

horror man... scene at bottom

If you have Houses, Flats or Apartments to Let, advertise in "Progress." It will hereafter make a special feature of this class of advertising, for which the character of its circulation ensures the best results. Give it a trial and satisfy yourself.

# 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. More than three and less than ten lines, 25 cents. Patronize the peoples' paper.

VOL. I., NO. 40.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## RING-RIDDEN PORTLAND.

**MORE OF THE EVILS WITH WHICH THE PEOPLE ARE PLAGUED.**

**Reasons Why Justice Tapley's Acts Will Not Be Investigated—How Officials and Aldermen Violate the Law—Further Facts About Light and Fire Matters.**

The general impression in Portland is that the charges against Justice Tapley will be investigated—some time after never. Despite the circumstantial evidence that when the court business was large the cash receipts were small, and when the business decreased the receipts increased—because Justice Tapley was watched—nothing is likely to be done. Justice Tapley is not suspended, nor is he likely to be. It may be assumed as a certainty that he will not resign.

There is a reason for this thoughtful consideration for Justice Tapley's feelings. He is not only a native and to the manner born, but he has relatives and connections. These are numerous. They control many votes. They have supported the Provincial Secretary in the past and they have also supported the Chesleys. They would withdraw that support if the local government or the city government showed any desire to make Mr. Tapley explain matters.

When the Provincial Secretary gets shelved in the Legislative Council or becomes sheriff of the city and county of Saint John, the investigation may proceed. By that time the Chesleys will have ceased to rule Portland. In the meantime Mr. Tapley is safe.

Mayor Chesley and his troupe do not think they will get the bounce at the next election. They have been so used to doing as they pleased that it is hard for them to realize that the people have anything to say in the matter. No wonder.

John A. Chesley has just signed a report on the scheme of union. It is assumed that he did sign his name, though it is not believed he had much else to do with the work of the commission. He may have spent four or five days of actual work, for which he will get the respectable sum of as many hundred dollars.

He had no right to act as a commissioner. That is the opinion of the best constitutional lawyers, but he did act just the same. He was made a commissioner by a trick, in the absence of Alderman Connor and because the committee played Judas to Dr. Gilchrist, who was also a candidate for the place. Alderman Holder has received his reward by having his seat kept for him for the last nine months while he has been a resident of another country. This has also been a good thing for Alderman Murphy, as PROGRESS explained very fully last week.

Boss Lon. Chesley is very unhappy over the revelations of his little plans. He is said to be anxious to find out who gave them away. If he will open a Portland directory at random he will probably hit on some of the names he wants. The matters discussed have been common gossip in the city. There are too many after loaves and fishes for such things to be kept secret.

The taxpayers have had some more added to their burden during the past week. A suit in the county court has been tried and, as usual, a verdict rendered against the city. This was an action brought by Mr. Kane in connection with the electric light station. The city was defended by City Solicitor Gregory and Alderman Vincent's partner, L. A. Curry. What business had Curry & Vincent with the case? If the city solicitor has not the time, or is not competent to do the work for which he is paid, another man should be put in his place. There is no reason why the city should support Curry & Vincent or any other lawyers who are mixed up with the city council.

It is as much a violation of the law for Curry & Vincent to be employed by the city as it is for Alderman Murphy to be employed as an inspector. When the name of L. A. Curry alone appears, the veil is as thin as in the case of Contractor Collins, who is Murphy's brother-in-law.

Does anybody know how much the electric light station will cost, apart from the lawsuits and costs? Nobody does. It has been a job, and a bad job, from first to last. It has been apparently a game of grab on the part of everybody connected with it. It is a monument of ignorance and impudence.

First of all, it was put up without any idea of what it was to contain. An engine was ordered, and nobody knew what size it would be. When it arrived the building had to be partly torn down, in order to get it in. Then some more tearing away had to be done in order to admit the boiler. Then it was discovered that the interior of the building was entirely too small. When Alderman Murphy and his assistants undertook to set up the engine, they found that they had to dig a big hole in the floor to allow the fly-wheel to revolve. They did so. Then they found that the hole filled with water, and it was necessary to tear up cement and brick-work in order to make a drain. This is a

sample of the way in which the whole job has been botched and mismanaged.

Now that the chimney is up, it is found that it is held together with the same worthless cement which was put on the floor of No. 1 engine house. Next summer it is probable that scaffolding will have to be erected and the chimney gone over again, if it is not blown down in the meantime.

The station is run without regard to expense. Electrician Melville gets \$700 a year and has Mr. McLennan as a sort of assistant electrician at a smaller salary. Engineer Cleary gets \$400 a year, which it must be admitted would be reasonable enough for an engineer with any claim to the title. Master-mechanic Quinlan has been getting a millwright's wages, say \$3.50 a day, and has been four weeks at the job. Other millwrights have estimated that a competent man ought to have done the work in three or four days. Then there is Engineer Malcolm Morris of No. 2, who is at work on the wires.

There is no record that Cleary holds or ever held an engineer's certificate. He was employed as fireman, oiler and helper in Chesley's foundry, and shouted for Chesley as "the friend of the workingman" at election time. He was discharged from Chesley's foundry. He was also employed in another foundry, from which he was discharged. There were several first-class men applicants for the position at the station, but Cleary was Boss Chesley's choice. He votes in Ward 2.

The engine broke down before it did any actual work. A composition thumb-screw controlling a relieving valve, was so roughly handled that it broke away the valve seat. Someone had used a wrench or a hammer where fingers only were required. The result was that the screw had to be straightened, the valve seat cut out and a new valve seat made. When the engine came in the first place, the bushing was found to be of iron, and extra expense was incurred to procure brass bushing from a St. John firm.

Boss Chesley undertook, Tuesday night, to show Cleary how the engine should be started. He used so much vigor that the carbons in the lamps from the station to the Marsh bridge were overlapped and disarranged, so that that McLennan had to be sent out to replace them.

Perhaps the boss was thinking how he would attack a fire when he gets to be chief of the department. By the way, it should be stated that when this little arrangement takes effect, McGoldrick is to be chairman of the fire committee.

Mr. McGoldrick will have a chance to effect some reform, which do not appear to occur to Chairman Chesley. During the last week No. 2 team, with Morris as driver, has been all over Portland on electric light service. It has been as far as Bugtown and to other remote points of No. 1 district. While it has been absent No. 2 district has been protected by the hose and horse, in charge of a new man who has never driven out on an alarm, and who would probably be somewhat mixed if surprised by one while alone.

### Ducat, Ducat, Ducat, Ducat, 342 Union St.

**Business Changes and Moves.**  
An artistic sign, "A. F. Deforest & Co." replaces that of Deforest & March, on the corner of King and Germain streets. It is understood that Mr. March has retired from the firm.

Messrs. Barnes & Co. will occupy the Dunn building, now tenanted by Messrs. Jas. S. May & Son, after May 1.

Another old printer, Mr. Geo. W. Day, will descend from his lofty quarters in the Pugsley building at the corner of Princess and Prince William streets at the same time. Since Mr. Day's new engine began operations some of Mr. Pugsley's tenants have interviewed their clients on Chubb's corner. Mr. Day's press is slow and the edition of the denominational organ he publishes being large his gas engine with its startling escape pipe is heard at all hours of the day and night. It will give Mr. Day much trouble and cost him something to move.

### Notes from King's College.

The following gentlemen have been appointed a board of examiners for degrees in divinity for King's college: Rev. F. Partridge, D. D.; Rev. Canon Brigstocke, M. A.; Rev. G. G. Roberts, M. A., and the professor of divinity.

The board of governors have decided to build a house for the professor of divinity. It is to stand on the east side of the new avenue, near Prof. Kennedy's. Plans have been prepared, and it is expected that the work will be begun early in the spring. The interest on the money spent is guaranteed to the governors.

### Give Credit Where It is Due.

The next time Pilot James Mantle walks out into the mud in the cold and dark hours of early morning and saves a half killed fellow creature from death, and lugs him nearly a mile to warmth and help, may the Sun and other papers that note the occurrence give the right man the credit.

## EVENINGS WITH SCOTT.

**THE EVENTS FOR NEXT THURSDAY AND FRIDAY.**

**Many of the Most Beautiful and Striking Scenes in the Great Author's Popular Works—Some Idea of the Entertainment and Who Will Take Part.**

Society must take a rest, Thursday and Friday of next week, rest and enjoy itself at the Mechanics' Institute where graceful matrons and beautiful maidens, portly middle aged and beardless men, will unite in the production of the most beautiful scenes and situations of that charming and well known author, Sir Walter Scott.

The Tennysonian evenings were talked about for months after they came off; the Scott evenings will, PROGRESS thinks and hopes, become as favorably stamped upon the memories of St. John people.

It goes without saying that every true and loyal clansman will be there. They themselves will suffice to make magnificent and enthusiastic audiences, but in this the general public may and will take them as in the past.

"Evenings with Scott" is so general a term that PROGRESS with this morning give the interested thousands some idea of the shape the entertainment will take, and in doing this will lay bare the secret of its certain success.

It would not be a bad idea, however, for those who propose to go and enjoy the illustrations to refresh their memories by glancing at some of Scott's best works.

No doubt the programme will, as in the *Lalla Rookh* entertainment, be some guide to ladies and gentlemen, but a very inadequate idea can be gained from it.

Read Scott, by all means, between now and next Thursday evening and you will not regret it.

Three of the scenes will be taken from stirring *Marmion*, one from *The Antiquary*, five from *Kenilworth*, one from *The Talisman*, one from *Rob Roy*, two from *The Abbott* and five from the *Lady of the Lake*.

What an artistic and literary treat this will be! And then, in addition, there will be music, song and reading to fill in, as it were, and keep up the enjoyment between the scenes.

Speaking of the talent to which is assigned this pleasant task, it is only necessary to name one lady, Mrs. Gilchrist, and briefly mention the fact that Mrs. W. H. Tuck and Mrs. R. Chipman Skinner are the ladies who have that portion of the programme in charge.

Mr. Cleveland, who is not a stranger to the St. John patrons of amateur performances, will read selections from Scott, in connection with the scenic display, and Mr. George Robertson will also assist in this manner.

The very difficult yet agreeable task of the literary part of the programme has been undertaken by Mrs. Thomas Temple, Miss Murray, Mrs. Ellis, and Mrs. Murray McLaren.

No person will doubt their ability to do what they have undertaken. Mrs. Temple has shown again and again that there is seemingly no limit to her original ideas. She invests everything she undertakes with an unflinching interest which results in large houses and big door money. That very important part of the work, the arranging of the scenery to the best advantage, devolves upon her, and, judging from previous triumphs of this nature, the audience will have the rarest treats of artistic work.

The Institute has not only placed the building at her disposal, rent free, but has kindly loaned its scenery, and Mr. F. R. Fairweather also assists in this way.

In fact, the citizens have taken a substantial interest in the illustrations. Messrs. Turner & Finlay, at their own risk, imported a large quantity of plaids distinctive of the different clans, which will heighten and make a truer effect.

The services of the City cornet band are also tendered, who, with their new instruments, will be a great attraction.

Mr. Adam Macintyre will figure in a sword dance both evenings.

Much interest will also be taken in those on the stage. PROGRESS tried to get all the names but could not. Here are some of them, however, and they include Mrs. Wishart, Mrs. Geo. Coster, Miss Tuck, Miss Lawton, Miss Brock, Miss DeVeber, Miss Snider, Miss Blaine, Miss McMillan, Miss Annie Scammel, Miss Gussie Cruikshank, The Misses Watters, Miss Wright, Mrs. E. I. Simonds, Miss Nellie Troop, Mrs. Girvan, Miss Furlong, Miss Agnes Thorne, Miss Parks, Miss MacLaughlan, Miss Merritt, Miss Bessie Adams and Messrs. R. Jardine, John Miller, Baxter, Vroom, Arthur Adams, Frank Ellis, Harvey Godard, G. A. Haggerty, Christie, Lindsay, Walter Fairweather, LeB. Robertson, Thomas, Fraser, Foster, McFarlane, Burpee, Temple, Schofield, Starr, and Dr. Emery and Dr. M. F. Bruce.

For an Idle Hour.

*The Weaker Vessel*, by D. Christie Murray, is for sale at Mr. Alfred Morrissey's bookstore. Price, 50 cents.

## FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

**His Ma is Not Invited to the Wedding—Johnny Beagle's Friendship.**

Being's its composition day again and I've got to hustle myself to keep from being left, now then I'm just tryin' to think of somethin' to let my towerin' intellex loose onto.

There is about 7,000 people livin' in town. I think I said this once before, but what I mean to say now is the left on em it appears to me is insurance agents. Ma says branes is not necessary for agents but cheek is. But they are very kind to me, them agents. When Ma takes me down town they pats me on the head and says what a noble intellex that boy has got—and what a credit he was to Ma. Pa says he never knowed how poplar he was and how he was looked up to as a leadin' citizen and how many frens he had till he come to count them insurance agents. Why, he says, it was surprisin' after he was sick and begun to move around again how them insurance agents would run towards him as if he was a proddigel and embracin' of him and grabbin' him by the hands and sayin' what a welcome sight it was to view his noble remains a minglin' round once more among em. What a blessin' it was to his dotin' family to have him swingin' his game leg around agin in the leadin' circles of society and payin' up his premiums again so lifelike and nacheral. Still they couldn't help feelin' anxious like and worried over Ma and us they said, for there was one thing what laid heavy on their minds and kep em awake nights, and that was they did want to present pa with a bran new polly for about five thousand dollars in their company for the benefit of Ma and us ones in kase pa was so unlucky az to be wafted up. Pa says he cant remember the name of the kumpany which was losin' sleep on his account, but Ma says it is the Muchal Cooperative Scopem and Grabem 'sosition, which Jonny Beagle was the agent which rote to the government sayin' custom officers shouldn't be in the insurance bizness er else he'd go over to the Grits and make a split in the party. But pa says Jonny Beagle is always anxious about him and inquirin' about his health, and he says a man what does that is a troo friend. But Ma says frens comes high when they costs you as much as pa pays for Jonny Beagle. But frens is high in Fredericton, I think anyway, for the turney general paid about \$15,000 for Jim Crocket a while ago, and I guess he'd sell him reasonable now.

There was a big weddin' in the 'Piscopal church yesterday. Ma is mad. Ma says after bein' as respectable as she was all these years it is hard to be tramped on at her time of life. She didn't get an invite, she says. What's the good of movin' in the leadin' circles, says she. She got her alpaker dress all renovated, she says, and sister got a new French mariner gown with no roof on it, so they could see her yaller-blasted neck and it was tuff to be sot on after bringin' us ones up the way she did.

What's the use of tryin' to be respectable? says she.

What's the use of callin' on the Governor every Tuesday? says she.

What's the good of beatin' the grocer man out of his bill all these years? says she.

What's the good of buyin' tennis bats for sister and borrowin' sollaratus from the nabors? says she.

What's the good of puttin' plumes on our old mare and hirin' one of the millhands for footman? says she.

What's the good of havin' pa put in the defaulter's list for the last six years? says she.

What's the good of bein' a "Smith" and spellin' 'em with a "y"? says she.

What's the good of eatin' smoked herrin' on a silver plate all these years? says she.

What's the good of goin' back on the Baptists and joinin' the 'Piscopals as we did? says she.

Why not get back again into the common ones, says she, and pay taxes and groceries?

O, I tell you she was mad cos she wasn't invited to that weddin', like the cabinet ministers. But I ain't goin' back on the 'Piscopals for no weddin', cos maybe I'll want a government office from the 'turney-general some time, and then I'll have to be a 'Piscopal or else I'll get left.

JIMMY SMITH.

Fredericton, Jan. 31.

### Not on the Increase.

Scarlet fever is not on the increase in St. John. The number of cases reported in December was 64, while only 44 were reported in January. Thus while the contagion is unpleasantly prevalent there need be no apprehension that it is increasing its range. The board of health appears to be doing all in its power to prevent the spread of the contagion.

### The Minstrel Dates.

The Amateur Minstrels have fixed their dates for their coming performances on Thursday, Feb. 28; Friday, March 1, and a matinee Saturday afternoon, the 2nd.

*Dominos, Checkers, Games, &c.*, at McArthur's Bookstore.

## HE DID NOT LOSE TIME

**BUT TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS WIFE AND MOTHER-IN-LAW**

**As Soon as the Minister Left the House—The Crazy Antics of a Winter Street Groom Who by Them Lost His Wife and His Home.**

Two women, an elderly lady and her young and prepossessing daughter, left here yesterday by a west bound train.

Little more than a month ago, the two were enjoying the happiness attendant on the preparations for the daughter's wedding. The groom apparently entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion. He bought a handsome chamber set and other useful articles. The mother of the bride furnished her daughter liberally with the money necessary for the purchase of a handsome trousseau. Everybody was gleeful.

The wedding day came, just a few days before Christmas. The minister was summoned and the ceremony was performed without a hitch, in the comfortably furnished home of the bride's mother in the vicinity of Winter street. Having done all that was required, as he thought, for the happiness of the two young hearts, the minister went home, and the newly-married couple and the bride's mother were left alone in the house.

Then a new order of things came about. The bride has not known happiness since that minute, and her mother shared her feelings as only a mother can. Both have been puzzling their brains to find out whether they had taken a maniac, a tyrant, or a fool into the family.

While the marriage ceremony was going on the groom conducted himself like a gentleman. The moment the minister left the house he acted like a crazy man. Taking off his wedding garments, he strode about the house in a way that thoroughly frightened the ladies.

"Old woman," he said to his newly-made mother-in-law, "get off to your room; I'm boss here now. And you," turning to his bride, and evidently remembering one part of the ceremony, at least, "I'll make you obey."

The bride's mother, astounded by his actions, asked what he meant. He knew what he meant. He was boss, and demanded the keys of the house. He demanded a great many things, and said much more. The women were in a state of high excitement. They telephoned for the minister, and the minister came. He also was astonished. He told the groom that he should live happily with his bride, and coaxed him to do so. Yes, the groom would make her happy. That's what the groom said. He was a different kind of a groom now from the one that stood before the minister on his first visit. He wasn't so meek, and didn't answer the minister's questions as he did on the first occasion. The minister didn't have any effect on him whatever during his second visit.

Altogether, there wasn't much rejoicing over the wedding. The rejoicing had all been done before the event came off.

It had been mutually agreed during the courtship that the pair should live with the bride's mother, who had a very comfortable home and was in good circumstances. The groom did live there for a few days. He invited the bride's brother to spend Christmas with him. Then he wouldn't let anything be cooked for the Christmas dinner. This caused a scene.

Soon after this, the husband took everything he owned from the house and is said to have left the city. The unhappy wife and her mother have broken up their home and have gone to live with the latter's son, who resides on the line of the New Brunswick railway. Whether the recreant husband will live much longer depends altogether on the Fool-killer. If he does his duty there will be a funeral without any mourners, right away.

### "British-American" for sale at McArthur's, 80 King St.

Preached With His Arm in a Sling.

Many of Bishop Medley's congregation were surprised last Sunday to see him appear in the cathedral with his right arm in a sling. Inquiry elicited the fact that on the previous Tuesday, while descending the steps of the post office, he slipped and bruised and slightly sprained his right arm. He was otherwise uninjured and on Sunday evening preached with all his vigor, simplicity and terseness.

### Richibucto and Its Talkers.

The ritualistic guide at Richibucto appears to be an eccentric genius. There are enough anecdotes floating from that section to fill a 500 page pamphlet. It is very fair to presume that where there is so much smoke there should be some fire—but that doesn't hold in Richibucto. It is the only place in New Brunswick where a man has to shackle his wife and tether himself. A lockjaw epidemic is much needed there.

### Off to the Carnival.

Mr. Mulhall, agent for Canada Railway News company, started for the Montreal carnival last evening.

### Chairs caned and repaired, 342 Union street.

## THE BISHOP WOULDN'T CONSENT.

**The Fredericton Cathedral Proves to be a Free Church in More Ways Than One.**

The action of His Lordship the Metropolitan of Canada in refusing to allow the cathedral at Fredericton to be closed to the general public during a recent brilliant marriage, has caused a good deal of favorable comment in the capital.

There cannot be much doubt that nothing excites the curiosity of the average Fredericton girl so much as a wedding, and if it happens to be in high circles, why, the pet bump of the weaker sex increases proportionately.

Nothing appears to daunt them; they must see the bride and groom. They take a queer delight in their confusion; they scan with eagle glances every visible particle of dress and can tell you to a dot what the material is, where it was purchased, how much it cost and who made it. Every thing a bride wears in Fredericton must be of the very best and above criticism, for much of her future reputation depends upon it.

Therefore the feast is most delicious, and much more appreciated because it is rare. Judge then of the excitement, of the indignation among the gentler sex of the flowery capital, when the rumor spread that the invitations to the recent marriage were quite restricted and admission to the cathedral would be by ticket.

The first was bad enough—but to be deprived of the sight of a trembling and beautiful young bride and a popular groom! why, rebellion was the order of the day.

But there wasn't any need for a society outbreak. The good bishop remarked that the cathedral was a free church and would be while he was there. The dear old man, popular and beloved as he is already, rose 100 per cent. in the ladies' estimation and they were privileged once again to stand on the substantial seats of the ancient Episcopal edifice.

They saw all they could and next Friday evening the orthodox nine days' gossip will have ended.

But they were scared. An old time privilege and custom could not be abolished in this rude and unceremonious style without their full and free consent. They refuse to exempt brides from "the gaze of the horrid, vulgar crowd," and will persist in pleading with their choir friends to allow them a seat anywhere in that favored nook, or, if denied that signal privilege, balance themselves on the seat backs.

### IT WILL BE BUILT.

**Bright Prospects for the Success of the New Hotel Company.**

Signatures to the amount of about \$30,000 have been obtained by the projectors of the Marlborough hotel. The names are chiefly those of solid men, who subscribe for large amounts of stock, and who will be able to push the project to successful completion at an early day.

But this is not all. It is said that men of means in the upper provinces are taking an interest in the scheme, and will not only subscribe for stock themselves, but will use their efforts to swell the list with equally good names.

All doubt as to the success of the enterprise seems to have vanished. The only question now is in regard to a suitable site.

Beyond question, a site will be found in due time. The old Victoria lot has gone into other hands of late, and perhaps it is just as well. It was not, all things considered, the best for an hotel. Its only advantage at this time would have been that it had no expensive structures on it to be paid for and pulled down.

In the meantime, men who have what they think are desirable sites, are holding them at fancy prices, may find themselves left. They do not own all the good sites. They should be glad to take any fair and reasonable offer.

For instance, suppose that ten or twelve years ago, when real estate brought more than it does today, a man gave \$23,000 for a property, and that subsequently, in adapting an old building for the use of various tenants who paid high rent, he spent \$10,000 more. This does not represent \$33,000 of value today. The rent has not only covered the improvements and repairs, but has probably more than paid for the property itself. The owner's price today should be what the property is worth at a fair valuation. This is the way that any reasonable man ought to look at the matter, and this will probably be the view of the man who sells a site at last.

The hotel company has some shrewd business men in its management, and they may be trusted to find a site which will suit the public, and not cost double its real value.

### He Gives It Away to His Friends.

Alfred Morrissey has some note paper that, he claims, cannot be equalled in price and quality in the city. He is about right. PROGRESS has a package of it and the writer has paid four times the money for stationery not its equal. Good note paper at six cents a quire or five quires for 25 cents, is hard to find in these days. Yet Mr. Morrissey has it.