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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.

VOL. I., NO. 45.

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

PRICE THREE CENTS

AN ALDERMAN AND GUN.

ON THE WAR PATH AFTER THE EDITOR OF "PROGRESS."

Some More Facts About Men and Things in Portland—The Mayor's Contribution to the Carnival Fund—Engineer Kee Beats the Record For Promptness.

The election of aldermen for the city of Portland will be held three weeks from next Monday. It is likely to be a lively one. While as yet, pending "the way the cat will jump" on the union question, candidates are not to the front, there is no question that the ring will have a vigorous opposition. How far it will be a successful one depends upon the working strength of the better class of citizens. They have need of all their energies to accomplish the work of cleaning the Angean stables. Their opponents are not only wily and practiced in all the worst devices for grabbing votes, but they have the advantage of being in power, and of holding patronage, which they exercise for their own ends without scruple or fear. It behooves the people to be up and doing.

The election for mayor takes place one week later. It is generally conceded that Chesley must go. It is only a question of who shall take his place. There is not a surplus of eligible men, but those who have been mentioned are citizens of the best stamp. One of these is Mr. James C. Robertson, of James Harris & Co. There seems to be a general desire that he should be a candidate, and to be a candidate means, in his case, the absolute certainty of a triumphant election. Mr. Robertson is a thoroughly representative man, with an important interest in the city, and while it may be a sacrifice on his part to devote himself to public matters, still he should be willing, as a good citizen, to put his shoulder to the wheel and aid in the restoration of government by the people and for the people.

Should Mr. Robertson consent to be a candidate, it is very possible that there will be no contest. Mayor Chesley, seeing the futility of opposition might have the good sense to get out without waiting to be kicked out. Such an act would be no more than sensible on his part, and might do much to eradicate the memory of the mistakes that he has made.

This idea receives support from the fact that the mayor has not been taking any steps to increase his popularity of late. He refused to proclaim a half holiday on Carnival day, and the shops that closed that afternoon did so by mutual agreement. The merchants made their own half holiday. The mayor did, however, subscribe toward the expense of equipping the Portland military contingent. He gave the sum of 25 cents.

Alderman Wallace's recent strained relations with the ring have strengthened him and increased his chances of re-election. Alderman McGoldrick, who wants to be chairman of the revisors, still sticks to the ruling powers closer than a brother.

By the way, who is the alderman who has said that if he cannot fight the editor of Progress, he will shoot him?

Is he the man who takes such an interest in the fire department that he wants to be chairman of it? As chairman he would probably retain in it two liquor dealers who are purely ornamental members and have forfeited their membership by non-attendance. The fact that these liquor dealers are his brothers-in-law may have something to do with the matter.

Is he the man who supplied the fire department with condemned soldiers' coats, minus the capes, a year or two ago? The first time the coats were used at a fire, in cold weather, the sleeves of every one of them on which water fell separated from the body. The department had got a pretty bad bargain.

If the alderman's gun is no better than his coats, it may shoot at the wrong end when he starts on the war path.

When he gets control of the fire department, perhaps he will see that the city gets the ladders for which an appropriation of \$500 was made nearly a year ago. At the Indian fire, recently, the firemen had to go hunting around back yards to find a ladder, while at the slight fire on Main street, more recently, they fared still worse. In the latter instance, no ladder being at hand, the hose was taken through a hall and parlor to get into a front bedroom. When at last an old ladder was found in somebody's yard, it was so weak that two men had to support it while a light-weight hosieman made his way to a second story window. When the ladder was taken down it was so rotten that it broke in two with its own weight.

In speaking of this fire, a city paper gave the new district engineer, George Kee, great credit for his prompt arrival on the spot. As a matter of fact, Mr. Kee was even more than prompt. He was present before the fire broke out. A dispute had arisen in a neighboring bar-room as to whether a young woman, who lived in the house, and was a relative of one of the parties, had scarlet fever. To settle

the dispute an adjournment was made to the house, and while the patient's arm was being examined some light material took fire from the lamp in the hands of one of the party. Engineer Kee ran out of the room and rang in an alarm. This is the version of the story by those who are in a position to know.

Since Progress pointed out the great risk incurred by allowing the fire horses to wander all over the country in the light service, an attempt has been made to remedy matters. Number 1 team is now restricted to wards one and two, while number 2 team has the other end of the town. This is better than it was, but it is not right yet. The teams are compelled to go where the sound of the bells cannot reach them. Some day they will find that this is a great mistake.

The bills committee will soon be making its junketing trip to Fredericton at the expense of the people. The aldermen had a high old time last year. The only thing that marred the harmony of the excursion was a fight over a game of cards for the possession of a 50 cent piece. It is said that the alderman who threatens to go gunning after Progress succeeded at last in securing the coveted coin.

What a nice lot of birds the aldermen are. What do you think about it?

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

Not "My Lord."

That resolution of the Barristers' society to dub a judge of the Supreme court "My Lord," is not likely to amount to much. A well-known St. John lawyer tried on the caper a few days ago, and "was sat upon." In brief he was informed by the chief justice that the court had not yet decided to accept the address "My Lord," and "Your Lordships." It would no doubt be considered and the result of their deliberations given to the society. But a legal gentleman who knows says that there has been a good deal of opposition to the change from certain well-known professional men, and the strong probabilities are that in the future, as in the past, the New Brunswick bar will know a supreme court judge as "Your Honor," and not "Your Lordship."

Why They Won the Game.

An old-time base ball player, who visited St. John last summer, sends a funny little story of the past, that ought to have interest for every crank. It was in 1868 or '69, he says, that the Yale college nine went down to Brooklyn to play the old Atlantic. As usual, it was terribly defeated. The score stood something like 20 to 3. After the game one of the Atlantic, known as "Lip" Pike, came up to Tom, now Prof. Hooker, who was Yale's first famous pitcher, and said: "Do you know why we 'uns beat you 'uns?"

Tom said, modestly, he supposed it was because they could play better.

"No, it ain't," said the Atlantic veteran. "You can play as well as we can, but we 'uns beat you 'uns because you's fed on chicken and we's brought up on swill!"

A Friend as Well as an Employer.

St. John has lately said good-bye to a popular young man, who, though he is going to take a fine position in another provincial city, feels very doubtful whether he will ever meet another employer so considerate and kind as the one he has just left. The first knowledge which the young man had of the new position came from the employer, who suggested that it might be a good opening, and that his assistant should apply for it; "and," said he, "if the other firm offers more money than I give you, go; but if the place doesn't suit you, come back to me." The young man thinks that if all business men used their employees in this way, strikes would be very infrequent—and so they would.

The Same Old Story.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: We wish to say that our advertisement in PROGRESS for three weeks, advertising "Langtry" bustle, has had the effect of selling over 300 bustles. As we did not advertise the "Langtry" in any other paper at the time, this speaks for itself.

AMERICAN RUBBER STORE.

St. John, March 8.

Wallace's Prospective Job.

Wallace Ross is at Cambridge, the guest of several of Harvard's boating men, and there is talk of engaging him to coach the next Harvard eight. Some of the boys prefer Faulkner, but Ross seems to have the pull. Neither can be engaged, however, unless the faculty of the college permits the employment of a professional.

He Wants to Know.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS:—How is it that Harry Webb was arrested Feb. 26, and was lodged in the county jail for second offence under the Scott act, when it is known that certain parties have been convicted for third offence and have got it fixed up and are walking about as usual? Fredericton, March 5. FAIR PLAY.

SEASONABLE AND USUAL.

EVENTS ATTENDING THE OPENING OF THE HOUSE.

Not Many Changes in Interior Arrangements—The New Buildings—Vacant Seats in the Upper House—Personal Notes that Tell All About It.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

FREDERICTON, March 7.—The local legislature convened for the transaction of business this afternoon. There was the usual crowd, the usual ceremonies, the usual guard of honor and the usual melancholy banging from those two ancient pieces of ordnance on the river bank, which are wont to belch forth such copious showers of dirt and rust in the direction of Gibson. The guard of honor presented a very neat and soldierly appearance, and everything passed off without a hitch, both within and without the noble Spoon Island pile. The measures promised in the gov-

and is nibbling the succulent shoots of patronage in the government pasture. But you have not been able to get a square meal yet, have you, Joseph?

Who is to get the office of chief of police of St. John? Mr. Clark, Colonel Blaine, Ald. Peters, and William de Quentin, of knightly name and sprightly fame, are said to be in the field. Is Dr. B. going to buck in the harness, or will the vexed question be settled by a little fresh blood being infused into the Legislative council?

Dr. Atkinson is here, fresh from the stump, I am told. Don't try too much annihilating at once, doctor. Its a very unhealthy business, Marcus, to desiccate more than you can masticate. Better abolish the council first, and then tackle the government.

Premier Blair looks well, in fact never looked better. He has entirely recovered from the effects of the serious accident last fall. What a busy man the premier is to



ATTORNEY GENERAL BLAIR.

ernor's speech are not numerous, the one most important, and most likely to lead to discussion, being that which provides for residential manhood suffrage, which will undoubtedly pass the lower house, but promises to provoke a lively hustling of the dry bones on the upper flat. It will of course be a week or more before the house settles down to the practical work of the session, which promises at present to be short and uneventful. Very few changes in the interior arrangements of the house, as compared with last session, are noticeable. The office of the secretary of agriculture, which, pending the erection of the new departmental building, had been located in one of the committee-rooms of the house, has been temporarily shifted to a room in the old board of works building. Both of the telegraph companies have secured convenient quarters in the house, and competition promises to be lively during the session. Speaking of the new departmental buildings, I may say that, while the general verdict of the members is favorable, the opinion is quite freely expressed that a few additional feet in height, contrasted as the structure is with the more imposing edifice beside it, would have much improved its appearance.

I wonder how many aspirants are in the field for the vacant seats in the upper house. Rumor says that the Acadian element is to be further recognized, but then, again, rumor says just as positively that the vacant seats will not be filled, and that Premier Blair has decided to let the council die a natural death. What an extremely cheerful set of mourners the decayed old body would have, to be sure!

HERE AND THERE.

Lean Bill Wilson will soon have his lien bill in shape again, they say.

Is there any truth in the current report that the North Shore members have formed a combine on the stumpage question, I wonder? Now, it would look funny to see such a nest of political bantams as the Northumberland members combine on anything, wouldn't it?

They do say that Dr. Silas is looking a trifle thinner than he did last session, but surely such a slander must have originated with the bachelors of the house. To my mind, Silas wears an air of supreme content, and looks, within a score or so of years at least, as young as he claims to be.

They say that Mr. Phinney is pensively waiting to be taken back into the fold. Don't be so conscientious next time, James. Policy is the best honesty in politics, you know.

Dr. Alfred A., our ex-future attorney-general, is here. He has a telephone bill or two in his fist and a smile of self-appreciation on his face—all beamingly unconscious of the great, seething, surging, impatient populace by the sea yearning to remove his political scalp. What a brilliant political future the doctor has behind him.

I am told Westmorland's only Joseph has dropped over the fence in the twilight,

be sure. Attorney-general, senior member of a prosperous law firm, president of an electric light company, president of an insurance company, director of the N. B. Telephone company, stock-raiser, mill-owner, editor of the Farmer, editor of the Halifax Herald, editor and manager of Mr. Pitts and the Reporter. — Now, if he was only a universal lobbyist, like a certain special friend of his, his time would be pretty well occupied, wouldn't it? But I am doing an injustice to somebody. There are two universal lobbyists. They lobbied the Municipal council, they lobbied the Farmers' convention, they lobbied the House of Commons at Ottawa lately with pitiful appeals for support in carrying on the war, and now they are beginning to prowl around the Local house.

Speaking of Premier Blair's providential escape, reminds me of an incident. After he had partially recovered from his injuries, last fall, he went to Boston in order to recuperate. It so happened that Dr. Steeves was in the same train, and the papers having mentioned his name in connection with that of the premier, it was suspected by some that the latter's mind might have been affected by the accident. "Anything the matter with his head?" inquired one of the anxious to a personal friend of Mr. B's. "Well, I don't know; I'd give two of mine for it," was the witty reply.

I haven't heard whether the solicitor-general is engaged writing his work on "Acquittals" yet. He has acquired material of great value during the year. However, the solicitor deserved to have met with better success, for, as crown prosecutor, he attended to the arduous work he had to perform ably and well.

What a variety of occupations are represented in the house. Just look at it: Tailors who ask leave to sit again; grocers who are more particular about their bills than their provisions; land surveyors who want to have sections struck out and old lines replaced with new; carpenters who wish to place petitions (partitions) on the floors of the house; cabinetmakers who insist on overhauling the chair; watch-makers who promise to look into the case and see how it works; wood-choppers eager to force a division; very fat ex-aldermen who are all on the committee of corporations; plumbers who present very large bills and fill the house with gas; ice-dealers who give notice of inquiry, "shall we gather at the river?" and pugilists who are always trying to fetch the speaker's eye. In one thing only is the house agreed: to adjourn to the reading room the minute PROGRESS is reported on Saturday morning.

FLOTSAM.

St. John Carnival Note Paper. For sale at McArthur's, 80 King street.

For an Idle Hour.

McMillan has Hawley Smart's latest novel, Long Odds, a clever and interesting story. It is published in the Red Letter series, and sells for 30 cents.

WANTED—THE EARTH.

BY MR. T. B. HANINGTON OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Travelling Companies Get That Hall for \$75 a Week, But the Price Charged the Amateur Minstrels Was \$86 for Three Performances—And Why?

There's one man in the city who is cordially disliked by the Amateur Minstrels. It isn't the man who wouldn't laugh at their gags. They forgive him for his stupidity. The man who has raised their ire is Mr. T. B. Hanington, president of the Mechanics Institute, and, according to his view of the case, boss of the whole shanty and general Great Mogul of that institution.

Last year the minstrels gave two entertainments. The directors of the Institute charged them the regular rent for the house, viz., \$20 each night. Thanks to the liberality of the Micawber club, which at that time had its scenery there, that was the only charge, with the exception of, say, \$5 for stage hands.

That was last year. This year things are rather different, owing to Mr. T. B. H.

On Thursday evening, during the performance, Mr. Hanington handed the management a bill, which deserves to be admired for the brevity of its details and the largeness of its amount:

Amateur Minstrels, Dr. To rent of Mechanics' Institute.....\$86 00

No beating about the bush there—simply the bald fact—that before the finish of the first performance of a series given by a company of gentlemen, all very well known in this city, Mr. Hanington renders an itemized account for the rent of the hall.

This was rather a crusher, and caused the men in black to wonder what it was all for. Eighty-six dollars!!

Was the amount made larger by an extra charge for the broken window in the dressing room which gave two or three of the troupe severe colds that they haven't got over yet?

Was the amount made larger by an extra charge for the water which was not to be had in the dressing room to wash with but had to be carried up?

Was the amount made larger by an extra charge for the leading stage hand on the first night who — — — ?

Everybody gave it up. Next morning, Mr. Coster, the genial and obliging chairman of the Amateur Minstrels, sent to Mr. Hanington for an itemized account. He was honored with a visit from the Great Mogul himself. After he had informed Mr. Coster that unless the amount was paid in cash before that evening's performance the gas would not be lit nor the curtain rung up, and after having behaved in a generally coarse and ungentlemanly manner, he was shown the door with the intimation that unless he went quick he might go quicker.

The money was not paid in cash that night and has not been paid yet. The courteous treasurer, Mr. Russel Jack, knowing who he had to deal with, went to the Great Mogul and informed him that he as treasurer of the Institute gave a personal guarantee as to the payment and that the performances would have to go on. Behold therefore a complete back down on the part of Mr. Hanington.

By dint of careful enquiry, the details of this wonderful bill have since been found out. They embrace \$20 for each performance, \$5 each night for hire of scenery, and \$11 for stage hands—\$86 in all.

Now, when the Institute management will let the hall by the week for \$75, and charge only \$5 for a matinee, it seems queer that the minstrels should have to pay \$20. On what ground the extra charge is made no one can imagine, except it may be because of the largeness of the houses, or because no free passes were sent Mr. Hanington.

The Amateur Minstrels did not give the performances for personal gain, but for a worthy object, to help the Oratorio society. Who knows but that, with fair treatment, the minstrels would have donned the black for one night more, and given the Institute a rousing benefit, and handed over to the directors 20 times the amount of the over-charge?

Where's the new Opera house, anyway?

Children's Picture Books, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

The Coming Season.

Moncton will have a good base ball club next season. Those interested in the movement have engaged Wagg as pitcher, and PROGRESS is informed that two more good players are being treated with. Now if the C. and A. Club gets Small and the Shamrocks find new grounds, the great game will boom.

It is time for Fredericton, Woodstock and St. Stephen to awake out of sleep. There is room for a first-class nine in every one of these places.

Chairs Canned and R-paired. Duval, 242 Union Street.

WHERE DO YOU MAIL LETTERS?

If You Want Them to Go, Take Them to the Post Office Yourself.

Not long ago, a letter box on one of the business thoroughfares was found to have an accumulation of three days' letters in it. The public would like to know how often this is likely to happen.

Under the present system of street letter boxes, no one is justified in entrusting to them a letter of any importance. Admitting that the boys whom the contractor sends out to collect from them are honest beyond all question, there remains the danger of loss or delay. As the work is now done, a boy drives around at all hours and in all kinds of weather, opens the boxes and transfers the contents. In this transfer, especially at night, letters may be dropped on the street unnoticed by the collector. Then there is the danger of his forgetting or neglecting to call because he is in a hurry or the weather is bad. All these elements of risk enter into the matter.

There is not the slightest need of any risk.

The Paisley double box, which is simply another box inside of the one now in use, ensures absolute safety. It is taken out by the contractor and carried unopened to the post office where its number is checked off and the absence of any number is instantly detected. It is marvellously simple and safe. For many years it was in use in this city, and was discarded on some trifling pretext. It ought to be restored. Until it is, people who are particular about their letters will carry them to the post office.

This is no reflection on the contractor, whose intentions may be of the best kind. It is the system which is bad—so bad that it should not be tolerated.

The fact that other cities have the same double box does not justify St. John in continuing it, when such an infinitely better plan has already been tested and approved.

New Novels, all the Latest, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

It Was a Good "Ad."

Messrs. Scovil, Fraser & Co., the energetic proprietors of "Oak Hall," No. 5 Market square, did a bright thing when they made use of Progress to advertise "a suit of clothing given away." As a result of their advertisement hundreds of replies were received from all parts of the provinces and the United States. The drawing took place Wednesday, when Mr. Howard Barnes, of Hampton, No. 32, got the fine coat; Mr. A. D. Messenger, Granville Ferry, Annapolis county, N. S., No. 214, the pants and vest; and Mr. John T. Fitzpatrick, Brussels street, St. John, No. 115, the pants. The advertisement has served to draw attention to the fact that there is a good deal of business done at "Oak Hall," and that it is a growing business—thanks to the enterprise of the managers and the excellence of their stock.

Cake, Bakery and Street.

Messrs. J. & A. McMillan presented their patrons and friends with a calendar this year, as usual, and some copies went to correspondents all over the world. That these appreciated it is indicated by the following letter just received by the firm. It comes from one of the largest publishing houses in London:

We wish to say that your calendar reached us safely by last mail, and as usual, "takes the cake" and the bakery and, in fact, the whole street in which the bakery was built, from all the calendars that we have seen from the four corners of the earth. More than this we really think we cannot say, only thanking you for keeping us in mind and assuring you that it occupies a distinguished and prominent position in our office.

A Great Day For the Sick Sailor.

The inmates of the Marine hospital have been treated to a surprise party during the last week. It has been a pleasant one, because it is a change from some of the past methods. It is actually the case that a change of diet has been made, in consequence of orders from Ottawa. Of course it is a change for the better. The worst was reached long ago, and any change at all must be one at which the inmates will rejoice. Progress congratulates the inmates and wishes Keeper Barnes success in carrying out the new orders. It is a great day for the sick sailor.

Do You Send Goods by Express?

If so save yourself the trouble of going to the express office by buying The Grip-sack. It contains an official table of rates on packages of all kinds to every part of the Maritime provinces and the leading points in Quebec. It also gives the latest time tables, distances and rates of fare on all provincial railways. Every merchant should have it. March number now ready. For sale by leading newsdealers.

Umbrellas Repaired. 242 Union Street.

The Sign Says, "Paint."

Mr. A. D. Blakslee's advertisement deserves the attention of everybody who needs any painting, whitewashing, etc. He understands his business, and will give satisfaction.