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AH, THERE! MR. PURDY,

IS IT ALL SETTLED TO YOUR ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

Civic Elections in United St. John—Carleton Anxious for a Shot at Mr. Everett—Mayor Chesley Wants to Be an Alderman, but He is Going to be Left.

Mayor Thorne hasn't decided yet for certain whether he will be in the field again for the chairmanship of the united city. There can be no doubt that he has gained ground since the passing of the interim bill and the talk of other candidates. Citizens who have been opposed to him on the ground of a third term would not mind seeing him preside, with his experience, for another year.

A prominent citizen, well posted in civic matters, said, Thursday, talking of Mr. Everett, that he would be opposed to him, because he would be somewhat inclined, if in the civic chair, to carry out the ideas of the union commission to the letter, which would probably make union unpopular.

Whatever this argument may amount to, there seems quite a breeze of opposition on the horizon. Carleton says, through her representatives, that she only wants a chance to snow one of the fathers of the union scheme under.

But the talk in the city does not compare to the election jabber in Portland, where every man suspects his next-door neighbor of aspiring to civic honors. The most encouraging sign is the craze displayed by the ring. Many of them are preparing for their civic funeral, but there are some who will fight to the last.

The Chesley brothers are among the latter. John A. has announced himself for ward 1, and Lon is on deck in No. 2.

Ward 1 will be a three-cornered contest. Two of the candidates are honest, respectable men and good citizens; the other is a member of the ring. No person has any fault to find with Mr. Joseph Horncastle or Mr. Nase, but Mayor and Union Commissioner John A. Chesley will have a hard row to hoe. The voters of No. 1 have not forgotten his attitude on the union question, when, though the mayor of the city and one of the commission, he worked against the scheme all election day.

But in spite of his opposition, No. 1 carried union by a sweeping majority—just about as large as Messrs. Horncastle and Nase will get on their election day. The busy end of Portland can be congratulated upon such candidates. They are good business men, popular, and have no axes to grind. Elected, as they are sure to be, they will work for the city and not for themselves.

Brother-in-law Purdy is on his mettle. He objects to a sweeping change in the representation, and proposes to take a hand in the fight. His great concern at present is to find a mate for Lon Chesley to run in No. 2. You will hunt a long time, Mr. Purdy. The only shouter PROGRESS thinks of is John Murphy (the one who voted twice), but Mr. Purdy hasn't the confidence in his popularity that he might have.

To shorten a long story, if he cannot get a suitable man to brace up his brother-in-law, Lon Chesley, in No. 2, he will put himself in nomination; but if he is successful in his hunt, he will go to Ward 5 and join hands with Alderman John Connor. What does Alderman McGoldrick say to that?

PROGRESS is told that Alderman McGoldrick was always for union. If it was for the fact that the information came from a reliable man, it wouldn't be printed—with the vote against union in Ward 5 staring us in the face.

In Ward 3, the only John Kelly is ready and willing to lend himself to a representation for the addition of St. John. "Boss" Kelly has been an alderman and a water commissioner, and he can run No. 3 almost as easily as Boss Lantulum can Kings ward. He will have lots of opposition, though, in James Kelly, the county master of the Orangemen, who proposes to rally his brethren of the order about him, and fight his namesake in his own fort. Mr. Thomas Millidge is also spoken of, but whether he will run or not does not seem to be decided upon.

Easter Cards and Booklets, now ready, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

Gone for Another Quarter.

The poet Phillips is again in the almshouse and Dock and King streets are again quiet between the hours of 10 and 12 p. m. The poet was off his guard one night this week and lay down in a Sydney street snow bank to spend the night. Two wandering minstrels found him there and had the strength and courage to lug him to the outer door of the police station. The only strength Phillips had was on his breath, which gave him a night's lodging down stairs. He won't be on deck again for three months.

Not Yet. Spring lamb carcasses were quoted in the Boston market at \$37, lately. Spring lamb isn't in regular use here as an article of diet.

HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE.

The Profitable Business Methods of a Charlotte Street Israelite.

"Have you heard how one of our adopted citizens is using the 'instalment plan' to fleece people?" was asked of PROGRESS, Wednesday.

PROGRESS knew many reputable merchants who use the system to their patrons' advantage, but wasn't acquainted with a dishonest one, and said so.

"The man I allude to," the informant went on, "is a Hebrew who came to St. John not very long ago. He keeps a little shop on Charlotte street, but most of his business is done outside and is in the line of albums, clocks, rugs, etc. Poor people and ignorant ones are his favorite customers. He sells them a showy, cheaply-made article, at double its honest price, and arranges for them to pay a certain sum each week. But the beauty of the scheme is that he makes them sign a carefully-worded agreement which provides that the goods shall be given up if any instalment isn't paid and practically amounts to a lien upon the maker's property for the whole bill.

"Then the trouble begins. In one case, where the dealer sold a \$12 album, the purchaser defaulted the third payment of 50 cents, and the Jew was very polite and obliging about it. 'It really didn't matter: could be paid next week as well as not.' It was paid and the woman who bought the book was so grateful for the Jew's civility that she skrimished around among her friends and got him a half-dozen customers. Time passed on, however. The woman paid \$10. When there was only \$2 lacking to complete the purchase, she fell behind a week in her payments—and the Jew snatched the book and kept the money!

"This same man includes in his contracts a stipulation that 10 per cent. of the cost of the articles shall be added to the real bill if he is put to the trouble of going to law to collect the debt.

"I suppose these methods are legal enough, but it's pretty certain they're not honest, and it's a shame that the fellow should be allowed to impose on people as he is doing. Just let me know when you hear of a victim who's getting ready to make it warm for him, and I'll be glad to supply either the tar or the feathers."

Easter Cards and Booklets, at Portland News Depot and Branches.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY.

The Real Reason of Mr. Cropley's Attack on Mr. Fenety.

It doesn't take much fire to make a great smoke in Fredericton. Two dead-head minstrel show tickets are the latest fuel the fire has had. Mr. W. T. H. Fenety, the local agent for the St. John minstrels, furnished the management with a list of Fredericton papers for press compliments. They were sent him, and marked as soon as received, "Gleaner," "Farmer," "Capital," "Reporter." The editors of the Capital and Reporter failed to give the show decent advance notices, and Mr. Fenety gave the tickets marked Capital and Reporter to his assistants.

The Capital whined in its next issue about the absence of "press courtesies," and Manager Guillod wrote him that among the tickets in his possession were two marked "Capital." Then Mr. Fenety caught it from the warlike Cropley, who insinuates that he is the kind of a man who would "steal the coppers from a dead man's eyes."

It is very funny, and it really was too bad that Editor Cropley was not privileged to see a performance which he is pleased to call "a disgrace to St. John." But apart from this fair-minded people cannot get rid of the idea that Mr. Cropley's attack on Mr. Fenety was not as much from a journalistic as from a trade standpoint. The gentlemen have been rivals in the stationary and book business and the reason of Mr. Cropley's violent language may be found in the next column of his newspaper where the following notice is given prominence:

Mr. Edward H. Allen will commence on Wednesday next, 3rd April, in Cropley's book store, to auction off Mr. Cropley's entire stock of books, stationery, and fancy goods. The sale will begin at 10 o'clock, a. m., and be continued from day to day until the whole stock is disposed of. * * * * * The stock must be disposed of not later than the end of April.

Further comment is not necessary.

Umbrellas Repaired, 242 Union Street.

Get Sober Before You Come, John.

"I had the honor of meeting John L. Sullivan, while he was on his recent 'tour,'" writes a St. John boy, who is visiting New York, "and listened to his wild talk for an hour, with considerable amusement. He said that he made up his mind, months ago, to go to the provinces for a fortnight this summer, and that he should get as far back in the woods as he could, and just fish and shoot and brace up. I can't place much reliance on this, for John was well set up when he told it, but I put it in, thinking you would be interested to know."

Room Paper. Large Assortment Direct from Manufacturers. Low Prices. At McArthur's Bookstore, Portland, opposite Bell Tower.

FLOTSAM ON THE HOUSE.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Railway Bills and Subsidies—The Great Hector Hamilton and His Franked Parcel—Dr. De Bertram and the Short Line, and the Advocates of Female Suffrage.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

FREDERICTON, April 4.—It was a field night in the assembly tonight, and the woman suffragists nailed their colors to the masts. The premier's address in opposition to the resolution was an eloquent one, delivered as it was when the speaker was indisposed, and in the face of an ominous-looking audience in the ladies' gallery. Mr. Emmerson's speech in reply was an able one, as was that of our own Silas, who was speaking under the inspiration of a dispatch of a very interesting character just received from St. John. The debate was adjourned until tomorrow, and possibly a vote may not be reached even then. It is claimed by the champions of the sex that the government is using undue influence among its supporters to induce them to vote down the resolution. This the premier emphatically denies.

The chances are that we will be fairly supplied with railways before long. New Brunswick has now a much greater mileage per capita than any other country in the world. And there are charters still extant to about double the total, with others looming up every day. Hon. Michael Adams is here and has about convinced the assembled wisdom that the country is suffering for a line between Temiscouata, Newcastle and Shippegan Harbor. The great Hector Cameron—famed far and near for "booming" Anticosti Island and wearing pants of London make—is here urging the incorporation of a company to build the St. Lawrence & Maritime Provinces railway. This road, like the first-named line, starts from Edmundston, but where it ends no man can tell. It may be hazarded that it will find a deep-water terminus somewhere north of Florida. Westmorland's only Joseph and oily Alfred, I am informed, were strenuously opposed to the idea of granting these roads the privilege of issuing bonds to the extent of \$15,000 a mile, but were rather over-awed by the glib-speaking speculator from Toronto at last.

Concerning the great Hector himself and his mania for Cockney clothing, a good story is told. One pair of pjamas which he received did not fit, and he blandly directed them by "parcel post" back to his tailor, franking the parcel with that lordly air of his. The postage came to just \$4.80. But that was nothing for a country with such illimitable possibilities as ours to pay.

Then there is the Studholm & Hammond Vale railway, which Mr. White, M. P., P., thinks the country is yearning for. The bill has passed both houses. Another bill which was just introduced today may turn out to be rather an important one possibly. It emanates from Mr. Louis G. DeBertram and his associates, who seek to be incorporated for the building of the Short Line connecting link between Harvey and Moncton. Hon. Mr. Richard seems to have this bill in charge, and judging from the present feeling in reference to the actions of the Canada Pacific, it is quite likely to pass. Mr. DeBertram, I believe, proposes to build the road for the subsidies which were offered by the dominion to the C. P. R.

The Franchise bill has received the finishing touches down stairs and is now before the Lords. Mr. Humphrey was the only man opposed to the manhood suffrage idea in the assembly. What will be done upstairs remains to be seen, but I think there can be no doubt of its ultimate passage.

The supplementary estimates will be brought down today. An increased grant to the St. John public hospital is said to be one of the items. Properly speaking, the counties interested should bear their proper share of this burden, but then you have to tap the municipal pocket very gently these times.

Dr. Dan. lobbied against the Coroners' bill to some effect, didn't he? But why should Daniel oppose the holding of useless inquests, is the query? We pause for a reply?

Marcus has been quiescent of late. But it is said he intends to call for a statement of the Premier's views on Irish home rule before the session is over. This would be a taking card in Johnville.

Sir William Q. and Mr. Barberie have made some fine hauls of cusk and gizzard across the river, I'm told. Also of suckers. Likewise of chubs.

I rise to remark, Isn't it just a trifle ludicrous how Bro. Silas and our friend Alfred are blowing around about the way they pushed through the St. John elections bill! The bill would have got through in time, possibly, without any very desperate pushing, but whatever was done in that direction falls rather to the credit of Hon. Mr. Jones than either of these gentlemen.

And still Grand Falls isn't happy. It has the muddiest streets in the province, the finest stud of racing hogs probably in

America, and the most densely populated dogs in the world. Upon the long lines of drapery that festoon the stately avenues of the town on wash-mornings, the bland and genial bovine and the pensive William-goat alike browse peacefully. It has rainbows that hump themselves up by moonlight, and roosters that crow on the front gates of the citizens at the witching hour when churchyards yawn. It has at least 40 names on its voters' list now, as compared with 39 names and one defaulter in 1840. It has expended on sidewalks alone since that year the sum of \$1.09, and the more imposing private dwellings of the town have had during that period more than \$1.50 worth of paint lavished upon them. This does not include the fences that have been whitewashed. Is it any wonder a town which has made such strides in less than a half century should ask the legislature for a mayor and corporation? The wonder is the house don't send Bro. P., from Queens, up at once, and then they'd have a mayor and corporation both.

We can never feel safe. What a horrible casualty would ensue now if two trains should collide on the N. B. R., some of these fine days, one containing all the candidates for civic offices in the new city of St. John, and the other loaded up with applicants for the vacant seats in the legislative council! I am positive that a prominent historian and also a gentleman who thought he ought to have had Secretary McLellan's place as Maritime bank liquidator would be found among the killed on the latter train.

The legislative council has been chiefly occupied up to date in bouncing the bills that have come up from the other branch. And most of them deserved to be bounced.

Did anyone ever hear of a company seeking incorporation to build a public hall in the country, that did not state that the hall was to be used for purposes of religion, temperance and morality? By that means the \$30 payable on all bills is remitted. Quite an artful preamble that, isn't it? But the game has been played for all it's worth. The next one that goes in don't go in.

Hon. D. L. Hanington, sr., is missed from the legislative council this session. The Hon. gentleman has been in poor health for some time past, and is also suffering from the effects of a fall. He and Hon. Mr. Young, of the legislative council, have been longer in public life than any other members of either house. The former, who is now about 84 years of age, was a member of the lower house about 40 years ago. Hon. Mr. Young was first elected to the lower house in 1861, and has been a member of one or other of the two houses continuously since that date. Both Mr. Hanington and Mr. Young were appointed to the legislative council at Confederation in 1867, as was also Mr. Lewis, who died last year. Hon. Mr. Hamilton, who died in 1887, was the last link connecting the present Legislative Council with that of pre-confederate days.

The St. John Union bill, it is said, will not be ready for introduction until next week. If not we are booked for a lengthy loafing spell, I fear.

Mayor Thorne, Alderman Peters, Alderman Robertson, Harbor-Master Taylor and City Engineer Peters, of St. John, have been shooting about the corridors the past few days. They were lobbying against the bill relative to the extension of the Long wharf, and have carried their point, I am told.

The Miramichi bantams are still walking around each other, head down and tail up, sparring cautiously for an opening. There is talk of getting up a cocking-main before the session is over.

"Not having hesitated to say so before, I say now that I don't hesitate to say we ought to hesitate before we say so."—Hon. Mr. Dominico.

The ladies' gallery of the assembly room is sadly destitute of the galaxy of beauty that formerly beamed upon the members. Is it that the Newcastle Adonis has departed? or that William, duke of Kent, is absent? Or is it that Bro. Silas has plunged into the vortex of the matrimonial maelstrom since last we met?

There is no truth in the disquieting rumor that Hon. Mr. White intends resigning his seat in the council. People who seek to plunge society into amica by such reports ought to be impounded.

FLOTSAM.

Even the Babies Want It.

A funny incident, which is vouched for by a well-known citizen, is given for its worth. His family were at dinner, Saturday, when the "baby," a bright little girl of four years, deliberately descended from her high chair and said, "If 'oo p'ease 'scuse me, I'll see what PROGRESS says today."

Nothing At All.

Dr. John Berryman M. P. P. has gone to Fredericton, and the Telegraph insinuates that Mr. W. W. Clark will be the next chief of police. What was the matter with PROGRESS' barometer?

Good Note Paper—Five Quires for Fifteen cents—at McArthur's, 80 King street.

"LARRY" FOR MONCTON.

THEY PROPOSE TO MAKE IT HOT FOR ST. JOHN.

The Shamrocks and Their Prospects for a Good Season—A Game for the 24th of May—Grounds Secured and Ready for the Work of Preparation.

Thursday was a great day for the Shamrocks. On that afternoon the lease of their new grounds was signed—a ten years' lease, with option of purchase or renewal. The grounds cover four and-a-half acres, and include the LaTour rink, through which, by the way, entrance will be made. The rink area will have to be encroached upon about 15 feet, to give room for the catcher's position, but buildings that are already standing will be utilized as dressing-rooms, a refreshment stand, etc. The street cars pass the door. What's the matter with all that?

The changes and improvements that will have to be made will cost about \$1,000, so the friends of the club must take hold, with both hands and make that bazar a "go." If city people work as hard as St. John boys who have left home, it will be, for tickets in the drawings are already being sold in the United States.

The club has two or three good batteries in view and correspondence isn't being neglected. Patrons will miss that old standby, Danny Connolly, who, as everybody knows, married a St. John girl and removed to New York; but Danny's place will be filled by a man who could probably give him lessons in pitching, though perhaps not in popularity. It's too early to mention names. A month hence, PROGRESS will have some interesting news to print.

There is a fair prospect that the club will open the season May 24th, with the Holy Cross College nine, of Worcester. It is one of the best amateur nines in Massachusetts and will draw a crowd.

A private letter from a gentleman prominent in Moncton base ball circles says that the club expects to have a great season there. Monctonians are about as enthusiastic as St. John people over the prospects. The personnel of the nine has not been decided yet. The writer says he thinks they can make it "quite interesting for the Nationals with Wagg and Larry and Bobby Stewart and the material we have here—I might say chiefly composed of St. John boys." He says further that, while Larrabee has not been signed yet, there is a very good chance of getting him, but if they do not succeed they will get one equally good to hold Wagg.

Well, there's nothing the matter with that for confidence and enterprise and it is a comfort to know that St. John boys in Moncton are still ball cranks.

Room Paper Five cents a roll, at McArthur's bookstore, Portland, opposite Bell Tower.

Capt. Rawlings Isn't Tall Enough.

When the members of the city police force read PROGRESS, last Saturday, there was a wholesale grin on exhibition. Captain Rawlings and his pettion caused it all and the rare and beautiful smiles of the brass buttons illuminated the town for the day. PROGRESS didn't catch on to the cause of their mirth for an hour or two, but when it ran into a sergeant and his squad, shouted:

"Look here, what makes you fellows so full of grin today?"

"Rawlings and his paper," was the laconic reply.

"What's the matter with Rawlings?"

"Well, you know our regulations require that a member of the force must be five feet eight inches in height. That shuts Capt. Rawlings out."

It Is a Wonder.

Mr. Lindsay, of Toronto, writes a St. John friend that Canada will probably be favored with a visit from some prominent British lawn tennis players, this season. The Hamilton brothers who were with the Irish cricketers last season, intend returning to take in many of the fixtures in this country and the United States. "It is a wonder," he adds, "that the Canadian clubs have not more tournaments arranged to bring about that club rivalry that makes any sport all the more interesting. Pastime, of London, of March 20, gives a list of 53 English tournaments already fixed, including dates from April 1, at Hyde Park, to August 26, at the Essex county meeting at Leyton."

The Home of Mr. Pattison.

"As a rule," writes a valued correspondent in Dorchester, "we are an easy going community. Early hours do not worry us, hard work does not seem to have overtaken us, and we live in the faith that all things come to those who wait," the course pursued by Martha serving us a lesson never to be forgotten."

Somebody Try It and See.

There is a fortune within the grasp of the enterprising merchant who first imports the Pigs in Clover puzzle—and advertises it in PROGRESS. Everyone wants it.

REMARKABLY CLOSE GUESSING.

Mr. T. O'Brien, Bookseller, Leases Sydney Market Slip.

Timothy O'Brien has the Sydney Street Market wharf for the next year at \$501.50. His tender was a remarkably shrewd guess since Mr. Littlejohn, the lessee last year, was only \$1.50 below him, his tender being \$500.

PROGRESS has a communication bearing on the subject, which is very interesting but very long—too long to publish. Summarized it notes the fact that Mr. Timothy O'Brien, the successful tenderer, is a brother of the partner of the chairman of the harbor, and its inquiries into the whys and wherefores are very pertinent. It also calls attention to the fact that Alderman Lantulum has an old hulk lying in the slip; that it was there last year and that Mr. Littlejohn proposes to bring an action against the owner for \$300, for wharfage. The genial alderman probably thinks that Mr. Littlejohn is charging him too much and will let the county court settle the question.

But a curious charge is made to the effect that Mr. O'Brien is only Mr. Lantulum's agent, and that Mr. Lantulum's brother has charge of the wharf at present and that in view of these facts the old hulk can remain in its present obstructive position another year, if Mr. Lantulum pleases.

But it was very close guessing, wasn't it, Mr. O'Brien? Mr. Littlejohn, \$500; Mr. O'Brien, \$501.50.

Ladies' Purses—new Spring Styles—at McArthur's, 80 King street.

SEERGEANT NIXON AND THE GATE.

A Little Scene at Fort Dufferin That Was Missed by a Painter.

Sergeant Nixon carried away a fine gold-headed cane, and all the good wishes of hundreds of friends when he boarded the train for Toronto, Monday night. Few persons were privileged to be intimate with Sergeant Nixon, but those who were found him full of information on almost every subject, and willing to impart it. He was a Crimean soldier, one of an artillery battery that fought in many a cannonade, and on one occasion came so near annihilation that only four remained alive defending the guns. One of the survivors was Sergeant Nixon.

Visitors to Fort Dufferin remember the well-known military guardian of the fortifications who directed their movements, telling them where they might and where they might not go. The writer recollects being brought to a sudden "halt" one day, some years ago, when he wandered near one of the magazines. Plenty of others shared the same fate that day—it was about the time of the landslide—and retired in confusion.

A good story is told of the sergeant and Boss Lantulum, the truth of which is only vouched for by that fickle dame "Hearsay." The alderman and some visiting friends were doing the town, and, of course, must take in the fort. When they arrived the gate was locked as usual, and the sergeant was in his sentry box. Mr. Lantulum shook the entrance and pummelled it in the most approved fashion, but Mr. Nixon failed to appear. He probably didn't hear the row, but when the alderman tired of pounding, shouting and waiting, climbed the fence and poked his nose over the pickets, he looked straight into the muzzle of a Martini-Henry in the hands of the redoubtable sergeant.

"Get down!" said Mr. Nixon.

Mr. Lantulum didn't move.

"Get down!" said Mr. Nixon, "before I count three."

Mr. Lantulum stared at him in amazement.

"One, two—"

Mr. Lantulum vanished.

The sergeant then opened the gate and the visitors entered in a proper way, and took a good deal of satisfaction in looking about them.

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

We Give It Up.

"Why isn't a man or woman allowed to sing on the street?" asked a citizen, yesterday. A middle aged man, so lame that he had to use a crutch and a cane to get along, and half blind, was singing on Prince William street, one day this week, holding his hat in hand for pennies at the same time. A policeman came along and ordered him off the street. What is the difference between that man and the organ grinders who squat about the streets daily, or the street band that draws a crowd and obstructs the sidewalk? This fellow had a very good voice and was annoying nobody.

Raphael is Taking a Rest.

"The Recording Angel must have drawn a big breath of relief when spring began," said an employee of the water office yesterday. "During the cold weather nine out of ten people leave their taps open at night and then lie to the inspector when he asks about it. There's water enough wasted in that way to supply the whole city for a year."