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

## WAR WITH THE LIGHTS.

THE GAS COMPANY CUT THE RATES OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

The Calkin Company Comes Down to a Quarter—A Further Cut Threatened—Keep the Rival Company Moving—It Means Money for the Citizens.

War has been declared between the electric light companies, and the cost of illumination is 30 per cent. less than it was ten days ago. There are a great many stories afloat about the origin of the slash in prices, all of which claim to be correct. Merchants smile, then listen and smile again, when they think that for every light they burn they save from \$30 to \$35 a year.

So far as PROGRESS can get at the bottom of this interesting fight, the fault, if it can be called such, lies at the door of the gas company. This corporation, which is one of the most favored and richest in the city, and pays a better dividend on its stock than most capitalists dream of, bought out the Stockton electric light plant some time ago, and entered into competition with the Calkin company in supplying commercial lights throughout St. John and Portland.

The Princess street electricians seemed to annoy the huge gas monopoly down town. They were lighting too many stores and decreasing the monthly receipts of the gas. More than this, they had even dared to put in a tender for lighting the city at such a figure as to compel the gas board to come down \$1,000 in their contract price. Regarded in this view, citizens may conclude that in saving them \$1,000 a year the Calkin company was not a public nuisance.

But it was a thorn in the side of President Blair and his estimable associates. They are all good and worthy citizens, but they have one decided weakness—for 12 per cent. dividends. It is not pleasant to hear a merchant who has his electric lamp compare it with the Calkin across the street, and compliment the latter upon its decided steadiness and brilliancy. It is only human nature to object to your customer declaring that your rival's goods, sold at the same price, are better than yours, and it cuts to the quick when that customer orders his account closed, as it were, and states his intention of patronizing your competitor.

This is what troubled the gas company people. Mr. Abram Isaacs, who has some interest in the large clothing store at the corner of King and Canterbury streets, paid for four electric, one of which was a Calkin light, in his cigar store on Prince William street, and the other three gas company lights in the clothing store. Mr. Isaacs was not satisfied with the gas company's light and he ordered them out and asked Mr. Calkin to replace them. He did so, and the ball opened. Electric light stock fell with a thud and the lamps became cheaper but not less brilliant. The gas company sent out its canvassers to the patrons of the Calkin company and offered them the light for 25 cents a night instead of 35. The Calkin company offered the same figures and expressed its willingness to make contracts also for \$75 a year. The big dog would like to eat the little one but is afraid of his digestion.

Some features of the fight are regrettable. PROGRESS learns upon the best authority that the gas company, through its agents, has descended to curious means, to put it mildly, to oust the Calkin Co. One store in the city burned three of the Calkin lights and found that they gave excellent satisfaction. The proprietor had no thought of changing until he received an intimation that unless the gas company's electric took the place of the Calkin light the patronage of several prominent gentlemen of the board would be dispensed elsewhere. The "patronage" of the directors and stock holders was worth much and the Calkin lights have been taken out and the gas company triumphed. The merchant could not be blamed, but contemptible is a small and meaningless word to apply to such tactics.

chant that no reduction would be allowed for the off night, and that he must pay the 35 cents. He was told in turn to carry the merchant's compliments to the gas company, and the statement that he would not pay it and they might go ahead and collect the same. A message threatening to sue was sent back but no attention was paid it. It has been learned since, however, that the gas company deducted the 35 cents which the merchant refused to pay, from the wages of the collector the following Saturday night!

If the merchants of St. John would be free from a light monopoly, they must see to it that the gas company is not permitted to kill its rival. Twenty-five cents is low enough for electric light, but the gas company has threatened to make another cut, and crush out the life of the Calkin company. Do not let them do it. It simply means this: If the gas company is permitted to control electric lighting as well as gas, the citizens will pay well for their temporary loss. Electric lights have cost 50 cents a night in St. John; they have cost 40 cents, 35 cents, and are now to be had for 25 cents. Scores of Calkin customers have resolved to stand by them and pay the 25 cents—and some are willing to pay 35 cents—no matter if the gas company cuts the rates to 10 cents. They know what it would mean in the end. It would simply come down to a gas basis: take what is given you and pay for it. And so it would be apt to be with an electric monopoly, and as President Blair states that electric lighting does not pay at 35 cents, the rate might be made to correspond with the dandy dividend he loves to declare.

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

## MR. COSGROVE AND HIS COLT.

Their Antics Delight a Sunday Afternoon Crowd.

Mr. Thomas Cosgrove, of Lower Cove, owns a colt. It is a very fine colt and Mr. Cosgrove thinks a great deal of it. The colt also thinks a great deal of Mr. Cosgrove. It is not an unusual thing for a man to take his favorite dog out for a walk on Sunday afternoon. Perhaps Mr. Cosgrove hasn't got a dog; or perhaps, if he has, he thinks it advisable to give the colt more exercise than the dog. At any rate he took the colt out for a walk, Sunday afternoon, and had a look at the Monticello. The colt had neither rein nor tether. He was free as the wind; but he never got more than ten or twelve feet away from Mr. Cosgrove, unless he couldn't help it. He followed like a dog, and Mr. Cosgrove, as he strode along with his hands in his pockets, was proudly conscious of the fact.

The small boys on the wharf were intimately acquainted with both Mr. Cosgrove and the colt. They gave the former some taffy and the latter a large sized chew of black tobacco, and the colt chewed it with the ease of a Texas cowboy. Then the owner, colt and all the boys formed a procession and marched up and down the wharf to the amusement of the assembled crowd.

Mr. Cosgrove and the colt next marched up to the three lamps, where they played tag around the railing and kept on the move much after the manner of a merry-go-round; only once and a while both would suddenly turn, each one trying to fool the other, and both would get caught. This performance delighted all the boarders in the St. John hotel and window room was at a premium.

Finally the colt couldn't find Mr. Cosgrove. That gentleman was dodging around the three lamps. The colt ran away up Prince William street, put his nose in the air and sniffed, but he couldn't find his owner. Then he ran down St. James street. He was still at sea. Back up Prince William street he went on a gallop. Meanwhile Mr. Cosgrove was keeping out of sight behind the three lamps, but seeing a good chance he started off in the direction of Reed's Point wharf. The colt saw him and bounded away like a deer. Then there was almost as much caressing as there was when the prodigal son returned.

## Let the Relatives Read Them.

Why is it necessary, when an address of condolence is passed, for it to be carried to the afflicted relatives and read by the bearer in their presence? This may not be done generally, but it happened a number of times in Portland not long ago. The city, within a short time, lost two Chamberlains and a well-known citizen who had been prominent in civic affairs. The council, of course, passed lengthy resolutions of condolence, well meant and suitable. But the city clerk was forced to bear the resolutions to the relatives of the deceased and read them in their presence! Such resolutions are well and proper enough, but they should never be presented in this way.

## There Will Be No Funny Business.

When PROGRESS went to press at noon yesterday, Messrs. Whitenet and Robinson had not been engaged by the A. A. club. Their wants, however, were before the committee, and today the people will know whether they are engaged or not.

## PARLIAMENT IS READY TO JOIN IN WEDLOCK ST. JOHN AND PORTLAND.

There Will be High Jinks, "Flotsam" Thinks, When the Ceremony Comes off—Other Matters, Quite as Important, but Not So Interesting—News and Gossip.

FREDERICTON, March 28.—Hurry up with your union bill, Mr. Common Clerk Peters. Here we are nearing the end of the session and all we want is to have the contracting parties before the legislative altar, in order to proclaim them one. When will the wedding day be? There will be high jinks when the ceremony does come off. The bride, attended by sister Holly and sister Jones, will be given away by Secretary McLellan, of course, while Mr. Solicitor and Dr. Alfred will unite, no doubt, in support of the groom. And as for ushers, who so knightly and so sightly and so sprightly as Dr. Silas and Sir William Q?

For Premier Blair will sing the air, While Wilson taps the drum, And our friend Dan will beat the pan And make the rafters hum. And Speaker P. in lofty key Will sing the wedding song: And every soul will help to roll The chariot along.

Really Miss Portland, you ought to be happy. You needn't have been so coy about it. Your lover is ardent and wealthy as well as winsome. And he is able to support you in style, as no doubt he will have to until your estate recovers from the sad condition to which your natural guardians have reduced it. You are marrying into high life, my dear, and now if you will just shake off the grabbing crowd who have been sapping your substance so long you will never regret that you have changed your name, I'm sure.

The assembled wisdom has been gleefully hugging itself over the prospect of a short session until a week ago, when the decision to push the union bill through at all hazards was reached. Possibly a week's delay may be occasioned thereby, but no one will regret it. As an honorable gentleman upstairs remarked yesterday, it is impossible to find anyone outside of St. John who is not in favor of the union. And we are all willing to sacrifice something to have the courtship consummated right away.

One reason, no doubt, for the comparative brevity of the session is that the corporations act passed in 1885 renders unnecessary a great deal of the legislation that formerly consumed the time and patience of the house. The government has no measures of any importance yet to bring in, and private bills—which are fewer in number than usual, by the way—are now well advanced, so that, with the holding of frequent night sessions now in vogue we cannot be far from the end.

No doubt the session will chiefly be memorable for the manhood suffrage bill. It is a long stride in advance of all former legislation, and the feeling of the popular branch is unanimous for its adoption. We are living in a record-breaking age. Ten years ago such a measure could not have passed the lower house, and if it had squeezed through that body would have met with an untimely end up-stairs. Now, it is going through the house at railroad speed, and I think I am in a position to say, will meet with no serious opposition from the lords. Hon. Mr. Jones, it is said, is opposed to the principle of the bill, but beyond a few slight amendments which several honorable members will doubtless offer, the bill will be handled very gently, indeed.

That was rather a breezy debate on Dr. Stockton's motion in favor of women's suffrage the other night, was it not? The doctor spoke with eloquence and force, and the more elaborate address of the junior member Mr. Emmerson was full of facts which proved, it appeared, somewhat indigestible to the government. Both speakers acquitted themselves ably on the bill and advanced arguments which no one has yet been able to confute. It was no doubt too much to expect that the premier would consent to the introduction of a principle so radical in a measure already quite as highly seasoned as the public palate was prepared for. But we have not heard the last of women's suffrage in the house.

If Mr. Emmerson is able to recognize his own child—the coroner's bill—it is doubtful if that pibald infant is able to return the paternal greeting. It must be very much in doubt as to whether Mr. Emmerson, Mr. Hanington, Mr. Blair, Mr. Harrison or Mr. Richard is its real "daddy." The precious young one has had a very stormy entry into life, and came very near exemplifying in its brief career a famous remark once made by the late Mr. Needham, who, when on the stump and meeting with pretty rough handling exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I stand before you to say that I was born in a squall, nursed in a storm, married a Gale and expect to die in a whirlwind!" The infant is still living, but, to use the happy expression of one of its friends, came very near being "killed with kindness." The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.

The elections for mayor and aldermen in St. John and Portland have been deferred until the two cities can be combined. There was some lively bustling this week to get the bill through in time, Mr. Ritchie seemed to be opposed to its introduction under suspension of the rules downstairs, and as there was great danger that it might not get through in time. Hon. Mr. Jones undertook to engineer it through on the upper story. Several honorable members were captious at the haste displayed but he got there—precisely similar. The bill, which was not printed and had no petition attached to it, was read twice in the morning and in the afternoon reported upon, passed in committee, read a third time and ordered to be engrossed. The next day (Wednesday) it went through a similar course of sprouts in the popular branch and the governor will come down to give his assent either today or tomorrow.

## HERE AND THERE.

Now would somebody just kindly rise to mention what has become of Dr. Berryman?

And would somebody else be good enough to inform the house what is ranking in the bosom of the St. John Globe this fine, bracing weather?

"Gratuitous work for the public is all humbug; it is obsolete and of the past." As usual, you are not far from out of the way, brother Jones.

When the lion and the lamb lie down together, Dr. Alfred and Mr. Solicitor will view the scene—at a reasonable distance.

I regret that Brother Daniel doesn't take kindly to the comments of PROGRESS.

Your pardon, my friend, if my jest did offend, Your pardon a thousand times o'er; From friendship I strove your faults to remove, But I vow I will do so no more.

The following are recommended for Marcus when he moves his next batch of inquiries:

Do the government contemplate holding a general election soon? If so, who will be on the ticket with Ketchum?

How many, if any, of the government horses have splints, and how many have sprains and what was the cost of each?

Where did Secretary McLellan get his new hair-cut, and why is it not mentioned in the agricultural report under the head of "crops"?

How much did the attorney-general pay as lessee of the Dungan river? And of the Renous? And how many mosquitoes and black flies does he own on each?

Who stole Mr. Hanington's amendment from the files of 1885, and when is the bear bounty to be restored?

What is the population of New Zealand? Who wrote Mary had a little lamb? Who struck Billy Patterson? And where is my little dog gone? And how many, how much, how long, and how often of each? And when and what for?

## FLOTSAM.

Wanted—A strong, active boy, resident of Portland or valley. Walter Scott.

## How is This For an Undertaker?

Mr. M. N. Powers, undertaker, entered a drug store a few days ago and engaged in conversation with a number of gentlemen gathered there. They were talking about the death of a child who died from scarlet fever that day.

"Did you lay out the body?" asked one of the group of Mr. Powers.

"Yes; I just came from there," said that gentleman.

"Did you disinfect yourself?"

"Yes."

"What with?"

"God's pure air!" said Mr. Powers.

## Oceans of Bad Rum.

A number of Portland people have been amusing themselves lately counting the liquor stores they pass on their walk through that city, and wondering what will become of them when the cities are united. There are six liquor stores on Portland Bridge and eight within 100 yards, and the prospects for a few more in that vicinity are good. One Portland man counted 25 liquor stores on his way home from the city line to Orange corner, and he didn't include any that had not a show window. This is quite a showing for a Scott act town.

## The Country Will Be Safe.

Second Lieutenants Hetherington, Parks and Sterling go to Fredericton shortly for a short term at the military school to qualify for promotion. There will be no necessity, in view of this fact, to spend much money on repairs at Fort Dufferin.

## It Was the Assistant Clerk.

In the notes on the union election last week, City Clerk Godard was named for Assistant City Clerk McLean. The latter held the poll at ward 5. The city clerk could not, of course, owing to his position, be a polling clerk.

## Brave Men and Brave Women.

The sister of gallant Horace Whitney's intended bride lost her affianced in a railway disaster about a year ago. Both were once the brightest of their sex in their native place.

Chairs Caned and Repaired, 242 Union Street.

## LET THE PEOPLE SAY.

WHAT MAYOR THORNE AND MR. EVERETT SAY.

Mr. Everett Will Give the Matter His Consideration—So Will Mr. Thorne—Mr. Barker in the Hands of His Friends—But Let the People Choose.

"Are you coming out for mayor, Mr. Everett?" and PROGRESS' representative stood awaiting an answer.

Mr. Everett was in his King street store engaged in nothing more difficult than reading the evening paper.

"Oh!" was his first exclamation, "we had better wait until the union bill passes before we talk about the new mayor. I have not given the matter any attention to speak of, and all I can say at present is, if my friends want me to come forward as a candidate I will be prepared to give the matter my consideration." Passing then from the main point of the query, Mr. Everett talked for a few moments on civic matters of the past and present. He had just received a telegram from Fredericton, which informed him that the interim bill delaying the elections had passed. The intelligence did not appear to displease him.

It was some time in the fifties that this same gentleman was asked to be put in nomination for the civic chair in opposition to Mr. W. O. Smith but he refused. There was much work and little glory in the position then.

Mr. Everett does not look upon the seat as a loafing place the coming year. He is under the impression that the first mayor of the united cities has his job cut out for him.

But who started the great boom going on in favor of Mr. Everett's candidature? His name was even brought forward when Mr. Thorne first came into the arena, and it was said then that he was another candidate of another wing of the temperance party. At all events this rumor was used as a canvass against Mr. Thorne.

Mayor Thorne generally knows his own mind and PROGRESS found him Thursday as he was walking into his store from the council meeting. Civic trouble sat lightly on his brow, though he had just left the chief magistrate's chair. His first act was to look for expected intelligence from Fredericton concerning the result of the interim bill. There was a telegram for him too, and he knew that he and his associates had a longer lease of power.

"Have you retired from the mayoralty contest, Mr. Thorne?"

His worship didn't exhibit much surprise at the question, but thinking a moment remarked: "The question has now assumed a new phase. I am hardly in a position to tell you what I will do. I have not consulted my friends and you know that the next mayor will have his hands full looking sharply after the united interests of St. John and Portland. I am convinced that it will take so much time that I have doubts as to whether it would pay me to devote so much time from my business. Of course I would have to consult my associates in business and my friends before I can answer your question, or tell you whether I will be a candidate or not."

On the streets the report was quite current that a requisition was being circulated asking Mr. Everett to run and that Mr. George Barker was out of the contest. All that Mr. Barker has done is to leave himself in his friends' hands, and if they say "run," run he will.

Prominent citizens who up to this time have taken no part in the contest are beginning to realize the importance of the question before them. Some of them speak their minds plainly, too, and declare that the candidate for the office should be chosen not by a clique or a party, but by a public meeting of the citizens. This proposal seems to meet with very general favor and will no doubt be acted upon.

The new council will have some ugly subjects to handle, and not a few of them are the legacy of the town across the way. So far, Mr. Magistrate Tapley has succeeded in keeping back that investigation into the police court accounts. The reason for this is no secret. It will be remembered with what a shout and rush a few of the Portland aldermen went into the investigating business. They were on a fine scent, with no water ahead. But they forgot the ditches, and would have fallen in head first, had not Mr. Justice Tapley interposed in this wise: He went to one of the committee and said: "If you, as one of the investigating committee, persist in your attempt to scrape up something against my character, I will serve you each of your associates with an injunction."

Here was a good sized bombshell with the fuse burning. The aldermen quit at once, the investigation dropped and the bomb didn't explode. It may, however, in the near future, and if it does PROGRESS doesn't think anybody will be seriously hurt except Mr. Justice Tapley. It is not likely the aldermen of the united city will be afraid of any such threats as stopped the last investigation.

Umbrellas Repaired, 242 Union Street.

## THE PEOPLE WHO MOVE.

May and Should Inform Their Friends Through This Paper.

"For one week only," about May 1, PROGRESS will enter into competition with the city directory.

The 1st of May is a holiday that almost everybody keeps. People who neglect the 17th of March and other people who never think of noticing May 24 or July 1 join to celebrate that day. It is a democratic festival. To see aristocrats fraternize with carmen, at that time, is a very moving spectacle.

There are people who move at midnight, and there are others who have their furniture handled by the constables, but these people have no interest in PROGRESS, any more than PROGRESS has in them. PROGRESS is interested, however, in keeping track of its friends—and so are their friends. To city people and to those at a distance, it will be helpful to know whether the migrators have flitted, and that is the information that this paper proposes to supply.

The miniature directory mentioned above will deal with two classes—business firms and residents—and it will give the number of the street to which they have removed. The more complete it is, the more interesting and valuable it will be. After you have arranged your lease, do PROGRESS the favor to say so on a postal card, and as soon as possible. Who knows but that your long-lost uncle from California may find you out by that means, and reward you by leaving his gold mine at your door!

Great variety of Easter Booklets, at Portland News Depot and branches.

## THE DOCTOR CAN COLLECT.

From Anyone Who Summons Him to Another's Bedside.

"Well, this makes me weary!" said a King street man, toying with a bit of paper that might have been a grocer's bill or a promissory note.

"What's the row, now?" lazily inquired his companion.

"Forty-seven dollars!" continued the merchant reflectively. "Might as well be a round fifty. Look here, young man, take a fool's advice and don't leave your own mantelpiece after 8 o'clock in the evening."

"What the deuce do you mean? No blackmailing business, I hope."

"Ha! ha! You've struck it, because another person is making me pay his bill. About three months ago, I dropped into the house of a friend. He was in bed; had a headache, feverish and plenty of other symptoms. I went for the doctor as an act of mercy. He was in the house two months with slow fever, and soon after getting better left for Boston or some other place. And now I am called upon for the bill. The worst of it is, I've got to pay it, for I am told that the man who summons the doctor is responsible for his bill. Look at this, too: 'No discount for cash.' Injury and insult!"

## You Can't Get It, Captain.

Capt. Rawlings, of the Portland police force, is on the street with a petition praying that he may be the chief of police of the united cities. What a joke! PROGRESS has an idea that the time is rapidly approaching when the gallant captain may take his cap in his hand and get out. He has not made a good captain of police for Portland, and the united and larger city will have no easy chair for him in the Central police station. He might, perhaps, be given a sergeant's cap and authority, if he will accept them, but the chiefmanship is for another man. And the sooner Capt. Rawlings comes to this conclusion, the fewer tax-payers will be bored by his petition.

## Ald. McGoldrick and Mr. Peacock.

A good story is never old, and that's the reason Portland people are still laughing over the way Ald. McGoldrick got sold election day. He met Mr. Peacock, and suddenly remembering that that gentleman had done work for the city, to the amount of one dollar, he asked him if he had ever been paid. "Never a cent," said Mr. Peacock. "You must have it right away," said the genial alderman, and forthwith a dollar was delivered to Mr. Peacock. "You haven't voted yet?" queried the alderman. "I have," said Mr. Peacock, "and for union." Tableaux!

## What Will Janitor Dorman Do?

Janitor Fred Dorman of the Centennial school is in a queer fix. One of his little girls has diphtheric sore throat, and the board of school trustees has asked him to find rooms outside the building until all danger of infection has passed. So Dorman has been on the hunt but with little success. No landlord wants a tenant a month or six weeks who has diphtheria in his possession. Meantime the pupils in the Centennial are enjoying a vacation.

Examine our Chair Cane. It is the best. Duval, 242 Union street.