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PROGRESS.

Great Historical Narrative
By the Author of the Life of
HENRY MORE SMITH.
In This Week's Progress.

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ONLY FORTY THOUSAND!

THE ACCUMULATED DEFICIT OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.

How Did It Happen—A Few Questions For The Trustees to put to Their Secretary Mr. John March—When Answered They Will Suffice.

The board of school trustees is \$40,000 behind hand and one of that body in a leading article in his own paper asks what is to be done.

PROGRESS thinks the first inquiry should be into the deficit, how there came to be any deficit and how it amounted to such an enormous sum?

The schools are supported by the city which grants the amounts asked every year by the trustees. The expenditure rests with those gentlemen and if there is a deficit the blame rests either with them or their officers.

PROGRESS has always thought that the trustees went it blind, as it were, meeting once a month to listen to what has been done the previous 30 days and hearing suggestions as to what should be done the next 30 days.

The secretary, Mr. John March, is really the board of school trustees. His actions are ratified in secret session and any reports the people have of such sessions are either given or sent to the newspapers by Mr. March.

The public in consequence know very little about the office of the board of school trustees. They send their children to the schools which are second to none, they have built fine buildings to teach them in, and rolled up an enormous funded debt in so doing; they read, perhaps, in the papers that some \$60,000 or \$70,000 is required to run the schools for the next year; they hear that the council has granted it; they who read PROGRESS know that year after year through the stupidity and negligence of the officials, the school coal contractor has gone back on the trustees and lost them much money; they now read that the trustees are \$40,000 in arrears, and their eyes are open at last to the fact that there is a very large hole somewhere.

PROGRESS thinks that the large hole is made up of many small ones and that the neglect, mismanagement and extravagance existing for so many years are responsible for the deficit.

The board of trustees is composed of kind, affable gentlemen who have other business more pressing and remunerative to attend to. Some of them are quite regular attendants at the meetings, others drop in when convenient and listen patiently to the plausible statements and wonderful averages read by the secretary.

Let PROGRESS give them a few suggestions and a few questions to put to the secretary at the next meeting of the board and if they will only allow the press in we promise the people a full report.

Out of a total yearly expenditure of about \$62,000 the salaries of the teachers amount to about one half of it. Is not the balance a large amount to pay for maintenance when the school buildings are largely owned by the city?

What is the meaning of the word "maintenance" as it figures for \$2,460.77 in the report for 1888? It does not include water, fuel and light, for they cost \$3,410.66. It does not include "repairs to buildings" "furniture and apparatus" "care of buildings" or "office salaries" for they cost \$2,823.62 according to the same report. Let Mr. March tell the public what "maintenance" means.

Why is it that the St. John school report which usually occupies from 30 to 50 pages of the provincial report, should be reprinted by another printer in St. John, when the type is "standing" in an office not a block distant? Why such needless expense? And again why bind so many reports in such elegant style? Do the people get the bound copies? Are not the paper covered copies handed out to the tax-payers? Where do the cloth bound copies go, and where do the leather bound copies go?

What bookellers and stationers in St. John supply the schools with the apparatus, ink, chalk &c., that they use?

What connection has the "Canada School Supplies company, 85 Germain street, St. John"—the imprint on the school apparatus—with the board of school trustees? Who are the members of that company?

Who is "C. S. March, agent?" Are the supplies furnished the schools from that company good? Are there not frequent complaints about their quality from the teachers?

How many sons of Mr. March have been employed in succession in the trustees' office? Have there been more than three?

Does the work of the schools in the office occupy all the time of the secretary and his clerks? Is not one of them a salaried secretary to another concern?

Why is it that the expenditure of between \$60,000 and \$70,000 of the citizens money only occupies half a page of the school report?

When these questions are truly answered, gentlemen of the board of school trustees, you need look no further for the reason of the deficit of \$40,000.

MONCTON'S LATEST.

The First Town in Canada to Enjoy the Society of White Caps.

Moncton is progressing very rapidly towards the highest point of civilization: it has churches, schools and societies galore. It has no less than two clubs, four barber shops, a second advent agitation, some Seventh-day believers, and the Scott act, not to mention the electric light and the water famine.

All these blessings Moncton has been in the peaceful enjoyment of for some time past, but as to every deep there is a lower depth, so to every height there is still some pinnacle that towers above it, and thus the coping stone is about being laid on Moncton's glory.

We have got a society of White Caps! I think we can claim the proud distinction of being the first town in the maritime provinces to set up such a dangerous luxury, and we are trying hard to keep humble, to preserve a lowly spirit, and not stagger under "the burden of an honor unto which we were not born."

And the way that it happened was this: Something over six months ago, the powers that be, of the I. C. R., imported from upper Canada a mechanical engineer, a Mr. May, to be general foreman of the locomotive department in the I. C. R. shops, and whether it was a case of: "Who's that goin' across the street, Bill?" "That's a stranger." "Then 'eave arf a brack at 'im."—or not, I cannot say; but the probability is that the men in the shops felt aggrieved that no one among their own number of local "bosses" was found worthy to occupy the coveted place, and so a feeling of antagonism was created against Mr. May. Certain it is that his unpopularity with the men has been steadily growing and lately it has found expression in a most unpleasant manner.

A mysterious notice was found posted near the railway works, which read thus: NOTICE. Mr. May: If you do not use better talk and conduct toward us, you will have to get out inside of two months, or be rotten egged out.

WHITE CAP. Mr. May treated this effusion of vulgarity with the contempt it so well merited, and the result was another notice to this effect: Mr. May: If you don't mend your ways you will have a sore head in less than one month.

WHITE CAP. The third and last notice was posted on the door of Mr. May's house, and was as follows: Mr. May: If you do not do better you had better not show your head out after dark.

WHITE CAP. And this in Moncton, the centre of civilization, the stronghold of temperance, the place where the dove-eyed Scott Act has folded her dewy pinions, smoothed her plumes and made her nest under the Egis of the W. C. T. U., lulled to slumber by the soft music of the \$50 notes that drop softly into the coppers of the temperance committee, and are slowly swelling into a sort of golden calf to be set up and worshipped by and by. "O Caesar, we who are about to die salute you," but don't let us die at the hands of White Caps.

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE. Remembers the Boys. Past Master Joseph R. Grose is not a very regular attendant at the meetings of Hibernia lodge, F. & A. M., of which he is an honorary member, but this is due to the fact that he lives in Boston. He does not forget the "Hibernians," however, and has more than once earned the gratitude of the fraternity in St. John by his kindness and forethought. At the last meeting of the lodge, Secretary G. Gordon Boyne, on behalf of Mr. Grose, made a presentation of two warden's batons, of ebony, silver mounted, which it is needless to say will be valued as much for the sake of the donor as for their own real beauty. Mr. Grose, though some distance away, sets a very good example to the boys at home.

A Chance to Do Good. The commissioners of the General Public Hospital want the ladies to help them in a way which will cost the donors nothing and will be of material aid to the institution. One of the needs in treating patients is a supply of clean, white cotton, no matter how old or in what shape. Sheets or garments of any kind or rags of any size are at all times most acceptable and can be applied to most useful purposes. It is probable that many of the lady readers of PROGRESS have more or less of such material which they will be glad to give. If such will send word to the resident physician, the commissioners will feel very much obliged.

Just Like New York. The champions of the Amateur League will be tendered a complimentary benefit Monday evening, in Mariners and Mechanics' hall, the feature of the entertainment being the presentation of the Spaulding pennant won by the Thistles. It will be equal to the presentation of the league pennant in New York in that the hall will not be large enough.

Good Note Paper or Envelopes, five cents a quire at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King St.

SAGE MAKES A MISTAKE,

IN HIS LATEST EXPERIMENT WITH THE SHORE LINE.

He Has an Idea That the Road Will Make Money if the Stations are Abolished—But Omits to Get a Controlling Interest in the Boats and Horses.

Should these lines meet the eye of Mr. Russel Sage, he is informed that he can learn something to his advantage by calling at this office.

The latest experiment of Mr. Sage, with his wicked and unprofitable servant, the Shore Line railway, is not a startling success.

The road has never paid, and is never likely to, so long as it runs between Carleton and St. Stephen. Nobody expected it to be a bonanza until it got connection with some through line, and Mr. Sage was too wise to have any such thought when he became the purchaser. Of late, however, a wicked partner, or someone else, has put an idea into his head, and he is proceeding to act on the principle that in the practice of economy lies the true road to wealth. He has adopted a policy of vigorous retrenchment.

It has been generally supposed that where a railroad runs through a settled country, its necessary adjuncts are station houses. The builders of the line were under this impression and went to a moderate outlay in constructing such buildings. Later, they equipped them with station agents. It is believed that most of these stations have had receipts in excess of expenses. Lepreau, for instance, has had a balance to the good, while Musquash, last month, yielded \$110, as against a salary of \$20 given to the agent.

Mr. Sage appears to have been favorably impressed with the idea that all the stations, having become self-supporting, could be made to swell the revenue still more by his dispensing with the agents, closing the buildings and leaving the platform for the accommodation of freight and passengers. This idea he has carried into effect. Between Carleton and St. Stephen, a distance of 82 miles, there is but one station for the shelter of freight and passengers, and one telegraph office for operating the road. That is at St. George.

The stations which have been closed used to serve a large extent of country, outside of the villages in which they are located. They are not likely to do so in future, though Mr. Sage thinks they will. He forgets the fact that many of the people in that country are horses, and that most of the ports along the bay have staunch and speedy boats. The natives intend to use these.

They look at it in this way: It had been their custom to order supplies from St. John which were billed to the stations "collect." When there are no stations they must forward the freight money, and as the amount required is uncertain, they are likely to send either too much or too little. Then when freight is expected, they must be at the platform to receive it, because if they are not, it will lie there at the mercy of thieves and the elements. As no man wants to drive eight or ten miles in bad weather to find that his freight has not come that day, this is likely to have a most disastrous effect on traffic, and will lead to a more convenient, even if slower, medium of transportation. No man wants to dance attendance on a train which, in the winter season, may be a day or two behind time. What applies to the reception of freight, applies as well to the sending of it. The passengers, too, are not happy. With the stations open, they could get return tickets from way stations to St. John, St. George or St. Stephen. Now they can only get such tickets at the places named. The conductor has ticket books, however, and it will be a simple matter for him to issue return tickets from any point, when he has instructions to that effect. But apart from this, only the toughest of people will be willing to wait under the lee of a closed station, when the thermometer is away below freeze and the train is away behind time.

So Mr. Sage is likely to find that his new scheme will not be a financial improvement on the old one. It might have been had he not, with strange want of foresight, neglected to secure all the horses, wagons, sleds and boats, along the route of his road.

Giving Himself Away. In an up town barber shop last Saturday night, a customer sat in the chair with his eyes shut while the apprentice lathered his face. The two were old friends and knew things that they didn't want the general public to know. While the apprentice worked the customer talked in a whisper, but when the former stepped over to the mug to get a fresh daub, the boss stepped up to shave the man. The latter talked on, while the barber continued the work the apprentice left off, never knowing the difference, when suddenly looking up he exclaimed: "What! I've been giving myself dead away."

There was a laugh all round.

WOULD NOT TAKE A BLUFF.

Warden Rourke and Mr. Carvill Swell the Funds of a Loch Lomond Sanctuary.

Politicians descended on Loch Lomond in force, Wednesday night, and had a fine time of it. The occasion was a conversation in aid of the Episcopal church, and among the visitors were Warden Rourke, who acted as chairman, Dr. Stockton, David Tapley, H. A. McKeown, W. A. Quinton and W. B. Carvill. The idea of social was to get money from the public in general and politicians in particular. Every effort was made to secure the presence of the Provincial Secretary, and the affair had been twice postponed to accommodate him. Urgent business of the state appears to have called him elsewhere, so the party took Candidate Carvill as its almoner in chief. Mr. Carvill's address was emphatic in its tone, and in the fulness of his generosity he announced that he would give the sum of \$500 for the benefit of the church. The audience was jubilant at this princely generosity, but it had scarcely recovered its breath when Warden Rourke announced that he also would give \$500, if Mr. Carvill did. There was an immense sensation and great enthusiasm. Before it had quite subsided, Mr. Carvill, having taken time to consider, decided to reduce his figure to \$25. The Warden would have been justified fixing his donation at the same sum, but he simply knocked off a cipher and made the amount \$50, which was sufficient to distance his competitor in the final heat. During the festivities somebody, who did not belong to the opposition party, fell against the stove-pipe and knocked it down. As it fell it narrowly missed demolishing the venerable head of Squire David Tapley, another prospective candidate. The government party, having gone to the affair to make a financially solid impression, was somewhat disgusted with Warden Rourke for spoiling its game. The excursionists returned to the city at 1.30 Tuesday morning. They say they had a good time.

A Good Place To Go. Maritime residents are familiar with the name of Fraser Bryce of Toronto, through the credit given him in the *Dominion Illustrated* and other pictorial journals, for many of the elegant and artistic photographs that have appeared in them. One is more inclined, perhaps, when away from home with some leisure hours on their hands to interview the photographic artist than at any other time. If, when in this mood, one should chance to be in Toronto no better artist or no pleasanter studio could be visited than that of Mr. Bryce. His work has an excellent reputation throughout all upper Canada, and Maritime people who have had any such experience as the writer with Mr. Bryce, cannot fail to give him full credit for excellent and artistic work.

Always Look at the Date. Two complaints were made at PROGRESS office, last Saturday, that the papers they bought on the streets were of the previous week's issue. Every inquiry has failed to locate the newsboy or the error in this office, but purchasers of the paper will confer a favor on the publisher, and perhaps benefit themselves, by looking at the date of the paper they buy. Newsboys have been known to mix old copies with the fresh issue, but such tricks are rare among the St. John boys.

Another Pleasant Evening. Carleton knows no pleasanter evenings than the sales and high teas of the ladies aid association of St. Jude's church. Next Thursday evening will see another of these pleasant affairs in the school room adjoining the church. The announcement elsewhere gives full particulars, but for convenience's sake, let it be stated here that the doors are open at 5 o'clock, that tea begins at 6 o'clock, and the admission price with tea is 40 cents.

New Dental Rooms. Dr. J. D. Maher has recently opened handsome dental parlors in the city building, Main street, North End, which are among the most commodious in New Brunswick. Dr. Maher is a graduate of the Boston Dental College, and his ability in his profession coupled with an extensive acquaintance bids fair to make him at once both popular and successful.

Let the Children Come. A number of PROGRESS' friends have brought their children with them to see the new press and folder work, Friday afternoon. The little ones were delighted and wanted to stay all the afternoon. They are all welcome. Send or bring them; in either case PROGRESS will see that they see all that is to be seen.

Thanks! Glad You are Satisfied. An out of town customer who has ordered many reproductions and engravings from PROGRESS Engraving Bureau writes: I am thoroughly satisfied with the character of the work, and while it is done so well and reasonably you can count on my patronage. Success to Progress and its engraving department.

TWO MEN OF INTELLECT.

HOW THEY HAVE BEEN AMUSING THE FREDERICTONIANS.

An Injunction Which Found Nothing to Enjoin—All About a Programme That was Not Carried Out, for Good and Sufficient Reasons—Why People Laugh.

Mr. George F. Gregory, of Fredericton, has a massive intellect. Mr. Andrew G. Blair likewise sports a colossal dome of thought.

It is not to be wondered at, perhaps in view of the past events, that there should sometimes be a collision. There have been several of such collisions, political and professional, within the past two years. The most notable feature of these encounters is that up to date the grim and gritty George continues to be the under dog in the fight.

It was only the other day that a clerk from Mr. Gregory's law office walked up to Mr. Ned Allen, Fredericton's popular vocalist and auctioneer, and served upon him an injunction to restrain him from selling a certain mill property below the city, known as the Simmons and Burpee mill, which Mr. Allen it appeared was then proceeding to sell by public auction. It must have interested certain people, Mr. Gregory in particular, to learn as they did an hour or two later, that the property had been sold already by private sale to Mr. Fred Hale, of Woodstock. The impression produced when this became known, naturally enough, was that Mr. Ned Allen had a brilliant future before him as a comedian as well as a vocalist. The impression was perhaps strengthened if possible that a certain legal gentleman's future lay behind him.

The facts are interesting. It appears that about a year ago the Stewart mill below Fredericton was purchased by a firm consisting of Messrs. James E. Simmons, R. A. Estey, Andrew G. Blair and F. P. Thompson. Mr. Blair's career as a mill proprietor was brief. He knew how to make deals, but they were political ones. He knew a good shingle when he saw it; but that shingle was a professional one. He had a fine ear for music, but there was no need of taking lessons in a sawmill when he could listen to Mr. Hanington every winter. He went out of the firm. So did Mr. Thompson. So did Mr. Estey who didn't want a mill he couldn't boss himself.

Messrs. Simmons & Burpee then ran the mill. Mr. Burpee probably had been interested from the start, though his name did not appear until after the politicians withdrew.

The firm of Simmons & Burpee lasted quick. It suspended on the 21st of August last, with liabilities of \$50,000. They signed a trust deed, preferring Messrs. McFarlane, Thompson and Anderson, who were accommodation endorsers on their paper to the extent of \$14,000. McFarlane, Thompson and Anderson were at the same time creditors to the firm for about \$3800, which represented machinery they had supplied. For this they were not preferred.

The mill property was advertised about the first of October to be sold by public auction November 1st. On the evening of October 31st, it leaked out that Mr. Gregory, at the instance of Mr. Alexander Gibson, was about to stop the sale by injunction issued by His Honor Judge Fraser. Mr. Gibson was a creditor of the firm of Simmons & Burpee to the amount of \$1800 for lumber. The injunction was to restrain the trustees from paying over any funds coming into their hands, and Mr. Gibson was going to bring suit to prevent the preferred claims from being paid and to set aside the preference as being fraudulent.

The contemplated injunction proceedings, as above stated, leaked out. They leaked into the ears of Mr. Blair and his associates also. The night of the 31st of October was probably a busy one in the office of Messrs. Blair & Barry. That evening the mill property was sold by private sale to Mr. Fred Hale, of Woodstock, for \$10,000. Moreover, all the preferred creditors were paid. The deed was acknowledged and executed next day about the hour that the injunction order was being launched from the office of George F. Gregory. When it was launched, Mr. Ned Allen's fine bass voice was resounding on the square. He was about to announce that the sale would be postponed as the bombshell exploded. It didn't hurt anybody. On the contrary, everybody had a good laugh.

Mr. Gibson has withdrawn his suit. His claim rests on the same basis as the other unpreferred. He is satisfied now that the preference was a bona fide one. Like the other creditors, he has since signed the deed voluntarily.

But Mr. Gregory is not satisfied by any means. He says in his pocket organ, the *Gleaner*, that "there is much in this whole business which, in the interest of the commercial public, should be thoroughly investigated." Hence these tears.

There is at least one colossal intellect in Fredericton that seems to need repairs.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST END.

What an Elector of Brooks Ward Thinks of One of the Aldermen.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The article in last Saturday's PROGRESS, in regard to the hay contract, had the right ring and gave a great deal of satisfaction to the right thinking ratepayers of the West side. The electors of Brooks ward will not allow their good name to be swamped on account of any representative, it does not matter to them whether he has hay to sell or not. They at least expect that while holding a seat at the council board, that he will not be guilty of any questionable act, that would bring the blush of shame to the cheek of his constituents.

Many of the electors of Carleton, felt that by accepting the union it would bring a better class of men to the front as representatives for the council board, but there is no denying that we have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire, in so far as the West side representatives are concerned. Is there no member of the council with independence enough to protest against Tweedism at the board? It seems to me that every member of the board has a little axe of his own to grind at the public expense, hence there apathetic disregard of the public interests. On the hustings at the last civic election, Alderman A. C. Smith laid great stress on the necessity of having an advisory board in each ward to consult and advise with the aldermen in all matters concerning the welfare of the ward and the city generally. He got elected * * and we of Brooks ward have not heard anything of the advisory board since. Had he carried out his promise to the electors of Brooks ward, the advisory committee would not have allowed him to have anything to do with the hay transaction, which would have saved his own reputation. As a representative of the ward we could then point with pride to the fact that if you on east side had men at the council board that would not scruple to take advantage of the trust placed in them by the electors, we could thank ourselves that we had no such men in Carleton. BROOKS WARD.

Coal Without Contract. The ferry committee has gone into the coal business in its own name and on its own account.

In July last, Vroom & Arnold were awarded a contract for Cumberland coal at \$2.80 a ton. The 1,000 tons supplied having been used, no tenders were asked for new supplies, but the committee purchased a cargo of Caledonia coal, which was brought here by the schooner *Galatea*. It costs about \$3.40 a ton. The aldermen say that Caledonia coal is better than the Cumberland for the use of the steamers, and that they will continue to purchase without asking for tenders. Donald Carmichael is agent for the Caledonia company. This is merely a news item. So far as is known there is no Ethiopian in the hedge.

The Boys at the Station Door. When officer Stevens tried to hoist the door at the depot in front of which the coachmen stand, one evening this week, he found it a good deal heavier than usual. By hard work he got it raised a few inches, when looking at the bottom he saw a long row of small sized feet disappear in all directions. The boys who play about the railway grounds knew, or were told, that the train was due, and hung on to the door from the outside. Mr. Stevens wants to see some of them again, although the coachmen enjoyed the affair more than he did.

A Great Day for "Progress." Last Saturday was a great day for PROGRESS. In spite of the dark weather, the newsboys cleared out all the papers in the office long before the usual hour, and from that time until a late hour in the afternoon, clamoured for more. They could not get any, and neither could the people this week. It is safe to say that there is not a paper unsold in the entire city. If there is PROGRESS will gladly pay the full retail price for them in order to complete its files and fill its orders.

Who Wants a Medal? It is intended to ask the Grand Secretary to order a new lot of the Masonic Centennial medals. City members of the fraternity entitled to wear the decoration are requested to communicate with W. K. Reynolds, PROGRESS office, in order that the exact number wanted may be known.

For the Benefit of All. Members of the Masonic fraternity favorable to the establishment of reading and recreation rooms for the benefit of the craft are invited to meet at the store of Harold Gilbert, on Monday evening next, at 8 o'clock. All members of lodges will be welcome.

Orders From Abroad. A city house furnishing establishment had two orders worth noticing from outside retail customers this week, one from Moncton for over \$600 and another from Halifax for nearly \$400.