

PROGRESS.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE MEN PAID FOR THEM.

BUT CREDIT WASN'T GIVEN WHERE IT WAS DUE.

Indignant Workmen Who Are Not in a Position to Speak What They Feel—One Man Discharged and Others in Disfavor Because They Protested.

The 200 and more employes of Messrs. James Harris & Co. were surprised when pay-day came round, a short time ago, to find that every man employed by the firm had been docked 13 cents. One man looked at the other and asked, "What does this mean?" Then the question was put to the clerks in the office, who tartly replied: "It's to pay for the flowers bought for Mr. Harris' funeral."

This was news to the employes. They had bought no flowers, nor did they know that any had been purchased on their account.

There is doubtless not a man working in the foundry who would have refused to contribute 25 cents, or more, to a fund with which to pay a last tribute to their late lamented employer, but to have somebody else exalt himself by strewing \$25 worth of flowers on the grave and make the employes pay for it, was a little more than a few of the workmen could stand. Furthermore, in making the assessment the firm did not allow for the amount of money the men earned. The man receiving \$12 a week—if there is any in the foundry—was docked 13 cents and so was the boy earning \$3.

As a general rule the men who are in the employ of Messrs. Harris & Co. are not very independent, in one sense of the word. The firm is the only one in the city which does the kind of work that most of the men are employed at, and should one of their men leave their employ he could not easily get employment elsewhere. Besides, few of them can save enough money to afford to be idle a week, so with the majority it is work or want. But all the men are not so situated, and a few of these protested against the scheme, which it is supposed originated with a number of the bosses. When they spoke to the clerks about it those important personages quickly offered to give back the 13 cents, but the men were hardly mean enough for that. One employe, named Smith, insulted the clerks, they said, and one of the firm was told about the matter. He asked Smith to apologize to the clerks, which Smith refused to do. He was discharged.

The feeling among the employes of Messrs. Harris & Co. is very strong, but, as before stated, they are so situated that they cannot give vent to it. As it is, some of the "bosses" have informed the employes who "kicked" that they will be watched and docked at every opportunity.

The workmen say that it is not the first time they have been treated in this manner.

A short time ago, a man who had been in the firm's employ for a large number of years died—in poor circumstances. A paper was sent round among the employes, and every man put his name down for as much money as he could afford to give, towards defraying the funeral expenses. The man was buried, and when pay-day came around the employes found their full wages in their envelopes. Some of them asked why the amount of their subscription was not deducted. Those important personages, the clerks, informed them that it was all right, as one of the firm—giving his name—had settled the matter. The "one of the firm," therefore, got the credit of paying the funeral expenses. He did not pay them, however, for when pay-day came round again, every man found that the amount of his subscription had been deducted from his wages.

The men furnished the money, and "one of the firm" got the credit of being a kind-hearted philanthropist!

One employe tells PROGRESS that he does not know when he is going to receive his full pay, as things are now going on. The week when he wanted all the money he could get might be just the time when his pay would come to him short.

For an Idle Hour.
James Hepburn, Free Church Minister, by Sophie F. F. Veitch, is a book to be read by people who are on the look-out for breadth, originality, power and purpose in fiction. It is published by Williamson & Co., Toronto, and for sale by J. & A. McMillan.

Edward Bellamy's thought-provoking novel, *Looking Backward*, which Edgar Fawcett characterizes as "a romance of surpassing merit and noble purpose," is published in Ticknor's Paper series, at 50 cents. A. Morrissey has it.

The Summer Trade.

"We usually call July and August our dull months," said a King street merchant, yesterday, "but this year it appears to us that trade has been very even. There has been no marked difference and this I know is not only the case with us, but with many others with whom I have talked. These are brighter times and the brightest, I am convinced, are yet to come."

NOT A SCRAP OF PAPER.

The Managers of the Bucket Shop Are Taking Care Against Surprise.

Under the heading "The Gamblers in Stocks," the Toronto *World* devotes nearly three columns to the conviction of those persons captured in charge of and doing business in Hanrahan's bucket shop.

There is a decided wariness about the King street concern at the present time. The window displays are changed about as frequently as the goods inside the plate glass of a dry goods house, and still the "ad." don't take.

People are afraid of such a trap and do not relish possible arrest, exposure and fine by the authorities, because the same law that applies to Toronto is in force in St. John, and could and should be acted upon.

Since PROGRESS exposed the nature of the shop it is said that the "correspondents" have acted in the most careful manner, and that at no time could a tittle of evidence in the shape of books or papers be found about the place. Every order, as soon as it is received, is wired to Boston and the books are kept there. The cash is balanced and must agree with the Boston balance. In fact, if the law needed papers and books as evidence of the nature of the transactions carried on it would be effectually blocked—but there are other ways to get at the concern.

One of the front door dealers tells PROGRESS that the shop business has fallen off greatly, and it is plain from the additional announcements made of late that every effort is being made to attract persons to the gambling venture.

A \$600 Stamp Order.

It is remarkable how many large firms there are in this city who buy no stamps at our stamp depots. They receive as many and frequently more than they can use from their country customers who help swell the revenue of the outside offices and decrease the importance of the St. John office—for the standing of every office is regulated by its sale of stamps.

Nova Scotians are the people who prefer enclosing stamps to currency and instead of merely making up the odd change in this fashion, they quite frequently furnish firms with enough images of their Royal Highness to start a first-class stamp depot.

The largest order for stamps for any one parcel that was ever filled at the St. John office came a short time ago from the Bank of Montreal, which was sending a large registered parcel to England by letter postage. The stamps required to carry it amounted to over \$600 and were not on hand in the office at the time. Supposing the stamps were of the fifteen cent denomination it would require 4,000 of them to make up the amount. And yet that was the cheapest way to send the parcel!

A Profitable Business.

Blueberries are not so plentiful this season as usual and higher prices are the consequence. That section of country along the New Brunswick railway from Welsford to Fredericton Junction and beyond is the home of the blueberry and the haunt of the sharp agents who come every season from across the border to enrich the pickers and themselves. Last year the cash paid the pickers in this section for blueberries amounted to about \$10,000, which represented 200,000 quarts at 5 cents per quart. The price is 7 cents this year owing to the failure of the New England crop and a slight scarcity in New Brunswick. Still the amount of cash left here will be about the same. The freight on the berries to Boston is a cent and a fraction and they bring there from 12 to 14 cents and sell rapidly. Not a bad profit! So long as no shipment from any one station is valued at \$100, no duty is charged by Uncle Sam and it is unnecessary to remark that no shipment exceeds \$99 in value. The business is a flourishing one and profits everybody concerned, the people, the railway and the importers.

St. John Odd Fellows Honored.

The Odd Fellows of this city have good reason to be gratified at the deserved compliments paid their representatives to the Grand Lodge. Grand Warden Joseph Wilson, of Pioneer, accepted a well-earned promotion to the Deputy Grand Master-ship. In addition to this he was chosen one of the representatives to the Sovereign Grand Lodge. Two of the other representatives, D. D. G. S. Andre Cushing and E. G. Dr. Christie are also members of Pioneer. The new Grand Marshal, Mr. H. E. Codner, is a P. G. of Siloam.

Wee Blaas from the Horn.

A St. John lady, just returned from New York, says that the truest compliment she heard while away was that "PROGRESS was the best paper published in the provinces, its only fault being that it should be two instead of one dollar a year."

A representative of a large Canadian paper firm, when leaving PROGRESS' office a few days ago, after acknowledging that he could not supply the quality of paper used to print PROGRESS said, "Well, PROGRESS is the handsomest paper in Canada."

AT HIS WIFE'S BEDSIDE.

ASHLEY NEVERS, THE SUNBURY CO. RAILWAY OBSTRUCTOR

Returns Home for a Short Time to See His Wife, About Whose Health Her Friends Are Anxious—Affection for His Wife Banishes Fear of Law.

The crime of Ashley Nevers, his arrest, bail and disappearance are still fresh in the mind of everybody. It was a strange—a very strange case. What could possess a well-to-do farmer, a gentleman apparently, to deliberately place obstructions in front of a railway train and himself in the hands of the law, has remained a mystery ever since.

The story of his capture and the scene in his house has never been told. When the officers arrived at his residence, which is near Lincoln, Sunbury county, they saw Ashley and his father walking toward the barn and before either of them could lay hands upon the prisoner he had sped through the open barn door and was away to the woods. Chase was futile and after hours of waiting, during which his beautiful wife pleaded for mercy for her husband, the officers pretended to start for Fredericton but in reality left one of their number to watch the house. In a short time the fugitive returned entered his house and was welcomed tearfully and joyfully by his terrified wife. Her joy was shortlived for following her husband was an ambushed constable, and in a trice her protector was a prisoner. All present agree that the scene was a terrible one. The poor woman fainted again and again, and fearful of killing her the officers left her husband with her and a constable in the house. Thus the night was passed. Next day he was jailed and bailed, the prosecutors consenting, knowing of the delicate health of his wife.

The bail was for \$1,000, yet when the trial came on the prisoner appeared not, and the grand jury finding a true bill, the court issued a bench warrant, which is good for his arrest for 25 years. Of course he was in the States, and many placed his hiding place pretty correctly. No one imagined for a moment, however, that he would dare return home with the warrant impending. Yet he did. It would appear that his affection for his wife was as strong as hers for him, because when he heard of her illness he braved all danger of arrest and was at her side in a few days. Few knew of it at the time, but such news always spreads and Nevers was forced to leave his wife and country again.

For a short time Mrs. Nevers improved, but it was only temporary and at present PROGRESS is informed her friends are anxious about her. So is her husband, for he has been again at her side and within the reach of the law. And strange to say the law has a sympathetic side, for it knew of his presence but would not tear him from his sick wife.

How "Progress" Goes.

"Gimme 50 more papers."
"Can't do it; haven't one left."
"Why, I could sell 100 more!"
"Glad to hear it. We will give you another thousand next Saturday," and little Douglas McCarthy turned away from PROGRESS' counter last Saturday morning at 9.30 o'clock, having sold 485 papers since people got their eyes open. The competition is keener every week, but as the paper increases in circulation the boys find no difficulty in getting rid of all they can take out.

Although the edition printed last Saturday was an advance on all the regular editions, there was not a paper for sale in the office at 9.30 o'clock and from 10 to 12 o'clock half the newsdealers and newsboys in town were clamoring for PROGRESS literature. The only place to get them was from a far-seeing boy who had captured the last hundred in the office.

Money in Water Lilies.

It is surprising how many ways St. John boys take of earning money during the summer months. One has often noticed the numbers of boys who appear on the principal streets of the city with baskets of water lilies attractively displayed, but few would ever imagine how much money boys make by selling lilies. Going out to the numerous lakes behind the city, early every morning, these boys come to town with between 350 and 400 lilies, and offer them for sale during the day. Some boys have customers whom they supply daily with large quantities. The lilies are sold at a cent apiece or 10 cents a dozen. There are a number of boys who average \$1.25 a day at the business and some have taken home \$1.50 as the result of a day's work.

What About the Rubbish Law?

There are at least one or two merchants on every street who appear to delight in strewing the thoroughfare with rubbish. Very often a clerk litters the sidewalk and gutter with sweepings, but a greater nuisance than this is the man who will open cases of goods on the sidewalk and allow the packing to drift from one end of the street to the other. What about the rubbish law?

HE WILL COME TO ST. JOHN.

Mayor Hazen of Fredericton Will Come to This City to Reside Next Spring.

The will of the late Mr. F. B. Hazen, of this city, will probably result in Mr. J. Douglas Hazen, at present mayor of Fredericton, taking up his residence in St. John next spring.

Rumor has talked of the move for some time, but as yet little has been given to the public. The terms of Mr. F. B. Hazen's will are well known, but it is said the prospective move is induced more by Mrs. Hazen's compliance with an expressed wish of her late husband, who desired that Mayor Hazen should reside in St. John, manage the estate and receive half the income.

PROGRESS learns from an authoritative source that Mayor Hazen will not come to St. John before next spring. When he does come, Fredericton will lose one of the brightest and most eloquent orators in the dominion, and the Conservatives of York their ablest champion and hope of the future. In addition to this, the departure of the chief magistrate of the city and the member of a rising law firm cannot fail to make itself felt in the community.

St. John will welcome Mayor Hazen and afford him good opportunities to use that ability which has helped him to his present position. To every circle, professional, political and social, his welcome will be cordial.

An Absurdly False Statement.

It remained for that organ, of despair and untruth, the *Gleaner*, to find out from the Governor Marble party more than they knew, and to allow its imagination to run riot in its eagerness to malign St. John hotel keepers. The paragraph in Thursday's issue of that sheet, quoted in yesterday's Fredericton correspondence of the *Telegraph*, is more absurdly idiotic than anything it has printed for some time.

PROGRESS went to the Dufferin, the Royal and the Victoria, yesterday morning, and the statements made by the *Gleaner* were termed unqualified falsehoods by every one of the proprietors.

"It is in our interest to have people go to Fredericton, and we send them tourists take the river trip they return in a day or two to St. John and stop again at the hotel whereas if they did not go to Fredericton they would perchance cross the bay or go to Halifax and for us that would be the last of them."

The Royal and Victoria both instanced numerous parties sent by them up river.

As for Governor Marble's party, they had their route planned before they left Maine and soon after the Dufferin knew of their arrival, Manager Humphrey of the Union line was informed by the clerk that a large Maine party would probably take the steamer to Fredericton. But the statements are too absurdly false to need any further denial.

A "Patron" of the Street Cars.

"Say, do you want to have some fun?" a street-car driver inquired of PROGRESS, the other day. "If you do, ask the fellow who just got off how a married man, who lives on \$35 a month, can afford to patronize the line four times a day."

"Does that man spend one-sixth of his income in car-fares?"

"Not much, he don't! He would, though, if he wasn't a beat. I mean by that that he never pays when he can help it. Usually, he gets on the rear platform when the car is full; then, you know, he can't reach the fare-box, and of course he never thinks of passing up his nickel. Sometimes he works it the other way: strikes the car when five or six people are getting on or off, slides up to the front, takes their nickles and puts them all in the box—except his own. Once in a while, he lays out a cheap cigar on one of us drivers, so that we won't give him away, but we're all onto him, you bet! Some of these days I'm going to open the door and give him a blast, when there's a crowd to hear it. I guess his legs will be good enough to carry him, after that."

The Latest in Base Ball.

Since the inside pages went to press, Secretary Barker has received a letter from the South Portlands, and the chances of their coming here at an early date to play the Nationals are pretty good.

In Halifax, Thursday, the Atlantas—with Davison in the box—defeated the St. Stephens, of Boston, 10 to 4. The despatch which gives the news also states that the Atlantas and Socials have joined forces, under the latter name. The nine with which they hope to knock out the Nationals will probably be as follows: White, c.; Davison, p.; Smith, 1st b.; J. Pender, 2nd b.; Graham, 3rd b.; Power, ss.; M. Pender, r.f.; Manning, c.f.; Pickering, l.f. It is a pretty good team.

The *Telegraph* says that the "old Shamrocks" have re-organized, with the following nine: Griffin, p.; Hennessy, c.; Dyal, 1b.; Costigan, 2b.; P. Gorman, 3b.; McHugh, s.s.; John Callahan, r. f.; Smith, c.f.; Flaherty, l.f.
The Quoddy's of Eastport will play the Thistles on Barrack square, this afternoon.

ONE "COLOSSAL FRAUD."

DON'T THROW AWAY FIFTY CENTS ON THE SHOW.

The Opinion of One Who Attended the Performance in Fredericton—The Hired Horses and the Street Parade—A Bona Fide Notice of the Concern.

"What did you think of the circus?"

"Eh? What? Circus! You don't call that a circus. It's a fake, and a fake with a very large F. I am a circus crank, and so are all my family. We go on principle to everything that comes along, puts up a tent and pounds a big bass drum, but I don't mind telling you that I never was sold so completely in my life as Wednesday afternoon, in Fredericton, when I spent an hour and a half at Howe's 'colossal show'—colossal fraud it should be. I had an eye on the affair when it struck town at 7 o'clock that morning, and my curiosity bump was bursting my hat band. I was so eager to catch a glimpse of another circus. That's the kind of a crank I am. Well, it came, and after waiting an hour or two for the main circus train, the only arrivals up to that hour being two cabs and three fat cars, I became convinced that something was wrong, and I didn't enjoy my breakfast.

"I won't attempt to caricature the parade, because the horses in the Barker house stables are not bad-looking animals, and they composed the show, with the addition of some brass instruments and a copper-colored woman.

"Notwithstanding all this, you will laugh when I tell you I went to that show, paid 50 cents and obtained a good seat in a small-sized military tent. Half an hour later, I would have given double the money to escape unobserved, but I was compelled to stand it for an hour and a half, which was the length of the performance.

"You have seen the bill boards and the dead walls in every corner of the town placarded with flaming posters, most of which represent marvellous feats of horsemanship, bareback riding, Indian charges, etc., etc., etc. Well, there wasn't one horse in the ring during the performance. Everything was poor—even the simplest corner to see."

The above is the opinion of Howe's London show, announced to show in St. John today and Monday, given to PROGRESS by a Fredericton gentleman who was present. A PROGRESS representative saw a portion of the "circus" in Fredericton, Wednesday, and is convinced that it is the greatest fraud in its line upon the road. Anybody who wants to throw away 50 cents cannot find a surer method than attending one of its performances.

The press notices of the performances have been somewhat elaborate and contain everything best calculated to mislead the reader. The kind of a press notice that suits the concern best is a despatch sent to the Toronto papers commenting upon its performance at River du Loup. It is as follows:

"The show had been advertised as a 'colossal circus' but turned out to be a colossal fraud, and most of those who attended felt they had been duped.

That sums it up in short metre.

By the way, St. John and Portland people who remember "Pipsissewa," the fakir candy lottery that was removed from King to Main street at the suggestion of the chief of police, will be interested to learn that Messrs. Griffin & Baylis, the same gentlemen who run that concern, are with Howe's circus conducting a side show.

The above is an honest and free advertisement of this show and PROGRESS' thousands of readers are treated to the only bona fide notice of the fraud. This paper contains no paid advertisement of the "circus" though honesty compels the statement that it sought one before it was aware of the character of the show.

We Want Less Dust.

"Dust! Dust!! Dust!!! nothing but dust," said a King street merchant, sharply. "What, I wonder, do I pay about \$1,000 taxes for? To have every article in my store covered with destroying dust, to compel me to keep every window and door closed and suffocate my clerks and customers, or to induce me to keep a sprinkler employed all day long in front of my establishment? On my honor I believe it would be cheaper for me to hire a sprinkler every dusty day than have a close, unhealthy store and dirt-covered goods. King and Charlotte streets should be sprinkled at least three times on windy, dusty days, and the sooner the city council realizes this fact the better. A few of the merchants on this street are inclined to organize and do the work ourselves, if it cannot be done by the city contractor, who, if he got instructions to that effect, would be compelled to keep the dust down."

The Shares Rapidly Taken Up.

The subscription stock list for the new opera house, on Union street, has been opened, and the shares are being taken up rapidly. A little energy and perseverance is all that is needed to insure the erection of a structure which will be a credit to St. John.

A GREAT DAY AT MOOSEPATH.

Halifax Will be Present in Force—At Least Five Races—The Arrangements.

The determined efforts of some would-be sportsmen in this city to mar the success of the races at Moosepath, next Saturday, are as contemptible as they are futile, and should be regarded in that light by every attendant of the turf.

The arrangements for a great day's sport at the track are very complete. The grand stand has been seated the same as the Cricket and Athletic club stand, and all who attend can rely on having an opportunity to get a fine view of the races. A special train will be run from the city in the afternoon, and in order that the ladies may be rightfully accommodated, a special car has been reserved for them and their escorts. The train leaves at 2.30 o'clock, and the races begin at 3 o'clock.

Every pony in Halifax eligible for the race will be sent over. Among those already entered are The Boodler, Raggamuffin, Muffin, Why Not, The Tramp, Cheval Babcock and Arab.

The Halifax gentlemen who will come to St. John to attend the races will number 60, including the cricketers. Excursions have been arranged on all the trains to enable outside parties who wish to attend. By application to the secretary buses can be engaged to carry parties of 30. The Tally Ho is already engaged and present prospects indicate that the largest crowd Moosepath has seen for a long time will be present. There will be at least five races and the silks and satins of the turf will be shown off to good advantage.

THE FAKIR AND THE CHIEF.

The Letter "Shooed" the Former Away and Both of Them "Hurried."

Very few fakirs, with their "three for five" games, ever strike St. John. They do occasionally, by mistake, perhaps, but their visits are very short.

Two of them started business on South Market street, Tuesday evening. Their stock consisted of a tall machine and a heavy hammer, and the idea was to see how heavily one could hit. Anybody who knocked the stick above the black mark

The two proprietors were very seedy-looking. Nature never intended one of them for the business. He had whiskers, and brown, broken hat, and a voice like a tin whistle that wouldn't blow. He held a smoking torch and shouted: "Three blows for five—every time you knock 'em up you get a quarter," till he and the crowd were tired. The other fellow appeared to have been in the fakir business before, but had evidently done the "man in the crowd" act, as his voice didn't seem to be accustomed to loud talking.

Two men, a boy and a base ball player, lifted the hammer, pounded the machine and paid their "five," when Sergt. Weatherhead came rushing into the crowd and told the fakirs that they did not have a license. The fakirs knew this quite well and the man with the whiskers began to carry away the machine, while the crowd shouted "that's the stuff," "three for five," and tried to throw the man over. The crowd still hovered around when somebody was seen coming down through King square as though the wind had run away with his hat. It was the chief of police. He rushed up to the remaining "fakir" and, spreading his arms out, tried to "shoo" him away as if he was a hen or a chicken. The operator informed him that the machine was being removed. The chief said, "Well, hurry up then," and the fakir hurried up.

The New Rattan Furniture.

The handsome engravings of the new furniture exhibited in the windows of Harold Gilbert's new carpet warehouse will give thousands who have not seen them some idea of its beauty, comfort and excellence and the character of the output of Canadian furniture manufacturers.

New styles in furniture are as eagerly sought after as new styles of dress or new patterns of carpets and Mr. Gilbert says the popularity of the rattan furniture has increased in a marked and surprising degree. Scores of St. John people have replaced their heavy upholstered furniture with the rattan and like the change better every day. Outside customers have carried away many sets of it and are constantly ordering additional and odd pieces to meet their taste and requirements. It is impossible at present to give many particulars of the make, durability, etc., of the rattan, but these may be talked of in a future issue and those who wish to know at once can do no better than call at the warehouses.

A Busy Manufacturer.

Mr. W. H. Love, of Messrs. Scott, Lawton & Love, was in St. Andrews a few days ago making arrangements for beginning a large order for residence fittings. A building boom is what threatens St. Andrews and this enterprising firm is on the spot with quick and good work. A church at Campobello is finished with work from their factory and persons competent to judge say it is as handsome and unique a structure as can be found in the province.