

various means since at bottom

Poor Plundered Portland. The most important article that has yet been published about the rule of the ring in the sister city will appear in the next number of Progress. "Figures don't lie," and they will make the rascals hop.

# PROGRESS.

The Real Oscar Wilde. Not Oscar Wilde the aesthete, not Oscar Wilde the poseur, not Oscar Wilde the crank, but Oscar Wilde the man and the poet, will be the subject of a brilliant critical essay by Rev. A. J. Lockhart in next week's Progress.

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## THE BOSS GOES FISHING.

HE ALSO EXPRESSES HIS OPINION IN REGARD TO "PROGRESS."

What Was Done and Not Done at the Last Council Meeting—How the Ring Choked Off an Investigation—Further Facts Regarding the General Cussedness of Things. Boss Chesley went fishing last week. It isn't a very good time of year for most kinds of fishing, but the Boss preferred uncertain luck to being present at the meeting of the alleged investigating committee on police affairs. Probably he took his rubber fishing boots with him. These boots have a history. When the Boss wanted some rubber coats for the fire department he sent to a Boston house for a sample, and got one. Later, when the firm sent the department a consignment, they sent a nice pair of rubber boots for the Boss, presumably as a sop to secure his favor. He accepted them, and uses them when he goes fishing.

The Boss has got seven more men named, each as the one who gave away the jobbery secrets to Progress. He is on the warpath after informers all the time. Up to the hour of going to press, he had not secured any scapls.

The exposure of the way in which the Chesleys shirk their share of the taxes surprised a good many citizens who had not before given attention to the matter. An analysis of past assessments shows that the Chesley foundry was named at the ridiculous figure of \$2,000, John A. Chesley's lot on the Douglas road at \$1,000 and his house at \$2,500. Both the mayor and the Boss support fine establishments on the moderate income of \$800 a year.

Last year \$500 was added to John A.'s assessment, bringing it up from \$4,500, as it had stood in the two previous years, to \$5,000. Perhaps the mayor began to find out that his property had been benefited to that extent by the sewer which was laid the whole length of the road. There are not many houses on this thoroughfare, but the people of Portland have paid \$4,000 or so to build a sewer to drain the premises of the two Chesleys.

Alderman Murphy was very indignant when Progress said he never made more than \$1.10 a day as a ship carpenter, and that it was an outrage to give him \$3 a day for inspecting the electric light station. He claimed that he could make more than \$3 a day at his trade. If so, the assessors have cruelly maligned his worth for the last three years by placing his income at \$300 a year. Either the assessors are too low in their figures or the alderman is "too fresh" in his remarks.

Alderman Wallace has fallen under the displeasure of the ring by his alleged intention to investigate the Tapley scandal. The ring is understood to have the matter cut and dried, but it is said that Wallace threatens to bring in a minority report. At the last council meeting Alderman Murphy moved that Boss Chesley be added to the bye-law committee and that the name of Alderman Wallace be erased. Before anything was done the council adjourned, on motion of Alderman Price. The object of the adjournment at such an early hour as 9.25 was to choke off a resolution to investigate the charges made by Progress.

The millwright who took 25 days to do a week's work at the electric light station had his bill for \$75 passed before the adjournment. Assessor Samuel G. Kilpatrick has become disgusted with his position and declines to serve another year. The whole system of assessment appears to be wrong and some features of it are believed to be wholly illegal. The assessors are aware that they are wrong in many instances, but dominated as they are by ring influence they are tied hand and foot. Mr. Kilpatrick has found that the only escape from work which goes against his conscience is to resign.

The fire department, the best managed of all, as they say, has not had occasion to find any more alarm boxes out of order during the last week. It is to be hoped in the interests of public safety that there will be no serious fires until a new committee has charge of affairs. The present one has jeopardized the safety of the town in more ways than most imagined at the time. Some of these ways have already been shown. There are others.

For instance, when the tug boat *Captain*, owned by the Tapleys, was sunk at Indian-town last summer, one of the steam fire engines was detailed to pump it out. Not only that, but all the suction belonging to the other engine was used in the work. It was a hot, dry summer day, and the eastern part of the city was practically without an engine, for a steamer without suction is as useless as a pump without a piston. Had a fire started that afternoon Portland might have had a calamity that would have become historic.

It will scarcely be believed by strangers that the city of Portland has no hook and ladder apparatus. If a fire takes place in the upper part of a building, the hose must be taken through the halls and rooms, unless some private ladder happens to be

at hand. Imagine the dry shingle roof of a three-story house in a blaze, and the firemen trying to put it out by sending a stream to it from the street! Yet this is what is as likely as not to happen.

As long ago as last April, the council made an appropriation of \$500 for a hook and ladder apparatus. No one has heard a word of it since. This is one of the ways in which "the best managed of all the departments" is run by Boss Chesley.

The Portland council met last Monday evening. There was a full board, and everybody apparently had a good time. Mayor Chesley presided with as much dignity as could be expected of a man with an income of \$800 a year, and Alderman Chesley in his own quiet way conducted things almost as he pleased.

Ald. Chesley did break out when Ald. Forrest contracted his eyebrows and asked, "What about Progress?" Ald. Chesley gave his opinion of this paper in words that could come from only such a man as Boss Chesley.

But he did not deny any statement made by Progress about him.

He couldn't. It was decided to add another policeman to the force. The man appointed has been a special policeman for some time, but now he will be a permanent one. The increased receipts of the police courts warranted this additional expense. So said the chairman of the police committee.

It pays to keep an eye on the police magistrate, doesn't it?

The additional policeman does not seem to afford much protection to Ald. McGoldrick. He was out the Douglas road last Sunday, but he did not see a policeman. He saw a gang of drunken roughs, however, and the alderman said he wasn't sure whether he would be able to keep possession of the horse he was driving or have to walk home.

Boss Chesley doesn't think the Douglas road will ever have police protection. He was going home one night, very tired, because he had been at a council meeting—which would make anybody tired. He saw two drunken roughs lying across the sidewalk in front of his house. He was too tired to go back to the police station for an officer, so he sat up and watched the roughs for two hours, for fear they might do some harm.

So it seems as though the police department is doing its share toward the general misgovernment of the entire city.

Then Ald. Murphy told how the light committee had purchased a boiler and engine from Messrs. Cowan & Co., and appointed William Cleary engineer, at a salary of \$500 a year, and D. H. Melvin electrician, at \$600 per year; and how Ald. Murphy had worked day and night without sleep to get those lights in working order. But he didn't say how much he got a day, or whether the night work was included.

Ald. Busby had a motion to put before the meeting, Monday night. It called for an investigation into the charges made by Progress against Ald. Chesley in his capacity as chairman of the fire committee. But Ald. Busby was too slow. He read the resolution to Ald. McGoldrick, and Ald. McGoldrick paid a visit to Boss Chesley, which the latter promptly returned. Then Boss Chesley set on Ald. Murphy to abuse Ald. Wallace, tear down placards from the wall and give his worship the startling information that he and Ald. Murphy were going to be old men some day. This amused the board immensely. Nearly every member roared with laughter, but Ald. Murphy, like the true wit that he is, never smiled.

Ald. Chesley was delighted. Time was flying, and he wanted it to, and still Ald. Murphy was going on like an eight-day clock. Ald. Price had tried hard all the evening to be as funny as the other aldermen, but the mayor had crushed him once or twice. Now was his chance to make the joke of the evening, and at the same time please the Chesleys—for the mayor had been cross with him. So, long before Ald. Murphy got ready to run down, Ald. Price moved an adjournment.

The motion was put and carried quicker than ever a motion was railroaded through before. And it was only 9.25 o'clock. Boss Chesley was happy. He smiled on everybody like a man who had gained the day. Then Ald. Forrest apologized to the boss for making any reference to Progress. Ald. Forrest couldn't have slept if he had thought he had really offended Boss Chesley.

Ald. Murphy also seemed pleased to have finished his labors so soon. He approached the stove and relighted a cigar that he had apparently half smoked before the council met. Ald. Murphy is a very economical man.

To Be Absent Some Weeks. It is quite improbable that Bishops Sweeney and Rogers will return to St. John before holy week. The Bishop of St. John was advised by his medical attendant to spend a few weeks in the Virginian climate and obtain rest and needed change.

## IN THE SUPREME COURT.

DOE, DEM. MY LORD VERSUS YOUR HONOR, TENANT IN POSSESSION.

Abstract of the Plaintiff's Alleged Cause of Action and the Defendant's Grounds of Defence—A Chance to Plead Prescription and the Statute of Limitations.

The recent proposition of some one to use the term "my lord," instead of "your honor," in addressing a judge of the supreme court, is not endorsed by the legal profession.

On the contrary, it is almost universally denounced as a piece of unhealthy flunkeyism.

In the old colonial days, when there were lords in this country who had no business to be here, when there was no responsible government, and the people had very little to say, the practice of the courts was as near as possible like that of the courts in England. In some of the provinces the title of a supreme court judge was "my lord," and it so continues to this day. In New Brunswick it never was so, and to make it so at this period of the nineteenth century is to take a step backward and downward.

There are no lords in this country, and nobody wants any. There is no room for them. The simplest title by which the judges can be addressed is most in accord with the spirit of our institutions.

The cause of the recent action of the self-constituted spokesmen of the bar is believed to be due partially to the fact that the chief justice has been knighted, and partially to the fact that "his lordship," George Wheelock Burbridge, judge of the exchequer court, has been on an official visit to St. John. Judge Burbridge was a St. John attorney who owes his position to the fact that he was an active member of the Liberal Conservative association, but was not otherwise distinguished either in law, politics or society. The practice of the exchequer court makes him "my lord," and he is said to insist on the use of his title. It may be that the New Brunswick lawyers think it is a little "rough" that such able jurists as adorn our supreme court bench should have a title which seems less grandiloquent than that sported by Judge Burbridge.

Another reason suggested is that New Brunswick lawyers who go to Ottawa are, through habit, liable to be guilty of the horrible lapsus of addressing their lordships of the supreme court of Canada as "your honor." It is said that Chief Justice Ritchie takes special umbrage when this happens. Therefore to prevent future errors, it is thought to be better to use the term "my lord," in all the supreme courts.

By the same reasoning all police justices and justices of the peace should be equally honored, to prevent mistakes in the higher courts by attorneys who appear chiefly in magistrates' courts. His Lordship Mr. Justice Tapley would doubtless take kindly to the title.

Sir William Ritchie with his spurs and did the best work of his life as "his honor" in the courts of this province. It can add nothing to the dignity of Sir John Allen to term him "my lord." It is possible that neither he nor any other judge of our court craves the title which toadyism would thrust upon him. What does Justice Palmer say?

Good News from an Old Friend.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS:—Will you please send me one copy each of your last three issues of PROGRESS, and continue sending me a copy each week until further notice? I have received a couple of copies of your paper and like it very much, and I intend getting it right along when I leave Dover the first of the ball season, which will be about May 1, for I like to hear from my old home occasionally, where I used to take part in all sports some years ago and hope to do so again before long. My health has not been of the best since I left Canada, but next summer I will try my luck again. I have been offered positions both to manage and umpire next season at a good salary, in a couple of the large baseball leagues. M. J. McLAUGHLIN. Dover, N. H., Feb. 9.

The Metropolitan and His Ring.

The metropolitan's fall resulted more seriously than his friends imagined it would. The first of the week he was confined to his bed with his arm bound in slints. In falling, his hand struck against the stone railing of the postoffice steps and the setting of his magnificent finger ring, which the clergy of the diocese gave him some years ago, was so broken that the massive stone fell to the floor when he removed his glove. It was sent to Toronto to be repaired.

All Hands On.

St. John Typographical union, No. 85, which was organized Feb. 26, 1881, will celebrate its eighth anniversary by a supper, to be given on the evening of March 2. Mr. George Maxwell, of the Sun composing room, is chairman of the committee of management, which is preparing for a grand and ge-lorious time.

## SECRETARY MARCH IS VERY BUSY

Teacher Simpson Called From His School to Help With the Report.

The secretary of the board of school trustees has been rushed lately. He is anxiously looking forward to his one event of the year, the publication of the school report.

It was while this stupendous work was being prepared that Mr. W. C. Simpson, an important teacher in one of the city schools, was called from his regular work and instructed to assist in the preparation of the report. Mr. March, the secretary, called him from the school and Mr. March appointed Mr. John E. Dean to take Mr. Simpson's place while he was away.

When Mr. Simpson is called from the teacher's room to the office of the secretary it means that the city has to pay for a man to take his place. It means that the work which properly belongs to the secretary's office is done by another man, for whose extra services the city indirectly pays.

More than that, it means that a large number of children are introduced for a few days to a new teacher, who is, perhaps, not popular or gentle; that the system of the school is disarranged, and the usefulness of the proper teacher, when he returns, is impaired for weeks.

A few people know the result of this. There was a very warm fracas in the school shortly afterward and Mr. Dean did not spare his muscle. So at least one parent thought. The child was hurt badly and an investigation was promised by the secretary.

Was the investigation held? It may have been but there was no mention of the result at the last meeting of the trustees. But just as soon as the people found out that Mr. Dean was in Mr. Simpson's place Mr. Simpson was sent back to his school and the preparation of the report devolved upon the proper persons, the secretary and his assistants.

Chairs Canted and Repaired. Ducal, 242 Union St.

We'll All Be There.

St. John feels pretty well acquainted with two Colby university boys—Messrs. Wagg and Larrabee—and everybody will have the chance, next Wednesday, to see a dozen more. On that evening, the Colby Athletic club will hold the Institute stage, giving an exhibition of wand, dumb-bell and Indian club drills, horizontal and parallel bar acts, tumbling, fencing, club-tossing, etc. The exhibition has been given in Waterville, Bangor and elsewhere, and the papers in those cities vote it a good one. Of course all the lovers of sport will go. The same expectation applies to Fredericton, where the club will show Tuesday evening. The University students ought to turn out in a body and give them a good send-off.

It is hardly likely that Wagg will be able to visit his friends on this occasion. Madden, the Boston pitcher, who has been engaged to train him, is expected to reach Waterville next Tuesday, and as he can give only a week to the work, Wagg will want to improve his time.

But Larry will be here—as manager—and so will several of the ball nine. Go and see them.

No City Like Ours.

"Asphalt in summer. Snowbanks in winter." That appears to be the motto of too many otherwise good citizens. There is a bye-law on this subject, which defines the duty of the chief of police, and of tenants and real estate owners. Some of these days, chief, inform the corporation that unless the snow disappears from the front of its lots you will have it fined! Then the speculating corporations, what of them? Carry out the law, chief, and don't be so fearful of making enemies.

Use "Ideal" Soap. Follow the directions and you will save the cost of the soap in labor and fuel.

The Monticello Won't Pay Duty.

The steamer *Monticello* will have to do one of two things before she can take her place on the bay route. She must go either to St. John's, Nfld., or Bermuda and register, or come direct to the port of St. John and pay duty, which will amount to some \$3,000. It is probable that the steamer will go to Bermuda with a freight, register there and clear for this port.

Cheap and Vulgar.

The People's Theatre company opened in the Mechanics' Institute, Tuesday evening, to a fine house in point of numbers. Aside from some disgusting vulgarisms, the play was worth the admission, 15, 20 and 30 cents. The first night's performance may not have done the company justice. It certainly was not calculated to be a good advertisement for the rest of the week.

Keeping Track of the Fashions.

Mrs. L. B. Carroll, the fashionable milliner, is spending a few weeks in New York.

Cheap Sale—Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, all reduced in order to sell off entire stock. Come and get bargains at L. L. Sharpe's, 42 Dock St. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

## ARE YOU GOING TO THE—

CARNIVAL AND TOURNAMENT IN THE RINK, THURSDAY EVENING.

The Old Time Glory of the Fancy Carnival To Be Revived—Skaters Who Will Tilt in True Knightly Style—Plenty of Fun For the Spectator—Character Groups Wanted.

There's to be another fancy carnival at the Victoria rink, Thursday evening. The last one was a great success, financially and otherwise, and if the ideas of several bright ladies and gentlemen are carried out the rink event of this week will bring the old time carnival to the front again.

In addition to the ordinary prizes, there is a special cash inducement of \$20 for the group of four who will give the best representation from some standard author.

The committeeman who originated this idea has his wits about him. With the Scott evenings just over and the minds of many young ladies and gentlemen bent on the characters of the great author; with their costumes at hand, what better opportunity could they have to put in a claim for that \$20 gold piece? And to make it complete, gentlemen of the carnival committee, ask Mrs. Temple to be one of the judges and each group will be sure to be correctly judged.

There are plenty of other attractions for the evening—enough to draw a full promenade of spectators and a rink crowded with skaters. The latest idea is a tournament. A dozen or so young gentlemen will arm themselves with the historic lance and shield and tilt.

If you can imagine six graceful and burly skaters rushing at full speed against six others—the clashing of lances and shields, the slides, tumbles and general *meele*, some idea may be gained of what sport is proposed for the onlookers.

When the carnival is over, lovers of fast skating may have an opportunity to see some of it. The first tournament is announced for the 26th and the inactive spell once broken the spirits and the muscles of the amateurs and professionals will improve.

Craft, who has won some fame outside of St. John as a promising amateur, is again at the call of his backer, John R. Smith, and Lamb and Dingee are ready once more for anything that may turn up. Not to mention the scores of fellows who think they can skate, until they toe the mark, there seems plenty of material for some lively but not over exciting contests in the days to come.

McCormick, the crowd's honest darling, is still in the bosom of his family on the Kennebecasis. Since "Huglie" married, his wife claims the most of his attention. He was as fortunate in his domestic leap as he ever was on the rink and that's saying much. He lives near the relatives of Mrs. McCormick, alongside one of the finest natural skating rinks on the continent—the broad branch of the Saint John. There's lots of fish in the river and Huglie gets his share of them. He is always working and is never out of training. A week or ten days will at any time suffice to give him all his old skill and harden the correct muscles fitting him to race any man in the world. It is a curious fact that all our fast skaters come from the country. They learned the art on the broad river, on the long Whelpley skate and on a course with no turn for 50 miles. Look at McCormick and the Whelpleys, all of them born and bred on the St. John. Then there's Craft and Lamb and Pitt, too, all country boys. Others could be named, but the list is too large.

Just now the New Yorkers are feasting young Donoghue, who has just returned from the old country where he has won and lost several races. If the intention of his American admirers was carried out, he sports a new gold watch and dreams of a procession, fireworks, speeches, etc., all given in his honor Tuesday night.

Secretary Coster says there's some show of getting him to come to St. John and skate Craft in the Victoria. Craft beat him once and thinks he can do it again. The record of Donoghue while in Germany lately is an interesting one. Here it is as given in the *Sun*, of New York:

Donoghue was just 18 years old yesterday. He left this country on Dec. 8 for Amsterdam. On Jan. 8 he skated in the championship half-mile race but lost by running into a post. On the following day, in the mile race, Von Panschin and Donoghue led the others, and Donoghue forged ahead, but within seventy-five yards of the finish the Russian went ahead and won by two yards in 2 minutes 59 4-5 seconds. Donoghue's time was 3 minutes 5 seconds.

In the two-mile race next morning the American crossed the line sixty yards ahead of Von Panschin, in 6m. 24s., beating the best previous record by 19 seconds. The band played "Yankee Doodle," and the American flag was raised on a pole in the centre of the ice.

In Vienna Prince Rudolf and his suite saw a mile race from the royal box. Von Blatter, the Austrian champion, was left hopelessly behind at the end of the first quarter. Donoghue and Von Panschin crossed the line one-fifth of a second apart, the Russian winning in 2m. 57s. Donoghue then skated two miles in 6m. 28 2-5s., beating the record of Alexander Paulsen by a

trifle over 12 seconds. Donoghue was presented with a diamond ring by Prince Rudolf.

On Jan. 15, in Hamburg, Donoghue gave Harms, the German champion, his first defeat, by skating a mile in 3 minutes 8 2-5 seconds. Shortly afterwards, in a race of 7,500 metres, he came in ahead of seventeen German champions by two laps in 16 minutes 45 seconds, another record breaker.

You have quite a flyer to beat, Mr. Craft.

Umbrellas Repaired. Ducal, 242 Union Street.

A ST. JOHN-HALIFAX CONTEST.

Henry Gaskin and Wm. Forsyth to Play Draughts for \$200.

Halifax and St. John are to have another contest in the amusement line. Wm. Forsyth, editor of the *Halifax Critic's* checker column, and champion of that city, seems so confident that he can beat any St. John representative, that he backs his opinion with \$200. St. John and her checker players are not afraid, and pin faith on Henry Gaskin, who is conceded to be a little ahead of any player here. Mr. Gaskin has bested them all. Whenever a good checker player arrived in town with more conceit than skill, he was introduced and silenced. But, skillful as Gaskin is, he has met some gentlemen, both in and out of town, with whom he can't trifle.

He is eager to meet Mr. Forsyth, and in consideration of \$30 travelling expenses will go to Halifax and begin the series of games, on the 18th inst. The first deposit of \$50 will be made in each city with a sporting editor, and Mr. Davidson, of Halifax, will be stakeholder. Mr. Sheraton, of the Queen hotel, has offered a room for the contest. The admission proceeds will be divided equally. The present arrangement is to play from 30 to 50 games. The conditions are drawn up and have been signed.

Mr. Gaskin will probably win the match.

Look Out for the Thief.

For four successive weeks there has been a thief on King street early Saturday morning. So far he has been successful. If Progress can aid he will be before Judge Peters before the day is out. His mania at present appears to be the bundles of Progress left at the doors of city newsdealers. For two weeks in succession T. O'Brien & Co.'s bundle disappeared. Then when Mr. O'Brien took precautions against the thief Mr. McArthur lost his bundle. Mr. McArthur suffered only one week and last Saturday Messrs. Harrison and Morrissey's bundles disappeared. As the thefts were committed between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning the culprit has a deal of boldness. The publisher of Progress will give five dollars to any person, policeman or citizen, who will spot the thief and give such information as will lead to his arrest and conviction.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

The following is part of an advertisement that appears in the *St. Croix Courier*, exactly as printed:

D. Gordon, dealer in boots and shoes, hats, caps and fine flour of the entire wheat except the hull. Use no other for health and strength, four times cheaper because more nutritious, and a variety of other goods too numerous to mention. Old style goods at one-quarter to one-half their cost, for cash, or in exchange for country produce, 80 Main, corner Main and Point sts., near railroad bridge and depot, Casco, Me. For sale, my two story house and the two story store and dwelling house north of it, and my entire stock of goods. I have practised mental healing for 20 years, which stops nearly all pains, aches and diseases instantly—and the use of liquor and tobacco. Call and test this science.

Leagues Cost Money.

Moncton has caught the idea of a junior base ball league, and there is talk of organizing one next summer with clubs from Truro, Amherst, Moncton and possibly Shediac and Sussex. Each of these towns ought to be able to form a good nine and if all of them did a league would be very desirable. Whether it would pay expenses is another question.

He Was Identified.

Funny things are always happening in the Indian town postoffice. It was only the other day that a small boy entered it and demanded a letter for Mr. Blank.

"Do you mean Mr. Blank, the baker?" inquired the clerk.

"No," said the letter-seeker, "I mean the Mr. Blank that gets full every Saturday night."

On His Way Home.

Mr. Dan Gillmor, of the firm of Chase & Sanborn, arrived in the city, Thursday, en route for St. George. His friends, and they are legion, had a chance to congratulate him upon his recent business good fortune. He tarried a day in St. John, the result of a freak of the Quebec express and went to Charlotte county yesterday.

We Accept of Course.

The Keewaydin Tobogganing club have been enjoying some excellent sport this week at their slide on the Rockland road. They will throw the privileges of the club open to their friends on Monday night next, and have issued many hundreds of invitations.

If you want a situation, insert 10 cents in a "Progress" want.