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PROGRESS.

Notices of Houses, Flats or Apartments to Let, not to exceed Three Lines, about 25 words, in length, will be printed in "Progress" for 10 cents each insertion.

VOL. I., NO. 46.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

PREPARING FOR ACTION.

PORTLAND ELECTORS BEGIN TO SMELL THE BATTLE AFAR.

The Strong Probability That the City Will Have James C. Robertson for Its Next Mayor—Some of the Changes That May Be Found in the Council.

After Tuesday next, when the scheme of union will be voted upon, the people will begin to fix on their candidates for aldermen.

While as yet Mr. Robertson has given no positive assurance that he will be a candidate for the office of mayor, it is pretty well understood that he will consent to stand.

Meantime, a good many names are mentioned in connection with the ward elections. In Ward 1, it is believed that Alderman Holder will not offer again.

In Ward 2 the contest will be a bitter one. Lon. Chesley has been at work trying to strengthen himself for months past.

In Ward 3 the only new names mentioned so far are those of Joseph A. Likely and Thomas Millidge.

In Ward 4, a ticket has yet to be formed. Ald. Forrest positively refuses to be a candidate.

As a whole, there is a prospect of a tolerably decent city government next year.

Blank Books, of all kinds, for sale at McArthur's, 80 King street.

WATCH THE BAROMETER.

"Progress" Tells You It Will be Correct—So Watch the Indicator.

The chief of police has not yet received word that he may go in peace. Several men, among them "Uncle Abe" Whitebone, are anxious that he should remain.

There are strong grounds for the belief that "Uncle's" after-hour gas bill this winter was larger than it has ever been.

Col. Blaine is not a candidate for the little private office on King street east, and it is affirmed that since Sir William has had wind of the appointment of a "practical farmer" around the lunatic asylum, that he has lost his inclination to make it lively for the evil-doers of St. John.

Then Dr. John Berryman, M. P. P., up to the time of writing this, had not gone to Fredericton. The doctor says, laughingly, when his friends interrogate him, that he is very busy here, and nothing of great importance is done at Fredericton for the first ten days.

Perhaps these are good reasons. PROGRESS doesn't say, but when a certain word flashes over the wires from the capital, and Dr. John Berryman packs his grip and takes the train, it will mean that the present chief of police will retire to private life and Mr. W. W. Clark will assume the duties of the office.

It Should Have Read, "The."

The Boys' Own Paper (London) for February 23 prints a splendid portrait of Hugh McCormick, whom it says in the accompanying article is "the greatest skater in Canada, and one of the first in the world."

You Know! Now Where She Is.

It is hardly necessary to ask the lady readers of PROGRESS to note Mrs. J. K. Swinnoek's announcement in another column. She has removed to 39 Garden street, where the ostrich feathers entrusted to her care receive the same care and attention as ever.

WATER METERS IN DEMAND.

Every Importer of Brandy is Likely to Have One in the Future.

The liquor importers of St. John are likely to keep the water commissioners busy for a time, in looking after the meters that will be required by most of them.

The tariff which came into force March 4th, 1885, has the following clauses:

Spirits and strong waters, * * * * * for every imperial gallon of the strength of proof * * * * * viz: Geneva, gin, rum, whiskey and unenumerated articles of like kinds, \$1.75 per imp. gal.

Under this, for the last four years, brandy has paid \$2. on each proof gallon, and as it is about 25 per cent under proof, this has been a very different thing from paying that sum on each "running gallon."

The kickers are exercising their muscle yet. They refuse to be comforted, and several of them have written letters of indignant protest to Ottawa. They want to know why, if this ruling is right, it has taken four years to discover it.

This interpretation means a difference of about \$2. a case in the cost of brandy. The change has been made without any intimation whatever, and it is, of course a very cold day for those who have brandy on which the duty has not yet been paid.

They will be wiser in the future. Under the new ruling it matters not whether brandy is 50 per cent below or 50 per cent above proof. They will, therefore import the latter quality and reduce it with water to suit themselves.

But can any one explain why the customs officials have, as it would seem, blundered for four years, and who is the brilliant genius who, at this late day, has discovered the error?

British American, New York World, Sun and Herald. On sale at McArthur's.

What Fredericton Will Hear.

The minstrels leave for Fredericton at 3.30 Tuesday afternoon, by special train, to repeat their unique performance, in the City hall, that evening. Here is the programme, and if any Celestial hasn't a spare dollar, let him borrow one from his best girl, and with her occupy reserved seats.

Overture.....Orchestra
Opening Chorus.....Mr. Cleveland and Minstrels
Song—Angel Gabriel.....Mr. C. DeForest
Song—Evangeline.....
Song—Sitting on the Golden Fence.....Mr. J. Thomas
Song—I've Trailing Back to Georgia.....Mr. T. Murray
Song—Boost Me up to Glory.....Mr. W. Busby
Song—Ben Bolt.....Mr. G. McSorley
Song—Dem Chickens Roost too High.....
Song—The Old House Far Away.....Mr. H. G. Mills
Grand Finale Cake Walk.....Minstrels

To conclude with sketch: The Manager's Scene.

His Valentine Was Late.

Mr. John Fleming's valentine didn't reach him until last Monday. It came in the shape of a summons from the police court to answer to the charge of standing on the corner of Sydney and Union streets.

John hadn't got over his surprise when the evening paper published his name and the charge against him, with the information that it was dismissed. It transpired in court that officers Boyle and Macdonald hadn't the shadow of a right to make the information, and that Fleming was not on the corner. PROGRESS believes in clearing the corners, but because a complaint comes in against a certain corner that's no reason for patrolmen to grab the first man they see standing in the middle of the street.

Chairs Caned. Duval, 242 Union Street.

A Chance For Energetic Advertisers.

Advertisers who are ever on the look out for new and attractive features for their business announcements should follow the example of William Logan and get PROGRESS to secure for them advertisements as attractive as his. The publisher of PROGRESS represents the Electro-Light Engraving company of New York, and is able to get the best work for the least money.

SILVER TONGUED MEN.

THE ORATORS OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

"Flotsam" is At His Best on the House—The Men Who Do and Can Talk—Our Own Silas and Others About as Glib—Notes of the House.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

FREDERICTON, March 14.—By common consent the ablest speaker in the house is Premier Blair. His style of oratory is not free from defects but he is always worth hearing and when he has an important subject in hand, look out for a crowded gallery.

Here he comes, from the smoking-room probably, where his favorite cigar has just been thrown aside, his hand, perhaps, tenderly caressing his well-formed head as if to satisfy himself that the few thin iron-grey locks still lingering upon it have not taken flight. His carriage is erect, easy and graceful with just a dash of the quarter-deck in his stride.

His attire is neat, not snobbish, his bearing that of a man who takes a pleasant view of life, but is not to be turned aside in his course by trifles. On his desk he places a sheet or two of paper, on which a few very crude notes of the speech he is now about to deliver have been written, carefully adjusts his eye-glass, nods gravely to Mr. Speaker and then begins to speak.

At first his words fall slowly and now and then he hesitates a little while seeking for the word or phrase best adapted to his thoughts. But he warms quickly to his subject—too quickly perhaps to avoid a certain appearance of forcing himself into it—and soon is under full headway and speaking with all his usual vim and vigor.

His mind is of the acute and logical rather than original and creative type. While there is no lack of art in his way of putting things, and his language is both copious and precise, yet he never gives utterance to a thought that greatly surprises his hearers. He grapples with his subject boldly, and wastes very little time throwing side-lights upon it. One could wish that his mind were cast in a more imaginative mould.

He seldom indulges in sarcasm, indeed his style is too forceful and aggressive to permit of its frequent use. Of humor he has very little, while it may be added he is not slow to appreciate the wit of others. He never prepares his speech; he has only the roughest possible notes at hand of what he is going to say; it is a question whether he could prepare and deliver a set address, and I suppose the Premier is much too busy a man to ever attempt it.

Hence he lacks terseness of expression, and never attempts to clothe a thought in the smallest possible number of words. His address is a current that dashes strongly forward, with here and there a wave of emphasis rising up, but with never a ripple of laughter upon it, nor an eddy of humor within it, and seldom relapsing into peaceful and restful repose. Metaphor or parable or anecdote he never employs. But there is nothing common in the Premier's speeches. They are full of force and action.

They do not read, much less do they sound, as if they might have been delivered by anyone of half a dozen other members of the house. There is something of the statesman in the figure of the man, and when he really has his subject at heart—which is not always—there is, albeit the nicer arts of oratory are missing, the ring of true eloquence in his speech. Upon the whole we do not wonder that the secretary, whose seat is beside him, gazes upon the speaker with rapt admiration, that Mr. Solicitor watches him with a critical but appreciative eye, and that Lion Dan of Dorchester growls and grumbles, and squirms on his haunches while the hose of rhetoric is being turned upon him.

uses many times the number of words necessary to express the ideas he wishes to convey, spends a great deal of time over trifling matters and so is often tedious to his listeners. When he kills a mosquito he kills it with a sledge hammer.

What a strange mixture of kindness and rudeness, of frankness and suspicion, of honesty and bigotry this vigorous mortal is! Bigotry—I mean of the political sort, of course—savagely hostility and morbid distrust towards all who hold a different political creed from his own. Like Mr. Blair, Mr. Hanington makes very little preparation for his speeches, having only a few rough notes to guide him which it is needless to say he soon scatters to the winds.

Daniel is fearless, more aggressive than polite. He has neither wit nor humor but his language now and then forms a phrase or sentence of genuine eloquence and power. He has an excellent knowledge of parliamentary rules and usage, and in the general work of legislation is a most capable and useful adviser. When he speaks he is always listened to attentively. Perhaps his address would be more effective than it is but for the jibes he gets from the government benches—interruptions made for the purpose, one would think, of shunting him off the track of his argument and which, at all events, always produce that result.

At this business Mr. Solicitor, who sits smilingly across the way, is an adept. His deftly interjected sallies act like the waving of a big red flag before Daniel's fiery eye. He lowers his head and charges for it instantly and wastes time and breath in the fruitless chase. But Daniel usually covers the ground pretty thoroughly. He may knock the barn down but he threshes out the grain. His criticism is often just and forcible and seldom applied in a captious spirit. Given the time and the topic and a battle between Mr. Hanington and the Premier is a battle royal.

A speaker who seldom fails to interest the house is the solicitor-general. He is a critical observer, and when you see him focusing his right ear upon the doughty Daniel, as if trying to catch the drift of the surging, foaming cataract of words with which that amiable gentleman is deluging the house, you may reasonably expect that Mr. Ritchie is to follow. No man in the house is so quick to detect the weak point in his opponent's armor and penetrate it with the shaft of irony or ridicule. His memory of facts and figures is accurate, and so a statement he has once made is seldom to be retracted. He makes little or no preparation. His address is never extended beyond reasonable limits, and is usually full of pith and point, with now and then a dash of real Irish humor that adds to his remarks an agreeable flavor.

When Mr. Adams was in the house, the flow of repartee between the solicitor and himself seldom failed to arouse the risibles of the members. Mr. Ritchie's speeches fairly bristle over with interrogation points, upon which the enemy is invited to impale himself. His voice is rather harsh, but tone and emphasis are applied with judgment, and he is fond of throwing a side light upon such portions of the subject as have by the previous speaker been left untouched. No man in the house, except possibly Mr. Tweedie or Mr. Wilson, is so quick to grasp a humorous situation.

Among the prominent speakers of the house Dr. Alward, of course, takes a leading place. You can always count upon Silas being fully prepared. It would be very safe to wager that the exact counterpart of any address he is giving is reposing somewhere on his person in manuscript form. It would be equally safe to bet that it has been revised and revamped and recited many, many times before Silas is finally ready to deliver it to an expectant world. It is even suspected by some that upon this mystic manuscript the suitable spots for emphasis have been marked with a loving hand, with a great big bracket at the close. But the speech is not to be sneezed at when it is delivered. Silas has a fine, full voice, a brow which bears favorable comparison with that of Bismarck or Gladstone, a figure which Silas regards with unruffled serenity, and the effect of which upon the ladies' gallery can better be imagined than described. The language he employs is choice and abounds in passages of patriotic fervor and bursts of eloquence which only those who know the capacity of the late Noah Webster in that line would believe possible.

Dr. Stockton is the most scrupulously exact speaker in the house. There is no mistaking the fact that if others fail to appreciate his eloquence, Alfred is not guilty of any such negligence himself. His elocution is as faultless as his dress. He speaks with equal force in exposing an oil monopoly as in advocating a monopoly in telephones. It would be incorrect to say that Alfred was "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity"; but, as Dr. Moore, no doubt, would put it, "he mutilates his exordiums by the fastidious superabundance of his oratorical preliminaries." I am informed that Alfred has neither smoked nor chewed since New Years.

It Would Cost About \$600.

John Daley, of the Royal hotel, Digby, is in town. Mine host is as much a New Brunswicker as a Nova Scotian, having lived 23 years here and 24 in Digby. The ladies there want the Monticello renamed the Digby, promising to cover her with bunting when it is done, but considering that it will cost about \$600 it is not likely that it will be.

It is Going to Go Up.

That "hole in the ground" that the opera house directors were gazing into some time ago is very likely to be covered soon. The stock is being called in and work will be begun right away. And when the walls are on the rise the treasury will probably have a surplus. People have outgrown their opposition to the locality and will welcome the new building warmly.

Sabbath School Cards, new assortment, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

HOW WILL YOU VOTE?

ARE YOU FOR MAYOR THORNE OR MR. BARKER?

Mr. Barker's Friends Hard At It—They will Make the Contest Lively—New Candidates for Aldermanic Honors—Alderman Jordan Out of the Field.

With such hustlers at his back, supporting and working for him, as George Blake, S. S. Deforest and scores like them, George Barker is going to make the mayor's election very lively. Enthusiasm prevails in Berryman's hall, his headquarters, and his workers are in every street.

Mayor Thorne's henchmen are slower in getting to work. They met last night, after PROGRESS went to press, and it is presumed they will fight for all that's in them. It is too early to predict the winner, but Saturday, April 6, will see PROGRESS' vote pointing in the correct direction. Look out for it.

One of the probable aldermen for this year is William Lewis of Sydney ward. Mr. Lewis is well known not only in that ward but all over the city. He is thorough, frank and honest, cares for the axe of no man, and has none to grind himself. He believes in city improvements, and especially in better wharf accommodation. The extension of the water supply has in him an emphatic opponent who backs his opinion with practical argument. But above all this Mr. Lewis is a practical mechanic who has prospered to such an extent that he contributes \$160 taxes yearly to the city. He and his sons employ much labor, and no man knows better what the ward wants, and how it can be got.

Alderman Jordan won't ask for plumpers this year nor run with the veteran Bart. In fact he is going to stay at home and do his best to sell future cargoes of ballast to the city. That's an amusing yarn in circulation in Lower Cove about the ballast of the Veritas. Alderman Jordan, who manages the vessel, had contracted with Mr. McDiarmid to take the ballast out at 17 cents per ton, the estimate giving her about 200 tons. Just before McDiarmid went to work Jordan asked him to hold for a time until he went up town. When he returned McDiarmid was asked if he would take the ballast out for the city at the same price, the ballast having been sold to the city for \$40. McDiarmid refused—declining to work for the city and stevedore Porter took out the ballast.

But Alderman Jordan made something by the sale. It always pays a man \$100 a year to be an alderman—and sometimes more. The query now is: Who ordered the ballast? because there's thousands of tons of the same stuff lying in Lower Cove that can be had almost for the asking.

Two names familiar in civic circles are those of Peters and Shaw, the capable men who represent Wellington ward. They are not capable in the ordinary complimentary sense of the word; they are capable as men who know what to do and how to do it. They are the head and front of two important branches of the city service—the street and finance departments. PROGRESS does not say that the street department could not be more satisfactory to the people generally, but the improvement within the past year or two has been so marked that nobody need growl too loud because the service is not perfection.

Alderman Peters' forte seems finance. He is an authority on money matters in the city building. No person, except perhaps, Fred. Sandall, can give him many points and the city financial craft will take a pretty true course while the eloquent Wellington alderman is on deck. Rumor connects the names of both these gentlemen with the mayor's chair in the future. It is no discredit to Ald. Shaw to say that Ald. Peters will probably get there first.

There's a younger man in the person of W. B. Carvill out in opposition to the old representatives of Wellington. Mr. Carvill is popular and his friends count on his winning. He has a fine list of supporters on his nomination paper.

Note Paper and Envelopes, from Five cents a quire, at McArthur's.

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THE BOARD TAKES A TUMBLE.

It Decides That the Scarlet Fever Must Be Handled Without Gloves.

The board of health seems discouraged. Despite all that it has done, and all it can do, the scarlet fever is on the increase. Of 36 cases of infectious disease reported in February, all but six were of this dread scourge. From the returns received so far this month, March will show a considerable increase over February.

Something is wrong, but nobody seems to know what that something is. The active part of the board, Judge Waters, Mr. Thorne and Inspector Burns, are trying to perform their duties to the best of their ability, and still the fever is on the increase. What is the matter?

The doctors, with one exception, profess to report all the cases. Do they, or do they report such ones as they please, and pay no attention to others? This is something which the public has a right to know, and which the board should find out.

St. John, with its location and its drainage, should be one of the healthiest cities in Canada. It is discreditable that through obstinacy, ignorance or carelessness, or a combination of all, scarlet fever should have attained such a position, from which it seems next to impossible to dislodge it.

The board of health complains that it is hampered for want of funds, that there is more than enough work for one inspector, but that there are no funds to do what should be done. This is abominable. Such a state of things should not exist. There should be some way of providing for emergencies such as are found today.

Suppose the small pox were to reach St. John. Some way would be found to give the board means to fight it. Yet small pox is by no means as fatal an epidemic as scarlet fever. It is simply a more loathsome disease. People should realize it, as they do not.

With not only children, but adults, being carried to the grave week after week, it is time that trifling and neglect were ended. The law should be enforced, rigidly, impartially and with no uncertain hand. The wages of neglect is death.

The board has adopted some regulations which, if enforced, will do much to check the progress of the infection. Briefly stated, these are:

Burial permits must be obtained in case of death from any cause.

Bodies of those dying from scarlet fever must be buried within 24 hours, must be disinfected and enclosed in tight coffins, and must not have a public or church funeral.

Infected houses must be placarded.

Five weeks must elapse after the last case in a family before a child from such family can attend a school. Physicians' certificates are required.

Houses in which the infection has been shall not be rented until disinfected to the satisfaction of the board.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union Street.

WHAT IS THE MATTER?

Why Have We to Wait so Long For Letters From the Post Office?

If a stranger should enter the post office between the hours of 5 and 6 in the afternoon, he would think St. John the home of grumbler. The afternoon American mail reaches the city at 4.30, and is due at the post office 20 minutes later. At 5.30, merchants and others expect to get their mail, but it is often quite 6 o'clock before the mail is sorted. Something is wrong. There are either too few clerks on the work, or those who are at it are not particular what time they take about it. Complaints have reached PROGRESS again and again, but with a knowledge of the uniform courtesy of the postal clerks and some inkling of their trials, nothing was said until a further grievance came from a gentleman in a private letter to the editors. His trouble is better explained by the following extract:

The last English mail arrived in St. John on Saturday night, I presume, but a letter addressed to the writer was not delivered till Tuesday forenoon, nearly 60 hours after arrival in St. John, and only at the third delivery after it reached the post-office. The same thing has happened several times, so there must be something radically wrong in the internal or delivery department of the post-office of St. John. Besides this, on a number of occasions, I have had newspapers delivered 24 hours before letters coming by the same mail. Should this be so? I enclose the envelope of the letter referred to, and which bears the post-office date stamps of 11th and 12th.

What possible excuse can be urged for this complaint?

A Good Showing.

The agents of the Ontario Mutual Life company have a good case this year. During the past eleven years their company has had the lowest death rate of any company doing business in Canada, and the benefits of careful selection are still evident, for with over \$12,000,000 of assurance in force the losses during the first two months of this, their 20th year, are barely \$6,500, while the business for the same period is much larger than ever before.

In round numbers this company increased their business in force in 1888 by \$1,000,000; their assets increased from \$1,089,448 to \$1,313,853, and their surplus (of assets over liabilities) from \$57,665 to \$90,337.

New Books, Papers and Magazines, always on sale, at McArthur's.