

PROGRESS.
 EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.
 WALTER S. SAWYER, Business Manager.
 Subscriptions, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.
 Advertisements, (contract), \$15 an inch a year. The edition of Progress is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no change of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day. Advertisers will forward their own interests by sending their copy as much earlier than this as possible.
 News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts submitted to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.
 EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.
 Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)
ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 20.
 CIRCULATION, 5,500.

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.
 It is not desirable that there should be any change in the police magistracy of the united St. John. The gentleman who holds the position at present is very suitable to the citizens. If they want a change they will no doubt intimate that fact to the local government, and that only would be sufficient reason for the appointment of another man.

We regret that the passage of the act to unite St. John and Portland has given politicians the impression that the most remunerative offices in the new and larger city are only awaiting their acceptance. This is a most mistaken idea. The police magistrate's chair is now held by an esteemed gentleman and excellent official, and the city members have decided upon a reputable resident to replace JOHN R. MARSHALL. What more is required?

We can get along very well without the intrusion of local politicians. We need not go to Lancaster parish for a chief of police for St. John; we need not deprive the provincial department of justice of an able officer to preside over our civic court. We have a good man, and we want to keep him.

THE NEW EXAMINERS.
 Professor BURWASH, of Mount Allison University, and Professor KEIRSTEAD, of Acadia, have replaced Dr. MACRAE and Mr. G. HERBERT LAM, of this city, on the board of examiners for degrees in the University of New Brunswick. They are good men, and it is to be hoped that they will be conscientious in the performance of their duties as their immediate predecessors there will be no fault to find with them.

We believe it is the aim of President HARRISON to appoint professors of other colleges upon the board of examiners, and we may expect that Rev. Mr. ROBERTS and Mr. HAVLOCK COX will follow the same line as the gentlemen from St. John. We have great respect for President HARRISON's foresight and ability and have always felt confident that any important college innovation would receive not only his very careful consideration, but that of his colleagues in the senate. We were consequently somewhat surprised to learn that the old examiners were dismissed and their successors appointed at what was supposed would be a financial meeting of the senate and which was not attended by many of its most active and interested members.

Doubtless Professors KEIRSTEAD and BURWASH will be efficient examiners. They will possess an undoubted advantage over laymen who frequently find it difficult to keep as well read as they would wish. We are not aware of the methods pursued by the examiners in their college, but doubtless PRESIDENT HARRISON will not fail to impress upon them the necessity of acting entirely upon their own responsibility in recommending University of New Brunswick students for degrees.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE GENTILES?
 When Mr. CLARK enters upon his duties as chief of police, it will be a good time to make some change in the regulations governing the after-hours liquor business on King square.

At present, the right to do this business is limited to Mr. ABRAHAM WHITEBONE. Mr. WHITEBONE is one of the Chosen People, in a very peculiar and exalted sense. It is not only necessary, in Chief MARSHALL'S mind, that midnight beverages should be dispensed by somebody on King square, but it is equally necessary that that somebody should be Mr. WHITEBONE.

Why this is so, no fellow can find out. A 40-horse team, headed by the little black mare herself, couldn't pull the reason from the two parties interested. But it shouldn't be so. Mr. WHITEBONE'S neighbors have the same essential right that he has. Permission to sell liquor after 10 o'clock would be worth as much to them as it is to him. They would doubtless be as willing to pay an extra license fee to the city as Mr. WHITEBONE is to admit anyone who taps at his little swing door.

We therefore suggest that Mr. CLARK ask tenders for the privilege to sell after 10 o'clock and allow Messrs. MUNDER, GALLAGHER and BROGAN to bid. These gentlemen are law-abiding citizens and would not abuse the privilege. If it is

necessary—as it seems to be—to charter a midnight run shop on King square, they should have a chance at the extra business. The WHITEBONE-MARSHALL monopoly must go!

There was a company of workers at the citizens' carnival meeting Thursday evening. Every man who went there had resolved to work and was ready for whatever might come up. If the carnival proves the success we think it will there will be plenty to do. It will be a great thing for St. John if we can draw thousands of strangers here for a few days in July. And the general opinion is that we can do it without too much effort. Every man and every active association should be ready with something and boom the carnival for all it is worth. A summer carnival will be something new for Canada, but St. John may be depended upon to make it a success.

We learn with a good deal of satisfaction, which we doubt not will be shared by many, that Mr. WILLIAM GRANT GAUNCE has been more unfortunate than sinning in the financial transactions which led to his departure. Always overburdened, he was weak enough to put off the evil day by the assistance of his friends, who had no idea of his trouble. When, however, we consider that of \$500 paid him the day before his departure for a piece of land, he gave his creditors \$475, and left for a foreign country with but \$25, \$10 of which was sent from Boston to pay a small loan from a friend, our faith in Mr. GAUNCE has been greatly strengthened.

If Mayor CHESLEY and Ald. SMITH will postpone their row until carnival time and then fight to a finish under Marquis of Queensberry rules, we will guarantee them an audience that will holler for both sides with equal enthusiasm and cheerfully pay the funeral expenses of the loser. But that must be made a part of the show.

Mayor GRANT of New York is emulating the hatchet performance of the late G. WASHINGTON, with the difference that he cuts down telegraph poles instead of cherry trees. It is a praiseworthy innovation. A telegraph pole in a city street is an unsightly and dangerous nuisance.

Say a pleasant word about a man, in the largest type, on the first page, and he never mentions it. Criticise him ever so mildly in the smallest type and the most obscure corner of the paper, and he comes around before breakfast with a club. This is a queer world.

Superannuate Justice TAPLEY, by all means, but don't give him any money. His financial position is solid enough; it's the almshouse and police court funds that need strengthening.

We have no desire to be other than complimentary, but day by day the conviction grows upon us that Rev. E. M. C. BOTTERILL would make a fine advance agent for a circus.

There's no need to be stingy or mean about this union business. If Carleton isn't satisfied with what she's got, let's give her the W. C. T. U. fountain and call it square.

The old burying ground wasn't mentioned in the Union bill, but it will come into use in the new city, nevertheless. The Carleton bridge scheme will be interred there.

We don't hear much about the bucket-shop, these days. The shop is there, but the bottom seems to have dropped out of the bucket.

There ought to be an aching void in Fredericton, since parliament adjourned, but somehow nobody has found the hole.

If it should happen to rain tomorrow, would it be proper to describe the festival as North-Easter Sunday?

See here, Messrs. Commissioners, the idea was to add 15,000 to the population, not to the salaries.

New Goods, Rubber and Base Balls, Bats, etc., at McArthur's, 80 King street, wholesale and retail.

Handsome and Unique.
 That was a very happy thought of Messrs. Macaulay Bros. & Co. that led them to print the portraits of many favorite St. John ministers on silk! Ladies and gentlemen who have not thought of an appropriate Easter souvenir could not make a better selection than this. Nothing can approach it for use as a Bible book mark. Among the gentlemen whose portraits can be had are the Metropolitan, Rev. Canon Brigstocke, Rev. W. W. Brewer, Rev. Mr. Bruce, Rev. Mr. Macmillan, Rev. R. Wilson, Right Rev. Bishop Sweeney. Nothing quite so unique has been given St. John people for a long time.

Something to Remember.
 Progress advertisers will please remember that the paper goes to press Friday at noon, and that it is desirable that all changes for advertisements should be in the office as early in the week as possible and not later than Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. Their insertion cannot be guaranteed when arriving at a later hour.

IDEAL SOAP
 Tell you, maram, washing can't be done well unless the soap is right. I've been washing these 30 years and tried all kinds, and there's none like Logan's Ideal Soap for taking dirt & stains out of the clothes without rotting them, and it don't make the hands rough and sore as many soaps do. It's made by Wm Logan St. John & all grocers sell it.

JEWEL.
JEWEL.
 38 KING STREET, - - Opposite the Royal Hotel.
 Don't Fail to See the "JEWEL" with Oval Fire Pot and Ventilatted Oven. IT HAS NO EQUAL.
SHERATON & SELFRIDGE.

W. TREMAINE GARD, GOLDSMITH,
 Practical Jeweler, Optician, Diamond Setter and Electro-Plater,
 No. 81 KING STREET, (UNDER VICTORIA HOTEL.)
 Manufacturer and Repairer of FINE GOLD AND SILVER JEWELRY, WATCHES, Etc.
 Orders from out of town promptly attended to.
 Birthday, Friendship, Engagement and Wedding Gifts, SPECIALITIES.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.
 The Queen, Star, Clifton and Bellisle Ready For Their Work.
 Who isn't glad to see the ice floating out of the bay and the river boats all ready to strike out for up river! Business and pleasure is their motto. They take the former and give the latter. Many a person finds health and rest on the St. John in summer and they come to regard such faithful, safe and comfortable steamers as the Queen, the Star, the Clifton and Bellisle in the light of old friends.

The Queen is ahead on the route and fairly shines with paint inside and out. She is refurnished, refitted, strengthened, speedier and more capable than ever to carry freight and passengers from Indian town to any point between that and the head of Grand Lake.

The Star and her manager, captain and owner, Capt. Porter, are always to the front representing what Washademok can do for the people. There are few pleasanter spots than the Star can take you to, and Capt. Porter always has her in first-class shape for business.

The Clifton has done much to make the Komebecasis known. Capt. Earle finds his time well occupied in attending to the increasing traffic between St. John and Hampton, and such places of fruit culture as Gondola Point.

The Bellisle is the pride of Bellisle Bay and the prosperous and energetic farmers on its banks. They couldn't do without her now, and Capt. Mabce does not propose they shall.

The time tables and announcements of all these steamers can be found on the third page of PROGRESS.

For an Idle Hour.
 Mary Frances Peard has her latest and many claim, her best novel 'In Harper's paper series. A Country Cousin is sure to interest. The hero is one of the British cabinet, and the heroine is a beautiful girl from the country—a country cousin—who makes a sensation before she realizes it. Her trials and her triumphs are, of course, the author's material, and she works it about quite entertainingly. For sale at McMillan's. Price 40 cents.

"The Pretty Store."

AGAIN WE ARE TO THE FRONT! This time with a very complete stock of HOSIERY and GLOVES for the present season, manufactured especially for the City trade. Our range is as extensive as many of the larger houses; THE VALUES ARE BETTER. Careful attention has been given to the sizes, the same number in Kid applying to the Fabric makes. All qualities in Frame Lisle, Taffeta, Spun Silk and Taffeta Frame; also, the New Silk Glove, with Kid fingers.
 In HOSIERY we show Cotton, Lisle, Silk and Summer Cashmere makes. The "Gloria" Black is guaranteed fast dye. Every pair marked "Gloria." In Colored Hose mode shades are Fashionable. See the New Lametta Lisle, the finest and best in Summer Hosiery.
 THE "DOREL" KID GLOVE is fast making a reputation for its superiority over other makes now in this market—90c. per pair in 4-B. lengths; Mosquitareta, 6-B., \$1.20. Sent post-paid.

BARNES & MURRAY,
 17 CHARLOTTE STREET.
The New Crockery Store,
 94 KING STREET.
 NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.
 SEE THE NEW TABLE GLASSWARE;
 NEW BEDROOM SETS;
 NEW FANCY GLASSWARE, FAIRY LAMPS.
 All Goods at LOWEST PRICES.
C. MASTERS.

MANSON'S.
 Our Millinery department is now replete with everything necessary to ornament a Bonnet or Hat in the latest Paris, London, or New York style. We have the best talent in the country for this department, and are confident to please the most exacting taste.
Customers that were Disappointed
 this week, in not getting a length of the 50c. Double Width (45 in.) All-Wool Foulage, can be accommodated on Monday, as we will have another lot for sale identically the same, in Vieaux Rose, Hunter's Green, Olive's Mahogany, Cardinal, Seal, Tan and Marine Blue.
 Our 10c., 12c. and 15c. Bargains are still whirling.
 English Mohair Brilliantants, 49 inch, 50c.
 Beaded and Braided Dress Sets, of 5 pieces, from 70c.
MANSON'S, 16 King Street.

FEN AND PRESS.
 It must be poor satisfaction to McDade, after hustling night and day during the session to supply the St. John and country papers with the debates of the house, to find the Sun tramping on him almost at the last hour because it was badly left by the Telegraph. No one knows better than the Sun that the Telegraph paid correspondence space rates and telegraph tolls on the summary of the Union bill, and that its Fredericton correspondent had as good a chance to get it as Mr. McDade. But when the Sun gets badly left through editorial stupidity the blame is never put on the right man. This time Mr. McDade was the victim.

The New York Press man who originated the following comparison between the journalist and newspaper man has got the thing down fine:
 The journalist prepares a leader; the newspaper man writes an editorial.
 The journalist has the most dignity; the newspaper man has the most gall. One aspires to advise statements, enlighten cabinets and instruct senators, whereas the other aims to print the news, draw little morals and make some money.
 The journalist has a great head on him, but the newspaper man has got a bushel of horse sense.
 The journalist graduates from the university and the printing office. One is an incarnation of undiluted wisdom and the other a full-blown idiot with a deep interest in common people and their common ways.
 The journalist is half a philosopher and half a bore, but the newspaper man is half an adventurer and half a patriot who knows a good thing when he sees it and wants the exclusive right to publish it in one regular and four extra editions.
 The journalist hates slang, and the newspaper man thanks God and the gamins when he gets onto a new phrase.
 The journalist excoiates dissertations too rich for human nature's daily food, but the newspaper man says his enemy is a thief and a liar, and keeps a circulation sweater who is a bigger perjurer than old Pigot.
 The journalist understands the situation in Europe, but the newspaper man knows lots about the United States and how New York is going to go next election.
 The journalist has a classical education, but a newspaper man can write a four line head in four minutes and make the lines fit the type. The intelligent compositor says the journalist is a "chump," "a dude," "a ham," and the "nephew of the proprietor," but the newspaper man he searsh and envies.
 The journalist turns loose many lucubrations, but the newspaper man says one murder is worth two embezzlements, and a divorce suit is fatter than a sermon. When the journalist dies the newspaper man pays his funeral expenses.

A Home in the Country.
 The residence built and occupied by Henry Titus, situated about one mile and a-half above the village of Rothesay, is

offered for sale. The house is two stories in height and contains rooms enough for a large family, and stands upon a six-acre lot, more or less, and is admirably adapted for a summer residence, as well as all the year round. There are large barns upon the premises, and the place at present cuts about five tons of hay. The view of the Kennebecasis and its islands is magnificent. The railroad runs within half a mile of the property, and a siding might be placed in the vicinity for the accommodation of passengers.
 This valuable property will be sold at a great bargain, as the owner of it now resides at a distance and wishes to get it off his hands. House can be examined any time. Apply for further information to E. S. Carter, office of PROGRESS, Canterbury Street.—Advt.

Before moving have your chairs caued and repaired by Duval, 243 Union St.

TAUGHT BY THE BELLISLE SCHOOL.
 I swear I have wandered about in the world everywhere; From many strange mouths have heard many strange tongues; Strain'd with many strange idioms my lips and my lungs; Walked in many a far land, regretting my own; In many a language groan'd many a groan. And have often had reason to curse those wild fellows Who built the high house at which Heaven turn'd jealous, Making human audacity stumble and stammer. When seized by the throat in the hard grip of Grammar. But the language of languages dearest to me Is that in which once, O ma route cherie, When, together, we bent o'er your nosegay for hours; You explain'd what was silently said by the flowers, And, selecting the sweetest of all, sent a flame Through my heart, as, in laughing, you murmured La Fatale.
 The Italians have voices like peacocks; the Spanish Smell, I fancy, of garlic; the Swedish and Danish Have something too Runie, too rough and unshod, Their accents for mouths not descended from Odin; German gives me a cold in the head, sets me wheezing; And counting; and Russian is nothing but sneezing; But, by Belus and Babel I never have heard, And I never shall hear (I well know it), one word Of that delicate lilian of Paris without Feeling morally such a beyond question prodigious term'd. By the wild way in which my nose's heavenly fragrance, That my heart's native tongue to my heart had been utter'd. And whenever I hear French spoken as I approve, I feel myself quietly falling in love.
 —Owen Meredith's "Lucile."
 Leave your orders for Carpet Cleaning at Herald Oil'ers, 24 King St.