

THEY CAN SHAKE HANDS.

ALD. SMITH IS NOT TO BE OUTDONE BY HIS FRIEND BUSBY.

So His Partner Lockhart Tenders for Hay and Oats, and Gets the Hay—What the Law Has to Say on the Subject—The Remedy by Quo Warranto.

Mr. C. B. Lockhart has been awarded the contract for supplying hay for the Department of Public Safety. The matter was agreed to at a committee meeting at which Alderman Albert C. Smith, of Brooks ward was present. The tender was 25 cents lower than that of any other person, which on 75 tons of hay means a saving of \$18.75. The city is to be congratulated.

Mr. Lockhart also tendered to supply the oats for the department, but as his figures in that case were not the lowest, another man got it. Ald. Smith very decently forbore to press Mr. Lockhart's claim under the circumstances.

Most of the committee had never heard of Mr. C. B. Lockhart until the tenders were opened, but they were apparently given to understand that it was "all right," and that he was a responsible person.

It is quite evident that they did not learn much about him from the directory, where his occupation is given as "clerk." It seems, however, that the directory has done him an injustice. He is believed to be something more than a clerk. He is commonly known as a partner in the firm of A. C. Smith & Co., West end.

Ald. Smith, of the Public Safety Department, who was one of the committee which decided to accept the tender, is the head of that firm.

In other words, Ald. Smith is a contractor with the corporation of which he is a member. Thus does Carleton extend the right hand of fellowship to St. John, and Ald. Smith, of Brooks ward, shakes hands with Ald. Busby, of Victoria ward, as a breaker of the statutes. Who says that there are sectional differences when such charming unity of sentiment exists?

Here is what the Act of Assembly has to say about it:

No person shall be qualified to be elected, or to be or sit as Mayor, Alderman or Councilor * * * during such time as he shall have directly or indirectly, by himself or partner, any share or interest in any contract or employment with, by or on behalf of the corporation.

The gentlemen who enacted this law, left no doubt as to its meaning. No person shall "be or sit" as an alderman, who shall have even indirectly by himself or partner, any share whatever in any contract with the corporation. It makes no difference whether Mr. Lockhart is a partner or clerk. His connection with Ald. Smith is sufficient to make the violation of the law flagrant and complete.

Previous to the acceptance of this tender, which has been ratified by the common council, the firm of A. C. Smith & Co. had been supplying the department with hay for about five weeks. The supply ran out, and Director Wisely purchased where he could buy cheapest. It was this nibble, probably, which whetted the alderman's partner's appetite for a contract.

Let it not be understood that PROGRESS is finding fault with the purchase. No firm will refuse to sell to the city on the ground that one of its partners is an alderman, and no one expects a firm to do so. If such a rigid system prevailed several outside printers, binders and stationers, would be burdened with work of which they are now wholly relieved by the existence of such firms as Ellis, Robertson & Co., Barnes & Co., and George A. Knodell, who now have nearly the entire corporation patronage in the way of printing, etc., to the exclusion of other printers who formerly had a share. The worst that can be said of this is that in the absence of competition it may in time lead to jobbery. It is not right but it does not smirch the three efficient aldermen who are members of the firms in question.

It, however, contracts were called for, and any of these firms were awarded contracts on tenders sent in the names of employees or partners, it would be a very different affair. Then PROGRESS would say that these aldermen had abused their trust, and should not sit at the board.

Three sham tenders in about three weeks would seem to be piling it on pretty thick. Ald. Busby has had two innings and Ald. Smith one. "N-e-x-t gentleman!"

If any citizen should take the trouble to apply for a quo warranto against Messrs. Busby and Smith, these gentlemen would be placed in a position to contract for coal and hay without reproach. They would no longer be aldermen.

The selection of first-class candidates for Victoria and Brooks wards, at the next election, may serve the same purpose.

In the meantime, the electors of these wards are not to be congratulated on the methods of their above-named representatives.

Sorry, But Can't Help It.

A number of correspondents are denied space in this issue on account of a press of matter.

WILL LOCK THE DOOR IN FUTURE.

A Gentleman From Montreal Owes One to a Gentleman From Halifax.

A gentleman from Montreal was at the Royal last Saturday night, and went to his room early. In order to enjoy reading with comfort, he divested himself of his coat, waistcoat and boots, lay down on the bed and pulled the counterpane over him. Presently he fell asleep, leaving the door open and the gas burning.

Somewhere about midnight a gentleman from Halifax also started to go to bed. On the way to his room he saw the light in the room of his friend from Montreal, and supposing that he had forgotten to put out the light, entered the room. The gentleman from Montreal was very sound asleep, and the first idea of the gentleman from Halifax was to blacken his nose with a burned cork. This bright idea was abandoned on seeing the waistcoat, with a valuable watch in the pocket lying carelessly on the chair. The gentleman from Halifax quietly took this, put out the light and proceeded to his own room, intending to return the property before the gentleman from Montreal arose the next morning.

About 2 o'clock the sleeper awoke and was surprised to see the gas extinguished. Lighting it he proceeded to undress for the night, and was astonished to find his waistcoat gone.

Five seconds later the gentleman from Montreal was wildly dancing around the office, asserting that he had been robbed, and insisting that the police should be called in to search the employees of the house. They were not summoned, but there was a general waking up of all hands and an informal investigation which lasted for an hour or two and threw no light on the subject. Finally the gentleman from Montreal returned to his room, intending to exhaust all the resources of the city detective bureau when the next morning came.

Meanwhile, the gentleman from Halifax slept the sleep of the just, and knew not anything. When he awoke in the morning, he summoned a boy to carry the waistcoat to its owner.

"Why," exclaimed the lad, "this is the vest that Mr. S— has been raising the devil about all night. How did it get here?"

"Never mind how it got here. Take it to Mr. S—, with my compliments, and ask him if he would like a drink."

The reply of the gentleman from Montreal is not recorded, but it is understood that the air was blue in that vicinity for a time.

The Profession as It Is.

The lawyers who frequent the police court to pick up business are in keen competition with each other. Not long ago, three of them chanced to be there together when a prospective victim came in. It was clear to all three that there was a job for one of them, and only one. It was plain that if all three preferred their services, the man would take the cheapest, so to avoid the necessity for cutting rates the trio agreed to match coppers. The man who won was allowed to solicit the victim, and got a client. The others got left.

This is the way things are managed in a profession which formerly would scarcely tolerate the insertion of an attorney's card in a newspaper.

Which Is It?

According to the *Telegraph*, "the births, marriages and deaths, as reported to Registrar Knight, for October, are 476 births, 108 marriages and 357 deaths."

This is a wonderful showing, even for the flourishing Maritime Metropolis. It means that more than fifteen babies arrived each day during the month, that there were four marriages every week day, and that between eleven and twelve people went to their long home every 24 hours. The figures show an increase of at least 500 per cent. over any previous month, and lead to the belief either that the city is making wonderful strides, or that the *Telegraph* does not know what it is talking about.

Not What He Used to Be.

They tell an amusing anecdote as showing the passionate regard now entertained for Mr. Attorney General Blair by his former bosom friend and partner, the grim and gritty G. F. G. The latter was attending court at Newcastle and was accosted on the street by one of the fireside politicians of that place, who inquired in plaintive tones: "You don't think as much of Turney General as you used ter, do you Mr. Grigory?" "Not by a d—d sight!" was the vigorous reply of one of St. Pauls leading elders as he walked rapidly away.

Remember This.

All matter appearing in PROGRESS, whether prose or verse, has been specially written for it, unless otherwise marked. This explanation is necessary as it is the custom of most papers to omit to credit much of their selected matter, leaving the public to judge, from the average stupidity of the rest of the paper, that the good things are not original.

WHY SOME GIVE THANKS

OR OUGHT TO WHETHER THEY THINK SO OR NOT.

Prominent Citizens Reminded of Causes for Gratitude by Them at This Festal Season—The Paper is Full, or More of Them Would Be Mentioned.

It is to be feared that people do not sufficiently appreciate Thanksgiving day. They are thankful, some of them, in a general way, that they are alive, that they have prospered and that the prospects are good for the future. This is well enough as far as it goes, but PROGRESS fears that only too many fail to be duly grateful for small but particular mercies. It is not too late to remind some of them of things which should have occurred to them on Thursday, and which they may ponder with profit even now.

First of all, the readers of PROGRESS should be thankful that it has not inflicted on them a Thanksgiving editorial like some of its contemporaries have served up.

Then the proprietors of the daily papers should be thankful their editorial columns are brightened occasionally by their giving the lie to each other. It relieves the monotony of articles on subjects which are little understood by the readers and less by the writers.

Others who ought to be thankful are:

The people of Fredericton, that the Scott Act is likely to be repealed this month.

The North end liquor dealers, that the Scott Act is still in force.

The people of St. John, that they never had the Scott Act.

The virtuous grits, that they have found out the wicked Tories in their attempt to colonize Queens county.

The virtuous Tories, that they have found out the wicked grits in a trick of the same kind.

The friends of the local opposition, that the *Telegraph* is on the side of the government.

Visitors to Moncton, that the Scott Act is in force and it is not necessary for them to drink the town water.

Several of our young friends, that their heads are not as big as they feel some mornings.

C. N. Skinner, M. P., that he can talk or lecture on either side of the question with equal sincerity.

Dr. Berryman, M. P., that the government has not refused to appoint William Walker Clark chief of police.

John R. Marshall, C. P., that the government has not appointed Mr. Clark.

Mr. Clark himself, that while there's life there's hope.

The policemen, that there is mild weather while they are waiting for their overcoats.

Thomas Youngclaus, that he gets any part of the coat contract.

J. W. V. Lawlor, that he supplies coal only where he is sure of his pay, to wit, to the corporation.

Ald. Busby, that Mr. Lawlor is such an obliging young man.

Ald. A. C. Smith, that he has a partner who is equally obliging.

Ex-alderman Lantalum, that he is not mixed up with the present council.

His worship the Mayor, that the opposition to his election was what it was.

The editor of a certain daily, that the Fool Killer is away on his vacation.

The anti-tobacco association, that while nicotine poisons, there is an abundance of the recognized antidote—whiskey.

Sundry city merchants, that the World Uniform Collecting Agency did not charge them more than \$10 for their experience.

Everybody, that the evidence in the poisoning case won't have to be waded through more than once or twice more.

The Society Failed to Buy It.

The *Sun* is both untruthful and unfair in asserting that the St. John Agricultural Society did not take action in regard to McCoy and the horse Stanley, until compelled to do so by the National Trotting Association. The facts are that PROGRESS having exposed the "ringers," the society did take action, and communicated with the National Association, leaving the latter to deal with McCoy. This was all that the society could do, and the writer of the ill-natured paragraph knows, or ought to know, it. If the society had advertised more liberally in the *Sun*, there would have been no such offensive reference. PROGRESS has before remarked, it takes very little money to buy some concerns.

Wanton Sport.

Partridges are very plentiful along the line of the New Brunswick railway. From trains starting out early in the morning, the startled birds are seen flying to the trees, and are subjects of good target practice for those who happen to have firearms with them.—*Messenger and Visitor*.

It is bad enough to have the once abundant birds exterminated by pot-hunters, without advising every man who goes on a journey to blaze away at them for the sake of "target practice," leaving them dead or maimed along the railway line. If the reverend editor himself carries a gun for this purpose, we suggest that Agent Wetmore look after him. If the shooter happens to kill, it is wanton destruction, and if he only maims, it is needless cruelty.

PROGRESS' CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Will Be Issued December 14, and Will Be a Thing of Beauty.

"Will PROGRESS have a holiday number?"

For weeks past this question has been continually asked by the readers of PROGRESS in this city and by friends in the country, some for the purpose of business, others for leave to contribute, and others again to order their supply in case there was a special edition of the paper.

To all these querists the answer is YES. PROGRESS will have a special holiday edition which will be given to the public December 14th. Not too early and not too late. Just the right time. Last year the splendid issue of PROGRESS appeared December 15th. This year it will be a day earlier. Unlike the special holiday editions of large journals in Montreal and Toronto, PROGRESS will not charge either 25 or 50 cents for its special. The price will be five cents a copy. Unlike them also, the number will not be on an elaborate scale, with lithographed front page and fine engravings inserted. PROGRESS will have many elegant Christmas illustrations, procured from that world-known concern, the Moss Engraving company, which makes a specialty of such beautiful work.

Arrangements are being made with this company to supply PROGRESS with many of its choicest holiday works of art, and when they are all printed well and artistically placed, the effect will be very fine.

Unlike the special number of last year, which had the appearance and prosperity of the city for the idea, this issue will be purely and simply a Christmas number with the great holiday of the year to build upon. Around and about it such ready and talented contributors as Roberts and Duvar and a dozen others have been asked to write stories and poems. With their help and the assistance of such works of art as the Moss company can furnish us, PROGRESS hopes to do itself and the city credit. If it succeeds in this it asks no more.

Newsboys and patrons told us last year that three cents was too little for a 24 page paper. The former said that half the people who bought from them gave them five cents instead of three, and the latter assured us that they would pay five as readily as three for such a number. PROGRESS proposes to try them this year, and will ask five cents for the Christmas number. It is reasonable to think a 16 or a 24 page paper should be worth five cents if an eight page paper is worth three.

Will there be advertisements? Yes, some; in fact, in the two short days since we have resolved to issue the number, orders for about eighteen columns of advertisements have been booked. There is no use denying the fact that without advertisements a good Christmas number would leave the publisher in a large financial hole. But with an issue of 12,000 copies published ten days before Christmas, and sent broadcast through the province, not only by the publisher to subscribers, but by merchants to their patrons, the special number of PROGRESS should be the best advertising medium of the season.

Every effort will be made to accommodate and give satisfaction to all advertisers, but let it be remembered that the early orders are apt to get the best positions.

IT WAS A COLD DAY FOR HIM.

They Agreed to Meet in St. John and Get Married—The Result.

A tall, lank countryman stood in the express car of the Fredericton train. From the top of his soft brown hat to the toes of his calfskin shoes he looked miserable. He stood with his back to the red-hot stove, and wouldn't have moved even when the smell of burning wool proclaimed the fact that his trousers were getting warm, had not the messenger shouted, "Look out there, that stove is warm."

"Is it? I don't feel it. The fact is I've been freezing all day," and he shivered as he moved away from the stove.

Presently the train pulled up at a way-station, where half a dozen unclean urchins were awaiting somebody, and the stranger stalked into the passenger car and reappeared in a minute with his traps and a woman—both his property.

"Do you see that couple?" asked one passenger of another. "Well, they were married this morning. He looks as if he was sorry already, and from what I can gather he was inclined to bolt up to the last minute. She lived in the States, not so far from the border, where she has been for 30 years. He knew her brother, who gave his sister such a fine character and appearance that he began to correspond with her as a family friend. Photographs were exchanged, and soon after it was arranged that they should meet in St. John and get married. She travelled from Connecticut and he from somewhere this side of Fredericton Junction. He expected to find a woman of 30 or thereabouts; she is 52. Do you wonder that he wanted to bolt? But it was no use; the female clung to him until the parson took them both in charge, and as you heard him say a few minutes ago, he has been freezing ever since."

FOUGHT IT TO A FINISH.

INTERESTING SCRAPPING MATCH IN KINGS COUNTY.

Remarkable Contest for the Amateur Heavy-weight Championship—One of the Contestants Badly Handicapped—He Issues a Second Challenge to the Victor.

Kings to wit: Samuel N. Burn complains of Fennimore E. Mightytone, not being in custody, etc., of a plea of trespass on the case, said case being the bony covering surrounding the brain of the said plaintiff in this behalf.

For that whereas the said defendant heretofore, towit on Monday, the fourth day of November, in this same term, at Hampton; that is to say, at Sussex, in the said county of Kings, with force of arms did assault and beat the said plaintiff, against the peace of our Lady the Queen and contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, to the damage of the said plaintiff of two eyes and one nose, and therefore he is tempted to shoot.

And the said defendant in his own proper and undamaged person, comes and defends the wrong and injury, when etc., and says that he cannot deny the allegation of the said plaintiff, but that he defies the allegator and would do the same thing again.

And the said plaintiff doesn't like it.

Issue having been joined as above, the jurors composed of the readers of PROGRESS are entitled to a fuller and more intelligible account of the plaintiff's cause of action and the defendant's ground of defence.

The public interest in this case which is not before the courts, and is never likely to be, is brightened by the fact that the parties are two highly respected officials of Kings county, who have many admirable qualities but have never before posed as contestants for the county heavyweight championship under the Queensbury rules. Mr. Burn is, indeed, a gentleman who is supposed to keep the peace at all hazards, if he has to call upon the *posse comitatus* to assist him, while Mr. Mightytone occupies a judicial position in a court in which dead men do tell tales.

A session of this court was held at Hampton last Monday, Judge Mightytone presiding, and Mr. Burn being in attendance. There was also in attendance a constable, who is a relative of Mr. Burn. During the course of the proceedings the judge had occasion to give the constable "rats," greatly to the indignation of Mr. Burn. The discussion became extremely torrid, and when the court adjourned, the parties took a train for Sussex. The argument waxed hotter and hotter, until Sussex was reached, when Mr. Burn invited Mr. Mightytone to come into his office and "have something."

The "something" in question was not something to drink. There was blood in Mr. Burn's eye, and he wanted a fight to a finish. He got it.

The men were entitled to be classed as amateur heavyweights. Mr. Burn tips the beam at about 250 pounds, and is of short and compact build. Mr. Mightytone is taller and slighter, not going much, if any, over 200 pounds. Both were in fine condition.

Contrary to the custom in all well regulated prize rings, the combatants did not shake hands before proceeding to business. They simply exchanged remarks.

"Take off your coat," yelled Mr. Mightytone, divesting himself of his own garment.

"I'm d—d if I will," replied Mr. Burn. "I don't need to pull off a coat with you. I can beat you with one hand."

They went at it. It was evident from the outset that Mr. Burn made an error of judgement in keeping on his coat. He was badly handicapped. His antagonist danced around with agility, hitting from the shoulder, and in a few moments had so damaged Mr. Burn's eyes that time was called by mutual consent. Mr. Burn went to the round-house for repairs. This terminated the festivities for the day.

Just here Mr. Burn and his friends made another error of judgment. They applied oysters to the damaged eyes, instead of raw beefsteak, and the result was most unsatisfactory.

Mr. Burn was very mad, but not daunted. The next morning, full of pluck, he sought Mr. Mightytone, and proposed a renewal of the battle. Mr. Mightytone was satisfied to let things stand as they were, and said so.

Should Mr. Burn bring a suit for damages, his opponent will plead that his claim is barred by contributory negligence in not removing his coat and in applying oysters to his eyes.

But the sheriff hath not yet sent thither the writ of our said Lady the Queen, nor hath he done anything thereupon.

You Can't Always, Etc., Tell.

You never know when you have the public. Good horse races in the beautiful summer weather failed to draw crowd enough to spot the Moosepath grand stand, while several hundred people shivered to their marrow bones Thursday for three races—but they were good ones.

MAKING ROADS FOR LIGHTNING.

Features Connected With the Building of Telegraph Lines.

The men who stretch telegraph wires through the country lead a strange and, at times, hard life. Those who engage in it are mostly strapping big fellows from the country districts, and sometimes there will not be one city man in a "gang."

Life in a box car is not very attractive when the pay is from \$1.50 to \$1.75 a day. Every gang that starts out has three cars—a "sleeper," a "dining car," and one to carry tools, etc. They are all of the common order. The sleeping apartment is fitted up with eighteen or twenty bunks, while the dining room and kitchen are combined. Here a gang of fifteen men will spend weeks on the road. Knocking off work in the evening, they sit down to supper. The quality depends on themselves, for they buy their own food, and their lack in securing a good cook. From that time until 9 o'clock, when all hands turn in, they kill time in the sleeping car.

The man who can play the fiddle, or dance, or sing, or tell a good story is a favorite at once, and is never in danger of getting out of practice in his speciality. In the unattractive car they play cards, read, sing and tell stories, and make life as cheerful as possible.

Every man is up at half-past five in the morning, breakfast being ready at six. They start work at seven. If the job is putting up poles, one part of the gang gets to work digging holes, while the rest follow them, standing up the poles and filling in the earth. There are about 35 telegraph poles along every mile of railroad, and a gang of eight or ten men will put up on an average 60 poles a day. Before this gang comes along, another has gone over the line, distributing carloads of poles and crossbars; so that all the second gang has to do is put them up.

When the poles are in the ground, the work gets on more rapidly. The wire is placed on a trolley—or hand-car—and stretched out along the road; then the "climbers" catch it on their arms, and carrying it up the poles, make it fast. In this way they can stretch over ten miles of wire in a day.

Every gang has a number of hand-cars, on which the men travel as they string the wires along. It is the duty of the men on these cars to watch for trains and have the trolleys off the track ten minutes before the train is due. On the I. C. R., a railway section boss always goes with the telegraph companies' men, besides the foreman, but on other roads this is not done. The gang is usually many miles away from the siding on which the cars are when they stop work for the day, so all hands board the trolleys and get their muscles up on the crank, as they make the run back.

He Changed the Prize.

The good secretary of the Y. M. C. A. was a trifle shocked when among the contributions from merchants for prizes at the recent sports he found an elegant smoker's stand, worth some \$12. That was too much for Mr. Distin, who, if he is not a member of the Anti-Tobacco society, is at least opposed to tobacco in every shape. He decided it would not do to give such a suggestive prize to any athlete who might not smoke. So the costly gift was taken back, to the merchant's surprise. He told the secretary to select anything in the store that suited him, and smiled broadly when the choice fell upon a two dollar cup and saucer. The merchant was in a few dollars and the prize winner, when he heard the story, was mad enough to kick any person handy.

An Editor Off His Base.

The *Messenger and Visitor* has been "informed" that PROGRESS has been calling it bad names. It is to be hoped the informant is not a member of the church, because he has told an untruth. What PROGRESS did say was that the editor, by his villainously abusive article on the Salvation Army, appeared to be qualifying himself for a position on the Moncton *Transcript* in the next campaign. This can hardly be construed into calling his paper bad names, however rough it may have been on the editor.

Fancy Box Note Paper, 10 cts., at McArthur's, 80 King Street.

A Sydney Street Green Grocer.

A West End merchant, Hardress Clarke, has come to the South End to do business. A green grocer on Sydney street, in the Fisher building, is the result. The store is a credit to the locality both in contents and appearance. Meats, vegetables, fruits, etc., will be the principal articles in stock.

The Only Fake in Them.

The handicap sports were a great success in every respect—save one. The strong man who tugged at the iron (?) block and just succeeded in lifting it from the floor should not have permitted the kid to carry it off the platform afterward under his arm.

New Books for Children, at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King Street.