

WHY AND HOW WE DID IT

FOR THE CITY, ITS MERCHANTS AND OURSELVES.

The First 24 Page Paper Issued in Lower Canada—Artist and Engraver, Printer and Pressmen Helped to Make This Paper, And Nobody is Ashamed of It.

PROGRESS has today a little story about itself. It goes to the people a paper of 24 pages—the largest journal ever given to a maritime public.

It contains 59 splendid illustrations of St. John's public and private enterprises. It shows St. John in its true light, a handsome, well-arranged and well-built city of modern times.

It displays in attractive style the special business announcements of 88 enterprising firms of our city. To have included every business concern, PROGRESS would have been compelled to make the edition three times its present size.

For the information of tens of thousands who will read this paper, PROGRESS will give some idea of Why and How it was gotten up.

It is easy to answer, Why. The idea at the bottom of the undertaking was to give the fairest kind of an estimate of the St. John of the present day, by means of illustrations; to show the outer public that its business streets and business houses are as handsome as those of any city of the same size in the world; to give it the benefit of a true representation, of one that cannot lie, that of the camera and the engraver. It is intended to benefit the merchants and citizens of St. John and to do PROGRESS what good it may.

To answer the second part of the question, How, is another and more difficult task. The photographer, the engraver, the printer and pressmen are helped to place the magnificent edition of today before the people.

All credit is due to that skilful and faithful artist, Mr. A. Stoerger, who a short time ago succeeded Mr. Bruckhof in his photographic business in this city. His eye and his camera obtained the faithful representations of St. John which go to the public today. No man understands his business better, no man is more obliging and courteous to his customers. So PROGRESS has found him, and so will every person who gives him the honor of a trial.

Then the engravers. PROGRESS hardly knows how to speak of the splendid work which the Electro-Light Engraving company of New York have put into this edition. They have not gone half way. Their work speaks for itself. With the aid of the most skilful artists and all the modern engraving appliances at their command, they have made PROGRESS the handsome illustrated paper it is today. Ever since it started, nearly eight months ago, PROGRESS has been a regular customer of this company. Their work has always been of the most satisfactory character, and what is of equal importance to even a weekly paper, they have always been prompt.

The editors of PROGRESS could not be better pleased with any work than that of the Electro-Light Engraving company. As they say themselves, their best efforts have been given us, and to verify their assertion, 1,000 copies of this edition are ordered to their New York address, to be sent as samples throughout the length and breadth of the United States and Canada.

In their latest favor to the publisher of PROGRESS, dated Dec. 10, they write:

We will ship the last of your order today and wish to say we feel confident you will have the finest illustrated paper ever issued, as we are satisfied from what we have seen of your previous efforts that the printing will be all it should in order to show the cuts to advantage. We have taken special pains to make the work of a much higher character than usually done for newspaper illustration, and feel that we could have no better medium to show our abilities than PROGRESS. Consequently we wrote you to strike us off 1000 copies of the paper, it being our intention to send them out to the leading papers in the States, which will do your city no harm as it will probably be noticed in many of them.

Trusting you will meet with the success your energy deserves, We are, Respy' Yours, (Signed) ELECTRO-LIGHT ENGRAVING CO.

These are very complimentary words from the largest engraving company in the United States.

The merchants of St. John and PROGRESS unite in giving them the palm for first class engraving.

The composing room of PROGRESS is not large. It is smaller than it should be, yet with the comparatively limited means at its command that first-class foreman and printer, Mr. James Porter, worked day and night and came out on time on every occasion with the handsomest and largest paper ever issued in Lower Canada.

When "Billy" Marshall, the tireless and competent press-room foreman of the Telegraph, undertook to print 90,000 impressions of the special edition of PROGRESS, he underestimated the work. On a perfecting press the work would not have been anything more than ordinary, but to stand and feed 45,000 papers twice into a single-cylinder Potter press, the speed of which at no time exceeds 1,400, is a great task, especially when the paper and ink

are both equal to what is usually required for finer printing. But he did it, as he does every week, in first-class style, and in addition printed every day the large editions of the Daily Telegraph and those great circulating mediums, PROGRESS, and the Weekly Telegraph. He not only printed 45,000 papers, but he folded them.

Then the labor of handling, trimming and stuffing one paper within the other began. Night and day the work went on, until this morning everything is in a fair way for newsboys, the subscribers and the mails.

This article would be incomplete without mention of the author of the interesting special articles which appear in this issue. This credit falls to Mr. W. K. Reynolds, who joined the editorial staff of PROGRESS some time ago. His descriptions speak for themselves.

Many of the articles on St. John's business houses are the work of that bright and ready writer, Mr. C. J. Milligan, who was specially engaged for the work.

And now in conclusion, gentlemen, merchants of St. John, PROGRESS hopes you are content with its efforts. It has done what it could. It wants no better reward than your satisfaction, your commendation of its efforts.

This is PROGRESS' first appearance in Holiday Attire. It will not be the last.

MONEY IN A RAT HOLE.

Patrons of the Bucket Shop Who Are Kicking Against the Bad Luck.

The King street bucket shop has narrowly escaped some trouble with one of its victims. Very recently Lieut.-Col. James Domville, of Kings county, had a transaction in which he was "wiped." This meant a loss of about \$200. Colonel Domville contended that there was something wrong in the manipulation of the affair, and that, the order was in Boston at a certain hour. If so he should not have lost. The colonel, with his usual impetuosity, started to bring suit against the concern. The matter was compromised, however, and an effort was made to hush up the affair.

When Col. Domville loses again, as he is sure to do, he may take more determined action. He is the right kind of a man to make matters lively when he gets fairly started.

Several wellknown patrons of the concern have become discouraged of late, and withdrawn their business. Every one of them is out of pocket, but the most of them have the sense to see that they will lose still more if they keep on.

The bucket shop is bound to win in the long run. The odds are all in its favor and wholly against the speculator. It is a sure thing for the sharks.

One young man of St. John, who comes of a pretty conservative family, has already dropped about \$5,000. Public rumor is busy with the names of others who have lost a good deal more than they can afford to lose.

A good square gambling resort, with all modern improvements, would be in advance of the bucket shop as far as honesty is concerned. It would give "the boys" fairer chances and more of them. And it would be called by its true name.

A Great and Growing Business.

To most of the readers of PROGRESS it will be no news that Mr. C. H. Peters, whose wholesale flour, grain and feed stores and offices are to be found on Peters' wharf, is doing a great and growing business. He is probably the largest importer of grain and feed in the lower provinces and, judging from the amount of freight he sends to the different points outside, local dealers have found out that they can buy from Mr. Peters at lower prices and with more certainty as to quality than they can import direct. Mr. Peters also supplies a number of the largest lumber operators in the provinces, and today has his hands full filling orders. The best idea of the extent of his business is conveyed by the fact that he has received by rail, during the months of November and December, more than 200 cars of freight.

Don't Let It Haunt You.

Don't get scared at that plain, unpretentious white manilla envelope you may chance to find in the paper which reaches you today. It wont hurt you if you put a dollar in right away and drop it in the post-office. If you fail in this, your duty, the envelope may haunt you.

There's No Need to be Cold.

There isn't any just cause why any one should have cold hands, heads or bodies, this winter, so long as Manks & Co. have their immense and splendid stock of furs, capes, caps, muffs, sacks, in fact, everything that a happy man or woman should have on a cold day.

They Are Often Queer.

A curious story from the woods states that a very pious lumberman built a church in that vicinity—or what serves the same purpose—and whenever a strange man of cloth came along derives five dollars a Sunday-rem for the use of the structure. Religious men are sometimes queer.

IS TUMBLETY THE MAN?

FACTS WHICH TEND TO MAKE HIM AN OBJECT OF SUSPICION.

Peculiar Characteristics, Which Belong also to the Whitechapel Murderer—The Singular Record of a Remarkably Mysterious Individual.

The last of the Whitechapel murders took place on the 9th of November. Ten days later the police arrested on suspicion a man who gave his name as Dr. Tumblety of New York.

Up to a day or two of that time the London police knew nothing of Tumblety. They arrested him on "general principles." They had no proof against him. As they had known nothing about him they could not have shadowed him and learned his habits previous to his arrest. He was simply suspected because he was an odd character, an American and a "doctor."

Having thus made haste to bungle matters in true Dogberry fashion, they found themselves without a particle of evidence against the prisoner. He probably convinced them that he was in some place other than Whitechapel when the last murder was committed.

A man with the cunning of the Whitechapel murderer would be very likely to provide himself with proof of an alibi for each occasion.

Tumblety could not be held for murder, but he was charged with dealing in immoral literature. The bail was fixed at \$1,500. Dr. Tumblety furnished it, went France, took a steamer at Havre and reached New York on Dec. 2. He apparently did not lose a day in making his flight from England.

Since Tumblety's arrest there have been no murders in Whitechapel.

This of itself proves nothing. An interval of 40 days elapsed between the deaths of the last two victims. But if it happens that no more murders do take place while Tumblety is in America, there will be a reasonable ground for suspicion that he knows something about the matter.

And why Tumblety more than any else? Tumblety has been notorious as a woman hater. In all that is known of his life in the last thirty years he has never made himself the companion of females. His antipathy to fallen women has been especially marked. As long ago as August, 1861, when in Washington, he had an anatomical museum in which the chief feature was an unusual number of glass jars, containing specimens of the same nature as those which have been carved from the Whitechapel victims. He was continually denouncing women, at times flying into a fury when the subject was mentioned.

Tumblety is believed to be insane. Time and again he has been forced to leave places because of abominable vices. Surgeon General Hammond, one of the best modern authorities on such subjects, holds that men addicted to such vices are undoubtedly insane. More than that, before Tumblety was suspected Dr. Hammond gave his opinion that the murderer when found would be a man of that class.

Tumblety has some surgical skill, without doubt. Charlatan though he undoubtedly is, he has been practising medicine for the last 30 years, in all parts of the world, and he has naturally acquired some knowledge and dexterity in the use of the knife. He is a tall, heavy man and quite strong enough to do all that the Whitechapel murderer has done.

Tumblety does not belong to St. John, as claimed by some. While much of his life is a mystery, his early antecedents are well known. He was born in Rochester, N. Y., about 55 years ago. He was of Irish family and his parents lived in the outskirts of the city. He is described as a good-for-nothing boy with no education. When he was 15 years old he was selling books and papers of doubtful character on the canal packets. When he was 17 he disappeared from Rochester. This was in 1850, and there is no trace of him until 1854, when he was found selling quack nostrums in Hamilton, Ont. A year later he was practising medicine in Detroit and styling himself "Doctor." The only training he is known to have had was as assistant to another "doctor" of shady reputation who kept a drug store.

From 1855 to 1860 he can be traced in various cities of the United States, but chiefly in Boston and New York. In 1860 he came to St. John and soon became a very conspicuous figure with his horse and sleek hound. He boarded at the American House, which has since been remodelled into the Royal Hotel. He advertised to cure all kinds of hopeless cases, and with the usual good luck of such impostors, had quite a number of patients. He gave the printers a good deal of work in supplying him with circulars setting forth his abilities. These circulars were in the form of certificates, purporting to come from patients who had been cured. A well-known pilot suffering with a tape worm sought the quack, who dosed him with medicines until the man thought he was relieved. Then Tumblety, without consulting the patient,

sent out a flaring advertisement signed by the pilot and testifying to the doctor's wonderful skill. The incensed patient talked of pursuing Tumblety with a club, but unfortunately failed to do so. Other cases of a nature which the patients would have preferred to conceal were published, names and all, to the intense rage and mortification of the victims. The vile character of Tumblety was fully shown at another time by an assault which he attempted on a young drug clerk who came to him as a patient.

Some person stabbed his dog while here, but with what motive no one could learn. Tumblety offered a reward and advertised himself as much as possible on that occasion. His "system" of treatment was of the most crude character. One patient, who was dying from cancer, was dosed with gin and kept so under the influence of it that the intoxication deadened the pain and gave the sufferer new hope. Tumblety also undertook to cure James Portmore, an old volunteer fireman, but Portmore died and an inquest was held by Coroner William Bayard. After a post-mortem was ordered, Tumblety left the city. A verdict of manslaughter was returned, the evidence that the man had died from the drugs administered being most conclusive. During the inquest and before the doctor fled, those present at the hearing were horrified at a nearly successful attempt of the hound to abstract the heart and liver of the dead man from the receptacle in which they lay.

Tumblety fled from St. John in the night, mounted on the white horse which he had made so conspicuous during his stay. He took the post-road to St. Stephen and crossed to Calais. He rode with the haste of Paul Revere in his midnight ride. Farmers along the road were startled from their sleep by the sound of furious galloping. Looking out they could see a tall man on a white charger, with a big hound running fleetly by his side. The driver of the mail stage on its way to St. John, turning a curve in the road, saw a man urge a white horse into the bushes where he remained hidden until the stage had passed. This was the first week in October, 1860, and it was the last seen of Tumblety in New Brunswick.

The next heard of him was in Boston, in the same year. He was then masquerading as an inventor of a pimple cure. He still had his horse and his hound, and did a brisk business.

From Boston, Tumblety went to New York, where he figured in gorgeous style. A year or so later he got into some trouble with the authorities there, and his St. John record was quoted against him. He explained it by saying that his great success as a healer had so interfered with Dr. Bayard's practice that the doctor, in his capacity of coroner, had trumped up a prosecution, and so annoyed him that he left the place.

The civil war began in April, 1861, and a month or two later Tumblety was among the crowd of adventurers who infested Washington. He lived in high style and wore a military dress, sometimes that of an army surgeon. He sought the company of military men, but as his true character became known, he left the city and went to St. Louis. There he was arrested for unlawfully wearing a surgeon's uniform. Some time after that he was again arrested on the strength of anonymous letters charging him with being identical with Dr. Blackburn, who was accused of trying to spread yellow fever by means of infected rags. Tumblety easily proved his identity, and it is believed the anonymous letters were written by himself for the purpose of gaining notoriety.

In 1868 he went to Pittsburg, established an office and remained there about three years. Having made some "mistakes" in treating patients, he disappeared and went to Chicago. He was compelled to leave that city and went to England, where he was seen chiefly in London and Liverpool. Between 1875 and 1878 he was in New York, and was regarded as a suspicious character. He is reported to have had \$100,000 in bonds at that time. In the spring of 1878 he again went to Europe, and remained two years. When he returned he was in the courts again, but this time as plaintiff in a suit regarding the disposition of his bonds. He also brought a suit against his former secretary, a young man, charging him with appropriating some bonds. The young man laid information against him for atrocious assault, and both cases were finally dropped.

During the last eight years Tumblety has lived in New York much of the time. He went to England a year or more ago. Since he left St. John he has been in every American city of note from Boston to San Francisco.

Tumblety had a good deal of mesmeric force, and cases are mentioned in which he obtained such power over young men that he could exercise complete control over their actions. In some cities, also, he had a valet or attendant, who constantly followed him, and who was probably wholly obedient to his will. Whether he had such a one in London is not stated. If so, the case would be the stronger against him. Altogether Tumblety is not unworthy of consideration in connection with the Whitechapel murders.

THEY ARE IN EARNEST.

MEN WHO MEAN TO TRY FOR AN EFFICIENT BAY SERVICE.

They Have Begun in the Right Way and Have Made a Most Encouraging Start—There's No Such Word as Fail in the Lexicon of Public Spirited Citizens.

"It goes, it goes, it goes." A company for the securing of a suitable bay service, from St. John to Nova Scotia ports, already has a name. It will soon have a local habitation as well. "The New Brunswick Steamship company," has started into life and so far the following citizens have shown faith in it. They have signed for stock as follows:

- H. D. Troop.....\$2,000
Simcoe Jones..... 2,000
Daniel Patton..... 2,000
Samuel Hayward..... 1,000
Manchester, Robertson & Allison..... 1,000
T. L. Bourke..... 1,000
W. Vasile..... 1,000
Capt. Fleming..... 1,000
W. H. Thorne..... 500
Hall & Fairweather..... 500

Only one or two merchants of any prominence have declined to add their names to this encouraging list. Perhaps they will be glad to come in later. They have made money out of Nova Scotia in the past, and the least they can do is to show some public spirit in the present.

Mr. Howard D. Troop is pushing the enterprise, and that is equivalent to saying that it will "go." The idea is to have a boat built in Great Britain, at a cost of about \$75,000, of which \$50,000 must be secured to warrant the undertaking. This boat will be serviceable and swift. It will be just such a boat as is needed. The idea is to have daily trips in the summer and tri-weekly in the winter. The steamer will be able to cross the bay in two and a half hours, or so.

With \$12,000 subscribed at the start, "there is no such word as fail." The right men are to the front, and a first-class bay service is a certainty.

CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND.

A Chance for Children and Others to See An Old Country Yule Tide.

Whether next week be fine or stormy the public will be able to see a tableau vivant every day until Christmas is past. Mr. A. O. Skinner will provide it, free of charge in his spacious warehouses.

It will more than delight the children. It will deeply interest even "children of a larger growth."

The scene represents a good-sized English cottage, peopled with living occupants. Through the open casement of one room can be seen "the night before Christmas," while the other room represents "Christmas day." Snow has fallen and lies on the roof, and on the ground outside. The hedges, characteristic of English country scenes, and the trees near by, alone show a contrast by their dark green. Santa Claus—a real live Santa Claus—arrives in his sleigh, drawn by a reindeer, and distributes his bounty. Near by is a church, from the doors of which, at certain intervals, come Christmas carollers, who surround the cottage and sing their sweet music. Every attention has been given to fidelity of detail, and the exhibition will be worthy of a visit from all who want to see the best attractions of Christmas week.

Not only will the tableau prove attractive, but all the surroundings will be of a kind to attract the eye and gratify the taste. The large apartment will be adorned with curtains and hangings of rich design and fabric. They would of themselves be an attraction, were there no special exhibition.

Mr. Skinner will be ready to delight young and old on Monday afternoon. He is likely to have plenty of visitors during the holiday season.

All Good Men to Deal With.

Three of the handsomest engravings published in this issue of PROGRESS represent the insurance business. On the 19th page are pictured the fine offices of Mr. C. E. L. Jarvis, representing that sterling company, the Queen, of London, which has a total fund of more than \$7,000,000. The 22d page is ornamented with the Marshall building, where Mr. Edward L. Whittaker transacts the local business of the popular and reliable Imperial Fire company, which has a history of 85 successful years. The Pugsley building, corner Prince William and Church streets—shown on page 2—is occupied by Messrs. Whittaker & Co., one of the best known and best patronized insurance firms in the city, and also by Mr. R. W. W. Frink, whose energy and ability have brought the British America and Western so far to the front. In this building, it may be added, are also the offices of Hon. William Pugsley, M. P. P.

Actual Fact—No Discounts. All Goods at Lowest Possible Prices. Small Profits—Quick Returns. Call Early and Avoid the Rush. Facts are Stubborn Things. We are Selling all Lines of Christmas Cards, Booklets, Plush Goods, and Miscellaneous Books of all Kinds at Lowest Prices during the Holiday Season. No Second Prices. Call and Inspect at 80 King Street. D. McArthur, Bookseller.

A MERE IMITATOR.

An "Announcement" That Was Very Amusing, but Not Original.

A very curious and amusing thing happened Tuesday morning. The Sun had a double-leaded editorial announcing its intention to follow PROGRESS' example and issue a special number sometime within the next three months.

The announcement wasn't made in just those words, but the construction is a fair one.

There isn't one claim to originality in the entire announcement. This number of PROGRESS—the holiday edition—is 24 pages, contains 144 columns of reading matter, is printed on the best paper used by any journal in Canada and numbers 15,000 copies. The Sun says of its proposed special number, "It will be 24 pages, containing 144 columns of matter, printed on a specially made paper and the circulation will be at least 15,000."

The people of St. John and New Brunswick by referring to the present issue of PROGRESS and its back numbers will doubtless conclude that originality isn't one of the Sun's accomplishments.

Here's a very amusing paragraph in the "announcement":

It was at first intended to issue a special Christmas number. Afterward it was thought better not to produce a mere advertising sheet, but a paper that would be useful, not only for present information, but also to file for future reference. We have therefore decided to delay publication until February, when valuable statistics of local trade can be procured which it would be impossible to obtain before the end of the current year. It is proposed to insert a limited number of suitable advertisements.

Yes, the Sun did intend to issue a "special Christmas number." Its intention to do this was so good that a number of leading mercantile houses in the city were approached for their patronage, and in some cases the support was promised. A canvasser was partly engaged to assist in getting advertisements. The "special" was to be illustrated. It was, in fact, to carry the town by storm.

But PROGRESS went into the "special" field about this time, and the "mere advertising" edition of the Sun failed to materialize. Opposition is the life of trade, but it made it very dull for the daily morning "luninary." It has been under a cloud ever since.

The merchants and people of New Brunswick appreciate originality; they lend a willing hand to help an enterprising journal, but they are not responsive to the mere imitator.

And that's what the Sun is.

Blown In by the Wind.

Several things have floated in this week. Some are worth noticing, others are not. Two brightly illustrated and interesting pamphlets are The Toy the Child Likes Best, from J. & A. McMillan. They give complete information of the Anchor Stone Building Boxes and are indispensable for noisy infants.

The combination blotter and calendar presented by Mr. Geo. E. Fairweather, the agent of the Hartford fire insurance company, is something new, original and certainly useful. Another from the same gentleman and bearing the imprint of the London and Lancashire fire insurance company has convenient memoranda upon the back for every day in the year.

Mr. Geo. W. Day's holiday paper, Christmas is Coming, and Messrs. Wilson and Seeley's handsome and readable Christmas and New Year Advertiser, are both at hand. The former has some handsome cuts, the latter some bright articles, and both overflow with "ads."

The Queen Insurance company sends its convenient blotting-books and gorgeous calendar, through its agent, Mr. C. E. L. Jarvis.

There's Nothing Like Improving.

There was a good thing in the Telegraph a few days ago, on the new belts and batons of the Portland policemen. Referring to the former, the handcuff pockets in them were spoken of as relieving the most convenient pocket of the officer. Every one knows that the Portland policeman's handcuff pocket is also his flask pocket. Now that he has more room in that particular receptacle, will he carry a quart bottle or a jug?

Save It for Christmas.

Sunday-school children are precocious. The smaller they are the worse they are. A very ambiguous item appeared in PROGRESS recently, and the tiny youths and maidens thought their teacher was the happy woman. She wasn't, but all the same they had the money subscribed for the present before they found it out. Since PROGRESS got them into the scrape, let it suggest a way out of it. Give her the gift Christmas.

A Conundrum.

"Tell me, whatever made you start PROGRESS?" was the startling conundrum a bright young lady fired at one of the editors this week. "Lack of something to do," was the reply. "Well, it was a fine idea. Do you know I never would have thought of it."