

WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

SOME OF THE MOVEMENTS OF THE LOCAL POLITICIANS.

They are all very busy, and some of them very hopeful—the Government is not happy in regard to the County Ticket—Some of the Prospects in Other Places.

Messrs. Quinton and McLellan have been doing the western end of the county this week. Perhaps, as a matter of etiquette, the Secretary's name should be mentioned first, but as a matter of fact Mr. Quinton is the stronger man in those sections, if not all around.

This seems funny to those who remember the first time he was brought out as a candidate. It was looked upon as a huge joke by everybody but the man himself, yet he "got there," and intends to stay there until the people get a little more in earnest.

Which may be in January. The secret of Mr. Quinton's popularity in the country districts is said to lie in the fact that he leads the electors to believe that they have to thank him for all that has been done for the roads. Many of them don't know any better, and when they see him driving around at various seasons of the year, they are led to believe that his professed interest is the simon-pure article.

The work of the propaganda has been carried on at Musquash, Maces Bay, and adjacent settlements this week. The Government has been fortifying itself in the home of the Ellises and the Mawhinneys. Nevertheless, it has not neglected the city. Starting from its Prince William street base of operations, it has shown a pernicious activity in various quarters. For all that, it has not accomplished much in the way of forming a ticket.

The eligible merchant on whom the premier has had his eye, and by the aid of whom the Government has hoped to corral the Methodist and temperance vote, is not likely to be a candidate. If he had any such idea he has learned of late that his friends who have supported him in the past will desert him as a catspaw of Mr. Blair. Heretofore his path in politics has been a smooth one, but in this contest there is likely to be an unusual bitterness and a vast amount of mud-throwing. In the motley group in which it was proposed to place him he would have found himself bespattered as badly as his less worthy associates. Considering the friends he would alienate by his candidacy, the injury to his business, and the chances of his going overboard with the ticket, he seems to have acted wisely in declining to run.

Last week the word from Dr. John Berryman, M. P., was that he would not be a candidate. This week it is that he will be one, if the party cannot get along without him. As it is quite evident it cannot, his candidature may be accepted as a fact.

As to the county ticket the Government is not happy. In addition to Messrs. McLellan and Quinton, it is believed that Mr. H. L. Sturdee is willing to emulate Napoleon and acquire fame by a defeat. The main bother is to secure a Catholic for the fourth man. If Mr. John L. Carleton is the nominee, the friends of Mr. W. B. Carvill will raise a disturbance, while the friends of Mr. Carleton will do the same thing if Mr. Carvill is selected. Mr. Carleton has literary tastes and is something of a speaker, while Mr. Carvill has some cash. As a compromise between the two, the name of Alderman John Kelly is mentioned. As it is boasted that the Catholic vote in St. John will be solid for the Government, an adherent of that faith is a *sine qua non* on the ticket.

It is asserted that quite recently the "Government of two" had a ticket fully made up, and was on the eve of springing it on the unsuspecting public without ratification, but wiser counsels prevailed.

If Dr. Thomas Walker consents to run with Mr. Alward, on the opposition ticket for the city, the combination will be a strong one. In the county opposition, the only certainty at present is that Messrs. Stockton and Rourke are in the field. Whether Mr. McKeown will be taken on, or whether it will be considered that too many lawyers, unless old and well known, are an element of weakness, is a question to be considered. Mr. McKeown is said to be quite willing to serve his country.

The name of a Carleton man has been suggested as a fourth man on the ticket.

Squire Tapley is a candidate, and at present with the opposition, but if he runs at all, will probably go it alone.

The Solicitor General is likely to have smooth sailing in Kings. There was talk of an opposition composed of Charles I. Keith, George W. Fowler and H. D. McLeod, but it has collapsed in consequence of the refusal of the two former to run. Kings is conceded to the Government. Mr. Mitchell, too, has no cause to worry about Charlotte.

But Mr. Gregory proposes to divide York, despite the attorney-general, and has a fair prospect of success.

There will be rocky roads for the Government in Albert, Westmorland, Northumberland and Carleton, and that is about all it is safe to say just now.

"The way of the transgressor is hard."

FOR FRATERNAL INTERCOURSE.

The Freemasons of St. John intend to Enjoy Themselves this Winter.

The proposition to establish a club limited to members of the Masonic body meets with a great deal of favor, and so many have given the assurance of their co-operation that the success of the scheme is no longer doubtful. Something of the kind has been greatly needed, and it has come purely because there is that need. For the same reason it is quite certain to stay.

The plan of operations was discussed at a meeting held, Monday night, on the premises of Harold Gilbert. The feeling expressed was that, apart from lodge meetings, etc., there was a need of better opportunities for recreation and social intercourse. Primarily, a reading room is wanted, supplied with all the available periodicals relating to the craft, and such other publications as may be found desirable. From time to time, as means will allow, such books can be added as will form the nucleus of a library. In addition to the reading room it is intended to have an apartment supplied with other means of recreation in the way of games, while it is probable that a billiard table, furnished by certain individuals, will be one of the attractions at this outset.

To maintain and successfully carry forward such a scheme does not mean the expenditure of a large sum of money. Clubs may be, and usually are, costly to the members, but in this instance the conditions are not of the ordinary kind. The scope of this club will be so broad that it will include the greater proportion of the active membership of the city lodges, and with this large list of contributors the expense to each individual will be reduced to a trifle. The cost of the maintenance will be small, and it does not require a heaven-born financier to see the way clear, not only to a successful start but to a prosperous future.

The bye-laws and regulations will be very plain. Any Master-Mason in good standing may become a member by paying the small sum named as a joining fee, and the dollar or so fixed as the yearly dues. There will be no ballot. The machinery of government will be as simple as is consistent with efficiency. No distinctions of rank or lodge will be brought into the club. It will be thoroughly democratic in its plan.

Nobody in the fraternity can question the utility of the scheme, and probably not one in a hundred can have any doubt as to its success. The work of carrying it on will probably devolve largely on the younger and more active members of the fraternity, whose enthusiasm will not require the stimulus of office or emolument. Even the older members who have, as they may claim, "had their day," will no doubt be glad to assist in a quiet way, if they prefer to decline a more active participation in the work.

A preliminary organization has already been effected, and committees will report at a meeting to be held in the office of R. W. W. Frink, on Monday evening next, at 8 o'clock. All members of the fraternity who wish to join are invited to be present, and assist in framing bye-laws.

A Suggestion For Russell Sage.

Artist John C. Miles is authority for the statement that a St. Martins sea captain came across a New Brunswick in Africa who had lost both legs in the Zulu war. This would be an item of interest in itself, but the most remarkable part of the statement follows. The New Brunswicker with-out legs is a station agent on a line under construction from Delagoa Bay to some other place, and has a pet baboon. This animal is so remarkably intelligent that he is of wonderful assistance to his crippled master, and has learned to imitate him in the performance of many of the routine duties. The last achievement of the gifted creature was to attend to the semaphore signals, attending to the duties whenever occasion required, without waiting for orders. When the baboon learns to telegraph, the station agent is likely to find himself without a situation. As baboons require no salary, the incident may be happily suggestive to Mr. Russell Sage in his efforts to run the Shore Line railway with economy.

Sports Along the Shore.

A Maces Bay correspondent says that the shooting in that vicinity has been very good this year. No large animals have been brought down, with the exception of Squire Hanson's horse, shot by a neighbor early in the season, and a caribou killed on Lepreau river, by George Teare. A great quantity of small game has been bagged, however. Tommy Taylor, of Lepreau, has already shot 120 partridge, with out parishes to hear from. At New River, a lady from St. Stephen brought down two black ducks at one shot, while the daughter of a leading resident of Little Lepreau went partridge hunting the other day and returned with two plump birds. The ladies of that vicinity prefer gunning to archery as a pastime.

GOOD TIMES CHRISTMAS.

THAT'S WHAT THE MERCHANTS ARE LOOKING FOR.

They Will Have More Trade if They Patronize "Progress" Christmas Number—"A Thing of Beauty"—Something About the Bright Original Stories.

The engravings for the Christmas number of Progress have arrived and are all this paper claimed for them. Nearly all of them are of a holiday character. They are large and handsome and well printed on Progress' finished paper will make a splendid appearance.

The public in general, and advertisers in particular, have been more than pleased with the appearance of Progress lately. The new machinery is doing the finest work of this kind ever done in the city and it is appreciated. Patrons of the advertising columns are delighted with the clear way their announcements appear and a mere glance will show how crowded the pages of Progress are with the best advertisements in the country. There are no "dead" ones among them. They are all "alive"—all paying.

To keep along the line of improvement, another lot of new type has been added to the already complete stock in the office. The new letters are bold and handsome and cannot fail to attract the eye and please the taste.

And another addition to the press is a counter—the second one in the maritime provinces and the only one of this kind—which will register an edition of 99,999. There is not much probability that it will ever be called upon to number so large an edition, but visitors can see this curious machine working for themselves and watch the numbers registered in plain sight.

Read the list of new advertisements in Progress today! The list will be found on the editorial page, and will be a valuable index, giving as it does the numbers of the pages where every new advertisement can be found, and what is advertised.

The Christmas Edition is also on the boom. Dry goods merchants, grocers, wholesale and retail, and merchants in many other lines, who have goods to sell for the holiday trade, have asked for spaces and obtained them. The publication of the issue on December 14, nine purchasing days before Christmas, gives it a much greater value as an advertising medium, and the large guaranteed edition, twelve thousand copies, cannot fail to give every merchant full value for his money.

"If advertising pays at any time, it does before Christmas," said an experienced merchant to Progress on Wednesday. People are at a loss for not only what to buy, but where to buy, and good advertisements are their best guides. There will be more money spent this Christmas in St. John than for a long time. Times are good—freights are good—crops are good—markets are good—and profits are better than they have been for a long time. We are all preparing for a good Christmas trade, and we are going to get it."

"Just too late, Mr. Gard. These are busy days with Progress, and the advertiser who sends his change in late is apt to get left; there are so many ahead of him." "I'm just as busy as you are," retorted Gard; "but just call attention to my windows and stock, and I'll change next week."

Here are some of the literary attractions: Prof. C. D. G. Roberts has a story, "The Beauty of Blomdon," which is a most interesting bit of Acadia romance. Col. Huaster Duvar has what he calls a simple story, "Dolly Deering's Christmas," which is a most delightful picture of English rural life, and sparkles with the author's brightest humor. Geoffrey Cuthbert Strasse has a graphic sketch entitled "The Professor's Story." John L. Carleton has a short which has all the material for a novel, and is called "The Actor's Child," while Frank H. Risteen gives a purely New Brunswick story of a most thrilling adventure in the forest.

These are only a few of the good things already received. Others are on the way, and everybody who reads the Christmas number will enjoy a rare treat.

And a good many thousands are sure to read it.

It Pleas'd the People.

It is so long since St. John has been favored with a concert by any of our bands that that given by the 62nd Fusiliers, on Thursday evening, was a treat. Under the proficient leadership of Prof. Jones, a marked improvement was noticeable, and by the frequent rounds of applause, it was evident the large audience present, appreciated the good music furnished by them. Several of our leading lady and gentlemen amateurs assisted by giving vocal selections, and the *Sec-Saw Waltz* sung by a large number of well trained children was much enjoyed.

St. John A. A. Club.

The annual election of officers takes next Friday evening, in Gordon division hall, at 7.30 o'clock.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY AND BILL.

The Camera Confiscated, and Other Things and People Equally Broken Up.

I aint got no camera now. Pa said what he thort it would come to this, so he confiscated it or somethin' and anyway Bill and me couldn't fix her up again. Fisticated, what pa says, must mean fatally wounded, cause I guess its settled.

There's a weddin' down the back street last nite. Ma says there a awful low crowd down there, and what its no place for me, but I guess there a bully crowd, 'cause the fellers aint scared, and is just full of fun. The milkman lent his cart so's they could go on a honey moon, and acorse they hadter git some rice to throw on the happy pare, and they sent me and Bill 'cause we're respectable lockin' young fellers and wouldn't run away with the change. But the mean things didn't fire out no cake and me and Bill bought flour instead and the guests was so excited with bug juice, one of the tough fellers said, what they didn't know when me an' Bill give it to 'em, so a feller fired the flour over the bride and groom. They'se whiter ner any moon I ever saw, and I guess the groom got mad 'cause he stopped smilin' and got outter the milk wagon, and began kickin' the stuffins outter the guests, fer throwin' flour on him, and his fare bride told him to go in William, so I guess his name is William, and anyway he's a good fighter fer all the other fellers got nock out, and I guess they'd a got more ony me and Bill set the milk wagon horse agoin and he hadter run to save his fare bride.

We gort a new fellar in our crowd now, and Bill says he's goin' ter be a great edition to our crowd, 'cause when the perliceman told us to git a gate on, Dan says "awe gerlong—git yer feet outter the mud" and they chased us round the block and we got in a shanty what Dan knows, and when the perliceman come in we crawled out through a hole and lockt them in, and begin singin' out things to 'em 'cause theyse in the mud.

Bill's old fellar don't like me much I guess, 'cause when I've over helpin' Bill to git his wood split up, so's we could go down and tickle the horses what the blacksmith was shooin' so's to see them kick, 'cause he's a big blow and said he could manage any horse; but I guess when we tickled the big stalyin, the blacksmith would have been way outin the gutter ony the door was shut, 'cause the stalyin was a fine kicker. Anyway when Bill's old fellar seen me, I guess he thort he'd make it warm, 'cause he rush towards us like I thort he would, 'cause I stretch a rope across afore he come in, and he's so glad to see me what he forgot to see the rope, but I see sorry he fell down kerflop on the saw and cut all his hand, which was bleedin', for I thort he's goin' ter fall on the other side, 'cause that's where we put the pan of water and the tar pot. I guess it would be better if he hadter fell in them, but acourse he didn't know. I ain't gointer have no more sympathy for nobody, 'cause when I've sayin' I was sorry Mister Johnson cut his hand so bad and what he didn't fall inter the pot, Bill's sister what he's boughten hair, come out and caught me in the rear, and Misses Johnson says, "Hold him till I git there," an' I guess they're goin' to box my ears, and so forth, 'cause I've a young fellar, ony I put my hand in the tar pot and painted some shadder pictures on Bill's sister's gown, and she let go. When I got clear I told 'em what butter's a good thing to take tar off with, and Bill's old fellar fired a lobster can at me when I've goin' out the yard. Anyway, I'm sorry fer Bill, 'cause he's locked up till he thinks he kin keep away from me. Young fellers ain't got no show, anyhow.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

Truly, the Last One.

A fair correspondent at Westcoast, Westmorland county, tells Progress that a yellow rose tree in the garden of Capt. Milner has come into bloom this week. It usually blooms about the last of June. This year it was completely smothered in most beautiful bright yellow roses, and now it has borne these too. The leaves have fallen from the rose, but the correspondent encloses the bud.

Here They Are.

These gentlemen believe that the city should pay the carnival deficit: Aldermen Barnes, Peters, Lewis, Tufts, Connor, Kelly, Knodell and Robertson.—8.

And these that the city should repudiate its bills: Bizard, Law, Smith, McCarthy, Vincent, Horn-castle, Busby, Chesley, Baskin, Nase and Christie.—11.

Take your choice, gentlemen. Which group has a majority of men worthy of confidence?

What About the Fence.

None of the aldermen have volunteered to give up their \$1.92 a week for the benefit of the Old Burial Ground fence. The only citizen who is to the front with an offer to give anything is Architect Dunn, who professes his plans and his time for the good cause.

NOTHING IS ANSWERED.

A PIECE OF JOBBERY THAT CANNOT BE TOLERATED.

The Canada School Supplies Co., and the School Supplies—Tell the People More About the Accounts and Open the Meetings to the Press.

There was an audible explosion in the school trustees office last Saturday morning when the Secretary read Progress. The air was blue for a time with sundry ejaculations which finally died away when the "efficient" secretary began to think how he would answer Progress' questions should the board ask him to oblige them. In his proxy address to the public he failed to answer a single question, but indulged in glittering generalities—a favorite custom of his.

The plain facts remain: about \$70,000 of the people's money is spent annually by the school board, and the people know less about it than of any other public service. In very truth, they know nothing of it. The reports that reach them through the press are not from the pencils of observant and listening reporters, but from the dictation of Mr. March, the secretary, who has it in his power to suppress anything he pleases that transpires.

Will the stationers and booksellers of the city say when they have supplied apparatus to the schools? will they say when they have sold ink to the schools? will they say when they have sold chalk, rulers, or anything else in that line to the schools? Will they not tell you that the only ink manufactured in this country is manufactured by the "Canada Schools Supplies company," whose office is at 85 German street—the office of the St. John Board of School Trustees—of which C. S. March, the son of the secretary, and the employee of the board, is agent?

Would such a condition of things be tolerated in any city—but St. John?

Is it right for any employee of the city because his movements are private to the press to take advantage of his position and form a company to supply his department?

Mr. March's territory has been enlarged lately; he now has the North end as well as the South and West ends of the city, and the "Canada Schools Supplies Co." will have a wider field for its operations.

What a piece of jobbery! Progress hopes that the Board will put a speedy end to such a condition of things. If they have been in ignorance they are no longer so.

Open the meetings of the Board to the press; give the people the particulars of the accounts; ask for tenders for school supplies, and do not permit any company of employees to draw more than their salaries in the shape of profits on sales.

TO BE CONGRATULATED.

The Union Lodge of Portland is Bound to Maintain Its Position.

The members of The Union Lodge of Portland, F. & A. M., were very successful in entertaining the Grand Lodge and visiting brothers at their regular communication, Thursday evening. While there was general regret that illness prevented the attendance of W. M. MacLachlan, his place was ably filled by "the old war-horse," P. M. Henry Duffell. The Union Lodge of Portland has a fine staff of officers, all of whom performed their duties most admirably in the work of the evening. The presentation of a steel engraving of the inauguration of Robert Burns as poet laureate in Conongate Kilwinning lodge, Edinburgh, in 1787, was a feature of the meeting. It was the gift of James Sryengeour, V.S., of Edinburgh, a former well known member of "The Union." A letter, explanatory of it, from P. M. D. R. Munro, brought back old times to many present. One of the banquets for which the lodge has a high reputation was a most agreeable close to the evening's proceedings. The Union Lodge of Portland is to be congratulated on its continued prosperity.

Photograph Albums, extra low prices, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

Should Be Investigated.

The arrest of a Salvation Lassic on the West Side, on charge of systematic stealing from her employer, is likely to lead to further revelations. Letters found in the prisoner's trunk shed some light on the subject. The girl appears to have been taking articles of various kinds and giving them to the Army, the members of which have accepted them, apparently, asking no questions, for conscience sake. In the same way, when she took money, it was devoted to the purchase of supplies for the male officers, whose rather gushing letters of acknowledgment are said to solicit the continuance of further favors of the kind. Besides, these letters hint at a condition of affairs between male officers and female recruits which are not in line with the blood-washed warriors' professions. There seems to be a field for investigation by the head of the Army.

Local view Christmas Cards, large assortment, low prices, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

PROGRESS' NEW PATRONS.

A Word About Their Business and Their Advertisements.

There is a unique and attractive advertisement in Progress today—which the readers of this paper are invited to translate correctly. Progress does not profess to have Chinese type in its office. The English sentence was turned into Chinese and engraved by Progress Engraving Bureau for Mr. Bell. It is no harm to give the reader a start and say that to read Chinese he must always begin at the lowest character in the right hand column.

There are few horsemen who will fail to recognize the handsome animal in the advertisement of Fellows' Leaming's Essence, on the fifth page of Progress. This standard remedy does all that is claimed for it as the numerous testimonials certify. No time like the present for winter furs, and no store keeps a better stock of them than Thorne Bros. They have a handsome engraving of a seal sacque in today's issue which must attract the attention of ladies.

Parker Bros. is another new customer of Progress'. They will announce their specialties from week to week, and the people will lose nothing and gain much by glancing at it regularly.

Few men are better known in their line of business than Mr. J. D. Turner, of King Square. No matter what there is wanted in his line Turner has it, and its quality can always be depended upon.

So much has been said in praise of the Caligraph machine that Progress can add but little. The agents, Messrs. A. P. Tippet & Co., whose advertisement appears in this issue, say that never since they have been in the business has the machine been so popular. Their sales have been frequent and spread over a good territory.

WHO STRUCK RITCHIE?

And When is Deacon Forbes to Take His Seat as a New Brunswick Judge.

An Ottawa despatch to the New York Sun gives the following interesting particulars of a recent fracas in the St. John John police court. Some of the details appear to have escaped the attention of the local papers:

OTTAWA, Nov. 16.—Up to a year or so ago, J. G. Forbes, a prominent lawyer and deacon in the Presbyterian church at St. John, N. B., had in partnership a young lawyer named D. Mullin, a prominent member of the Catholic church. In court, a few days ago, they happened to be arrayed on opposite sides in a case up for trial. During the argument Forbes called Mullin a "home ruler, a Roman and a brat," at which Mullin jumped to his feet and excitedly shook his fist in Forbes' face, declaring that he would do the deacon up in two rounds. Forbes then declared that no Fenian had ever shook his fist in his face before, and he struck out at his adversary, who escaped the blow by the magistrate stepping in between the pugilists and receiving the blow square on the cheek. All court business was suspended, and it looked for a time as though the fight would become general between the friends of both parties, which was only prevented by the interference of the police. It is stated that Forbes is soon to be appointed a judge of the New Brunswick courts.

Ips'e Dixon.

The Sackville correspondent of Progress cannot understand why it takes three days for a letter to travel from that educational centre to St. John. Last week and the week before her regular society letters were mailed on Wednesday, but did not reach this office until Friday morning, too late for insertion. She incidentally remarks that the respected postmaster of Sackville is of an enquiring turn of mind, but whether that has anything to do with the matter or not, it is impossible to say. If the postmaster is specially interested in the society gossip of the place, Progress suggests that its correspondent write the matter in manifold, and address the extra copy to the official in question. This will, perhaps, facilitate the transmission of the other copy in time for publication.

Alderman Blackadar's Reason.

Ald. Blackadar objects to the suggestion of Mr. J. W. Lawrence, that the members of the common council donate their salaries to assist in the erection of a fence around the Old Burial Ground. He claims that he gave up a salary of \$90 a year when he resigned from the fire department in order to get into the council, and thinks it is pretty tough if he cannot have the \$10 a year he gained by the operation. The alderman is something of a humorist.

Progress Takes the Lead.

The Free Press, of Acton, Ont., is to be complimented on turning out the neatest newspaper in the Dominion of Canada, next to Progress, of St. John, N. B. It is seldom that good ink, good paper, good presswork and good sense are combined to so great an advantage. This is scarcely a musical item, but the combination referred to belongs to the fine arts, at least.—Musical Monitor.

C. of E. Institute Concert.

The concert in Trinity school room, Monday evening promises to be of unusual excellence. The large audiences that have filled the school room in the past have rarely been disappointed, and Monday evening's entertainment will be no exception.

Plush Goods of all kinds, at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King street.