

ROOMS.

1890.

50 per pair upward.

only \$7 pr. pair.

SKINNER.

FOR THE RUSH.

ity will be Busy.

now, and May day

your tenants.

and Decorative Painter.

NG

VERCOATS

AND

Black

CREW SUITS,

Style Finish

Custom work.

Lower than the Lowest.

M. J. FRASER.

Comp'y.

ANCES THAT

Y FOLLOWING, the

Capt. F. C. MILLER,

John, N. B., at 12 Murray,

arriving in New York Sunday

ORIC TUESDAYS at 5 p. m., in

1, and Eastport, 5 p. m., due in

es, superb accommodations and

social contracts with every con-

and shippers, and we invite the

had occasion to observe what

advice, we leave the verdict

to obviate the re-shipments,

engers, and be in a position to

and West Indies, Central and

d. Also, through tickets sold

John to New York, (to

ate room, \$7.50

before out of town.

1.4.00

tea.

leaving New York SATUR-

Local Agent,

Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

and a cordial invitation to people

make, their business appoint-

If You Want Engraving Done
GET FIGURES FROM
"PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.
Promptness, Satisfaction and
Reasonable Prices.

PROGRESS.

If You Have Houses To Let
Advertise in PROGRESS.
This paper goes to the Family and
is read from the first to the
last column.

VOL. II., NO. 104.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

WHAT WILL IT COST ME?

THE QUESTION OF A YOUNG MAN WHO WANTS TO MARRY.

How Large an Income is Needed in Order to Live Comfortably—Some of the Readers of "Progress" have an interesting and instructive Symposium.

A question which has some bearing on the important question, "Is marriage a failure?" was asked by a correspondent of PROGRESS last week. He wanted to know how much it should cost a young man and his wife per annum to live in St. John, comfortably, but not luxuriously, as the average young married man with a future before him is usually supposed to live. To aid in a solution of the question, the editor of PROGRESS asked its readers to give the young man of an inquiring mind the benefit of their experiences, and some of them tell in this issue just how they are doing in every day life, what they spend for absolute necessities, and what, in some instances, they save for special purposes or the possible rainy day. It will be found that there is a wide difference in their views, and their several estimates will be found a most interesting study.

It will be remembered that "In Earnest," as the correspondent signed himself, is not married, but only contemplating the irrevocable step. He is naturally anxious to know if he is justified in asking a weaker vessel to share his fortunes with the income which he now enjoys or has the prospect of enjoying. What that income is, he leaves the public to conjecture and, as he is in search of information, he is very wise in doing so. If he asked how a young couple could live on \$1,200, \$1,000, \$800, or \$500 a year he would have got some definite information from a limited number of those who have such incomes, but when he asks the simple question, "How much is needed?" he gets the benefit of the experience of a much more enlarged circle of thoughtful and practical people.

As the question of whether it is cheaper to live single than to marry is involved in this discussion, a good many besides those who are married or contemplating marriage are likely to scan the estimates with deep interest.

With a Hundred Dollars a Month.

The first reply received comes from "One who has had experience," and gives two estimates. The first is for an income of \$1,200 a year, which is probably in excess of the sum at "In Earnest's" disposal. Here are the figures:

House rent and water tax.....	\$ 200 00
Taxes.....	30 00
Housekeeping, \$1.50 per week.....	390 00
General servant.....	84 00
Coal and wood.....	80 00
Gas.....	25 00
Insurance on furniture, plate, etc.....	5 00
Clothing.....	200 00
Church.....	25 00
Life Insurance, say on \$2,000, about.....	70 00
Amusements, doctor bills, etc.....	91 00
	\$1,200 00

It is probable that thousands of readers will think that they could save something out of 1,200 a year, and yet not want for anything in the way of comforts. "One who has had experience" admits this by sending another estimate, for a smaller income.

A Thousand a Year.

The lesser figure is \$1,000 a year, and the correspondent adds, with evident emphasis, that no one in a city should marry on a smaller income than that. Here is the way he proposes to distribute it, substituting kerosene for gas, and making a proportionate reduction in other matters:

House rent and water tax.....	\$ 150 00
Taxes.....	20 00
House-keeping, \$6 per week.....	312 00
General servant.....	84 00
Coal and wood.....	70 00
Oil.....	15 00
Insurance of furniture.....	4 00
Clothing.....	180 00
Church.....	20 00
Amusements, doctor, etc.....	75 00
Insurance on \$2,000.....	70 00
	\$1,000 00

Despite the limit of \$1,000 fixed by this correspondent, "S. A. C." sends a neatly type-written letter to prove that a young couple need not be wholly miserable on an income of \$900 a year, and yet give a fair amount to the church and charity, as well as employ a servant at \$7 a month, to say nothing of a sum set apart for sundries in addition to the items for doctor's bills and amusements.

By the way, it is not somewhat of a reflection on our glorious climate and hardy race that doctor's bills should be classed with rent, fuel and washing as things which are a sure source of annual expenditure?

Here is "S. A. C.'s" estimate for the distribution of a \$900 income:

For rent.....	\$ 150 00
For fuel.....	40 00
For meat and groceries.....	175 00
For clothing.....	150 00
For church and charity.....	80 00
For washing.....	28 00
For servant's wages.....	84 00
For insurance (fire and life).....	60 00
For doctor's bills.....	80 00
For gas bills.....	20 00
Amusements.....	36 00
Sundries.....	36 00
	\$900 00

IN THE ANCIENT CRAFT.

THE MASONIC FRATERNITY HAS ITS ANNUAL MEETINGS.

Its Choice of Grand Master for the Next Year—Something About Those Who Have Filled the Office in the Past Twenty Years—The Grand Chapter.

The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of New Brunswick is a young body as compared with most of its kind on this continent. The 23rd annual communication, only, was held this week, and there are still among the ranks of its earnest workers some who were leading spirits in the work of its formation in 1867.

But Masonry flourished long before that time. It came here when the Loyalists came, and it grew as the city grew, with a steady growth. No Grand Lodge claimed exclusive jurisdiction in the territory, and the subordinate lodges throughout the province were under the various registers of England, Ireland and Scotland. This system had its disadvantages, which every member of the fraternity will understand, but despite of these it required some courage and energy for a few bold spirits to make a move in the direction of independence. How this was accomplished and by whom is a long and interesting story which will no doubt be fully told in William F. Bunting's forthcoming book. Suffice it to say that the step was taken, a Grand Lodge for New Brunswick formed, and that it has today cordial relations with all the legally constituted Grand Lodges throughout the world.

The first Grand Master chosen was B. Lester Peters, who had earnestly striven for the new and better order of things. Apart from this, his zeal for the institution and his knowledge of all that pertained to the craft, his marked ability and the many qualities which made him personally popular, pointed to him as the most fitting man to be "the first among his equals." He dignified and adorned the high position until 1870, when, contrary to the wishes of his brethren, he yielded up the gavel, that another might enter upon the work which he had so auspiciously begun.

His successor was William Wedderburn, now judge of the county court, and following him came John V. Ellis, Robert T. Clinch, Robert Marshall, Benjamin R. Stevenson, William F. Bunting, James McNichol, jr., and Dr. Thomas Walker, who has just been elected for a second term by a practically unanimous vote at a session where more ballots were cast than at any time in the history of the Grand Lodge.

Did space permit, a great deal might be said of the work accomplished by these distinguished members of the craft during their terms of office and of the zeal, which still endures, of such faithful workers as Mr. Ellis and others. Only one of the number has been called to rest from his labour, and the tribute to the sterling work of Benjamin R. Stevenson was the saddest duty of the craft at its latest session.

Dr. Thomas Walker was made a mason in Albion lodge, No. 1, nearly a score of years ago, and makes the third member of that lodge who has occupied the Grand East, the others being Messrs. Peters and Clinch. He has been a principal of Carleton Chapter, and was for several years Eminent Commander of the Encampment of St. John K. T. In all of the positions he has held in the craft, he has been distinguished for his careful and conscientious work, no less than for his constant energy. It was the intention of PROGRESS to have presented a portrait of him this week, but as the engraver failed to furnish the cut, it is, with much regret, omitted.

The re-election of Dr. Walker will be hailed with satisfaction throughout the jurisdiction. Apart from the fact that it is customary to honor the Grand Master with a second term, the present incumbent is well fitted to advance the interests of the craft. His professional training has taught him that the lance may cure where an opiate would but lull into a false feeling of security, and he never hesitates to voice his thoughts where, in his judgment, the interests of the fraternity require it. In the exercise of his official duties, he leaves no room for any misunderstanding as to what he means, and he never fails to impress others with a belief in his sincerity of purpose. There is never any doubt where he "is to be found," and while his frankness wins him respect, his off-hand, genial nature is ever adding to his list of friends. He enters upon his second term assured of the hearty co-operation of the craft in the duties which lie before him.

There was little doubt who would fill the chair of Deputy Grand Master, after the name of H. A. White, of Sussex, was mentioned. He has been a most earnest and energetic worker in maintaining the prosperity of Zion lodge, which, in spite of several literal baptisms of fire, holds today a most enviable position among the lodges outside of the city of St. John. Mr. White is well worthy of the position, and equally well fitted to adorn it.

Some of the most honored names among

TOPICS FOR TOWN TALK.

EVENTS WHICH HAVE INTERESTED CITIZENS THIS WEEK.

The Whitewash Bill and What People Think of It—A Story of Two Civic States—The Sons of Old England Celebrate Their Salutary Day—Pro-Rogued.

This has been a great week for talking, and here are some of the things that people have been talking about:

First of all there has been the whitewash bill passed by the local legislature, which has legalized bribery and corruption in New Brunswick. There has not been so much talk since its passage as there was at the outset, because everybody accepted the fact in advance. There was no hope. The government was strong enough to pass it through the house, and it was not to be expected that the legislative council would demonstrate its fitness to live, by preventing its final passage. So people accepted it with a sad resignation to a very bad state of things. PROGRESS has no aim either to help or hurt the Blair government, simply as a government, but in a question of plain right and wrong, such as this, it would be untrue to its trust had it any words save those of disapproval for the measure. The best friends of Mr. Blair, if they hold political morality above party, must regret that such a step was taken by him. It is a pity that one whose personal record is so free from blame, and whose ability is recognized by all parties should mar his public life by a step so opposed to all the best interests of the people.

The St. John aldermen have been talking a good deal, but some of them have not so much to say just now. They had a very busy day, Monday, in trying to get themselves elected into the county council. There were two "slates" prepared, and Ald. Baskin, who was on one of them, with Ald. Kelly as mover, felt so sure of election that he made a vigorous canvass for the wardenship. Unfortunately for his prospects, Ald. Chesley also prepared a slate in which the names of some men on Ald. Kelly's slate were ingeniously dovetailed with the names of Ald. Barnes and Robertson and one or two others. Then he secured pledges from those who were thus included, and so the Chesley slate was carried, with Ald. Kelly, Connor, Baskin and Busby left out. Seeing the danger of this Ald. Baskin tried to have the names taken up singly, but he was voted down and Chesley's motion was carried. Thus, he not only failed to secure the warden's chair, but did not even get into the council.

The contest for warden was between two good men, Ald. Robertson and Peters. The latter was elected. One of the country members is said to have remarked that he would vote for Ald. Peters because he always dressed so well and was always on hand.

The St. George's celebration was as much talked of as anything during the week. The sons and grandsons of Albion have a very definite idea of what constitutes a good time, and they carried out the idea this year. The street parade of some of the best looking citizens, headed by a band conducted by a British regimental bandmaster, was a really fine sight, and deserved all the attention it got. They marched well, too, and this is not always the case in a body which has no drill and parade but once a year. The most imposing figure in the procession was the chaplain, Rev. Father Davenport, who, with his firm, graceful step, manly carriage and clear-cut classic features, fitly represented the church so inseparably connected with England's wealth and greatness.

Of the service in Trinity, mention is made elsewhere. The smoking concert in the evening was an illustration of the fact that while an Englishman's first duty to himself is to attend Divine service, his next duty is to enjoy himself in social pleasures, and in the rites of hospitality to all worthy to be his friends. The smoking concert was an unequalled success, even to the smoke, and proved that the "heart of a true born Englishman" conceives of nothing which ought to be done unless it is well done.

There is just one event which was the subject of quiet congratulation this week, though it did not make a great deal of talk. It was the closing of the legislature, be-rogued by the general election, and pro-rogued by the governor. There was a sigh of relief that its power for passing mischievous measures had ceased for a time, and that honest citizens were not liable to wake up some fine morning to learn that it proposed to abolish Magna Charta and suspend the right of habeas corpus. Mr. Blair and his colleagues have not attempted either of these measures as yet, and it is perhaps just as well for the country that they have not. They have had glory enough for one session. The people want a rest. They don't want their eyes dazzled by too much black being made white by the instantaneous process of which the government has secured the proprietary rights. Next year the country will be better prepared for "a little more of the same."

She Was a Little Mixed.

A patriotic Englishman of St. John hung an ensign from his window on St. George's day and was very much pleased with the effect for a while. A little before 11 o'clock a woman, a stranger, wandered along the street, looked up at the flag, opened the front door and walked into the house. The owner met her in the hall with an enquiring glance.

"Shall I go up-stairs?" she enquired.

"It depends on what you want," was the reply.

"Isn't there anybody up there yet?"

"Only those who are usually there, why?"

"Isn't the auction to be at 11 o'clock?"

"Auction! Auction! My good woman, I would have you know that there is no auction on my premises. This is St. George's day, don't you know, and that's my flag."

The woman retired in good order, and when she related her experience to a friend, declared that she didn't understand it at all, as St. Patrick's day used to always used to come in March when she was a girl.

Why Mr. Rourke Got Left.

Warden James Rourke was somewhat surprised when he read in the papers that he led the poll at the wrong end in the St. Martins municipal election. Being busy with legislative duties at Fredericton, he had not given himself any trouble about the matter, supposing that his friends would see that he was all right. His friends apparently assumed that he was sure enough without their help, and do not seem to have busied themselves any more than he did. The other candidates worked for all they were worth, and as a result, the warden of the county who had been elected to the legislature by a most enthusiastic vote, was left at home in a mere parish election. They do some queer things in Martins, anyhow.

Bon Voyage!

The fact that PROGRESS is printed on Friday afternoon and evening excludes any notice of the reception on the pioneer steamer of the New York line, the *Panacea*. She is a fine vessel and will readily win the favor of St. John merchants and people. May she have a splendid first trip!

THEY DON'T WINK.

A Reporter's Experience with a Clergyman Who Reads His Own Proof.

Not long ago, one of the daily papers procured the manuscript of a city clergyman's sermon for publication, and, at his request, sent a reporter to him with a proof of it. It was a first proof, which had not been read at the office, and, as usual, the intelligent compositor had got in some of his fine work on it. The clergyman, who is not of a phlegmatic temperament, grew more and more excited as he read how some of his sentences were interpreted, and kept up a rapid and indignant comment, addressed to the innocent and rather alarmed reporter. Suddenly the worthy divine uttered a fierce exclamation as he read, "We can wink in our form of worship." Turning to the reporter, he thundered:

"Wink! wink! wink in our form of worship! No, no, no! I would have you understand that we don't wink in any part of our form of worship. We don't wink in the service of God. The word should be 'unite'—'unite,' 'unite!'"

When the reporter found his way out of the house, for the clergyman had abruptly left him, after the discovery of a sentence which represented him as speaking of "the words of Texas," he made up his mind that the next time he took a proof to any of the cloth it should be carefully revised beforehand.

AID, CONNOR IN LUCK.

His Ropewalk Changes Hands and He Makes a Good Thing Out of It.

Ald. Connor's lucky star is in the ascendant, and he is believed to feel particularly happy at the present time. His ropewalk has long been recognized as a valuable property, and this idea has not been confined to the limits of St. John. Of late a syndicate of American capitalists has had an anxious eye upon it, and it is now stated that they have purchased it at a price which fully remunerates Ald. Connor for time and money which he has expended in making it what it is.

But that is not all of his good luck. The new owners consider that the man who has made the ropewalk a success in the past is the best man to have charge of it in the future, and it is understood that they have engaged Ald. Connor as manager, at the very fair salary of \$5,000 a year. Even his political opponents will not begrudge him the good luck which has befallen him.

A Cure For Red Nose.

A merchant in one of the towns of Charlotte county has been annoyed for some years with a very red and conspicuous nose. Not long ago, he saw in an American paper an advertisement addressed to those afflicted as he was, stating that a cure for red nose would be forwarded on receipt of 25 cents. He lost no time in forwarding the cash, and in due season received an envelope containing the coveted receipt. The directions were very brief. They read: "Keep on drinking, and it will turn blue."

It is said that the bluest thing in the vicinity about that time was the air in the vicinity of the afflicted man's remarks.

Mr. Jones' and His Sentiments.

In the Legislative Council, last Monday, after Messrs. Richard and Young had spoken in French, Hon. Mr. Jones remarked, "Them's my sentiments." There are unkind people in St. John who allege that he told a great truth, because his sentiments are such as are understood neither by himself or the majority of those who know him. This may not be true, but his intended humorous remark was under the circumstances slightly suggestive, to say the least.

It May Be Mr. Jones.

Rumors are current that Fred A. Jones, of the Dufferin, may be the lessee of the new hotel at St. Stephen this season. It is understood that no definite arrangements to that effect have been made, but that the St. Stephen people have a strong idea to that effect. Mr. Jones, of course, would not abandon the Dufferin, but run the two, as in the case of the Algonquin last year. It is predicted that there will be even so much more money for him in it than there would be for him at St. Andrews.

The Crowd Will Go Later.

The contemplated visit to St. Stephen of the working staff of the Encampment of St. John, K. T., will probably be made about the middle of May. When the new hotel is finished and in running order, it will be in order for the body to take in St. Stephen on the route of its pilgrimage. There is no doubt of the reception the St. John boys would have in the border town.

Organ Recital.

The organ recital and sacred concert to be given in St. Andrew's church, on Tuesday evening next, is to be under the auspices of the Young People's association of the church, and judging from the programme, will be well worthy of patronage.