

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 14.

FRUITS OF PROHIBITION.

The people who would like to see St. John made a city where no licenses are granted will find a whole sermon in the remarks made by the mayor of Portland, Maine, in his inaugural this week.

Portland is about the size of St. John, and the Maine law has been tried there for many years, with NEAL DOW in person to urge its enforcement. Yet Portland has now five times as many saloons as St. John and the mayor, a man chosen by the people four years in succession, declares prohibition to be a failure.

The prohibition idea in a city like St. John should be fought down from the outset, and the true friend of temperance, law and order, should be in the front in the fight against it.

SOLVING A PROBLEM.

In dealing with the question of domestic help, the contention of PROGRESS has been that the vocation of a servant should be raised above its present level and that the domestic should be a woman qualified to be a housekeeper and not a mere drudge.

A Chicago woman has been trying an experiment which seems to bear out the theory that good girls can be induced to go into service if they are sure that the employers will treat them with that consideration which their character merits.

This was to give up the search for a servant and try to get a companion. She accordingly advertised for "a nice companionable young lady to do general housework (no washing) for a family of two; must be refined and quiet."

of being employed as a companionable assistant impressed her favorably. She replied to the advertisement, an interview followed, and both mistress and maid liked the appearance of each other.

In her new situation the girl has been treated more as a governess than a servant. She has had a good room, the privilege of receiving friends in the parlor and has been treated with consideration in all other ways.

This, of course, is an exceptional case, but it shows the possibility of a condition of things greatly to be desired. With employers who will recognize the employed as more than mere servants and with a class of girls who will bring honesty, intelligence and refinement as part of their equipment, there is no reason why the new domestic should not be a mere useful acquisition to social life then the new woman. There are great possibilities ahead.

SQUEEZING A SQUEEZER.

The courts of New York have been squeezing RUSSELL SAGE pretty hard for the last four years, and are not through with him yet. He is a tough subject, however, being an adept in the squeezing business himself, and he intends to continue to fight as long as his money will give him a fighting chance.

In December, 1891, a crank named NORCROSS, or rather one who called himself by that name, called at SAGE'S office and discharged an explosive bomb at the man of millions. SAGE had no time to retreat, but it is claimed he did the next best thing by seizing a clerk named LAIDLAW, putting him in front of him and thus using him as a shield.

The proposition introduced into the legislature to give the control of the liquor licenses into the hands of the municipalities cannot be discussed intelligently until the full text of the bill is learned. If the intention is to apply the proceeds of the licenses for provincial purposes there will no doubt be much opposition to the measure.

The report that Mrs. MAYBRICK was to be released from prison appears to have been premature. The English Home Secretary has not found the evidence submitted sufficient to convince him that she is being punished for a crime of which she is innocent.

The sum of \$50,000 has been recommended to the Massachusetts legislature as an appropriation for a statue of BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, and this despite the protest of a few narrow minded people who will never forgive him for being an enemy of shams.

After the long series of sad tidings from the island colony, it is a relief to hear from Newfoundland that something is plentiful. The abundance in this instance is seals, and an abundance of them means much to the people around the coast.

Halifax can congratulate itself on having a new fire department which appears to be considerably more expensive than the department of St. John, though the latter seems equal to all the demands upon it.

It is no wonder that Judge RITCHIE and Judge TOWNSEND have felt it their duty to speak out and declare that if such a course is permitted to continue the man cannot get a fair trial. They further intimate that the papers which have aided in trying to condemn the man in advance should be taught a wholesome lesson, as the law certainly can take cognizance of their course.

The aldermen whose term will soon draw to a close have good reason to feel satisfied with their administration of civic affairs during the past twelve months. They have done their work quietly and well, and not only is the state of the civic finances good, but the outlook is equally good. At the meeting of the council on THURSDAY, Ald McGOLDRICK spoke of the good work done by the council during the last two years. One of his fellow aldermen asked him if he did not give any credit to the work done by councils in previous years, and then it was agreed that all councils had probably tried to do as well as they could.

Judge Vanwart at the opening of the circuit court a few days ago congratulated the grand jury upon the absence of a criminal docket. This is not an unusual event in our courts in these later days and it is some of the best evidence that St. John is an orderly, quiet city in spite of the licensed saloons.

The business men of the city are not likely to accept the increased rate of the insurance companies with calmness. Though it applies only to a few buildings and firms at present it will be no doubt that it will spread and the increased rate become more general. The burdens upon business are heavy enough now without such an additional imposition, without, apparently any sufficient reason.

It would seem on good scientific authority that even the time-honored belief that a ring around the moon betokens bad weather has no good foundation. A series of observations has shown that the lunar halo preceded bad weather in only thirty-four out of sixty-one instances, so that a ring around the moon is as apt to mean sunshine as rain.

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WANTS TO KNOW WHY.

TO THE EDITOR PROGRESS: How is it that the flag belonging to the post office was not hoisted last Tuesday the day on which that faithful servant Mr. Hill was buried? Surely it is not because he was only a common letter carrier. What explanation has P. O. Inspector King or Postmaster Hanington to give in this matter.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Angel of Bethesda's waters, As our lives all calmly glide; Still the flowing stream is troubled, Dark night storms uplift the tide. In the midst of earth joys hallowed, Where dear homes a heaven be; Thou dost ever onward lead us, Through deep shadows ere we see, Angel of Bethesda's waters, Happiness that is to be.

The Pride of Portland. (A Memorial of Willis) Tides running swift in storms and calm, Fast rocky headlands, ledges lone, And nowhere stayed with softer charms Than where the ill-o'ed crossing arms Round Falmouth Neck are thrown.

Children of Yesterday. Heirs of tomorrow, What are you weaving— Labor or sorrow? Look to you toms again; Faster and faster Fly the great shuttles Prepared by the Master. Life's in the loom, Room for it—room!

Children of Tomorrow. Heirs of tomorrow, Lighten the labor And sweeten the sorrow, Now—While the shuttles fly Faster and faster, U and he at the art; At work with the master, He stands at your loom, Room for him—room!

By the Fireside. I care not how, in reckless rout, The rude winds blow the leaves about; My bliss is in the Spring time, When all the world is green!

At Lauds. 'Tis sweet to wake before the dawn, When all the cocks are crowing, And from my window on the lawn, To watch the well of night withdrawn, And feel the fresh wind blowing.

The murmur of the falls I hear, Is as if long vigils keeping, And softly now, as if in fear To rouse their neighbors slumbering near, The trees wake from their sleeping.

Dear Lord, such wondrous thoughts of Thee My raptured soul is filling; That, like a bird upon the tree, With sweet but wordless minstrelsy My inmost heart is thrilling.

The Maple. O, twice the maple blushes, blushes rosy red; In the Spring time, When aroused from Winter's sleep, She finds herself all naked, And the gaining words are pep,— O, then the maple blushes, blushes rosy, rosy red. Once again the maple blushes, blushes rosy, rosy red; She blushes in the Autumn, When she lays her robes aside For the long, long sleep of Winter, And finds naught 'neath which to hide, O, then the maple blushes, blushes rosy, rosy red.

WAITING FOR HIS SHOES.

Names of Some of the Men Who May Succeed Judge Johnson. HALIFAX, March 12.—For a long time the eyes of a section of the bar in this city have been turned to the Halifax county court judgeship. They have been turned thitherward in more ways than one, but the aspect of their glances, which will now be noted, is that which asks this question: "When Judge Johnston retires who will be called to the bench?"

The excellence of the service rendered by Judge Johnston is apparent from the fact that at its annual meeting the Nova Scotia barriesters society requested that his salary be increased from \$2,400 to \$3,000 per annum. This resolution was waved by Recorder Maccoy, and passed unanimously. A body of lawyers like the Nova Scotia barriesters, or such of them as reside in Halifax, would never think of taking such action unless they were heart and soul full of approval of the way the learned judge discharges his duties. Neyer! At least such is the way poor benighted laymen look at the situation.

Judge Johnson was appointed in 1877, at the institution of the Nova Scotia county court system, and in the natural course of events he will soon retire. If he serves a couple of years more he will receive a superannuation allowance amounting to about two-thirds of his salary. As already stated, for a long time the eyes of many lawyers have been turned towards the court of the county judge,—the eyes of lawyers who would like to be judges, even county court judges at a salary of \$2,400 and travelling expenses, not to speak of the \$3,000 which the bar so magnanimously petitioned for.

The Halifax members of the bar are divided into three classes in regard to this succession which must come in the not distant future, and which has been considered from the "distant past." First there are those who would not take the position if it were offered them; secondly, those who would be glad to get it and who think they have a chance; and thirdly those who have not the ghost of a chance, apart from political considerations, for a lawyer to get the appointment now must be a conservative.

Such men as R. L. Borden, Q. C., C. S. Harrington, Q. C., J. A. Chisholm and Hector MacInnes would not accept the position for they are better off as they are. There are nine liberal-conservative lawyers, however, who would gladly accept the appointment when the time comes to make it. They are J. M. Chisholm, B. H. Eaton, E. D. King, W. F. Parker, F. P. Bligh, W. W. McMillan, H. W. C. Boak, Wallace McDonald, and F. J. Tremaine. One thing is pretty sure, and that is that if the present government make the appointment the name of the lucky man will be found in the list just printed. One name, above all others in this list, which has been mentioned in connection with the position is that of F. J. Tremaine. He is the senior candidate, so far as length of popularly supposed candidacy is concerned. Another strong name, which has lately come to the front is that of Wallace McDonald. The latter is a young man of good parts and with connections in which would make him a formidable rival to any other competitor for the position. He is a son of the chief justice of Nova Scotia and a brother-in-law of Sir Hibbert Tupper. There are other conservative lawyers in this city, but they can hardly be said to have entered for the race for the prospective vacancy on the county court bench. The number of liberal lawyers who would like the position is legion but it remains a contest among the conservatives Wallace McDonald should stand a pretty good chance of coming in first.

EARS KEPT ON TAP.

Various Useful Remedies Suggested for Frost Touched Ears. My Dear PROGRESS—You may not be aware of the fact, but I sometimes give way to the wild yearnings within me and take to poet—I mean, verse-writing. It is with the intention of inditing a few impassioned quatrains that I take up the pen today, but my ears forbid. Not that I write solely by ear. I have written to my tailor several times by note, substantially endorsed.—But here are the facts: If you remember, last Monday was somewhat chilly in the reception it gave some of our best citizens. Well, as I have been recently going into a rapid decline (not from lack of merit, but from unavailability), I took a little paseo of about five hundred yards on the morning in question, with the result that I froze the upper halves of my pink shell-like auricles. A vigorous rubbing with snow at the hands of kind friends to whom I am indebted for—but that is another story—soon brought the circulation back. Then a few remedies were recommended. One friend (who sixty minutes afterward froze his own nose two times in rapid succession) advised a poultice of grated turnips. [Query: Did he convert his nose into a turn-up? (sic).]—Well, I tried the turnips. Then another friend suggested preserved strawberries. I tried the strawberries on one ear and left the turnips on the other; a third friend said the other two remedies were exploded myths long ago. His remedy was grated

raw potatoes. I threw the turnip and strawberry poultices to the dogs and tried the potatoes, and to-day as I write my erstwhile beautiful "receivers" have swollen up to about the dimensions of a canvas-back ham. They are the shade of the red, red rose, and as tender as that eighty-cent valentine. The poet sings: "Last night, my darling, as you slept," but he evidently did not mean me. Perhaps you never tried to go to sleep accompanied by two red-hot ears—so warm that the sand fraught simoon of Sahara's wastes was a Nansen expedition, in comparison? You can sleep all right, while lying prone on your back, but every time you reel to port or starboard during the dreary night-watch you give vent to a prince of wails, while Mr. Frost, the cause of all the trouble mockingly snaps his fingers near your window. A friend of mine, who is a humorist on a church paper, says that my ears make me look like Boss Platt of New York, and that this Platt-form is a little in front of the stoop of my shoulders. I am thinking out a scheme to obtain some repose tonight. I shall screw a large hook into the ceiling over the head of the bed, and hang therefrom a large, long trunk-strap into which I can slip my head and neck, at the usual elevation, and can then turn and twist throughout my troubled dreams without touching my ears against the pillow, which I shall flay away on the top of my book-shelves. As I believe this plan to be a good thing I shall vigorously push it along. Yours, for ear to come, CASEY TAP.

LATIN PRONUNCIATION.

So Many Kinds of It that There Should Be Some Agreement Reached.

The effect to bring about a uniform pronunciation of Latin by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans is interesting, and if the thing is done it may be of practical value. We shall then know how to pronounce the C, and discover whether we should say Sasar, or Tzesar, or Kesar; or, Sisero, Tzicero, Kikero, or Keikero. The agitation has brought out this story, which is running through the French papers: At the Berlin Congress the Russians and the English were discussing at every session the Ottoman frontier, and the debate reached a point where war seemed probable. One day as Count Schouvaloff was speaking, Lord Beaconsfield, who understood French, but did not speak it, rose up suddenly and, interrupting the Russian plenipotentiary, shouted: "Quesai kesens belleye!"

Bismarck, who presided, opened his enormous eyes and gazed all around the assembly in the most profound astonishment. Prince Gortschakoff was dumfounded, while the English plenipotentiaries Lord Salisbury and Lord Olo Russell, nodded their assent, and seemed to understand the mysterious words perfectly. But the effect of the quesi kesens belleye was such that Count Schouvaloff lost the thread of his discourse, and Bismarck, completely puzzled, closed the session. In the evening at dinner, at Bismarck's residence, old Gortschakoff slapped Beaconsfield on the shoulder and smilingly asked him what was the meaning of the three English words which he had shouted out during the session. "They were not English," replied Beaconsfield, "but Latin."

Everybody came around to listen, and his lordship repeated his terrible words, and it was discovered that they meant quasi casus belli. Beaconsfield considered that Schouvaloff's proposals amounted to a cause for war. The story furnishes a good example of the necessity of making Latinists come to an agreement in the matter of pronunciation.

Colored Clothes for Men.

It is reported that certain New York merchant tailors have recently been again conferring over the question of putting colored goods for evening dress on the market. The question has been hanging fire for two years, and now, it is said, the tailors are determined to test the mind of the public. The colors for the new cloth will be plum shade. There are subdued shades of plum and dahlia colored cloth that are pleasing to the eye, and would be a decided relief from the conventional black. The new dress coat will probably have a velvet collar. The waistcoat will be silk faced and will probably have four buttons, and the trousers will have a stripe or two down each leg. While this dress innovation would be welcomed by a great many men, there is considerable opposition to the movement, and the men who have influence enough to bring the change about shrink from the notoriety they would thus obtain.

She Will be Missed.

Miss Annie Russell, of PROGRESS composing room, left this week for Brooklyn, N. Y., when she will pursue her vocation. Miss Russell, who belongs to Chatham, has been connected with PROGRESS for more than three years, and was one of the most skilled and faithful employees of the office. There can be no doubt of her success wherever she may go. Before leaving St. John, the employees of the office in the presentation of a handsome ring and a suitable address expressed their esteem for her as a friend and fellow worker.

Rough on the Tramp.

The dark cell in the city jail at Phoenix Aris, seems to be an unusually unpleasant sort of place. A lazy tramp prisoner was placed in it the other day, and the fact was noted in a local paper that he would not get the chance to loaf he might expect, because of the spikes driven upward through the floor, which preclude a prisoner from sitting down. There is room for the occupant to stand up between the spikes with some degree of comfort.