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VOL. I., NO. 51.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

HO! BREAKERS AHEAD.

POLITICIANS SCRAMBLING FOR THE NEW CITY OFFICES.

Will it be Mr. Peters or Mr. Ritchie? Mr. Clark or Mr. Quinton? Dr. Berryman and Dr. Alward will have something to say, and how the dry bones may rattle.

There is consternation in the civic and local political camps. A well-authenticated rumor is abroad that the political machine is about ready to start, and that steam will be up a day or two before the union act comes into force, on May 18.

Solicitor-General Ritchie and Mr. Quinton appear to be the disturbing elements and strong and speedy rivals in the race for two of the best offices in the new city, police magistrate and chief of police.

Determined opposition to this seems to be spreading like fire. General opinion does not say Mr. Ritchie is not capable of filling the office, but it protests vigorously against a first-class, experienced man like B. Lester Peters being displaced to make room for any other. He was appointed to the place at the request of the citizens of St. John, through their representatives, and he has performed the duties of the office in such an impartial, judicial and dignified manner that no man can find fault with him. He has not only been the best police magistrate the city has ever had, but no judge of the city court has approached him for fairness and justice.

Is it any wonder, then, that the people should object to his displacement to make room for a gentleman who, though very worthy and very capable of filling the office of the solicitor-general, is more acceptable to his city constituents in that capacity than police magistrate and judge of the civil court.

Perhaps no appointment would disarrange civic matters to such an extent as this. Mr. Peters would then be common clerk and, this office once shorn of the duties attaching to the civic court, which would be performed by the police magistrate and his clerk, there would be nothing for deputy clerk Wardroper to do. This is not desirable. So good, so faithful and so courteous an official has a strong claim not only on the city, but on the friendship of the citizens. Mr. Wardroper would make the best common clerk available in the event of Police Magistrate Peters retaining his present position.

But what do Mr. Clark's friends think of Mr. Quinton's preference for the brick building on King street east? It is worth some \$1,400 a year, with something additional as liquor license inspector. Not too bad a snap for the gentleman from Lancaster—but will the people stand too much at once? They may have an idea that they didn't vote for members that they might make their seat in the assembly a stepping stone to something fatter in the financial way. They may think that while Mr. Quinton was acceptable as a county member he is not fitted to take as good care of criminals as he is of vegetables.

Dr. Berryman may find his appointment in the Royal Gazette, but they assert that, as soon as he does, he will send his resignation to the speaker. Dr. Alward will kick with all his muscle and make it unpleasant for some one.

Between Mr. Clark and Mr. Quinton there should be no hesitation. Mr. Clark is the better man and should be appointed. But Mr. Quinton is a member and it is said to be the motto of the present government that if a member wants an office he has the inside track. But let Progress hold up the mirror of supposition for a moment: Put Mr. Ritchie in the magistrate's chair, Mr. Quinton in the chief's office, let Dr. Berryman resign and Mr. Stockton do likewise and run for the solicitor generalship! Four seats vacant!

Will the people in their present mood show as great confidence in the present administration as they did some time ago? Will such a rattling of dry bones be popular? Will it be wise?

The Shamrocks' Bazar.

The next two weeks are all-important to the Shamrocks. They hope in that time to get the cash necessary to put their grounds in first-class shape. For the great attraction, Monday evening, read the announcement elsewhere, but Progress might as well inform you that among those who will take part are Miss Lawlor, Miss McGrath, Miss Duffy, Mrs. Jas. Lantallum, Mr. W. F. Danaher and Mr. Thos. Fitzgerald. Everybody ought to go and do what they can to make the bazar and procure a grand success.

Mr. Barker Will Run.

The friends of Mr. Barker are as determined as ever that he will occupy the mayor's chair for united St. John. They are only waiting for the skirmishes to advance to, open fire, and they propose to make the fight a warm one. "Portland is all right," said one of his strongest supporters yesterday. "We are going to carry that and Carleton." A pretty strong assertion. June is not far off.

HE WILL BE MARRIED IN BOSTON.

Dr. Berryman and Mrs. Massie to be Made One By Phillips Brooks.

Dr. John Berryman's friends have been having all the fun they can out of him this week—his last unrestricted freedom, according to a prevalent idea, that he will enjoy for a long time. He will be married next Tuesday in Boston to Mrs. Massie, a lady well known and liked in St. John.

The ladies of the city will not appreciate the ceremony held so much in Phillips Brooks' church in Boston as they would in some St. John edifice. They would like to see it solemnized; but then Boston is too far away. The bridegroom elect does not propose to waste much time in Boston. He will leave St. John in time to reach the Hub, "record his intentions," and get married.

"Recording intentions" in the United States stands for the same as a marriage license in Canada. There are two differences—"recording intentions" only costs one dollar, while a genuine New Brunswick marriage license with Secretary David McLellan's autograph costs \$5.50 or thereabout. It must be the autograph that enhances the value.

Then there is another difference. A man in Boston cannot "record his intention" without giving his own age and that of his intended. What a predicament a man would be in if he didn't know how old his intended was! There can be no doubt of the superiority of the Canadian system when this is taken into consideration, but, horror upon horrors! writing the ages down in black and white is bad enough, but to see them printed in those widely circulated journals, the *Herald* and *Globe*, next day—isn't that enough to make a woman weep? Don't talk about Progress being personal and interesting, after that.

Mrs. Massie is an American lady, who came to St. John some time ago. She has two daughters, one of whom became very popular, especially with lovers of music, last winter. She and her mother returned to Boston a short time ago to make preparation for the marriage, which will be solemnized Tuesday.

The wedding tour will embrace Kentucky, Mrs. Massie's former home, and no more delightful country could be visited at this season of the year.

New Note Paper and Envelopes 120 sheets for fifteen cents, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

THE INDIANTOWN MARKET.

Where Will It Be Located—At the Wharf or Scott's Corner.

Where will the Indiantown market be? That is one of the questions that are bothering the new citizens of St. John. Will it be across the Ferry slip, at the wharf or at the junction of Adelaide road and Main street?

Many of the large merchants are in favor of the wharf site. They claim that in summer it will be of great advantage for the steamers to be able to land their freight practically at the market entrance, and they think the Ferry slip could be shut in nicely by a market building over it.

But these same gentlemen acknowledge that such a mart in winter would be a most cheerless place, unfit in almost every respect for the purpose.

They propose that a winter market be erected near Adelaide road, which they say is the centre during the cold season.

Others want the new building at Orange corner, but that is generally conceded to be unfair to the Indiantown people. It is quite probable that there will be kind of a site compromise, for it is not likely that there will be one market at the wharf and another up town.

Punished His Master By Staying Away.

Mr. W. C. Rudman Allan, the Carleton druggist, has a big dog that doesn't propose to be slighted, if he knows himself. A week ago, Mr. Allan came over to the city, bringing the dog. He went to the Institute, but wouldn't let his faithful friend go inside with him. Then the dog got on his dignity, hunted up an old acquaintance, Mr. T. A. Cockett, and visited with him until Monday night. He has revenged himself in the same way before.

Interested in Each Other.

Mr. Ferns, the alleged English barrister, and Rev. Father Davenport seem to be taking a great interest in each other. Mr. Ferns attended service in the Mission chapel last Sunday morning, and was no doubt deeply impressed with the able discourse. On the other hand, Father Davenport has been devoting some time to Mr. Ferns, and has the record of a very interesting series of erratic adventures, which he believes are those of Mr. Ferns.

They Find Plenty to Do.

"Scarlet fever!" repeated a well-known physician, Wednesday night. "There isn't any in town. Business is rushing, all the same. I was called out at 3 o'clock this morning, and I won't be able to get to bed before 11."

A FEW CLOSING SCENES

IN THE HOUSE DESCRIBED BY THE VERSATILE "FLOTSAM."

An Inspiring Oration From Mr. Donovan—An Equally Inspiring Scene Between the Magnates of Portland and Carleton—Honors Easy Between Ritchie and Emmerson.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

FREDERICTON, April 18.—PROGRESS alone was bold enough last week to predict that the house would prorogue on Wednesday. And it was so. But there was some very animated hustling of the dry bones necessary to accomplish it. More than one member of the house on Tuesday had to choke down a lump in his throat when Mr. Tweedie, chairman of the committee, asked in bland and genial tones that sections 95 to 175 of the Union bill be swallowed *en bloc*. It was an inspiring spectacle, the way that Union bill was shot through when the ship of state succeeded in floating off the reef of section 33. In fact the Union bill has been an inspiring subject all through. It was inspiring to note the alacrity with which City Clerk Peters boarded the train at St. John when the word went down that the house was getting impatient for the bill, and that the premier was making the welkin ring with his lulliminations in the assembly. It was inspiring to listen to the rugged eloquence of Mr. Donovan, the Gambetta of Carleton, on behalf of the claims of the West side, and to see Ald. Smith brandish his knuckles under the fine aquiline nose of Mayor Chesley in the corridor, for lobbying against the bridge. It was inspiring to witness the whispering in dark corners, the ruffling of anxious brows, and the hurrying to and fro of the members from St. John in face of Carleton's solid front. It was inspiring to witness the deft fingers of the saintly Biddal and his assistants rattling off on their typewriters in a day and a night 1240 folios of the bill in order to have it ready for the house, and equally exciting was the scene presented Tuesday night in the ante-room by Engrossing Clerks Beckwith and Gregory and their aides in their efforts to prepare before morning a complete draft of the bill for the use of the legislative council. It was inspiring to the last degree also to witness the beaming smiles of the Carleton delegation as they started for home on Tuesday afternoon. The expression on their faces the next day, when the council bowed out their bridge, must have furnished a fine subject for the obituary spring poet to unloose his lyre upon.

The impression of the majority here is that the legislative council has vindicated its right to exist, by its prompt rejection of the unrighteous bridge measure. But they do say that brother Thomas R. will spend the heated term in Albert county this year.

It was Hon. Mr. Ritchie who rose in his place and moved a three weeks' hoist to Mr. Emmerson's probate court bill one day last week. It was eminently in accordance with the eternal fitness that on the following day Mr. Emmerson should move a three weeks' hoist to Mr. Ritchie's liquor license bill. Honors are easy, one would think.

The closing scenes of the house were not of an enlivening character, yesterday. The panther tread of the great George Francis, upon the floors of the assembly, was not to be seen and admired as on last prorogation day. One by one the homieck members slid gently away to be clasped in the bosoms of their families, and for the last ten days the house displayed a listless and dejected 'haviour of the visage. In days of yore the massive blue-book went flying where it listed; you could hear the sound thereof but could not tell whence it came, nor whether it wenteth,—unless your cranium was made of rather sensitive material. But yesterday no man had heart to jest and the stately tile and humble beany alike emerged unscathed from the session.

The council came near suspending the Franchise bill for a spell, didn't it? Seven to seven was a close call. Had it not been for the enlightened statesmanship of the member for Carleton there might have been trouble. There are few men, probably, who have ever flourished in the arena of politics who could speak against manhood suffrage and vote in favor of it, and then speak in favor of woman suffrage and vote against it, all in one day.

That was rather a mean attack of the *Sun* on Mr. McDade, the reporter of the house, wasn't it? Mr. McDade has performed his very arduous duties not only to the entire satisfaction of the house but with absolute impartiality as to the numerous papers he has had to serve. Under the circumstances it is very unjust for the *Sun*, which knows this to be the fact, to assail that gentleman because they were outwitted in re publication of the union bill by the *Telegraph*. It was no part whatever of his duty to supply special information entirely outside his contract to the *Sun* which had not the enterprise to even ask for. Be fair, Mr. *Sun*, and don't whine when you are whipped.

FLOTSAM.

BEFORE THE COURT TODAY.

The Baird-Ellis Case Probably Postponed Till June.

Mr. John V. Ellis will today throw himself upon the generosity of the supreme court of New Brunswick. He and his sureties entered into recognizances to the extent of \$1,200 that he would appear today before the supreme court in Fredericton. Progress is informed that he will not be in Fredericton but in Ottawa and that his legal representative will ask the judge to allow the case to stand over until June. It is not at all likely that the court will object, but it should and demand Mr. Ellis or his bail, Mr. Ellis would be out some \$1,200. Leniency, however, will probably prevail and the case stand over until June.

It is said that the interrogatories are something fearful—several miles of them, and if Mr. Ellis succeeds in answering all of them correctly, his responses would make a valuable volume.

Another interesting item about this suit is the costs. Lawyers who ought to know something about similar cases, permit the sum total to wander between \$2,500 and \$3,000, which somebody will have to pay.

Leave your orders for Carpet Cleaning at Harold Gilbert's, 54 King street.

WE ALL AGREE WITH YOU.

Amber Tries "Pigs in Clover" and Reflects Upon Her Efforts.

I have done a thing since last week which has left an imprint on my soul. I bought the "Pigs in Clover," and tried to play it. There is a dent in the wall "for-nist" me where I threw the box, and the pillow of the couch bears impress where I lay, face downward, and wept in futile wrath because the pesky pigs would not go into the pen. The man who sold me the lot palmed off a goblin pig who is too fat to glide, and is always sticking in the road and so preventing a successful manipulation of the drove. I can get the seven little ones in, but they won't stay while I am joggling the big lame one around the track. If I played that game often I should either be in the mad-house or arrested for manslaughter. It is an awful thing to have the evil that is in one's nature so aroused just by a ten-cent pasteboard box and eight driving little marble pigs! I wouldn't play that game again, my dear, unless there was a convent near by which I could enter immediately after and do penance for the unholy wrath engendered in my heart. If you are so constituted that you want to succeed in everything you undertake; if you don't like to be vanquished even in a miserable game, and were obliged to give croquet and bean poker at an early age just because you would rather die than be beaten, let "Pigs in the Clover" alone.

He Did the Job, at Last.

It's a busy season for the knights of the whitewash brush. They have more work than they can do, but, naturally, they like to keep all they get. A Germain street lady engaged one, last Monday week, to touch up the ceiling of her dining-room. He was to be on hand Tuesday morning, Tuesday afternoon, at 5.30 o'clock, he came around and explained that he had to take the day to attend his father-in-law's funeral—and this though he was wearing his working dress. Wednesday morning, he called the servant to the door at half-past five. She wouldn't let him in to work at that hour, and, promising to come again at 7, he went away and didn't show up until the following noon. Then he washed the ceiling, went to dinner—and made his fourth appearance 30 hours later. The week was too far advanced then for the job to be done, and the whitewasher engaged to come Monday. He didn't. The lady of the house sent for another man, who managed to come to time Wednesday afternoon. While he was bringing in his apparatus, however, the first applicant turned up, drove out the second corner and—after just ten days' delay—did the job.

The Scott Act for Repeal.

Progress is informed that the Scott act will soon be brought up for repeal in Fredericton. The anti-Scott act party won't blow their horns when they go to work, but they believe that the public is ripe for the operation of the provincial license law, and the petition will be circulated on that ground. They are also somewhat reliant upon the recent fate of the act in Ontario.

Came at the Wrong Time.

The only James Kelly had a lot of friends on the big Bristol ship that came in last week, several of them being old schoolmates. He piloted a party of them around Portland, to show them the town. "I'd been bragging that we had the electric light," he told Ald. Murphy, "and I wanted 'em to see that, more than anything else. So I brought 'em over here—and found the light was out!"

Advertiser your wants in "Progress." Three lines will cost you only 10 cents.

JOHN, JACK AND JAMES.

WITH PASSING ALLUSION TO DAN, AND ANOTHER JAMES.

How Three of Them Fooled Phelan—One of Them Hoisted Another—And the First Two Combined to Boom a Best Man—Chapters of Police History.

Detective Phelan, of Halifax, was in town, Tuesday. He came for Emily Dillman or James H. Slater. He hadn't a warrant for the girl, and she wouldn't have anything to say to him. He had a warrant for the man, but the nimble James was under the protection of the St. John police.

Wednesday's *Telegraph* told part of the story, and told it very well. Sergeant Covay, "the best man on the force," accompanied the detective in his search for Slater. When they came out of the central station together, James was watching them from the old burying ground. Phelan didn't know him, and the best man didn't see him—of course—and James crossed the square. The *Telegraph* reporter met him there, and after a time the couple sauntered up Leinster street, followed by Ryan, the stable man, who went to notify Slater of the whereabouts of Phelan and Covay. On Leinster street, the party met Detective Ring—who didn't arrest Slater. This is a part of the story the *Telegraph* didn't tell.

"At 7 o'clock," adds the *Telegraph*, (after Slater had got away,) "Detective Phelan again proceeded to the police office and held a private conference with the chief of police, Detective Ring and Sgt. Covay. * * * The Chief of police and Detectives Phelan and Ring walked down through the square and instructed the police stationed there to lend any assistance in their power to the Haligonian."

Rats! The *Telegraph* comes to the sapient conclusion that "the affair needs investigation." Detective Phelan will think so, too, after he learns from this how he was hoodwinked by his brethren of the St. John police.

Mr. John R. Marshall does not believe in hiding his light under a bushel. He likes to keep the police force before the public—especially those members of it who are special favorites of his—and when police court proceedings are unusually quiet the chief always tries to relieve the monotony. One of his principal plans to accomplish this is to send a number of policemen to search a house where liquor is supposed to be sold. A few policemen under Jack Ring were sent on such a mission to a house on Duke street, one night last week. No liquor was found there. Nobody thought any would be found, although some people have an idea that it can be procured in the house.

Some time ago a squad of policemen were directed by the chief to search a house further down in Lower cove. The policemen went. They were met at the door by the proprietress, who greeted them pleasantly and said she had been expecting them to call that evening. They didn't find any liquor, although it is a well known fact that it is sold there.

How is this for a "clue," Chief Marshall? And when the chief selects the "best man on the force" for a sergeantcy, he's going to boom him for all he's worth. He will do it if he has to take "the best man" from his own beat to that of another division, to search the house of a helpless old woman, in the hope of finding liquor. The chief did this after his last appointment and the dailies aided him splendidly in booming his man.

There is a coolness between Chief of Police Marshall and Police-Surgeon Daniel E. Berryman. Dr. Berryman was appointed by the influence of the chief, his duty being to examine and report upon the physical condition of officers, who claimed to be unable to do duty. Thanks to the chief, however, his sphere of usefulness was widened from the first. Formerly, when a man requiring medical attendance was brought to the station, the officer in charge of the case had called some professional friend or the nearest medical man. After Dr. Dan's appointment, the chief made it understood that he was to receive all the calls. He did. Other physicians found police station cases scarcer than hen's teeth for scarcity. The combine shut off all competition.

But things have changed. The order to call nobody but Dr. Dan has fallen into innocuous dueness. The policemen understand that the attendance of any other doctor would be just as welcome to their superior, if not more so. They don't know what has put an end to the pleasant friendship. Some of them hazard the observation that Dr. Dan has been holding an inquest on the chief's usefulness and returned a verdict of "Still-born." Perhaps he has.

Ladies' Purse, extra good value, at McArthur's Bookstore.

A BOOMING SECTION.

The March of Progress on Union and Charlotte Streets.

No part of St. John has so improved in the last twelve months as Charlotte and Union streets. Progress has frequently noted it and now people are talking of it. The passage of the street cars and the paving of the thoroughfares had no doubt much to do with the boom, but the erection of new buildings, the opening of new and splendid stores, the retouching of old ones and the general desire for neatness, cleanliness and brightness has greatly aided in making this section of St. John what it is to-day.

Two new brick buildings are about being completed on the corner of Union and Waterloo. That owned by Mr. Dockrill is completed and occupied. Kedy & Co. made a lucky strike when they secured such a splendid front and spacious show room. Well lighted by electricity the store presents a very attractive appearance and indicates plainly the progress of the street. When Mr. Hopkins gets his corner building finished and that enterprising grocer, W. A. Porter, occupies the first and second flats, he will have no fault to find with his contribution to the street, either in the way of building or tenant. Then right around the corner is another dry goods store, T. Patton & Co., who have faith in the business of the place and are quite willing to start and grow with it. May they do so.

But the finest dry goods front east of Macaulay Bros. & Co. is that of the old London House retail, now Daniel & Robertson. This firm's choice of location and business would have done credit to older heads. Right on the corner of Charlotte and Union, east and west, with Coburg entrance opposite, no one can deny the central location of the new firm, and granting that their stock will be all that is wanted, success should hurry right along. Notwithstanding that the store is old and well known, there is a distinct air of newness about it now—new firm, new goods—new fittings and some new men to handle them.

Right along on the way to King is another new store, but plenty old enough to be popular. Barnes & Murray have hit upon a unique plan for today. Every customer will get a bunch of mayflowers from the land of Evangeline. Progress' best wish is that the goods and mayflowers will both satisfy the rush of customers, as well as the firm.

Room Paper from Five cents a roll, at McArthur's Bookstore, Main street, Portland, opposite Bell Tower.

Another Bouquet for Schriebe r.

"What is the reason that the Intercolonial railway authorities will not allow the telephone to be put in the depot here?" writes Progress' Dorchester correspondent. "They should surely make us that much of a concession, since, at the time the old building was burned in 1887, they ignored a numerous signed petition to change the location of the depot, and rebuilt on the old site—half a mile out on the marsh—to the immense inconvenience of the people of Dorchester as well as to the travelling public generally. Now they refuse to put the telephone in the building, and, as a consequence, a number of people who would otherwise become subscribers decline to take the instrument, as it would be almost entirely on account of the connection with the railway that they would want them. Thus our prospects of a telephone exchange are waning. Of course, Mr. Schriebe r is responsible for it all. What a blessing he is to the country!"

Still Making Them Haul.

Humane Frederictonians stopped, last Monday, on Front street and watched a pair of dogs forced to haul an old trunk-laden cart through the mud. The dogs were about tired out, and stopped every few yards, but their master forced them along. This is the same man who was reported to Mr. Wetmore, in this city. It is a pity he was let go.

A Year of Victory.

The next number of the Progress will contain the story of the paper's inception and growth, a portrait and biography of Hon. John Costigan, an article on an alleged "Secret and Jesuitical" society and hosts of other features, filling 12 brilliant pages. Progress will be a year old next week, and it will give its readers something to remember that by.

They Like Mr. Miles.

A class in frechand and mechanical drawing will be opened at Milford, Tuesday evening by Mr. F. H. C. Miles. Quite a number from that place attended the Institute school and found Mr. Miles such a model teacher that they were determined not to part with him when the course ended.

Promotion For Mr. Murray.

Mr. Murray of the Halifax Banking company, has been appointed manager of the Peticodiac branch. He won't have much time to say good bye for he leaves town by tonight's train.