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# PROGRESS.

Notices coming under the heads Wanted, For Sale, To Let and Found, under 25 words in length, cost only 10 cents in Progress.  
Thirty thousand people read Progress from the heading to the last line.

VOL. II, NO. 54.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## IN TERROR OF ROWDIES.

THE MARSH ROAD AND VICINITY THROGGED WITH THEM.

What Reputable Citizens Say About Them—Injuring the Locality and Business—No Man Owns His Own Door-step—Work for the Police.

Every large city has its "gangs." They sometimes originate with idle boys who are after fun and mischief, though they usually begin with young fellows who love run better than work. The idle boys usually bring up at the penitentiary. The drunkards go from idleness to theft, from theft to burglary, then run the scale from arson to manslaughter. Finally one of them goes a little too far and commits a murder, and then, especially if he has been a leader, that particular gang breaks up in a hurry, at the foot of the gallows.

St. John is not behind other cities in having a gang. There isn't anywhere a nastier crowd of vicious but cowardly brutes than the gang that owns the neighborhood of the Marsh bridge. When one learns, as PROGRESS has, how they terrorize the business men and residents between Haymarket square and the shipyard, one goes away wondering why these people didn't organize a series of hanging matches, long ago.

The members of the Marsh bridge gang range from 18 to 30 years of age. They were all brought up on the bottle, and they don't go back on their training. Everything for rum, is their motto. They will steal anything that isn't nailed down, rob a blind man and pawn a cripple's crutch to buy a drink. A storekeeper on the Marsh road isn't fixed if he has no iron shutters.

The favorite accomplishment of the gang is to bulldoze people into giving them money. When they began this, they had a little decency left and accosted nobody but men. They have gotten so late that they have made demands on women and taken pennies away from children!

"They're just ruining the neighborhood," said a business man, a few days ago. "When they're liable to be abused and insulted, people don't even want to pass here, much less live or do business here. I tell you, sir, that foot passengers are beginning to give this road the go-by, and I don't wonder. Sunday, especially, there's hardly a minute when you can't see some of the gang rolling around drunk in the shipyard, exposing themselves and yelling oaths, and obscenity at everybody they see."

"I wouldn't live here if you'd give me a cent," said a gentleman standing near. "A single circumstance will show what residents have to put up with. The house I lived in has an outer door and a long flight of steps leading up to the inner door. It was a good place to watch the street from and the steps became a favorite lounging place for the gang. My daughter came home for a visit, one morning about a month ago, and I met her at the boat. When we got to the house the steps were so full that you might have walked to the door on the bummers that sat there. 'Well, boys,' I said, in a good-natured way, 'I guess a little of this entry belongs to me, don't it?' Well, sir, they didn't move an inch, but they let out a flood of filth that made me and my poor girl feel as though we'd been rolled in the gutter. I had to grin and bear it, but you bet I moved the 1st of May."

"It's no use to fight 'em, you know," the business man added. "They travel together. You might lick one of 'em and a half dozen would lay for you and do you up. There's a square bartender up here who wouldn't sell them anything on Sunday. They just went around there one night when he was not at home and gutted the place."

"I don't care much for Capt. Rawlings, but I will say he's done his best to break up the gang. He's arrested 'em, over and over again. Who do you think they fall back on? Portland aldermen! The aldermen get 'em off trial or fix up a light fine, every time!"

There is no exaggeration in the statements given above. They were made by reputable men, most of whom have property interests in the neighborhood referred to and are not anxious to depreciate it. Other stories were told, however, that are not printed because there is no way to express them without insulting decency. But enough has been said to show that there is work here for Capt. Rawlings and work in which he should have the support of every good citizen. PROGRESS is most heartily with him. Let him arrest these vagabonds once more and PROGRESS will aid the citizens in seeing that no member of a debauched government shall prevent them from being railroaded to Dorchester.

120 sheets of Note Paper for 15 cents. McArthur 80 King street.

Faith in Progress' Judgment.  
This is the kind of a letter a leading bookseller got from an out-of-town customer:—"Please send me the books that are favorably noticed in 'For an Idle Hour' in PROGRESS every Saturday."

## THEY DID NOT GET A CHANCE.

An Elderly Couple Who Could Not Tell the I. C. R. Coachmen Anything.

"Come, let us see them get a coach!" The train hand off duty beckoned to his friend, and the two followed an old gentleman and lady who had just alighted from the St. Stephen accommodation. The conductor showed them where the coachmen were to be found, and a score of shouting, gesticulating jehus bore down upon them as much as they possibly could with an iron railing in front of them. "Royal!" "Victoria!" "Dufferin!" "here you are, Royal!"—"coach mister, 'here you are," "right this way," and every coachman shouted at the top of his voice. The old couple looked perplexed. They tried to explain. They went from one end of the railing to the other, but the coachmen all were alike, and it was hard to decide which was shouting the loudest. The old man advanced toward the railing. Every coachman made for that particular spot too, and shouted louder. The old couple retreated, apparently half frightened, and the hopeless look on their faces was pitiful. Officer Stevens thought so, and asked them where they wanted to go.

"We want the Victoria coach," said the old gentleman, "but they won't give us a chance to speak."

"Any of them will take you there," said the officer, and an energetic coachman caught the old man's grip and had the couple in his hack in no time. They looked as though they had come through a great deal, as the horses started in the direction of Mill street.

Newly arrived: a large and varied assortment of those wonderfully low priced Pocket Books. McArthur's, 80 King street.

## A LADY'S NARROW ESCAPE.

A House-cleaning Incident That Has a Revolver in It.

A Kingston lady had a curious experience a few days ago that nearly cost her life. Among the many things housecleaning brought to light was an old and rusty revolver that had belonged to an absent son. Knowing nothing of firearms, she showed the weapon to a gentleman who said it was not loaded and that the spring was broken. After that her little boy used the rusty weapon as a plaything and carried it to school with him. In their fun his school mates were targets for imaginary shots, and he in turn stood as a mark, the hammer of the revolver descending each time to its place.

Carrying his precious toy home one afternoon, the little fellow handed it to his mother, who was seated in an easy chair. Not thinking of any danger she idly pulled back the hammer of the toy and allowed it to fall, as her little son had a hundred times. A deafening report followed and the bullet in its upward course scarred the lady's lips, ploughed a furrow in her cheek and lodged in the ceiling of the room.

Very fortunately the injury was not half so serious as the shock. The revolver had been loaded all the time and upon examination it was found that the head of the cartridge had been literally battered to pieces by the frequent taps of the hammer.

Rubber Balls, colored and plain, large assortment. McArthur's, 80 King street.  
Birthday Cards, new assortment. McArthur's, 80 King street.

## Musty Hay and Wet Straw.

"Boss" Chesley while outwardly courting an investigation of the charges preferred against the fire department wasn't very anxious for it. One of the drivers who was discharged, ostensibly for disorderly conduct, complained at one time of the musty hay and wet straw supplied for his horses. The complaint was taken up by the aldermen, who found it correct and asked that the hay and straw be removed. Boss Chesley intimated that it would be done, but he evidently forgot all about it for the hay and straw is there yet. But the driver isn't. The threat that any one found giving outsiders information about the department would be bounced was carried out.

The "National" Dining rooms are the best in town. Dinners from 12 to 2. Choice lunches at all hours.

## Tired of the Numbers.

"I wish July 1 was here," sighed Customs Officer Kain. Thursday, as he put down long rows of figures in the twelve thousands. The number of parcels for the city alone since last July now numbers more than 12,000 and over 11,000 have gone to the interior of New Brunswick and the Island. Then there is the Nova Scotian list, which is more than 2000 since April 1. This gives some idea of the growth of the work in this department.

Smokers will not fail to try the "National" Havana Cigars, and Virginia Tobaccos. The best in town.

## Proud of His Work.

If any man is proud of Messrs. Waterbury & Rising's signs, outside of themselves, he is Mr. D. M. Ring, the man who made them. He is proud of his work, and has reason for his pride.

## THE STORM WILL COME,

THOUGH EVERY THING IS QUIET IN CIVIC CIRCLES, NOW.

Mr. D. Russel Jack Out in Queens, and Mr. George E. Vincent on the War Path in Portland—The Scott Act and Some of Its Effects.

A curious and unexplainable apathy prevails in regard to civic elections. Nothing is heard of them beyond an occasional laugh about the stillness. It is the calm before the storm. PROGRESS has no idea that the aldermanic and mayoralty honors of the new city will not be sought after. The fight will be brief but very fierce.

The latest matter of fact news is the appearance of Mr. D. Russel Jack as a candidate for Queen's ward. There will be a choice in that particular portion of the town. Mr. J. D. Turner and Mr. Jack are the fresh aspirants for civic honors, and while Messrs. Robertson and Woodburn have not made any sign yet, it is quite fair to assume that they will come forward.

In King's ward rumors float about lazily. Ald. McGivern is not longing for another year at the board, though no doubt he would accept it if given to him with the same unanimity that has characterized his elections of late years. "Boss" Lantulum owns his hardwood chair and could sell it if he chose, but he is perfectly satisfied.

Mr. Vincent is out in Portland. Ward 3 is his particular domain, and he is getting from one end of it to the other in lively fashion these days. All he carries is some cheese and biscuit and his nomination paper. He hasn't time to talk about party events; he prefers to imagine for the future.

"Boss" Kelly and James C. Robertson are a strong team and will make it decidedly warm for any others. Mr. Lynch is spoken of but has not come out and Mr. T. Millidge will come if the electors say so.

But no contests in any part of the united city will excite such interest as the contest in Ward 1, Portland, and Wellington ward. The friends of Mr. Horncastle are sure of his election and Mr. Nasse is as confident as possible. If both opinions are solidly based, Mr. John A. Chesley will probably have an opportunity to give his undivided attention to business this year.

"What will be done with the Scott Act?" The best thing for the united city would be the substitution of the local act for the Scott Act. At present it would be a difficult matter to describe the condition of Portland in this respect. Since the passage of the Scott act, saloons have sprung up in every street and alleyway. Places that were free from them before now have them. No license fee, no restriction of any kind, open day and night, week day and Sunday, the liquor seller of Portland has privileges extended to no legitimate trade.

The evil effects of such license has been increased by the inactivity of the authorities. Policemen are not so much to blame as the representatives of the city, under whose control they are. Frequenters themselves, many of them, of the places which the officers sought to close, the latter were soon given to understand that their efforts in that direction were neither desirable nor required.

But a change is in the air. It will either be Scott act or no Scott act, and the liquor sellers of Portland can come to that conclusion at their leisure.

## For an Idle Hour.

A Christmas Rose, in Harper's paper series, is an attractive and readable novel. It is well written and possesses a rare charm for the near-sighted reader—large print. For sale by Alfred Morrissey.

Henry Seton Merriman has scored a complete success with *The Phantom Future*. It is a bright and fascinating story. The fact that the book is published in Harper's paper series is sufficient for many, but once read the criticism cannot be unfavorable. Price 30 cents. For sale at McMillan's.

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

## Mr. DeWolfe Spurr's New Residence.

Two of the four dwelling houses about to be erected on the site of the old Victoria hotel, are already sold. The choice of the lot, the corner building, has been bought by Mr. DeWolfe Spurr at a figure not far from \$12,000. The house will be very complete. It will be built under the supervision of Mr. Spurr, and will be one of the handsomest residences in the city.

Latest and most accurate foreign and local baseball news at the "National," the ball tosser's retreat.

## Rubbing It In.

There was one case of duty on freight in the custom house this week. A merchant bought goods in Plymouth, Mass. The freight to Boston, between two and three dollars, was prepaid and charged in the invoice. And duty was charged on the freight.

Dual has not moved. Same location, 242 Union street.

## THE TALE OF A SIGN.

It Gets Hard Treatment, But No Worse Than it Deserves.

A new barroom was started on Paradise Row a short time ago with a dining saloon in connection. Considering the fact that a large number of the men employed in Harris & Co's foundry do not go home to dinner, the stand should be a good one. But contrary to expectations the foundrymen do not patronize the saloon. The sign the proprietor has placed outside the door does not please them—or anybody else. A good big schooner of ale might be quite acceptable to some people, foundrymen not accepted; but to have the picture of one sticking to the corner of a house on a very public street, seems to be thought a "little too fresh," to use the words of a foundryman.

This sign used to keep very late hours. In fact it used to stay out all night—staring at the lonely policemen and making them long, perhaps, for some of the original. But it retires early now. It has reformed. It has given up its life of dissipation, and is not so bold and daring as it used to be. Tuesday morning it looked as though it had been worsted. The schooner of ale was hardly visible, but glimpses of it could be caught through the thick mud. But it still bobs up smiling for the mud has been washed off, but its working hours have been shortened.

Chairs Canted and Repaired, 242 Union Street.

## There Is No Keener Pleasure.

There is a novel excitement in making up time on an express that extends to every man, woman and child on the train. The driver is probably the coolest man on board when he finds that he is gaming, slowly but surely, to where his time says he should be. The manager—if he is on board—the conductor, the brakeman, all partake of the excitement, and there is no keener pleasure for them than to make up the lost minutes and roll into their destination on the dot. The New Brunswick boys know the sensation when the Maine Central is tardy.

Read Hunter, Hamilton & McKay's Advertisement, first column, last page.

## Plenty of Fun and Profit.

A very enjoyable two hours were spent by those who attended the Berlitz entertainment last Saturday. There was plenty of fun and it was all in French. PROGRESS sees no reason why all the young ladies who wish may not learn French when such agreeable and entertaining methods of teaching are employed. The classes have received a great impetus from the entertainments where for the first time the benefits of the teaching were displayed in public.

Room paper from five cents roll at McArthur's bookstore, Main street, Portland, opposite Bell Tower.

## For the Next Issue.

"Jeremiah Fodder" will entertain the Fredericton readers of PROGRESS next week. His faithful pictures of old-time events have aroused much interest in the capital. Next week's sketch will not lack any of the merit of his previous efforts.

Prof. Roberts will review two of the most important books published recently, *The Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning*, and *The Introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages*.

Cool and refreshing drinks at the "National," 22 Charlotte street.

## Some Legislation of the Future.

A curious story comes from the capital of an incident of the session. A lady, wife of a prominent member, made the somewhat startling statement one evening that a bill would be presented at the next session by her husband to prohibit smoking on the streets. She was thoroughly in earnest. What a hoist that bill would get. About three-fourths of the local members are inveterate smokers.

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

## To Lecture in Montreal.

Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts leaves for Montreal early next week, where he will lecture before the society of Canadian Literature, and the society of Historical Studies, on special request. The affair is a sort of conversation of the two societies, and Prof. Roberts was asked to be the essayist for the evening.

## Everybody Goes There.

Hardly a week goes by without the "National" is improved. All the popular sports and sporting papers can be found there. The dining saloon cannot be beat—in fact everything in connection is first-class. Mr. Wilkins runs it on the correct idea, keeping no intoxicating drinks on the premises.

## They Were Open.

Instead of "will shortly open" in the paragraph referring to Messrs. Keenan & Ratchford in the last issue, "have opened" it should have read. The firm has not only begun business, but they have found it and found it good.

## YES, THEY WILL RESIGN.

ALWARD, STOCKTON, BERRYMAN VS. McLELLAN AND QUINTON.

The Fight for the Police Magistracy Still Goes On—Messrs. Alward and Stockton Will Resign If Mr. Peters is Removed From Office.

The question of the police magistracy was practically settled last week, but fresh influence has been brought to bear, and in the absence of the attorney general in Boston it was opened again with a vigor that promises to make the fight a very warm one.

PROGRESS' account of the meeting in the Troop building needed no explanations, no contradictions. Ever since this political warfare began this paper has given the correct account of the movements of both parties. It is not inspired, but it never fails to talk to the correct point.

The question was not settled in the Troop building, but that meeting had a great deal to do with what followed. As the matter stood then the magistracy had been promised Mr. Ritchie by the attorney general, who was backed by the secretary and Mr. Quinton. Neither Dr. Stockton, Dr. Alward or Dr. Berryman were consulted.

But there was a meeting, later than that held in Mr. Troop's office, and all the representatives except Mr. Ritchie were present. It was held in Dr. Stockton's office. It was there in the presence of Attorney General Blair, that Messrs. Alward and Stockton stated in explicit terms that if Mr. Ritchie was appointed they would resign and go into opposition. It was then that Provincial Secretary McLellan said he would not open the constituency in that case. The matter was settled then and there and instructions were issued to the party organ to come into line.

The attorney general returned to Fredericton rather relieved at the prospect of a settlement of the vexed question, though it went against his wishes. Monday morning he went to Boston on a business trip and Tuesday the fun began again.

Mr. McLellan and Mr. Quinton now say the matter was not settled by their interview of the previous week, and the *Telegraph* backs up Mr. Ritchie for the appointment. But no argument of that paper can make the people think otherwise than right on the subject. The people are ten to one in favor of retaining Mr. Peters. They see no reason why a man who has served 27 years as civic court judge and raised it from the "nigger court" to its present status, should be displaced for a political purpose. For seven years he has presided over the police court of the city with such dignity and justice that strangers have declared that he has no equal in that capacity in Canada.

Some idea of the feeling of the people on this question can be gathered from the resolution passed by a political club, numbering several score, in a large dry goods house. Their support hitherto has been given to the local party in power, but the tenor of their resolution indicates that should the magistracy change hands that vote will be reversed.

Leave well enough alone, gentlemen!

## Quick Work.

The wife of a gentleman well known in the city, when driving recently was thrown from her carriage and her horse ran away. Happily she was unhurt and quickly passed through the old burial ground on her way home. A quaint old character who knew her husband rushed to his place of business and entering hurriedly and breathless, exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. —, your horse ran away and your wife's in the graveyard!"

## The Latest in Sporting.

The cricketers begin their work today. The arrival of the groundsman, Mr. Carmichael, has given the game the needed impetus and practice will be the word now.

Small, Rogers, Parsons and Carmichael will all be located in one house during the season. Elliot Row will find them every time. It is a quiet street and from what is believed, the quartette will be a quiet one as well.

## A Great Sale of "Progress."

The twelve-page issue of PROGRESS gave the paper another boom and out-of-town dealers have been sending in order increases from every quarter. Moncton, Sussex, Newcastle, Campbellton, Rothesay and news agencies at Annapolis and Milltown and Calais are to the front this time.

Umbrellas Repaired, 242 Union street.

## No Work There.

A St. John boy who left a good situation in this city, about three months ago, to try his fortune in the "great and glorious republic," writes from New York, to a friend, under date of May 2: "I am going to leave here for St. John next Monday or Tuesday. No work here. Very sorry I have to come back, but cannot help it."

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

## A CONTRIBUTOR'S FUNS.

The Sign of the Cow on the A. A. Grounds, and Its Meaning.

At the regular meeting of the City Road Kill Time Debating Society, held this week, President Dosey desired that some of the members propose a subject for debate. This brought forth the following queries:

What is the difference between a fall and a spring overcoat?

If a horse car is placed across a track, which is the rear door?

What is the meaning of the weather vane on the building in the St. John A. A. Club grounds?

Who will be the next mayor?

What would be a suitable name for a lacrosse club.

President Dosey, on removing his T. D. meerscham, assumed his usual attitude of dignity, and remarked that none of the questions proposed were suitable, as they could be too easily answered. Upon several members shouting "Answer them, then!" he continued: "It is not a fit time to talk about fall overcoats; the spring style might have some alterations, but, as usual, there will be no change in the pockets."

"The rear door of a horse car is where you pay at the other end."

"The weather vane on the Athletic grounds signifies that St. John will have a 'bully' nine this summer."

"The next mayor will be the man who gets the most votes."

"A good name for a lacrosse team would be the 'Hanlan' club, which would make it very easy to lick-Ross."

The president, resuming his pipe, asked "Whose got a match?" and, as the members searched their pockets in vain, it was unanimously decided to refer the question to another meeting. PORTLAND.

## AN ENJOYABLE TIME.

Ladies and Gentlemen Assemble at the Berton House.

A large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the Berton house, Thursday evening, and spent a few hours in a very pleasant fashion. The music was good and dancing was the order of the evening until a late hour. Among those present were:

Miss B. Barbour,	Miss Sadiere,
" E. M. Clark,	" Holen,
" G. Cleveland,	" E. Clark,
" A. Fielders,	" Thompson,
" J. Hall,	" J. McKeen,
" E. Morrison,	" E. Payne,
" E. Robertson,	" G. Ring,
" L. Robertson,	" G. Robertson,
" G. Skinner,	" Vesta Taggart,
" A. Melick,	" M. Lindsay,
" Murray,	" G. Blaine,

Mr. B. Barbour,	Mr. A. Baxter,
" W. Clark,	" Geo. Clark,
" A. L. Foster,	" T. Hall,
" C. A. Kinnear,	" A. Lindsay,
" F. Reed,	" J. E. Secord,
" S. Bennett,	" R. G. Murray,
" Fred Campbell,	" A. Z. Foster,
" Robt. Foster,	" M. Ferguson,
" Roy Campbell,	" Allen Barbour,
" T. W. Magee,	" Dr. J. Stevens,

Mrs. E. Fisk, Mrs. Norman Perley and Mrs. Chapman composed the reception committee, and Mr. Geo. Botsford, Mr. B. Robinson, Mr. Ford Howard, Mr. E. C. Blair, Mr. J. Mortimer Robertson, Mr. H. Kinnear and Mr. H. P. Sturdee looked after the management.

## Removed to Other Quarters.

And still the old "Oak Hall" stand will be a clothing store, for James Kelly, "the boss tailor of Dock street," has removed his custom tailoring department to Market square and purchased a stock of ready-made clothing that will charm the hearts of men and boys. "The great trouble with me," said Mr. Kelly, "is that I have more work than I can get done. Often and often have I wished for a ready made stock to supply people who cannot be attended to in a rush. I have it now and will open right away. It is a great stand and you can depend upon it that the 'British American Clothing Store' will be up to the correct standard."

Mr. Kelly has adopted a Boston name for his new store. That won't do him any harm and will probably be of benefit to him. He has plenty of friends and customers, and will succeed if popularity has anything to do with success.

Messrs. Scovil, Fraser & Co. made a happy strike when they secured such a good stand as the corner of King and Germain streets. There is no stand better suited for their business, ready-made clothing. They have christened it "Oak Hall," and will continue their rushing business. "The Red Light" and "Oak Hall" have become household terms with the people now and will continue to be better known.

## Something to Remember.

PROGRESS' advertisers will please remember that the paper goes to press Friday at noon, and that it is desirable that all changes of advertisements should be in the office as early in the week as possible and not later than Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. Their insertion cannot be guaranteed if they arrive at a later hour.

Pictures Framed very cheap, at the Portland News Depot.