

What Shall We Do in Heaven? Leading city clergymen of all denominations will answer this question in the next number of Progress, February 16. Their letters are thoughtful, earnest, able, and will be of deep and abiding interest. Order the paper now. Your newsdealer sells it.

PROGRESS.

Is Housekeeping a Failure? The brightest and best article you ever read, on the subject of Homes, Boarding-houses, Servants, the Duties of Women, and the Miseries of Men, will be printed in Progress next week, Feb. 16. Tell your newsdealer to send you a copy of the paper. He won't have any left, later than 9 o'clock Saturday morning.

VOL. I., NO. 41.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

WHAT ABOUT THE OATS?

THE THRIFT AND FORESIGHT OF BROTHER-IN-LAW PURDY.

More Sample Bricks and Mortar From the Fire and Light Stations—How the Men Who Run the City Escape Their Share of the Taxes—A Case in Point.

The latest news from Portland represents Boss Chesley as "in a state of mind." He is righteously indignant at Progress on account of the recent disclosures, and he threatens all sorts of things, including personal violence.

He had better wait until Progress gets through with him, and avenge himself all in a heap. It is not done with him yet.

The public understands, if he does not, that he is being dealt with as Boss Chesley, not as citizen W. A. Chesley. He or any other man who assumes to exercise public functions is a fit and proper subject for criticism. And he or any other man in such a position will be criticised so long as he continues to do wrong.

That he has done and is doing wrong no one can doubt.

Progress has already shown, by facts which are not denied and can be proved, that he has lent himself to acts which can be explained only on the ground of jobbery or incompetency. He has either abused his position or permitted abuses. In either case he is unfit to have the direction of public affairs.

The scandalous way in which Boss Chesley's brother-in-law, Daniel J. Purdy, has been allowed to supply the fire department with hay and oats, without tender and at his own prices, has already been shown. It is possible that Mr. Purdy would have enjoyed the privilege had he not been a brother-in-law, but does any sane man suppose so?

This is not all. When brother-in-law Purdy's contract expired, there were stored in one of the engine houses a quantity of oats, perhaps two or three hundred bushels. These had been furnished by Mr. Purdy at contract price, a figure which amply repaid him. He is, however, a thrifty man who takes thought of the morrow. He knew that the price of oats was about to rise, and claiming that he was not bound to furnish supplies beyond the expiration of his contract he sent his team to the engine house and hauled the oats away. These oats which he had furnished for say 32 cents, under the contract, he subsequently re-sold to the department, without contract at the increased market rate, which at one time reached 46 cents. Boss Chesley was aware of this and permitted it. Do the citizens of Portland think that such a man is fit to hold his position?

Every precaution has been taken to keep this splendid system of jobbery from the public. It has been supposed to be safe in the keeping of Boss Chesley, Mr. Purdy and his man and the men about the engine house. Fortunately for the public, but unfortunately for the ring, some other members of the council have been told of it, in confidence, as a very good joke. They have told some of their friends in confidence, until at last after many days and in a round-about way, it has reached Progress. It is such an excellent joke that it is too good to keep. The public are entitled to the full benefit of it.

Doubtless Boss Chesley will feel like taking a walk after he reads this. Progress can suggest one for him in his capacity as chairman of the fire committee. He should walk over to St. John and see if James Melick is well enough to go over to Portland and put the fire alarm boxes in order. No one in Portland seems to know how to look after them. When the Tyne House was burned, box 412 rang 124 and a variety of combinations like the "fifteen puzzle." The reflection of the fire indicated its locality to the public, just as it did in the old times. The next day the fire was started afresh and box 421 was pulled, but it also made a contradictory alarm on the bells.

The chimney of the electric light station has not yet blown down, but it bids fair to do so if there are many more sharp frosts followed by soft weather. The most casual observer passing by cannot fail to see how the worthless cement has washed out of the upper courses. The structure looks as though it had been standing half a century rather than a few months. It is a disgraceful job which cannot be hidden.

If it does fall, it is to be hoped that it will injure neither any innocent passers by nor the coal shed. The latter is a structure entirely too expensive to be destroyed. It cost nearly \$300. Boss Chesley is reported to have said that he could build it for \$50. Now that the station, such as it is, is in operation, why can't the taxpayers get the benefit of it? The plant and the men are there and the extra expense of lighting the streets every night would be but a trifle. Thursday night was dark, the bad sidewalks were slippery and treacherous, yet the only light the pedestrians had came from an occasional shop window.

Even if the expense of light was much more—so much as to increase the tax bills—the Chesleys need not care. It would

not affect them. They appear to be independent of the assessors.

They have a very valuable and profitable piece of property in the shape of a foundry. It has a fine engine, and is well equipped with first-class plant. It does a good business, and well repays its owners, John A. Chesley and W. A. Chesley. The buildings are in good order. They would probably refuse \$15,000 for this property alone. John A. Chesley owns a fine and handsomely furnished residence on the Douglass road. Not far away is another fine and well furnished house owned by W. A. Chesley. It is a double building, and he rents half of it. The ordinary rate-payer would suppose that these gentlemen paid heavy taxes. They ought to, but they do not. They pay nothing like their share. Here is how they are assessed:

Table with 4 columns: Real Estate, Personal, Income, Tax. Rows for John A. Chesley and W. A. Chesley.

Their residences alone are worth the amount at which the real estate is given. The figures fixed for respective incomes are more like the salary of a clerk than the profits of a large and flourishing foundry. We shall have something to say hereafter in regard to their personal estate.

In order to show by comparison just what a soft snap the Chesleys have, Progress is obliged to introduce the name of a private citizen, who will doubtless pardon the liberty, "for the good of the cause."

Everybody who knows Chesley's foundry knows the Hilyard mill property. It is a good property, unquestionably, but compare the assessors' valuation of the estate of Thomas Hilyard and the house property of Thomas R. Hilyard with the Chesley valuation:

Table with 4 columns: Real Estate, Personal, Income, Tax. Rows for Thos. Hilyard and Thos. R. Hilyard.

The estate has a house property in addition to the mill property. Thos. R. Hilyard is assessed on his individual property and on his income from the mill. Either the Hilyard property is vastly over-assessed or the Chesley foundry is left out of the account altogether.

When clerks are assessed on their incomes of from \$400 to \$800 a year, every dollar of which is needed to support them and their families, is it right the men at the head of affairs should be allowed to shirk their taxes? So long as the Chesley influence is dominant the assessors are powerless. They must accept such statement as Mayor and Boss choose to make, and we have seen what that statement is. How does the public like it?

The Scott Illustrations.

The ladies of the Library should be eminently satisfied with the people's reception of the Scott entertainment. The attendance was splendid and the enthusiasm cordial. The leader, originator and head of the illustrations, Mrs. Temple, has had many graceful and merited compliments paid her, but none could equal the genuine applause of such a select and appreciative audience. The daily press has covered the ground of facts, and repetition would be uninteresting. To mention one or two things that escaped their observation would include the splendid costume of Mr. Haggerty, which was much admired, and the bearing of that thorough, splendid Scotsman, Mr. John Miller, who made a fine *Cœur de Lion*.

Another notable feature was the smooth and pleasing reading of Rev. L. G. Stevens and the patriotic enthusiasm of Mr. George Robertson.

Who Owns the Square?

Away up behind the rocks on Indian town hill is a piece of ground called Victoria square. The city of Portland claims it as a gift from Hon. Charles Simonds. Count de Bury also claims it and says he has paid taxes on it. The other day the count fenced it in. The next day roadmaster Brown tore the fence down. The Count applied to Justice Tapley for a warrant against Mayor Chesley, but the magistrate told him he would have to apply to a higher power. There will be a lawsuit, of course.

Isn't there another piece of highway with a fence around it, and doesn't one of the aldermen claim to qualify on this fenced highway?

New Brunswick Talent Abroad.

late issues of the Vancouver, B. C., World contain the advertisement of a chamber concert by Messrs. Dyke and Frank H. Tuck, assisted by Madame de Gendron, Mr. Septimus Gough, late of England, and Mr. F. J. Painton. The entertainment was to take place on January 31st. The World remarks that "the personnel is made up of cultured musicians, and we have no doubt the concert will be very largely attended."

A New Paper Store.

There's a new store in Hall's building, corner of King and Germain streets. Mr. F. E. Holman is there with a first-class stock of handsome wall paper and everything in that line. His goods are all new, direct from New York.

THIS IS A VALENTINE

FOR THE CITY NEWSPAPERS AND THE ADVERTISING PUBLIC.

There are no pretty pictures on it and no poetry in it, but it will go straight to the mark—Comparative Sales of Contemporaries at the Bookstores.

Successful periodicals are never afraid to reveal the sources of their strength. A paper that has a good circulation is more than willing to give the public a chance to find that out, for knowledge of the fact brings business. Only the sheets that have neither character nor standing shrink from going into particulars and confine their statements to indefinite claims that no one thinks it worth while to dispute.

The papers that tell the truth about themselves rest on rock-bottom. The others, on wind.

The following figures will prick one or two bubbles and let out some wind.

They show the numbers of Progress and its contemporaries that are sold by the New Brunswick newsdealers.

They ought to be correct for, in all but two instances, the newsdealers themselves gave them.

The figures for Progress are not exceptional ones, and advertisers are invited to call at this office, examine circulation books and satisfy themselves on that point. They represent the regular, every Saturday circulation—the number of papers sent out and sold. They show that in the city news stores, Progress has twice the circulation of the Telegraph, three times that of the Sun, one and a half times that of the Globe and eight times that of the Gazette. In the country, this paper's lead is quite as marked. Taking city and country together, Progress has nearly twice the circulation of the Sun and Globe, and twelve times the circulation of the Gazette.

That the newsboys sell about six copies of Progress to one of any other paper, is very well known to the people of St. John. The statement printed below covers an equally important department of the field. Progress' circulation through news dealers has grown and is growing. In the third month of the paper's existence, that of last July, the news dealers disposed of 1,036 copies. At the present time, as the table shows, they sell 2,008—and the end is not yet.

Cut out this table, advertisers, and paste it in your hats:

St. John and Portland.

Table with 5 columns: Newsdealers, Progress, Telegraph, Sun, Globe, Gazette. Lists various newsdealers and their sales figures.

Other Places.

Table with 5 columns: Newsdealers, Progress, Telegraph, Sun, Globe, Gazette. Lists newsdealers in other locations and their sales figures.

DO THE RIGHT THING, CHIEF.

An Opportunity for John R. Marshall to Avoid Another Blunder.

The common council has recommended that police sergeant Watson be transferred from regular to special duty at the I. C. R. depot. This makes the appointment of another sergeant necessary. Chief Marshall has the power to make that appointment, and it is understood that he has selected his man. He has not chosen one of the old members of the force, who have served him and the city faithfully for a long period of years. If he did this, the chief would not be impressing the public sufficiently with the fact that "I have the power."

When Sergeant Hipwell was placed on Market square, Chief Marshall appointed officer Kilpatrick sergeant. Officer Kilpatrick was a good policeman, and makes a good sergeant.

But officer McDonald would have filled the position equally well. He is the oldest policeman on the force, and during the long period that he has been doing duty nothing has been charged against him. William Boyle is the next oldest officer, and the chief declared a short time ago that he was a faithful one, and there was nothing against his character. With all these qualifications, and their long service, these men will be compelled to serve under a young man who has been on the force but a few years.

Had an old officer been appointed to the position, every man on the police force would have been satisfied—even Mr. Kilpatrick himself. Now nearly every man is dissatisfied and discontented. There is not perfect harmony in the police force, by any means. Some of the police committee are dissatisfied and have expressed themselves strongly in that direction. They too would have felt otherwise had the man been appointed who should have been. Aside from the manner of his appointment, all his brother officers agree that Sergt. Kilpatrick is a good man. The man whom the chief now has in his eye is not. Chief Marshall should know this.

The Telegraph, Thursday, remarked that, "The chief goes on the principal of selecting the most competent man."

Does he, indeed? In that case, of course, he will not appoint a man who can't write his own name, as Sergt. Watson's successor.

Nor a man who makes it his proudest boast that he once helped to stone Father Chiniquy.

Nor a man whose sobriety is not above question.

Nor a man who is the butt of all his associates on the force, with whom it is a standing joke that, "We've got two Weather-heads and one Leatherhead."

Yet it is confidently asserted by policemen who ought to know, that the chief of police proposes to appoint just such an "incompetent" man.

Don't do it, chief. Do the right thing and make yourself more popular. Your sergeants are all good men, and when an addition is to be made to their number make it from the good men on the force. Don't give a place of command to a man who can't command himself, and who will never have the respect and loyal obedience of the men who serve under him.

Will Somebody Explain.

Who will explain why it is that some \$10 bills of the Merchants' bank of Halifax are decorated with the Union Jack and others with the Stars and Stripes?

There's no denying the fact. Both notes were issued in the same year, 1882, and a small sailing vessel is represented on each. The Union Jack is flying from the mast-head on one note but the Stars and Stripes have replaced it on the later issue. Will Mr. E. T. Kenny, M. P., president of the Merchants' bank, explain, or, failing him, Mr. Ellis, M. P., of the Globe might discover some reason for the difference.

Why Mr. Quigley Was Absent.

The St. John correspondent of the Moncton Times, who is one of the Sun staff, says that "R. F. Quigley, of St. John, was booked to open the lecture course in Fredericton tonight (Sunday) under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, but the lecturer failed to put in an appearance. The fact that Bishop Sweeney has not permitted the establishment of the order in St. John lends color to the belief current in some quarters that Mr. Quigley has been advised to cancel his engagement."

And They Will Be.

Congratulations to Mr. Samuel B. McPherson of this city and Miss Ida A. Kirkpatrick, of Gondola Point, who were married Wednesday. They deserve to be happy.

Where to Find Him.

Dr. Harry W. Steeves, surgeon dentist, has opened an office at No. 131 Union street.

Read It Next Week, Too.

Read the attractive announcement of the Oak Hall clothing store on the second page.

ITS REGISTER IS CLOSED.

NO MORE UPS AND DOWNS IN THE PARK HOTEL MANAGEMENT.

The Building Will be Devoted to Printing and Bag Making—A Reminiscence of the Days When the Genial Robert Marshall Sought Fame in Politics.

The Park hotel has had its last guest and the register has seen its last entry.

The building in which for 25 years the travelling public have fared more or less sumptuously, according to the styles of the various landlords, is to be devoted to business purposes. On the first of May it will be occupied by Brown & Leetch, paper-box makers, and George W. Day, printer. Mr. Day will have the ground and first floors on the east side, while Brown & Leach will take the west side. Presses and an engine will utilize the office and bar, while printers will stick type in the roomy and frescoed parlor. The spacious dining-room will be filled with busy bag-makers, while the apartment leading to the balcony will be devoted to the ignoble purposes of a glue room.

Mr. Day is doubtless very glad to get away from his present quarters, in the top of a building peopled by lawyers. In doing so he returns to his old stamping ground, where he has made and paid bushels of money in the past. Years ago he did a big business in the old "Ark," on the corner of Germain and Market streets. Later he moved to Puddington's building, on Charlotte street, where he used steam power, and finally he reached the Pugsley building which he is now to vacate for what must prove in all respects a much better location.

The Park has never had an extraordinary success as an hotel. It has changed landlords a great many times, and most of them have been glad to get out without actual loss. Its most successful era was from 1878 to 1881, when Fred. A. Jones, now of the Dufferin, ran it as a first-class house. He made money for the first year or two, but he never was in love with the place. During his tenure the present office was added, the original entrance having been only the centre hall door.

When Mr. Jones took the hotel he made it shine from top to bottom. Among other things, a beautiful Brussels carpet, made to order, was placed on the dining-room and the walls of the halls and stairway were painted a delicate tint. Just as Mr. Jones was contemplating the improvements with serene satisfaction, an election took place. Robert Marshall was one of the successful candidates, and that night he was serenaded at the Park, and a torchlight procession accompanied the band. The procession was accompanied by several hundred citizens from the Marsh Road, Lower Cove and York Point. Mr. Marshall stood upon the hotel balcony and made an address. In the excess of his joy and the height of his exultation, he invited "all his friends" to enter and accept his hospitality.

Mr. Jones heard the words with amazement and horror. His house was full of select guests, including Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley. That such a mob should take possession of the premises was a thing too utterly horrible to contemplate. He had to act quick. First he sent a delegation to persuade Mr. Marshall to forego his fearful intention, while he and his employees busied themselves in removing every article of value on which they could lay their hands. Scarcely had they begun when the word came that Mr. Marshall was determined to "receive his friends," and had renewed the invitation for them to enter.

They came. A wild, surging, noisy mob rushed through the hall, filled the stairway and forced their way into the dining room. The regular guests of the house fled to their rooms and locked the doors. The mob howled for Marshall and took possession of the premises.

Mr. Jones is an expert gymnast, and that night he performed marvels in aerial flights, high vaulting and running leaps. He wanted to save the silver, at least, and prevent the bar from being sacked and demolished. In these efforts he succeeded, and then he began to wonder whether the rest of the premises would have to be charged to Mr. Marshall's account the next day.

Mr. Marshall's friends made themselves thoroughly at home. They mounted the tables, seized cut-glass decanters and emptied them down their throats without the aid of glasses. One free and independent voter, having satisfied his thirst, dashed two decanters together and allowed their contents to sink into the beautiful new Brussels carpet. Those who carried oil torches laid them down wherever it came handy, sometimes in full blaze. The oil vied with the wine in soaking the carpet. Some of the smoking torches were stood against the delicately tinted walls, but the mark of their smoke was scarcely worse than the grime of the hundreds of dirty hands which had been left there. The scene beggared description.

When the mob had been treated to Mr. Marshall's satisfaction they retired, and

Mr. Jones sat like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage.

The next day an inventory of the damage was taken, and found to amount to several hundred dollars. Mr. Marshall paid the bill like a man.

If you have rooms "to let," remember that every house-hunting woman reads "Progress." Only 10 cents.

UNION STREET LOOKING UP.

A Fine Brick Building Rapidly Erected by Messrs. Mooney & Sons.

Union street has been a huster since last fall. It set about making itself somebody and there was nothing wrong in its methods. No sooner did the corporation's pavement begin to show up than the tumble-down wooden shanties that marred the appearance of one of the best business stands in the city took a notion to burn down and clear the way for better structures.

One of these, a fine brick building, owned by Mr. J. F. Dockrill, now presents itself to the people and claims the distinction of being the finest building on the northern side of the street.

It is a fine building—four stories high with a handsome front. One of the stores on the ground floor, which is 64 feet in length, has been secured by Messrs. Keddy & Co., who see in it a splendid business stand. The other half of the front is also leased. Plate glass windows will be a feature for the street.

Messrs. Bell & Higgins will leave Bell's court on Church street, and occupy the three upper flats of the new building. Their new offices promise to be a great improvement over their present location, and will give them the extra room necessary for an increasing trade.

Messrs. Mooney & Sons built the three upper stories of the building. The rapidity of its erection surprised everybody. Only Tuesday Mr. Mooney told Progress that 95 hours were all that had been spent on the work. But the firm manufactures all the brick it uses, and there's no delay. They have the best masons, and can erect a building as fast and as well as any owner could wish. Besides this, the character of their work cannot be questioned. All of their buildings are monuments of their skill and thorough workmanship, and there are not a few of them about the city. Messrs. Mooney say they are preparing for a building boom in St. John this summer, and don't expect to be disappointed.

We can't chairs, workmanship and material the best. Duval, 242 Union St.

Following in St. John's Wake. One of the Fredericton agents of Progress writes, Wednesday: "Progress went like wild fire, Saturday. Had we had all the extras early Saturday morning, we could have sold all before 11 o'clock. As it was, the balance which came at noon were all gone at 4.30 o'clock. Then the fun began—from that hour till 10 p. m. there was a steady call for Progress, and what a dejected look would present itself at the response 'all gone!' No trouble to have sold 200 more."

There is Profit and Fun.

A lot of pretty, useful things have been going at Perry's, Market square, this week. As announced in Progress some time ago, Perry & Co. are going to move to Germain street, and the old Sheffield House is the scene of another great auction. Ladies and children can find hundreds of articles here that they want, and can get them cheap. Besides this, there's plenty of fun at an auction like this, especially for the children.

Pleasant Evenings Next Week.

The People's Theatre company, under the management of Mr. Harry L. Churchill, will begin a short dramatic season, at the Institute, next Tuesday evening. The California Detective will be the opening play, and others, equally popular, will be given every night and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Exchanges speak well of this company, and at the very low prices of admission it ought to pack the house.

Unequal to the Emergency.

Mr. Frye, the stenographer, proved quite unequal to the task assigned him in the equity court on Monday last. "Mr. Frye," said the judge, with an abstracted air, "you will please take down what is passing through my mind, so that I can refer to it afterwards." At last accounts, the stenographer had not devised a system to meet his honor's wishes.

They Will do What is Right.

Progress' story last week of Mr. Ramsdale and his taxes will likely save that gentleman the extra amount. It is understood that Messrs. Macintire & Halpin are considering whether they should not pay their taxes instead of Mr. Ramsdale.

Umbrellas repaired, 219 Union street.