

# PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor.  
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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.

ADVERTISING RATES will be given on application. The editor of *Progress* is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on *Thursday*, and no changes 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 unsuited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 9.

CIRCULATION, 5,000.

## THE RING MUST NOT RULE.

It is time that the citizens of Portland were at work in readiness for the municipal elections. So far they have talked of what they intended to do, but, as well as can be judged, have not yet begun to do it. Just now the union scheme comes up as a new issue to distract their attention, and the work of selecting candidates is still further delayed.

This is not as it should be. It is a good thing for the ring, but a bad one for the citizens. The ring, it must be considered, is already in power. It has the sinews of war because it is in power, and it has no plan of campaign to prepare. It is ready for the fight, and is, doubtless, confident of success. It has had matters so entirely its own way that it is probably confident that it will continue to have them so. It is fully trained for the fight, and has the choice of position.

It will take every advantage of the temporary distraction caused by the union question to strengthen its position. If the people are not alert it will so manipulate matters that, despite the wishes of the best citizens, it will again hold the reins of power.

The citizens have no time to lose. They cannot afford to wait until the union question is settled before going to work in earnest. There is no time like the present time for them. Their opportunities are in the today, and not in the tomorrow. They have a hard fight to win, and it behooves them to have their forces drilled, equipped and in the order of battle.

Otherwise, by hook or by crook, and in spite of the will of the people, the ring will continue to rule. This will be a sad humiliation to the best citizens. It will be a dark day for Portland.

Candidates should be chosen in every ward. They should be men who have something more than their own interests to serve, they should be men who have some stake in the city, and they should be men who will be respected as representatives at the board. They should, in short, be men who will work in the interests of the people and who will have the people's confidence.

As to the choice of a mayor, several good men have been mentioned, but none of them are anxious for what they may consider a somewhat dubious honor. It is to be hoped that the right kind of a man will see his way clear to serve. Such a man will give the place an honor which it has not now, and will be remembered hereafter as a public benefactor. It is a question of duty, from which the good citizen should not shrink.

## IS IT OFFICIAL?

There is a gentle youth connected with the Liverpool, Eng., *Review*, who has devoted much study to osculation, and who claims to be able to give points to most people in that sugary fine art. He says:

"Never kiss a girl if she doesn't want you. The main ingredient that makes kissing endurable is willingness on the part of the female. If it depends into anxiety so much the better. When a girl claws a man's hair and scratches his face like a little fool drop her at once. She is destitute of good sense and natural affection, and the sooner you take her sister the better. As long as the girl doesn't claw and yell and struggle like a panther it is perfectly safe to continue prospecting round. Get a little behind her, pass the right arm round her waist in front, take her left hand in your left, and if you don't know what to do next go and associate with the boys. If you are just beginning to teach a shy girl, who has only been kissed heretofore by her brothers and father, touch your lips gently to the forehead. She will take this for an exhibition of profound respect. That position gained, working the way down to the lips is both natural and easy. Never sit down to kiss. It appears awkward. Stand up, and the closer you press the girl, the higher estimate she will have of your good taste and common sense.

We print it as a matter of record, but before we adopt this particular fashion from the mother country we should like to hear the opinion of His Royal Highness ALBERT EDWARD, Prince of Wales.

## ROBERT REDIVIVUS.

Life, of New York, describes most graphically a recent visit to its dramatic editor by a gentleman who announced himself on his card as: "Mr. ROBERT ELSMERE of London, England, on show business."

"Hello, Bob!" said his old friend. "Glad to see you! But I thought you died out in Algiers?"

"Not much!" replied Mr. ELSMERE, very decidedly. "Mrs. WARD made me do the soldier-of-

the-legion act just to satisfy her faulty sense of the dramatic properties. I'm all right, I tell you! I weigh 28 pounds more than when I saw you last. What between my improved appearance and the wrong impression that Mrs. WARD gave me, most of my old friends didn't know me when I dropped in on them."

"What are you doing over on this side?" he was asked.

"Working the WARD ad. for all it is worth," replied the gentleman in the striped shirt and the loud trousers. "What is left for any clergyman to do who has shed his last shred of orthodoxy? Not die, because that satisfies the dramatic properties; but go on the stage and disatisfy them, likewise accumulate the golden dollars. Why, man, I've had the biggest advance notices in the annals of the histrionic art. I cannot do the tragic heavies like the Reverend MILK. Mrs. WARD gave it to you straight about my sore throat. But I've got voice enough left for the variety business, and have organized a company that will make TONY PASTOR stare. What with my reputation in polite society, I expect to elevate the variety stage even higher than Mrs. POTTEN has her legitimate."

"How's the family?" Mr. ELSMERE was asked at parting.

"They're with the show. CATHERINE's a little slow, but she's got a good topical song that's sure to go. MARY, the kid, we're billing as an infant phenomenon. We're training her up to do a swell male turn."

It is a very suggestive bit of humor and one likely to provoke considerable thought on the part of those who have read the book. If ROBERT ELSMERE were a real life character, instead of a hero of fiction, we should watch his career with a good deal of interest. He might be a dismal failure like MILK, or a paroxysmal crank like MURRAY, or a quiet citizen who would keep his mouth shut and mind his own business—but he would almost certainly be amusing.

What has the Sabbath Observance society to say about the telephone experiments between St. John and Fredericton, last Sunday? If the daily papers are to be relied upon, a number of people were amused that day with a series of experiments which required work from telephone and telegraph employees, which work was neither of necessity, mercy or charity. It was a secular amusement, and the mere fact that the sound of hymns or fragments of prayers came over the wire did not make it anything else. Probably there was no harm in it, but it is a question if it was not quite as bad as some other Sunday recreations which the clergy are prone to condemn.

From an esteemed exchange published in the United States, we learn that President HARRISON:

Wears a high-buttoned, double-breasted frock coat, and seldom has a suit all of the same piece.

Takes a No. 7 1/2 hat.

Prefers a No. 6 1/2 shoe, but can wear a No. 6.

Appreciates open-front shirts, for which he pays \$27 a dozen.

Goes to bed at 10, and gets up between 5 and 7.

Smokes clear Havana cigars.

Keeps a horse.

And patronizes the national game, baseball.

The country ought to be safe!

JOHN WANAMAKER, postmaster general of the United States and the millionaire merchant of Philadelphia, presided at the 21st anniversary of his Sunday school a few days ago. There is a remarkable similarity between the terse expressions of his speech on that day to over 3000 children and the combination twisters that make his business announcements world famed. Is there a possibility that John's advertising genius wrote his Sunday school address?

Lent will not wither nor fasting stale the infinite variety of *Progress*' society department. We shall have no parties to chronicle, but in the place of news of this sort we expect to present a feature that will prove even more attractive. Our readers may set their hopes high; they will not be disappointed.

There is a curious suggestion of blue mold and dry rot about the announcement that the directors have resolved to proceed with the erection of the opera house. It strikes us that we have heard something like this before. Nevertheless, it is a good resolution, and deserves to be acted upon.

The Presbytery of St. John is right. The SCOTT act is a failure. One reason for this is that a good many of its loudest-voiced "supporters" have proved to be failures as temperance men. *Vide* Portland.

If the people of the two cities are as sensible as we believe them to be, the advocates of union will have but one subject of anxiety on the evening of the 19th of March: the size of the majority in favor.

So the I. C. R. has "had a car-load of rubbers on the way since the 20th February," has it? What's the matter with closing the railway and going back to the turn-pike roads?

A German book entitled *Letters from Hell* made a great success, last year. There should be a suggestion in this for future literary efforts on the part of the late Mr. PIGOTT.

March came in like a lamb. So did President HARRISON. He hadn't a word to say about fish.

For the excellent cut of Attorney-General BLAIR, *Progress* is indebted to the Fredericton Farmer.

If you have rooms "to let," remember that every house-hunting woman reads "*Progress*." Only 10 cents.

# WEIGHTY WORDS

## Canada's Daughters!

The Enormous Regular Sales of Thousands of Boxes of



For all Waters. For all Waters.

Is the best proof that the public know and appreciate its MAGICAL CLEANSING PROPERTIES and TONICITY. STERLING VALUE. Being of FULL WEIGHT, it is a boon to RICH and POOR ALIKE.

A lady writes: "I find it saves time and material, as the clothes require less rubbing, no boiling, and wash a much purer color than with ordinary Soap. I recommend it to every housewife."

Every bar weighs 16 oz. Cannot injure the most delicate fabric.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

WM. LOGAN, - - - Sole Manufacturer.

## SHERATON & SELFRIDGE,

38 King Street,

(OPPOSITE ROYAL HOTEL),

Open about March 20.

## McCOY'S SIR CHARLES.

THE FAMOUS TROTTERING STALLION'S BREED AND GET.

Sired by Mambrino Charta, His Dam the Noted Lady Messenger—What His Colts Have Done—A Correspondent's Note on Local Trotters.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

FREDERICTON, March 5.—Having just learned that the standard-bred trotting stallion Sir Charles (2745) is to make the coming season in St. John, a short description of his breeding and of the ability of his get follows:—

Sir Charles is a handsome stallion, now almost white, standing 15 1/2 hands high and weighing over 1100 pounds. He was bred by Mr. T. B. Barker, of St. John and was foaled in 1876, and is therefore now 13 years old. He was sired by Mambrino Charta (868) a beautiful golden, chestnut stallion, brought to St. John in 1874 by Mr. John Fitzpatrick. The dam of Sir Charles was the famous mare Lady Messenger, the dam of Crown Prince, 2.25, Crown Princess, trial in 2.20, and Grey Chester, credited with considerable speed. Charta was a well bred horse and was also a trotter himself, having obtained a record of 2.30 1/4 after leaving St. John, and was the sire of Helena, 2.32, and other good ones.

It will thus be seen that Sir Charles is bred for speed on both sides, and he does not belie his breeding, for he can probably show as much speed as any horse living.

This may seem an extravagant statement to make, but it is founded on the facts that he has several times trotted quarters in 34 seconds to a road wagon, and is credited with a trial quarter to sulky in 32 seconds, without being conditioned for fast trials.

In the light of these facts, the statement may not seem so extravagant to the unprejudiced.

Unfortunately for Sir Charles and his owner, the horse suffers from some head or throat trouble, which interferes with his carrying his clip for long distances; otherwise, there can be little doubt that he would prove the fastest of the get of old Lady Messenger.

That this throat or head trouble is not hereditary, and is not transmitted, and should give no cause for hesitancy in using him as a sire, is amply exemplified in five of his get as have reached four and five years old, and which trot fast and show no signs of this defect.

The get of Sir Charles that have made records in public races, are Maud C. (2.39 1/4), Lady Max, four-year-old, record 2.42, and Maggie T., four-year-old, record 2.46. Beside these, he has sired a number of others that have been quite as promising, but that have not been started in public races.

Maud C. was bred and is owned by Mr. Thomas Clark, of your city, and was out of a mare by Southerner (thoroughbred). Maud C. made her first public appearance at Moosepath, as a three-year-old, where she was beaten by Fowler's Maud F., and beaten for place by LaForest's Conductor, then two years old. As a four-year-old she obtained a record of 2.46, on the old Fredericton track, in a very hotly-contested race, her particular rival being Fowler's

Maud F. As a five-year-old she again appeared in Fredericton, at the opening meeting of the new half-mile track, and won the race against aged horses, and obtained her record of 2.39 1/4. In the summer of 1888 she was not started in any races.

Lady Max, 2.42, as a four-year-old, is owned by Mr. George Carvell, of your city, and trotted in the four-year-old class throughout the New Brunswick circuit in 1888, and obtained her record at Woodstock, after a very close contest with Maggie T., the latter mare making her record of 2.46 in this same race.

Maggie T. is a bay mare of good size and substance, bred by the late Mr. Alex. Thompson, of Nashwaakiss, and owned by Mr. John McCoy, the owner of Sir Charles. When a foal, Maggie T. fell through a railway bridge into the water below, and in this fall injured one hip. The injury it was feared would prove permanent, but time overcame it, and the mare was last summer able to trot out her miles in hotly-contested races of split heats. She was never handled for speed until the summer of 1888, and her improvement was almost phenomenal.

Sir Charles was purchased by Mr. McCoy, and brought to Fredericton in 1883, when seven years old. Since then he has been kept for service in this vicinity, with the exception of part of the season of 1888, when he was in St. John. He has colts here coming five, four, three, two and one year old, and promising ones among them.

A filly, coming four years old, owned by a gentleman at Nashwaakiss, is very favorably spoken of by those who have seen her speed, and one Sir Charles enthusiast goes so far as to say that she is the filly to look to, to next season lower the four-year-old record of 2.42.

# BARNES & MURRAY,

17 CHARLOTTE STREET.

Just Received: New Styles in English Collars, Cuffs and Shirts; in the latter we would direct attention to the New "Eclat" style, Colored Front in a White Shirt, to be worn with White Collars. The very Latest Style. Also, for Evening wear, the New Open Front "Court" Shirt. Prices moderate.

BARNES & MURRAY.

N. B.—See our Window.

## The New Crockery store,

94 KING STREET.

DAILY RECEIVING—NEW GOODS. Now showing a fine display of CUT-GLASS DECANTERS, CELERIES, CLARETS and WINES; also, DECORATED TOILETTE SETS, and OLD BLUE WILLOW CHINA BREAKFAST and TEA SETS, and CUPS, SAUCERS and PLATES.

## C. MASTERS.

## Pictures Framed,

TRY THE

GORBELL ART STORE, - - 207 UNION STREET.

GLAZES and FIRE SCREENS a specialty.

# CLOSING SALE.

The Last Fifteen Days.

## THE BANKRUPT STOCK OF DRY GOODS

—IN THE STORE LATELY OCCUPIED BY—

## McCafferty & Daly

MUST BE SOLD BY MARCH 10th.

Dress Goods, 9 cents and upwards, less than half price.

SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS PLUSHES, VELVETEENS and BROCADES, at One-third Usual Price.

TABLE LINEN, TOWELS, TOWELLING, SHEETINGS AND ALL DOMESTIC GOODS, at less than Factory prices.

## Trimmings, Laces, Fancy Goods,

LISLE THREAD AND SILK GLOVES, COTTON HOSIERY, ALL AT ONE-QUARTER THEIR PRICE.

By order of the Trustee,

M'CAFFERTY & DALY.

hay and 1,200 bushels of oats, are among the improvements. A half-mile track entirely covered by a weather shed will be ready for use in the spring. The famous stallion Lumps, 2.21, will stand at Bates farm, near Boston, Mass., this season. Edgardo, by Rumor, and Elation, by Electioneer, dam by Voluteer, will be kept at home. Edgardo will be trained by the farm manager, James Kohoe, an expert in every way, who is likely to put this young horse in the 2.30 list at Mystic. Adele Gould, 2.19 is in foal to Elation, and so is Kate Taylor, 2.23 1/2. Old Emeline's daughters, Daisy Hartshorn and Alice Blackwood, will be bred to Bell Boy, and then put in training with the object of lowering their records."

A word to the wise: Buy "Ideal" Soap.

## WHY?

Sometimes how near you are, Sometimes how dear you are: Then, then, so far, so far, Like some far star you are.

Sometimes through you, through you I see the gray sky blue, And feel the warmth of May In the December day.

Sometimes, sometimes I let All burdens fall, forget All cares and every fear, In your sweet atmosphere.

Then, then, alas! alas! Why does it come to pass, Before her dream does die, That I drift and drift away?

Why does it come to pass, Behind its wall of clay? Someone began: "Alas! Why doth the spirit fall, And hide itself away? Behind its wall of clay? Someone began: "Alas! Why doth it come to pass?"

—Nora Perry, in the Boston Transcript.