statements in the above sentence. One is the contession of Mr. HARTE concerning his ignorance of politics, which is amusing after the widely circulated articles that that gentleman wrote a few years ago concerning the politics of the United States and Canada. These articles plainly show that there were more things in the United States and Canada than were dreampt of in his philosophy, but would also seem to indicate that Mr. HARTE was blissfully ignorant of the fact. It is pleasing to observe that this writer is acquiring that criterion of great men-modesty. But how any man could ever look at the United States newspapers without stumbling across the name of the Hon. LEMUEL E. Quigg is a puzzle even greater than Mr. HARTE'S lamentable ignorance concerning the public men of Canada, in which he spent the greater part of his lite.

If Mr. HARTE never heard the name of Hon. LEMUEL QUIGG before he gave it to the politician mentioned in his story, there is certainly a remarkable coincidence connected with the affair, as it was undoubtedly the strangeness of the name and the fact that Mr. Quigg was "of Quoque" that gave that gentleman the needed notoriety which he has taken advantage of to bring to the notice of the American public the talents he possesses. The fun that was poked at his name was very fortunate ridicule for LEM QUIGG of Quoque.

The fact is, that Mr. HARTE must have been innocently guilty of plagiarizing the name of his hero and the living exemplification of "what's in a name." Mr HARTE has done a little plagiarizing in this line before. The head of his department in the New England Magazine, "In a Corner at Dodsley's," strongly resembles that which was used for a long time before by another critic, who wrote for a Canadian journal.

Manufactures are the life of any community. Nothing else will so rapidly and substantially build up a town and give it population, wealth and influence. Every town should be alive to its needs in this respect, and should take active measures to bring its natural advantages and acquired facilities to the notice of manufacturers and capitalists, and hold out all reasonable inducements to industrial enterprise. To any responsible parties desirous of starting | that San Francisco is or was never allu led a manufactory, strong encouragement in to as "Frisco" by Californians -- that it is some practical form should be freely given. Rentals and taxes should be made nominal at the start; or it it is desired to build, land for the purpose should either be given outright or offered at a low figure. It any of the citizens, having HARTE. surplus means, not required in conducting their own business, be disposed to invest in the new enterprise with a view to helping its establishment, they will likely find it safer and more profitable than sending their money abroad for infor the business men and local capitalists city by giving it a park.

of a town to club together, erect buildings suitable for general man ufacturing pur poses, provide them with water or steam power, and offer them for rental or sale; or if there is a good waterpower in the town, improve it and put it in shape for use, if not already developed. Privileges thus afforded will not long remain unoccupied. In these and many other ways that will suggest themselves to the enterprising community, according to its especial needs or peculiar resources and location, manufacturing industries may be established and fostered, and the interests

The present Czar was reported, when he came to the throne, to be a weak young man. But he is showing himself to be a better man than his father. It is reported that he intends summoning to St. Petersburg the prominent offi ials and other personages of all the provinces of the Empire, in order to ascertain the desires and the exact situation of his people. The litting off the burden off the shoulders of the people of Warsaw is another act which has shown that the new Czar is a man of sense. He has a glorious opportunity to make a name for himself that will lighten the dark annals of Russia, and it looks as though he was going to make it, while at the same time he is saving himself a good deal of worry and fear. Not only is he a doer, but he is also a talker. Some of his sayings will go far towards making him popular. When that brilliant diplomat, M. DE GIERS, handed to him his resignation. saying, "My legs are not able now to do service for your majesty," the Czar replied. "Retain your office, for I need your head and your heart."

Cassell's Saturday Journal, in copying articles from American papers, generally makes a few explanatory remarks at the head of the article, either to give its readers some information concerning America, or to explain the joke. The last number to reach this office tells a story of SAM JONES, and calls him "the celebrated negro preacher." An even more amusing error to people in this part of the world occurs in a late issue of the London Tid-bits, a paragraph in which reads: "A sailing vessel which was making for Halifax, N. S, encountered a heavy gale in the Bay of Fundy, and struck a rock." The editor of Tid-Bits might learn something about geography by looking at the map of Nova Scotia.

It was Judge WAXEM who said, "A man who can vote and won't vote should be made to vote." This is the theory upon which the Belgian system of voting is based. In Belgium severe penalties are imposed upon those "who can vote and won't vote." The popular election phrase "Vote early and often" seems also to be the bas's ot clauses in the electoral law of Belgium, for in that thickly-settled country unmarried men over twenty-five have one vote, married men and widowers with families two votes, and priests and certain other persons of position and education have

Honors are easy in the United States senate now. LEE MANTLE has just been sworn in senator from Montana, and the democrats have no more representatives in the senate than the republicans at present. Vice-president STEVENSON is the man to whom the democrats look in the case of a straight party vote. It will not be long, however, before the new republican senators from Wyoming and Washington will take their seats. Then the democrats may look in vain for ADLAI in the event of a

The Ram's Horn is one of the most modernly christian of all the religious papers, and is one of the leading exponents of true christianity. But it is not above using deceptive advertising methods. In the February number there appears an advertisement of the paper, in which the words "Living Pictures" are printed in large type. The sinner naturally starts to read the smaller type below, and is thereupon surprised at finding that the "living pictures" are of the success attendant upon those who subscribe for the Ram's Horn.

On another page of PROGRESS will be a critique on a book by ELISABETH ROBIN-SON SCOVIL, for some time one of the associate editors of the Lidies' Ham; Journalt and author of several books on the care of children. "Astra" and the most of her readers will probably be surprised to learn that this author of whom she speaks so highly is a native of St. John, and is now living in Gagetown.

A writer to the Detroit Free Press says an Eastern mistake. But in spite of this assertion, readers who have never been in California, and probably those who have, will continue to pin faith upon the testimony of that keenest of observers, BRET

All good men, whatever their caste, hope that WARD MCALLISTER is hampered from enjoying the society of the blest by no "four hundred" exclusiveness.

Colonel Pope of Hartford has followed vestment, if they first carefully investigate the example of Mr. WILMOT of Fredericton, its merits. Frequently it is a wise course and has won a name that will live with the VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY Pleasures of Our Winter.

Some poets rave about the spring. And of its beauties gaily sing; I'll harp upon another string The pleasures of our winter.

With cheek, and eye, and heart aglow The children frolic in the snow: They laugh, and slide, and coast, and crow

The pleasures of our winter. The older folks enjoy a skate, Some on the ice have found their mate While gliding hand in hand el ste.

Enjoying full our winter. No fun in winter! that's the time When poets best can string a rhyme; And story makers wax sublime

Around our fires in winter. The canny Stot forgets himsel' When on the rink he tak's a spell At broom and stone, losh! what a yell

For frosty day in winter. The mammoth sleigh, the concert, ball, The hockey match, and carnival, The church itself extends a call To social glee in winter.

And should the days prove zero cold Our hearts may warm to neighbors old, Or sick, or poor, and thus unfold New pleasures for our winter.

Then come, ye crystal feather flakes. And come, ye frozen streams and lakes, And chariry, which love awakes With pleasures for our winter. C. H. D. St. John, N. B

Forever, Love, Forever. When we in faithful friendship meet, And to our silent hearts The language of love's gol len dream Its eloquecne imparts. Our spirits in a peaceful prayer

No time or space can sever;

Our vow is for eternal years, Forever, love, forever, Our pathway leads to brighter skies, Love's angel guides us hither; Where flowers have immortal bloom Toat here in tears but wither. Though suffering stid our test may be, Beyond our strong endeavor;

Our faith is for eternal years, Forever, love, forever. Here you and I in beauty see W.thin this song of mine, The melody of harmony, Between my soul and thine. I greet thee true, thy face I see, And from my being never:

Forever, love, forever. The blissful music of one hour. Still o'er my life is falling; The few but earnest words we said. Need here no brief recalling. I need not tell you to be true. To soothe pain's restless fever; I hear your voice responding low, Forever, love, forever. CYPRUS GOLDE. Pansy Porch, Feb. 1895.

Love's Requiem.

Today I read a thousand protestations Of your divine, undying love for me; 'Your first and last and only love" forever, All this hath faded to a memory.

But ah, I keep-I still snall keep those letters, The withered blossoms of a love that died: They will remind me of those dearer moments When you, their writer, was still at my side.

Poor love! I tear it blossomed too profusely, It gave its very life to make them sweet: No strength remained to succor its existence. It died and drooped and withered at my feet.

"Love, put thy trust in me," you sang so sweetly. Ah, yes, you really deemed your love sincere; And I-I scarcely dreamed a love so ardent Could tade to less than friendship in one year.

"With thee conversing"-Have you quite forgotten How oft you spoke, and speaking thought it true, That only then your happiness was perfect, When I, your "only love," was near to you.

Alas! for love. When from its ido! severed, The dear face seen no more, the voice unheard, Love soon grows vague and dim! a shade! a shadow! A boyish dream! a halt forgotten word.

The Intelligent Voter.

His great responsibility would keep him up o' And when he went to bed he lay and pondered "woman's rights" Drank deeply at the Suaset Club of essays on re-Heard labor orators exhort of the "impending The tariff he declaimed so much it cost him many a Yet he was sure the cruel means were sanctioned and when he came to vote, said he: "I know what

But he got his little criss cross wrong, and they

The Captain's Treasure. There was bay upon his forehead, There was glory in his name; He had led his country's cohorts Through the crimson field of fame; Yet from his breast at midnight, When the throng had ceased to cheer, He took a faded b'ossom And kissed it with tear.
A little faded violet, A bloom of whithered hue; But more than fame Or loud acclaim He prized its faled blue.

We have all a hidden story Of a day more bright and dear: We may hide it with our lauguter— It will haunt us with a tear. And we've all some little keepsake Where no eye can ever mark, We kiss it in the dark. A little faded violet. Perchance a loop of gold, A gift of love, We prize above All that the earth can hold. -Samuel Minturn Peck.

Within Thy Courts. Within thy courts, o calm and still, The place thou dost with glory fill, May we have knowledge of thy will, And learn of thee. There earnest souls with loving heart,

Seek grace thou dost in love impart, Aid us to choose the better part Thy love to see. Within that sacred, hallowed place,

With larger measure of thy grace And thy dear love. O let thy mercy ever flow, On us, on all thy love bestow,

Jehovah, God.

Bless all who kneel to seek thy face,

That we and they may truly know Thy boundless grace. Thy boundless grace, great One in Taree, Was, is and evermore shall be, While ages roll eternally,

HALIFAX'S HEAVIEST OUTLAY IS WHAT PAYS THEM.

The Mayor's Salary Increased by Perquisites-The Recorder, City Treasurer, City Clerk and Engineer-The New Stipendiary a Success-An Astute Collector.

HALIFAX, Feb. 6.—One of the heaviest takes only a little more money than is necessary to pay city hall salaries, but the difference is small. There is one thing to be said about this expenditure which will please optimistic taxpayers, and it is that the clerks are not much more numerous than they were ten years ago and that the salaries have not been materially increased. The last civic report to hand places the amount paid for salaries at \$20,800; for



Chief of Police O'SULLIVAN.

police \$28,120, and for the works deportment \$64,864. Salaries will be proportionately higher the coming year.

\$500, half of what had been voted as the board of works commissioners' allowance before the board was abolished. That was a sharp move on the part of his worship, which PROGRESS first brought to the attention of the public. The \$1,000 mayor's salary was intended to be exclusively used to maintain the dignity of the office, but in these hard practical days, and especially under Mayor Keefe's regime the money has been appropriated and used as would be any civic clerk's salary.

His honor recorder MacCoy receives \$1200 per year to act as the legal adviser of the city. Probably the city saves money in having at its disposal the services of an attorney with the wonderful ability of W. F. MacCoy, rather than be compelled to go outside to consult legal opinions when doubtful cases arise, as they sometimes do. The city council is making the recorder frequent judgments on the rulings of his worship the mayor. It is not , leasant to long ago it should be worth more now. be forced to decide against the chair when it takes to 'vetoing.'

The salary of the city treasurer is \$1,800 W. L. Brown, who now occupies the office, gets only \$1,000, the balance going to the ex-treasurer, Greenwood. Mr. Brown was formerly in the water department, at a higher salary. He voluntarily took the treasurership at \$1,000, in the belief that sooner or later, as the head of the department, he would receive the whole \$1,800, and he will not likely be disappointed. Mr. Brown has not been long enough in his present posi-



F. W. DOANE, City Engineer.

tion to enable one to definitely judge what he will be like, but he made a first class record in the water department, and there is little doubt he will be equally efficient in his new sphere of civic labor.

any man in the city hall earns his salary that man is Mr. Trenaman. He regards not hours, but is at his post early and late and frequently burns "the midnight oil." He has three assistants. If Mr. Trenaman | day January 31st, a dividend of eight per has any fault it is in not having fully the taculty to get his assistants to do more and himself have less work. A min who can direct and drive others may do more valuable labor than he who only works hard cities that the directors have established himself. Mr. Trenaman is a first-class man anyway.

Thomas Trenaman, M. D., is the city medical officer. There are those who think the doctor has one of the easy offices in the city employ, but his place is by no means ly a year without injury to person or propa sinecure. The poor's asylum, with be- erty, a boiler explosion should cause the tween 300 and 400 inmates; Rockhead city | death of 120 people.

THREE CIVIC OFFICIALS. prison, and the infectious diseases hospital, all require his attention, and it does not seem as if the \$1000 per year he receives were any too much money for the work pre-

One of the most responsible positions in the city government is that of stipendiary magistrate. George H. Fielding is the judge who presides in this court of justice, items of civic outlav is what it costs the and he gives promise of being the best Halifax taxpayer for clerical salaries at the judge who has ever graced the police court city hall. The entire police department | bench. Mr. Fielding is a well-read lawyer, is the possessor in large measure of tact, talent and good common sense, and he gives satisfaction to bar and public alike. The salary in the meantime is \$2,000 but that figure will, in course of time, be greatly increased, as it should be. The new stipendiary is a success.

City engineer F. W. W. Doane is the highes paid official in the city hall, and the coming year will receive a salary of \$2,400. His pictures, and that of Collector Theakston, are given, as those of the two most important officials in the city employ, and as being representatives of their fellows in the city hall. A mighty change has come over the views of members of the city council since the days of E. H. Keating, who was Mr. Doane's predecessor, and who is now city engineer for Toronto. Mr. Kearing was paid only \$2,000 per year, and was allowed practically no assistance in his office, even payment of a small bill for car fare, which he incurred in the discharge of his duty, being repudiated by the aldermen. Mr. Doane has the salary of \$2,400; he has H. W. Johnston as one assistant at \$1200 per year; Mr. Pickering as another, at \$500; Mr. Morrison as a third at \$500; and he has a horse and waggen for his exclusive official use, besides two other teams for subheads of his department. Quite a contrast! City engineer Doane is a good man, practical and levelheaded. Great things have been accom plished since he came into office, and that the city is \$1,000,000 further in debt than The mayor nominally receives \$1,000 when he began is not Mr. Doane's fault. per year, but this year Mayor Keefe draws and there is something to show for at least \$1,500, having taken an additional the money, if not all there should be



ROBERT THEAKSTON.

J. A. Bell has been city auditor for fully earn his salary these days, in giving thirty years, at a salary of \$1500 per year. If his work was worth that much money so Mr. Bell is an encyclopaedia of financial information regarding city affairs. He knows all about the debentures and bonds and floating and consolidated debt. As a

financial historian he is a valuable man. Robert Theakston, as city collector, is responsible for the ingathering of the city taxes which are over \$400,000 annually, The committee on public accounts pronounced him a magnificent official, and well they might, for he collects the taxes to withir one-half per cent. of the whole amount levied. His salary is \$3,900 per year, but out of that he has to pay four assistants in his office. The same assistants work with him who served under collector Hamilton and under that gentleman's

predecessor. The list of department heads ends with S. R. Phelan, chief assessor. This is not by any means of the most hard worked office in the building. There are those who claim that it is the administration of the chief assessor's office which has caused much of the agitation now going on for "tax reform." Perhaps this may not be altogether correct, but there is much room for improvement, either in the rules under which the assessors work, or in the assessors themselves. Mr. Paelin is paid \$1,000 per year.

Such are the ten heads of departments in the city hall. Their hours are nominally from 10 to 4. More than once several aldermen have tried to pass an ordinance fixing the office hours from 9 to 5, but official influence, so far. has been too strong for them, and no change has yet been made. There is not such an intensity The city clerk is Henry Trenaman, and if of toil in city hall officies that the hours might not be extended.

A Good D.vidend.

At a meeting of the directors of the Hawker Medicine Company (Ltd.) held Thuascent for the past year was declared payable 1st March next. The Company has been so successful with their remedies in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronco and Quebec and opened a brandh in connection with the company at New York.

A Shock.

It must come as a great shock to Brazilians that after daily naval battles had been held in the bay of Rio de Janeiro for near-

NEW ENGLAND COTTON MILLS A Movement of Them to the South Seems to Have Set in.

The movement of New England cotton mills to the south which seems to have set in, as witnessed in the announcement that several large corporations of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut are about to transfer their plants to Georgia and other southern states, possesses some teatures of especial interest to Canada. and particularly to the maritime provinces.

In the first place this migrating tendency is not mainly due to a desire to get nearer the cotton fields and thus save cost of transportation on raw material-for Egyptian cotton is already being brought to America for about half what it costs to grow the stuff in the United States. In the next place this exodus does not thus far, and most probably will not, include any of the cotton factories of the state of Maine; on the other hand, Massachusetts capitalists of New Bedford and Fall River have just purchased and will soon start up a Maine tactory which has long been idle, Boston capital has newly invested in a large Lewiston, Maine, mill which has been in idle ness for the last few years, and the Cabot corporation at Brunswick, Maine, one of the largest in the state, are contemplating the erection of a new mill that will double their capacity or production.

The truth is that these corporations which are taking to themselves wings and flying away are driven out by the arbitrary and unbearable exactions of organized labor, by the hostile legislation and generally unfriendly attitude towards them which has resulted from incessant labor agitation, and by excessive, and in many instances, unjust taxation, all of which has made it impossible for them to compete with mills in the south and elsewhere that pay less taxes and wages, and work more hours, and have no trouble with their help. There is a lesson in this which any section will find it worth while to heed.

And another thing in connection, to which timely attention should be directed, is the fact that of the great body of factory peratives which by these removals will be thrown out of employment, a large proportion, and by far the better class of them, are French Canadians who will be forced to return to their old homes in upper Canada and the maritime provinces. The occasion will furnish a good opportunity for Canadian capital and enterprise to set on foot some needed measures for establishing new industries and developing home resources.

THE PROFESSOR'S RUSE. How He got rid of the Musicians whe

A well-known professor at one of the English Universities was often annoved by two Italians playing a street-organ before his house. Giving his servant some mon+y, he told her that when ever she heard an organ she was to go and pay the owners to take it away. This was a tailure. The men instead of coming once a week came

One day the sound of the organ disturbed the professor while working at one of his lectures This so annoyed him that he rushed out and ordered the men away, telling them that if they came again he would hand them over to the police. They refused to go unless he gave them more money. Enraged at their impertinence, he raced down the street in search of a policeman. Just as he turned the corner of the street he met a sergeant marching rine constables to their heats. Without speaking, be turned and walked along-

side the procession When they turned the corner, the Italians saw the professor with the policemen. It was enough. They were both seized with the sudden desire to see how quickly they could get the organ ont of the street. The cure was lasting, for the proessor declares that no man has since been bold nough to play an organ before his house.

A Man of Peace.

One of the best men of Italy, the Deputy and tormer Republican, Quirico Filopanti, died at Bologna on the 18th December. His real name was Giuseppe Barili, but he changed it to Filopanti (the friend of all). In 1849 he was one of the secretaries of the Constituent Assembly In 1860, 1866, and 1867 he served on the staff of the General Garibaldi. Remarkable is the contessson he made that, during his campaign, he never fired a bullet at the enemy, as this was not compatible with his bumanitarian principles. Filopanti was altogether cast n an original mould

His Wife Told Him.

"Now, you must not let this go any further," said Watts to M'David after retailing a choice bit of scandal. "On, certainly not," said M'David.

'How did you happen to hear it?" ' My wife told me. She is just like any woman-can't keep a secret, of course.

"Turn back," pleaded the maiden, Oh, Time, in thy flight, and make me young again, just for tonight-" "Certainly," rejoined Time, affably. 'About how far must I turn back?' "None of your business."

Mr .- 'What month is it in which it is unlucky to be married?" Mrs - "Great Scott! what a poor memory you have, my dear. We were married in June."

That Susquehanna Trip.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS -I regret much that I cannot at present comply with Mr. Blackburn's request in your last issue to write a description of my canoeing trip on the Susquehanna. I have no memoranda of the cruise by me, and my recollections of it are blurred and dimmed by the intervening years. Any description, then, that I might attempt would necessarily be lacking in those little touches that give to such writing the charm of reality. Susquehanna's barks are no longer the sedgy reaches spoken of by Scott: and in wealth of scenery and gentle graciousness (of current the river itself deserves more than a memory sketch of

a canoeist's experience.