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VOL. II., NO. 59.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT.

CHAS. A. EVERETT TO REMAIN A PRIVATE CITIZEN.

Not Wanted for Mayor—Mr. Barker's Great Majority—Incidents of the Day—Mr. Saunderson's Vote—The Great Davis and the Greater Kelly—Queer Things.

It was a great day for the hustlers—a glorious day and a sweeping triumph for the voters and workers for George A. Barker. It was a day of happiness for hundreds whose votes helped to swell the heap that buried Everett. It was a last chance, a final opportunity to record their opinion, and they took great satisfaction in filling the ballot boxes with bitter votes. It was a dull day for Mr. Everett and Mr. Thorne, and all who rallied around them, and it was a great day for "the rogues and blackguards," as a prominent Conservative called the 2,000 and more voters who supported Barker.

Four o'clock soon came around, and all was excitement. There were wide smiles on the faces of the Barker crowd, and the anxious looks owned by their opponents gave them considerable fun. It was not a question of who is elected, but what was Barker's majority. And as the news came in, "the rogues and blackguards" took possession of the town in a quiet, orderly fashion. They lined the streets and squares, and smiled and laughed, and cracked many a joke at the expense of the "eminently respectable" candidate and his friends. But there were no hard feelings. Even many of those who voted for Everett seemed glad of Barker's election.

The stories of the day would fill a book, and it would be good reading. One of the earliest and best came from Victoria ward where Walker Frink was the commissioner. Of course it was a case of personation; and manager Saunderson of the bank of Nova Scotia was the victim. The proceedings of his bank against Mr. Barker had made him the centre of considerable dislike, and some daring spirit walked into the polling booth and gave his name as Saunderson. What could Mr. Frink do? It was not his place to object, and then no representative of Mr. Everett did so. Mr. Saunderson was voted. A few minutes later the genial manager walked in accompanied by Mr. Barton Gandy.

"Your name please," said the commissioner.

"George Saunderson," was the reply.

"You have voted, sir," said the commissioner.

"Why, no! I haven't been here before."

"But your name is voted."

Then the fun began. Mr. Saunderson was mad. So was Mr. Gandy. But the name of the former had been voted and that was the end of it. Mr. Gandy was so disgusted that he would not vote. The scene created quite a breeze in the ward, and very soon the story was all over the city. It was too good to keep.

Mr. Saunderson went to his office and wrote the commissioner demanding the real name of the man who had voted his name. Mr. Frink replied that neither now or then did he know the man who voted him.

An hour or so later, Common Clerk Peters walked into the poll. "Mr. Commissioner, one moment, please," Mr. Frink was there in a minute. "I am told," said Mr. Peters, "that you permitted Mr. Saunderson to be personated this morning. How was this?"

"I believe he was personated," said Mr. Frink, "but it was not my place to interfere. I opened the poll in due form, and the representatives of the candidates were present. It was their place to object, not mine." Mr. Peters went away.

Another little incident in the same ward was the sudden conversion of John J. Forrest to the interests of Everett. He was a Barker man a day or two before, but at the polls he represented his opponent. Here it was that the government influence was felt, for when government employees around the railway and the yard came in they halted not, but took an Everett ballot and deposited it.

Quite early in the day, word came from Carleton. "There is too much money for Everett. What will we do?" and the answer went back, "Tell them to take Everett's money and vote for Barker. He has no money for them," and the result proved the wisdom of the answer.

The veteran Col. Blaine stood in Dukes and, against him were the choice of Barker's friends including James Gordon Forbes. Gus Hanington flitted to and fro and colored a voter where he could; swore all who were not well dressed and cajoled the poor man into a near corner. George Diggs came to time early in the day and was caught sight of by flitting Gus. "George," said he, "don't you vote till you see the colonel."

"Eh, wot's dat?"

"Don't you vote until the colonel sees you."

"De Kerrel's nice man," said George, "but I'm heah to vote for Mister Bawker, an' I'm gwine to vote rite 'way," and George voted.

Mr. J. A. S. Mott and Mr. Sydney B. Patterson heard the returns at the Court house. They were quite cool and calm. Not a ruffle disturbed the sphinx-like countenance of Mr. Patterson, nor did the moon shaped visage of his companion reflect any disappointment, and when they counted Mr. Barker's majority of 686 they were without doubt unanimous in the opinion that they couldn't have run worse themselves.

Boss Kelly met his match in Dufferin ward. He admitted the fact when he said, "I was never watched so closely before." Barker men expected to see Dufferin ward give Everett a big round majority, but it was only 22. The boss had the valuable aid of all the bosses of the cotton factory and Harris' car works. "Jimmy" Kelly and "Andy" Moore looked after Mr. Barker's interests. They knew the odds against them and worked hard, and a rousing cheer greeted them when they entered Berryman's hall. Kelly was excited. He brought dead heads in with flowing colors, but they were challenged, and, turning on their heels, walked out again.

"Jimmy" Kelly got a dozen messages from people outside, who wanted to see him, but he didn't stay out long enough to give the bosses' deadheads time to vote. Then he got on to the trick of people sending in to ask for James Kelly, and watched Everett's man more closely.

John Kelly walked into the booth, with Mr. John Dornian on his arm. Mr. Dornian is a junkman, and was going to vote for Mr. Everett.

"How do you do?" said James Kelly, as Mr. Dornian entered the room, and the boss left him for a moment.

"How do you do, Mr. Kelly?" said Mr. Dornian. "We always vote on the same side, don't we?"

"Of course we do," said the popular tailor; "let me see your ballot. Ah, that's the thing," and he took the ballot and returned the voter one of Mr. Barker's. Mr. Dornian voted for Mr. Barker and, probably, don't know it yet.

Mr. Alchorn is an old man and a voter in Dufferin ward. Boss Kelly linked him in also. The other Kelly asked Mr. Alchorn how he did, and the two were unanimous on all points, especially on the fact that they both voted the same ticket. James Kelly thought this last statement might not be strictly correct, but he wanted to make it so. He took an Everett ballot out of Mr. Alchorn's coat pocket and put in one of Mr. Barker's, which eventually found its way into the ballot box.

"There's one of your ballots," said the tailor to the boss, a short time afterwards.

"Where did you get it?"

"Out of Mr. Alchorn's pocket."

"And I didn't see you?" said Boss Kelly in surprise. It acted upon him like an electric shock.

There was considerable excitement when Mr. George Davis entered the polling booth. He felt the effect of the contest and wasn't as cool as a cucumber. He burst out at once with: "I don't think they're using you right here, Jimmy! John Kelly, you're a boodler!"

"Mr. Davis," shouted the boss, excitedly, "you've said enough. You don't vote in this ward, and have no business here."

"Put me out," roared Davis, flourishing his arms in a startling way. "You can't do it. I'm in the Queen's service; I am clerk of the county court and you can't put me out."

Then "Jimmy" Kelly gave him the names of some voters to hunt up, and he left the booth.

Jacob Kemp was probably the maddest voter in Dufferin ward. When he gave his name to the clerk, he was informed that he had already voted. Mr. Kemp was furious. "What does this mean?" he demanded of "Jimmy" Kelly.

"Why man," said the tailor, "you were voted before you were out of your bed."

The speeches at Berryman's hall were merely to kill time, for nobody seemed willing to leave the place. After Mr. Barker had spoken and was cheered to the echo, James Gordon Forbes advanced like a dancing professor, hat and cane in hand, gazed through his spectacles at the electric light and triumphantly told how they had snowed Col. Blaine and the rest of them under by one vote in Duke's. Then S. S. DeForrest said he was proud and happy, but tired—he had met Mr. Turnbull, (laughter and applause.) Mr. Turnbull had told him he was sorry Mr. Barker was elected; indeed, he was surprised at the young men of St. John. And the young men fairly went wild over Mr. Turnbull's surprise. They seemed glad of it.

The crowd had a great laugh on D. Carleton Clinch, the banker. He was standing near the platform with his coat on his arm and hat in hand, when calls came from all parts of the hall for him to speak. He didn't want to, and smiled as he thought how easily he was going to escape from the hall. There was a door just behind him, and he made for it. But the door was locked, and no effort of his could open it. The crowd grasped the situation in a moment and laughed long and loud.

The speakers all told of the money and great odds that had been against them. Men who had never taken part in an election before, left their counting houses and worked hard all day for Everett. Opposition had sprung up at times and in places where it was not expected, and when all these things were told to the crowd, it cheered the louder. It was a great victory.

WILL THE PIRATE COME?

PICKERING SAID TO BE INVITED BY THE SHAMROCKS.

To Umpire the Opening Games on Their Grounds—What Reception Will He Get?—Wagg's Portrait—Moncton's Umpire—The Fredericton Race.

The rather startling information comes from Halifax that the Shamrocks, of this city, have asked Pickering on what terms he would umpire the opening games on their grounds on July 1 and 2. An acquaintance of the pillering umpire in Halifax writes to a gentleman residing here, that Pickering replied that he would do the work for \$40. He says that the news of the offer was a great surprise to Halifax ball tossers. They cannot quite make up their minds as to its genuineness, and the parties interested keep very dark about it. "There is a feeling in Halifax that Pickering would lead a bad half hour in St. John if he ever put foot on a base ball diamond. The feeling here (in Halifax) is bitter



A. P. WAGG.

enough, but what must it be in St. John. If Pickering has any friends, the best advice they can give him is to keep away from New Brunswick capital."

Well, this is a go. Pickering invited to St. John! What would the effect be? Would the Shamrocks have one great jeering, hissing audience, or would the people desert such an exhibition? Progress can tell him that while the old National feeling toward the Socials is not of the friendliest nature at present, they don't hesitate when speaking of the "pirate." They want just one chance at him, and only one.

But for the credit of the Shamrocks Progress hopes there is nothing in the report. The club is very close about its doings, giving little, if anything, for publication. All inquiries about an umpire failed to elicit any information on the subject. There is a spirit of fair play however, about all St. John audiences, and they would rather not believe such a report. If the arrangements for Pickering are not concluded drop them. Such a move must be very unpopular.

The entire town just now is suffering from the worst attack of base ball fever that can be imagined, writes Cecil Gwynne of Moncton. Everyone has it; the very babies learn to talk, in "curves," and the fragments of talk one overhears on the street, consist almost entirely of "first base," "3d innings," "short stop," and "pitcher." The grand stand is crowded with ladies at every game, and they sit patiently through the afternoon, in the hot sun, and often in a Scotch mist, and really look as if they enjoyed it. The roller rink craze was not to be mentioned in the same breath.

The enterprise of the Fredericton Trotting association is shown in this issue when they advertise races for July 1, offering purses amounting to \$350. St. John men will no doubt look into the 2.40 class and see what they can do in it. The meet at St. Stephen is July 4 and some might find it convenient to take in both events. But the Fredericton event will get the first attention. The local race, Progress learns, is causing a good deal of excitement in the capital, where every man almost who likes a fast horse has a good one. Green horses and drivers with road wagons cannot fail to make an interesting contest. The Northern and Western railway has consented to issue excursion tickets from June 29, good to return until July 2, and horses coming by that line will pay but one rate. This is an advantage to owners and sightseers that cannot be under estimated. Other lines of railways and the steamboats are expected to give the same inducements, and if they do Fredericton should have a gala day on the 1st.

Perhaps the greatest surprise of the last ten days has been the firm front of Moncton—the great ball tossers of the railway town. Bates went down before the new club, with Wagg and Larabee as the battery, and that night Monctonians went crazy, for had not Bates done St. John's crack club the day before? What did it mean? It means a great fight for the Spaulding pennant and nothing else. But

Don't read Hunter, Hamilton & McKay's Advertisement, first column, last page.

if Moncton had any idea that their stars could get away with the St. John's, Wednesday's battle dispelled the illusion. Vice-Captain White took his caisies to the railway hub, opened their grounds for them, and brought back a victory. But it was no walk over, 6-4.

The Maritime trotting circuit folders are about ready for the public, and Progress can say that when horsemen see the purses and the meetings all on one piece of paper, they will get a big surprise.

STORIES BY A BISHOP.

A Boy Who Ate Before He Washed and Another Who Called His Lordship.

No one has a greater stock of good stories than the Bishop Co-Adjutor of Fredericton, and the following, founded on his own experience, are two of his best. As is his custom, he was rumaging about in the back settlements and unheard of wildernesses of Northumberland, looking for the lost sheep of his fold and seeking to found some new church in the desert. It was mid-winter, and the weather was as cold as only Northumberland county weather knows how to be. There being, of course, no hotel in the little hamlet where the bishop was laboring, he was obliged to accept the hospitality of a neighboring farmer for a night's lodging. During the night the mercury centered down to about 10° below zero, and stuck there. The house was not very well built, and long before morning everything in it that was freezable had been frozen stiff. The family assembled for breakfast in the morning, the bishop in primis. "Oh, dear," said one of the farmer's little daughters, rubbing her hands, which were purple with cold, "the water was just frozen stiff in my pitcher when I got up; was yours, too, Johnny?" she asked, addressing her young brother. "How do I know?" growled Johnny.

At another time Bishop Kingdon was stopping for the first time at a hotel in a small maritime town. It was the first time the landlord had been patronized by a real, live bishop, and he was very much impressed with the importance of the situation. As his lordship intended to leave by an early train, he asked the landlord to see that he was called in time, and he in turn proceeded to instruct the boot-boy in the way of waking a visitor, and, still more, a real ecclesiastical bishop. "Sam," he said, "you are to go up to his lordship's room, and knock; and when his lordship asks who it is, you are to say, 'the boy, my lord,' and then tell him that it is time to rise." Morning came, and with it came the boy to the bishop's room. As he got opposite the door, Sam for the first time began to realize the responsibility of the task of waking a bishop, and his heart failed him, and he quaked in his shoes. However, at last he plucked up courage and knocked. "Who is it?" asked his lordship. Sam had expected no reply to his first knock, supposing that his lordship would be asleep. The surprise was too much for him. His awe, combined with his haste to get through the ordeal, robbed him of his presence of mind, and, with a thundering shout, he replied, "The Lord, my boy." Then he fled. FAGIN.

The Queen's Birthday in the Shade.

There was a much warmer demonstration of enthusiasm throughout Moncton, writes Progress' correspondent, over the locomotive engineers than there was over the Queen's birthday. But I suppose one must take into consideration the fact that her most gracious majesty is some thousands of miles away from her loyal subjects, and the L. E.'s are right on the spot. There is nothing in this world like being there yourself. A string of flags stretches across Main street, in front of the opera house; the union jack has replaced the stars and stripes on the "Brunswick" flag-staff, but, curiously enough, the staff over the general offices cleaves the blue ether in polished undress, the halyards toying with the summer breeze in sportive idleness. The day was observed throughout the town as a half holiday.

A Remedy Suggested.

A correspondent writes: "Would it not be a good plan to remove the Prince ward polling booth further away from the Old Burial ground, at the next election. It might lessen the inducement for dead men to come forth and vote."

New Novels at McArthur's Book Store.

St. John Abroad.

In the Los Angeles Sunday Tribune is a rousing advertisement of George Taylor's—an old St. John boy. If Mr. Taylor's "ad" is an index to his business, he must have caught a good grip on prosperity in the west.

On Active Duty.

Chief Marshall had his ear to the keyhole of "Doey" Nixon's barroom on Haymarket square, last Sunday. But he didn't hear anything.

Pocket Books, New styles, at McArthur's Book store.

WHY DO THEY DO IT SO?

HALIFAX PEOPLE WHO GET MARRIED IN MONCTON.

Because the Archbishop's Marriage Laws Concerning the Union of Catholics and Protestants Are Very Strict—A Later Incident to Record.

MONCTON, N. B., June 12.—Not many weeks since, I spoke on the subject of Boston, viewed as an eligible spot for Catholics to get married in, a sort of Mecca for matrimonially inclined pilgrims. It has struck me forcibly lately that a few words might be written on the same subject with regard to Moncton, which is certainly, as one of the local papers recently remarked, "if not the hub of the universe, at least one of the most convenient spots in the world for everything."

I verily believe that if one had time to visit Moncton station as each train came in, they would meet every friend and acquaintance they had ever known in the course of a year. Everybody comes here, sooner or later. They have to. You start for everywhere from Moncton, and when you come back from that indefinite territory, you have to pass through Moncton to get home. It is both a junction and a terminus; hence it offers peculiar advantages to those who are desirous of terminating a solitary existence by marriage, that happiest junction of two lives. But what has been puzzling my massive intellect, of late, is just why Moncton should be so frequently chosen by those who are marrying against the expressed orders of their spiritual pastors and masters.

A short time ago his grace Archbishop O'Brien promulgated an edict—that, I believe, is the correct term—that no member of the Church of Rome should marry outside the church. Such marriages would be distinctly regarded as illegal, and would never be recognized by the church. Now, without being exactly a papal bull, this was a dilemma, with very decided horns. They were so sharp and so flexible that they caught you whichever way you turned, and no matter how strong a fence you tried to build across the matrimonial pasture they tore it to pieces. Mixed marriages, like the heathen Chinese, must go. Mother church would not have any stray lambs in her fold, unless they came to stay. And immediately every Roman Catholic who had never thought of such a thing before, was consumed with a desire to marry a Protestant: forbidden fruit is so sweet.

The inclination to do those things which we ought not to do seemed especially prevalent in Halifax, and during the past year or so three young people moving in the highest circles of Halifax society have come to the railway hub to take their life partners, and disobey their spiritual guides.

First, Miss Kenny, of Halifax, accompanied by a party of relatives and friends, came to Moncton, some two years ago, and was married, at the Brunswick hotel, to Major Will, of Halifax; and as the bride was the Roman Catholic in this case, the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Meahan.

Last November, Dr. Murphy, son of the provincial engineer of Nova Scotia, was married in Moncton to a young Halifax lady, the wedding taking place in St. George's, Church of England. The ceremony was performed by the rector, as no Roman Catholic priest will marry a male member of his flock to a Protestant.

And last week the following notice appeared in the local papers:

Last evening there were registered at the "Brunswick" the vice-consul of Italy, at the port of Halifax, and the vice-consul of Spain, their object being the consummation of one of those always welcome social events which never fail to excite interest. The contracting parties will be Mr. W. Y. Fisher, vice-consul of Italy, and Miss Henright of Halifax. The wedding will take place in the English church this morning at nine o'clock.

The bride was accompanied by a number of relatives and friends, and the groom by his sister and best man; and, altogether, the occasion seemed a very happy one.

But the question that arises in my mind, is this: Can such happiness last? when the foundation on which it is built is so obviously shaky. The marriage is illegal in Nova Scotia, and in the eyes of the church in which he was born and brought up the man is a bachelor, and therefore his wife is unmarried. Naturally she would scarcely be received into the society in which her husband has been accustomed to move, or worse still, she would be received on sufferance, and her position must be a most uncomfortable one. Then her husband and she hold different opinions on a most vital point—for it is astonishing the amount of virulence the most lukewarm Christian will bring to bear on a religious discussion, just when you least expect it—and here is a most fruitful source of discord at the very outset. And—but I must cease. The pages of Progress are not all mine.

I started out with the object of discouraging the young people of Halifax from making a sort of Gretna Green of Moncton,

but the more I have written, the more convinced I have become of the utter futility of my task. Orpheus followed Euridice to the gates of the infernal regions, and if Love could do that thousands of years ago, I suppose it is pretty much the same in the nineteenth century, and all the newspaper correspondents between this and—Halifax will not succeed in hindering him from coming to Moncton, or anywhere else, that he pleases to select, when he wants to get spliced against the wishes of his religious superiors.

Where the midge dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay,
If Love come, he will enter
And find out the way."

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

HE PROTESTS AGAINST THEM.

Mr. George R. Craigie Has Something to Say to the Council.

In its account of the civic elections, last week, Progress mentioned a personation incident to Stanley ward, and the scene that followed. It appears that the matter is not settled yet, for Mr. Craigie has filed the following document with common clerk Peters:

To the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of St. John, in Common Council convened:

I, George R. Craigie, do declare that John Jeffrey, a resident of Stanley ward, in the city of St. John did, wilfully, on the fourth day of June, 1889, between the hours of eight a.m. and four p.m., vote and personate by ballot William Cunningham, a qualified elector in Stanley ward, in the city of St. John.

And that Daniel O'Neil, acting as sheriff in said ward, did receive and deposit the said corrupt ballot in the ballot box.

And I also declare that the said John Jeffrey in the presence of Daniel O'Neil, (sheriff), George R. Craigie (candidate for alderman of Stanley ward), Geo. W. Craft and Hiram Giggey (qualified electors of said ward), did openly confess that he did vote and personate the said William Cunningham by ballot, at the instance and bidding of John Connor, which ballot was duly received and deposited by Daniel O'Neil.

I therefore protest against the action of John Connor and John McGoldrick, as aldermen of Stanley ward, on the ground that the ballots returned and counted were not deposited by the qualified electors of the ward. (Signed,) GEO. R. CRAIGIE.

He Will Have to Wait.

A young man visiting this city from the United States is in difficulty. Before leaving for St. John he gave a friend instructions to send him a sum of money by post office order, and the order having been sent, he called at the post office a few days ago to collect the amount. But he didn't get the money. The order was made payable to the name of the street on which he is stopping, with his initials before it. His one consolation is that there is nobody of the name formed by the combination in town, and the order is not likely to be cashed.

Hard and Fast, This Time.

The alms house has always proved more popular as a winter than a summer resort. The poet Phillips favors winter. He is content to live across Courtenay bay while the weather is cold, but when the summer comes he longs to wander through the streets, write poetry and drink whiskey. To the delight of every merchant in town Mr. Phillips cannot do as he would like to. The last time he was before the police magistrate he was sent to the alms house for three months, and now whenever Mr. Phillips is found in town he is promptly arrested and sent across the bay again.

They Were Satisfied.

Among the ladies brought to one polling booth at the mayor's election were two whose taxes were not paid. That fact was not discovered until the coach had gone for them and it was too late to recall it. Their feelings would have been hurt if the commissioner had told them that the truth, so when they came a bystander in the booth called their names, accepted their ballots and the ladies retired, satisfied that they had voted. The little deception was certainly courteous.

German Accordions at McArthur's Book Store.

He Was Minus His Moustache.

A well dressed lady entered Queen's ward polling booth, Tuesday morning, gave the name of a qualified voter and voted. She looked like a woman, she spoke like a woman, walked like a woman and for all the uninitiated knew, was a female. But she wasn't. She had shaved off his moustache, borrowed a neat-fitting dress and personated a woman voter.

A Very Neat Reply.

"Who are you going to vote for, Mr. —" asked a gentleman of a well-known undertaker. "Mr. Barker or Mr. Everett?"

"Ah-h," responded the undertaker, slowly, "both of the gentlemen are customers of mine and I vote by ballot."

For Alderman, James Gordon Forbes.

When the ballots were being counted in Dukes the returning officer startled the crowd by saying, "James Gordon Forbes for alderman." The intelligent elector had got in his work that time, but it was a week too late—for Mr. Forbes.

Prayer Books and Bibles, for new job prices at McArthur's Book store.

120 Sheets good Note Paper, 15 cents, at McArthur's Book store.