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PROGRESS.

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VOL. II., NO. 57.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

WHO WILL YOU ELECT?

CIVIC CONTESTS GROW WARMER EVERY DAY.

The Prospects in Kings, Queen, Sidney and Wellington Wards—The North End and Its Candidates—Mr. Barker the Popular Candidate For Mayor.

There is fun in the city wards. The candidates are out on the canvass and encouragement and opposition glare at them from opposite sides of the street. Such was the lethargy up to a few days ago that some thought the representation of the new city would go to any one who came forward, but since then the activity has been remarkable and the canvass vigorous.

When PROGRESS spoke of the prospects in what was then lesser St. John, there was no opposition in Kings and but little in Queens. Now these are the doubtful constituencies. Ald. McGivern has retired from Kings with flying colors, leaving his colleague, Ald. Lantalum, to face the combined opposition of such a strong ticket as R. R. Barnes and Fred. Blackadar. But the "boss" won't be downed easily. He has plenty of voters who will plump him every time and work for him through thick and thin. It will be a queer ward election that leaves him. Mr. Barnes is probably the most popular man of the three, and the present indications are that one of the seats at the council board will have to be enlarged to accommodate him.

The fight in Wellington has a new feature that will not help the new candidate. Despite all the efforts of sensible citizens the displacement of Police Magistrate Peters is now a fact and Messrs. Peters and Shaw's opposition to, and Mr. Carvill's support of the present appointment is not calculated to hurt the chances of the former gentlemen, or help the latter to get votes.

Mr. Lewis will probably find no trouble in finding enough voters in Sydney ward to carry him into the council. He is a good man for a representative, and will look after his ward and the city diligently.

Mr. Law's chances in the "old fourth" are good. The north end is looking after good men this trip, and their ex-alderman will not have any trouble to lead the poll.

With Mr. Millidge, John Kelly, Mr. Vincent and others out, the contest in their ward will be close and exciting. Mr. Millidge's platform is for the interest of the city. He is a large property holder, a man of good ability, and will make a good alderman. Mr. Vincent, it is said, has the promise of every Orangeman in the ward, and stands a fair chance of election. Whether he will be a better representative in the enlarged city remains to be seen. There is some doubt of "Boss" Kelly's eligibility, since he is a member of the water commission. It is stated on good authority that he cannot run while he holds that position, but the genial labor commissioner is not to be thwarted in any plans he has made. He is to his ward what "Boss" Lantalum is to Kings, and PROGRESS would be sorry to lay any wager on the result.

Another man who is likely to make an exceedingly warm fight is "Boss" Chesley, who is in the field with the man who voted John Murphy's name twice at the union election. The electors of that ward should stand by Dr. Christie to a man. He is at least a reputable citizen, who is not out for his private interest. PROGRESS has said what it thinks about Mr. Alonzo Chesley before. The citizens of his ward, if they elect him, will show how little they care for the welfare of their town.

Messrs. Horncastle and Nase stand the better chance in the Indian town ward. Both are honest men, ready to give their time, attention and business ability for their city's interest. They have no private axe to grind, and are not hampered with such a past civic record as ex-Mayor Chesley. Mr. Moore is a later candidate, and will no doubt, take some votes from all parties.

The aldermen of "old ward five" may not be disturbed. Mr. McGoldrick disclaims all knowledge of the scandal in connection with the fire department and especially the notorious "oats transaction." Mr. Connor is booked for a seat.

In Queen's ward, Mr. Jack's friends claim him as a strong opponent. It is stated that more than half of the voters have promised him their votes, and if they are as good as votes the present aldermen will have to hustle.

But the aldermanic elections sink into insignificance beside the mayoralty contest. Mr. George Barker is the favorite candidate and, PROGRESS thinks, will be elected. His qualifications for the office may not be as good as those of other citizens who refused to come forward, but compared with Mr. Chas. A. Everett, he is certainly the more popular candidate. Mr. Everett's chances in Carleton are those of a man in a blizzard. He may pull through and escape the big snow drift, but if he does he will want considerable help to get over its effects. In other words, Mr. Everett's vote in Carleton will be easily counted and he will have to carry a big

south end majority to square matters with the west and north ends. His temperance vote will not be large, and the fact that his most intimate friend in the order is weak and unpopular will work against him.

But Tuesday, June 4, and Tuesday, June 11, will set all doubts at rest, and PROGRESS will accept the result; smilingly, whatever it may be.

BLAINE AT ST. ANDREWS.

Stories Of the Secretary of State and His Visit to the Border.

There are a few incidents and anecdotes of James G. Blaine's visit to St. Andrews, last year, that have not been printed, and one of them is too good to be lost.

Among the hundreds who were introduced to the present secretary of state was Mr. Pineo, a young man. Shaking him by the hand, Mr. Blaine said: "Are you a son of my old friend Mr. Pineo, of Calais?" And being answered in the affirmative, he continued, "Your father was a very estimable man. I can tell you a good story of him which I don't think you have heard. Some years ago, when there was a good deal of talk of war between Canada and the United States and there was much excitement, especially among the border people, a public meeting was called in Calais. At that time, as now, the people of St. Stephen and Calais were very friendly. Their social and business relations were close and pleasant. I remember that public meeting very well and the closing words of your father's speech. He said, 'Canada and the United States may go to war and be damned, but nothing shall disturb the friendly relations of Calais and St. Stephen!'"

A gentleman of the party who entertained Mr. Blaine asked him one evening what was the most wonderful thing he had seen abroad. "Regenerated Italy," was the prompt reply. "I had studied the history of Italy with some care and was doubtless in a better position to understand the wonderful change that has taken place there. More than that I found King Humbert a very pleasant man full of information and ready to impart it."

A few hours later Mr. Blaine said to the gentleman who had put the question, "You asked me a little while ago what was the most wonderful thing I had seen abroad and I answered you. Now let me tell you the most wonderful small thing. It was a piece of ivory not larger than a visiting card and about the thickness of six of them. It was in Rome and was shown me by the Pope who told me it was an admission ticket to the ancient Coliseum, and upon it the engraving was still visible. The gallery, the row and the number of the seat were all marked upon it. It was conclusive proof that at that time before Christ the plan of consecutive numbering was in existence."

The Metropolitan and the Country Woman.

A good story is told of the Metropolitan of Canada. His lordship was travelling some years ago in one of the thinly settled districts of the province, making a tour of inspection with a view to the establishment of future missions in those parts of the country where there were a sufficient number of church people to make it advisable. Hotels were unknown in this primitive spot, so the bishop put up at a farmhouse. And in course of conversation he asked the good wife if there were many Episcopalians in the neighborhood. She gazed at the head of the church in puzzled silence for a moment, and then said: "Well, I don't know sir, I'm sure, the men killed something under the barn yesterday, and it might have been one for all I know, but I did not see it."

Ladies, and Children's Dresses, Satens, Nans veiling or Cotton cleaned at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

The Latest in Sport.

Congratulations President Jennings and Mr. Secretary McKinney upon your junior league. Mr. Berry's scoring has caught on and he has been made official scorer with an assistant. Base ball will keep Jim busy this year. If Mr. P. A. Melville has any enemies their revenge should be complete. He has been appointed official umpire of the Junior league. When I think of umpire Dan Connolly, the nifty pitcher of the old Shamrocks, and what he suffered last year for only two dollars a game, my heart felt sympathy is Mr. Melville's.

A few words of advice should be given the sporting man of Telegraph. After what has passed few people will place any faith in his sudden friendship for the Shamrocks, and the St. John's have not lost their eyesight—they knew what was coming when Mr. Berry was appointed official scorer. But it won't pay the Telegraph to become the organ of the ex-official scorer.

Kelly and Donovan, eh! Not too bad a battery, boys. But get to work quickly.

JACK AND JILL.

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

"SUCKERS" IN THE "BAY."

ENTICING CIRCULARS ISSUED BY THE BUCKET SHOP.

To Well To Do Business Men of the Town—A Leech That Can Be Done Without Very Well—The Illustration Works Both Ways.

PROGRESS has received a number of extraordinary circular documents from a prominent city merchant whose financial standing is known to be such that he can retire at any time. They were unaccompanied by any comment, but referred to the bucket shop business. PROGRESS has spoken frequently against the presence of the bucket shop in St. John, of its evil influence and its effect upon young and old business men.

Since the plain talk and publicity given to its methods, it is a notorious fact that the patronage of the shop has decreased in a remarkable degree. Men who had heard about the concern, but knew it only by name, began to realize that it was to be avoided. The merchant who went there and speculated, soon became conscious that the effect upon others whose good opinion he wished was not desirable. Young men who had dropped a few dollars there became convinced that instead of winning them back again they stood a good chance of sending others in the same direction. Examples of the disastrous results of steady dealing at the "shop" were not wanting, and the keenest business men were pointed out as "heavy losers."

The result of all this coupled with decided kicks from several of the customers of the concern threw a decided shadow over it and the needed sunlight—new suckers—was wanting.

But if business is to go on the clouds hanging all around must be dispersed and circulars, illustrative and descriptive, have been sent out to the business men of St. John, placing before them the advantages, the possibilities rather, of margin speculation. One of the paragraphs says:

The possibilities of margin speculation may be likened to fishing in a bay abounding in piscatorial life, where a catch may be quickly effected and a small bait possibly bring up a large fish—with the only possible risk to the angler of losing his bait should his hook get caught in a "smag." It is self evident that where large fish are always numerous the possibilities of the large hook and bait are very great. If a hand puller be hooked more line can be let out if desired and reeled in again.

Alongside of this remarkable paragraph is an illustration in which three or four fishing poles and lines labelled "speculation" with bait representing \$25, \$50, \$100 and \$1000 are seen in a stream where large, fat fish—probably suckers—are hovering about, each one being marked \$75, \$1000, \$2000, \$5000.

This document is curiously instructive. The professional fishermen can be found at the head quarters of the bucket shop, and such cities as St. John may be likened to the "bays abounding in piscatorial life where a good catch may be quickly effected." The bait of the fishermen is distributed everywhere, in circulars, in newspapers, and in occasional gifts of a few dollars to some well known dealer who will be sure to spread it around among a hundred others. Twenty five dollars given to him in this way, while making him believe that his speculating star is in the ascendant, may bring him again and again and his friends also, and in time when the "sucker" labelled \$5000 comes along and bites, he is dangling in mid air in a trice. He squirms and struggles, he makes every struggle for liberty and life, but his efforts are of no use. He dies hard.

Apply the remainder of the above paragraph quoted from the circular. Large bait is needed to catch large fish, etc.

The suckers in St. John are getting scarce; those remaining are getting acquainted with the fishermen and their methods, and are more wary every day. The fishing is not good. Bait is being wasted and the large fish keep at a respectable distance. They know their weakness and keep out of sight.

PROGRESS has talked with a score of prominent men and good citizens, and they are unanimous in denouncing the bucket shop. It has no influence for good. It presents opportunities for gambling—for it can be called nothing else—that are not to be had openly in the city. If a business man is seen there, and known to be a patron, his credit suffers. The banks are not anxious to discount a man's note that he may blow the cash in such a "rat hole."

Let everybody give it a wide berth and avoid the individuals who are preying upon and profiting by the gullibility of the "suckers." St. John is going ahead rapidly, but such a leech as this is not necessary to its prosperity.

Children's hoods done up equal to new, at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

A Handsome Announcement.

A glance at the second page will show the interested reader a splendid announcement of Messrs. Scovil, Fraser & Co's. Those gentlemen are alive.

Ladies, Washington's Ice Cream Parlors are elegant and his ice cream par excellence. Try it.

THE KILL TIME CLUB.

The President Causes Great Excitement by Resigning.

Nearly all the members were present when the president called the meeting of the Kill Time club to order, Wednesday night. Brother Soegood, the solicitor of club, not to be outdone by Treas. Hunks, had adorned the solicitor's desk with a motto: "Where There's a Will There's a Law suit," and it was greatly admired.

The motion to pay the rent was promptly given the six months' hoist, after which Brother Tory paid his dues, amid great applause.

Brother Candee, a new member, who received the first degree at a special meeting, and whose hair looked rather braidy as a result, wanted to know why some of the engine houses were not re-numbered. He didn't believe in having two No. 1's and two No. 2's in the same city. Referred to the proper committee.

Quite a jar was raised over the question of procuring a new "growler," one member proposing that the club buy a tin can, as the beer would spoil if left in it too long. The debate brought the remark from Brother Maybee, that the man who took a "soldier" should be shot at sunrise.

Discussing politics, Brother Tory said the club would be very active in many quarters on election day. "That is," said Treasurer Hunks, if the candidates are active in many dollars on election day."

Great excitement was caused by the president announcing his intention to resign. Somebody, he said, had circulated false reports, concerning the club. He denied that the members were burglars because there was a Jack and a Jimmie in the club, and said that the fact of the "lamp going out" did not indicate that it was a dark lantern. If the person who started those vile rumors was man enough to admit it, he would fight him four rounds to a finish with hard knuckles. On retiring, he named several members who he thought capable of discharging the duties of president, but as none of those named would accept a nomination, the election was postponed until the next meeting.

PORTLAND.

A MONCTON MAN'S CATCH.

The Huge Salmon Turned Out To Be a Dead Mutton.

As this is the fisherman's carnival time, and therefore the proper season for fish stories, here is one that is really too good to be kept longer from the world. A gentleman of the banking fraternity, well known along the banks of the Miramichi took a holiday trip to Campbellton, accompanied by some choice kindred spirits, in the persons of three or four chosen friends—and also in denijohns. Their object was salmon fishing, and they had a complete stock of all the necessities and luxuries that members of the first families always take with them when they "go a fishing."

After reaching their destination the four sportsmen proceeded at once to fish; and after an hours patient waiting, the hero's line showed signs of great agitation. He had had an unmistakable bite, and from a fish of no mean size either, a 40 pounder at least, judging by the way he pulled.

The stream was running very rapidly, and so was the line, the banker pulled, and the salmon pulled, and might the best man win. Carefully, carefully, he played the big fish, his little skiff rocking to and fro with his exertions. Finally he made the line fast to the stern, and rowed slowly to the shore, shouting to his friends to have the gaff ready. Slowly and painfully he made his way, pulling against the stream, the monster salmon threatening to break the line at every plunge. His friends grasp the gunwhale before the boat grounds. One holds the gaff in readiness to strike while the others draw the line in, and carefully land—the most superb specimen of a dead sheep that ever fisherman brought to land!

Here is another story which proves that a much maligned class really can tell the truth. Two fishermen who had had very bad luck, met each other on their way home, each glanced at the other's empty basket. The first said: "Well what luck did you have?" "Caught three dozen, but gave them all away," said the second. "What did you get?" "I got a walk" said the first hero gruffly.

Ladies, if you want excellent ice cream, go to Washington's, Charlotte street.

Ready for Challenges.

The St. Mark's Boys' Association have obtained permission from the minister of militia and defence to play cricket on the Barrack grounds every Saturday afternoon. They will be glad to accept challenges from any junior elevens, such challenges to be addressed to the secretary, Harold Waterbury, 60 Pitt street.

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

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

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.

LOOK OUT FOR THE LIKE.

"PROGRESS" GIVES CASES SIMILAR TO SOME IN EXISTENCE HERE.

A Person Who Assigned Instructs the Clerk to Keep a False Record, Then Accuses Him of Stealing and Robs Him of His Savings—The Methods of a Coal Dealer.

PROGRESS hears some strange stories sometimes, and too often they are true enough to be published. Two of the latest are given below. The evidence of their truth has been sought after carefully, and though the charges made are nothing if not criminal, they unfortunately appear to be too true. Assignments are at the bottom of both of the reports, and trustees and creditors who are interested will not find it a difficult matter to locate the offender. It is their place to act.

The nature of the charges may be arrived at by stating parallel cases. A person doing business for some time on one of the principal streets of the city assigns and trustees are appointed to look after the winding up of the affairs and get as much for the creditors as possible. The trustees are mere figure heads, the business being carried on in much the same fashion as usual, with the exception that the sales are supposed to be forced, and that every one is recorded. The former employes remain in the store, and to one of them is entrusted the task of keeping a correct record. He is under the instructions of his former employer, who tells him to omit recording a certain amount every day and hand that cash over to his employer, leaving no record of it whatever. He does so, knowing that the trustees and creditors are being cheated. He continues to omit recording sales as instructed, and makes his cash balance each night with the books. The surplus is handed over regularly.

One morning his employer and a lawyer walks in. He is accused of keeping a false record and stealing the difference. He is threatened with arrest unless he makes restitution. Both the lawyer and his employer know the facts of the case but they have no mercy, and the clerk who has been the too willing tool, and a criminal one at that, to prevent his name figuring in the police court, at this demand hands over his savings bank book, which represents all his savings for two years. Then he gets an honorable discharge.

The people of St. John have often heard of a coal inspector. Have they ever seen a real live one? Many citizens have stated in very indignant terms that there was no need of such an official. PROGRESS has been talking with coal men, with laborers who handle and haul the coal, and has come to the conclusion that there is much need of such an officer.

If a dealer buys in small quantities, say five to ten chaldrons at a time, and out of each of those chaldrons he contrives to leave three barrels in his own shed, and cart the remainder to his customers for full and complete measure; if his teamster and his shed man are aware of this and have remonstrated and complained bitterly of the part they had in such a transaction; if they also know that he has the bottoms of common barrels raised several inches, for the purpose of holding a short amount of coal—is there not great need of a coal inspector?

PROGRESS has the facts of a case similar to this in this office. The evidence is on file, and only goes to show how easily the poorer people who buy coal by the barrel can be gulled, and how necessary is a coal inspector.

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

This is Business.

There is a baker in St. John who used to do a good business in the bread, cake and pastry line. His wife looked after the cake and pastry end of the concern, and won quite a reputation for the firm. But the baker's wife died. Cake and pastry were no longer displayed in the show window. The baker sold nothing but bread, and a notice was hung in the window to the effect that the store was to let. A short time ago the baker took a second wife. She is a cook. Cake and pastry are now to be seen in the window of the store and the "To let" notice has disappeared.

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

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

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

Children's hoods done up equal to new, at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

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

Mayor Thorne's Retirement.

Henry J. Thorne has retired from the Chief magistrates chair. He was a good citizen and a good official. The city did not suffer at his hands. He always exercised his power with fairness, and he retires to private life with the best wishes of every citizen.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

Secretary McLellan's Acknowledgment of the Agreement.

There was a plain proposition before Messrs. Stockton and Alward, a few days ago, made by the provincial secretary of province. "Will you consent to the government's nominee to fill Mr. Ritchie's vacancy going in unopposed if we do not exert our influence against your return?"

Quite a remarkable proposition—a deal that would have done credit to a politician of less astuteness. But the bombshell in the government camp was the emphatic refusal of Messrs. Stockton and Alward to accept any such proposal. And now the case will be fought on the old lines.

Dr. Berryman has stood a good deal of talk and has been free with everybody. While he was with his colleagues supporting Mr. Peters, his piece de resistance was the chief of police and Mr. Clark. He stands in a better position to gain his end by holding his seat and his influence over the government. If Mr. Clark is not appointed he will do his best to make the constituency too warm to hold the present administration. All along he has stood by his contention that when Messrs. McLellan and Ritchie took office they agreed not to interfere with the patronage of the county. That was to be the right of the city and county members. Again and again the existence of such an agreement has been denied. Here is the proof of it:

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY,

Fredericton, April 2, 1887.

My dear Mr. Jones: Your several favors at hand. I am not in a position to say who will receive the appointment of registrar in the city and county of St. John, as at the present time I do not know.

When I accepted the appointment of provincial secretary I agreed with the members of the House of Assembly supporting the government that as Mr. Ritchie and myself held offices, that they should have the patronage.

Now who will be recommended by the representatives from the city and county of St. John I am not prepared to say, but this I may assure you, whoever is named will receive my support.

Yours &c.

DAVID McLELLAN.

[N. B. Mr. Jones was at that time a member of the Globe reportorial staff and an applicant for the position of registrar of births, deaths and marriages. EDITOR.]

There's nothing undecided about that, is there? What can be thought of the recent acts of the government in the face of such an argument?

For the Sunday School.

Next Thursday and Friday, afternoons and evenings, will be eventful with the ladies of St. John's (Stone) church. The quantities of pretty things for ornament and use and good things to eat will be surprising. But there are some repairs needed for the Sunday school and the ladies want the cash. They will get it too. The Mechanics' Institute can be entered those days for but ten cents, and once inside you can spend as much or as little as you please. "Call for what you like and pay for it" will be the motto. The attractions are so many and so unique that PROGRESS cannot enlarge upon them. Lady Tilley's table will not be the least attractive. The costumes of the large number of ladies in attendance will certainly be a novelty for such an entertainment.

Birthday Cards, new assortment. McArthur's, 80 King street.

A Definition of a Skeleton.

The teacher of a school in Dorchester was giving a simple lesson in anatomy to a class of youngsters of from six to eleven years. She had shown them a drawing of a human skeleton, and after explaining to them its name and all about it, asked one of the biggest, "Now, what did I say it was?" "No answer." "Next." Still no answer. And so the question ran all the way down the class without any response. The teacher sighed, and was about to explain it all over again when the tiniest tot in the class suddenly held up his hand. "Well, what do you think it is?" "Please Miss, it's a man without any meat on it."

Chairs Caused. Duval, 242 Union street. Umbrellas Repaired. Duval 242 Union street.

Suffering From Another Fall.

The untiring energy of the Metropolitan has got him into trouble again. He recovered from his severe accident last winter and was welcomed with gladness by everybody, but a few days ago he had another severe fall in his residence and is yet suffering from its effects.

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

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