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PROGRESS.

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VOL. II., NO. 58.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

THE EX-MAYOR DOWNED.

MR. JOHN A. CHESLEY RETIRES TO PRIVATE LIFE.

The Boss Takes a Hand in a Deal and Escapes the Votes of the People—Mr. Vincent Kills Himself for Future Contests by an Unholy Alliance Against Mr. Millidge.

Ex-Mayor and Ex-Union Commissioner Chesley is now a private citizen. The electors followed PROGRESS' advice and bounced him from all part in the city government. They did right.

Redoubtable John Murphy, who voted twice at the union election, and made himself generally obnoxious to good citizens by his conduct at the board, also remains at home to keep the former mayor company.

Mr. Wallace, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Hazelhurst, other prominent members of the old ring that misruled Portland, found that it was of no use to offer for the new council, and are attending to their own business. PROGRESS' worst wish for them is that they may manage it better than they did that of the old city.

Those of the ring who squirmed in with and without opposition, were "Boss" Chesley and Ald. Vincent. They will bear considerable watching. "Boss" Chesley is a keener, shrewder ward politician than many in his ward thought him. He never intended to have the electors vote on his past acts if he could help it. He did help it by a scheme worthy only of a Tammany ward politician, and there was no election. Therefore he is safe for another year.

Behind him, ready to assist, stood his "repeating voter" and ally, John Murphy and Brother-in-law Purdy. The "boss" had stood by them in many a scheme in the past, and they would not desert him. Murphy remembered not a few fat jobs that his "boss" had piloted him on to, and Brother-in-law Purdy thought of the current price of oats last year and subtracted it from what the city paid him. The result made him the friend of the ex-fire chairman for all time.

So when Ald. John Connor met the wire-pullers in Mr. Purdy's grocery, the following arrangement was arrived at. If Mr. Purdy will not throw his influence against the old aldermen of Stanley ward, they would use their best efforts to aid Alonzo and John Chesley to the new board. It was a case of the lion and the lamb, and all was peace.

Mr. Murphy retired at the last moment from the contest, and having effectually scared another good man, Mr. Coll, from the field, the "boss" and Dr. Christie were returned unopposed.

But an unexpected opposition in the person of Robert Craig popped up in Stanley, and Aldermen Connor and McGoldrick thought their scalps were in danger. They could not leave their stamping ground to help their brethren in distress, Messrs. John Chesley and Edward Lantulum, and the former lost their active support and the latter their two votes. Mr. Craig's work was consequently of great value to the community.

There were some warm scenes in Stanley ward, and enough persanation to jail a score of men. One man, whose nationality could not be questioned—it was as plain as the nose on his face—went to the polling booth.

"Your name?" said the officer.

"Hans Petersen?" was the prompt reply.

Hans Petersen's name was there and he voted but, no sooner had he done so, than Mr. Craig, suspecting something was wrong, pounced on him.

"What is your name?" he demanded.

"It's none of your business, but its Hans Petersen."

"It is not," and Mr. Craig told him in a straight fashion that he was lying.

"It is—for today," said the man.

"It is not. Your name is Quinn," said Mr. Craig.

"Well, be jabbers, I voted Hans Petersen all the same."

Another fellow walked boldly up to the returning officer and, giving the name of another man voted. Mr. Craig caught him by the arm and drawing him to one side asked, "Who told you to vote that man's name?"

"John Connor," was the reply.

Mr. Connor was standing near and Mr. Craig, turning to him, asked him if he told the man to persanate.

"I did," said Mr. Connor.

Such was the unblushing character of the contest in Stanley ward.

In Dufferin, it was no better. "Boss" Kelly was there with all his forces. After abusing and decrying Vincent so long as he expected to run with James C. Robertson, he formed an alliance with him to defeat Mr. Millidge at the last moment. He persuaded Vincent that he (Vincent) was going to be left unless he united with him (Kelly) to defeat Millidge. Vincent is an Orangeman, and his supporters had not the slightest idea of the deal. Surrounded by four of Kelly's "heelers" he stood, trembling, all day at the door of the polling booth presenting his friends with "Vin-

cent-Kelly" ballots; Kelly doing the same with his friends.

The Orange and the Green! It was a curious combine, and a fatal one for Vincent's future chances. Some of his friends refused to vote the ballot he tendered them and asked for the right ballot, "Vincent-Millidge." With great reluctance Mr. Vincent handed it out, while the "heelers" of Kelly glared at him. No sooner had a few of the Protestant tickets gone in than Kelly began to storm and raved and vowed that if that continued he would pitch Vincent overboard. Then "the cat was out of the bag," and Mr. Vincent's double-dealing was revealed. This accounts for Mr. Millidge's defeat and his sarcastic remarks at the close of the day respecting the close nestling of the orange and green feathers, expressed the situation exactly.

How neatly he expressed it, can be gleaned from the following portion of his speech:

While I wish to return thanks to those of the electors who have favored me with their support, I have much pleasure in congratulating my opponents upon their success. For it is essential to the working of representative institutions that the minority should not merely acquiesce, but that they should acquiesce with cheerfulness, in the will of the majority. The total absence of religious animosity has been a marked feature in this contest. None of the electors seem to think that theological opinions furnish a qualification for the holding of a municipal office. What better proof of his happy state of affairs could be furnished than the harmony with which my friend Mr. Vincent, who, I believe, is an Orangeman, and my friend Mr. Kelly, who is a Roman Catholic, have worked together, in order that they might jointly represent you at the new council board. If, as it would seem, orangism is not destined to exert any influence upon practical politics, what reason for its existence can be alleged? It would be better to discard it as unsuited to the requirements of the present day. But our minds should be fixed, not upon individuals, but upon the future of the city. Situated as we are at the mouth of a mighty river, at a place where three lines of railway converge, who shall doubt the future greatness of the city of St. John? Let us, then, prepare for that future. Dufferin ward is the locality where the city must expand, if it is destined to increase. It is the duty of all of us to exert our influence that the development for which we confidently hope shall take place in accordance with some definite plan.

At one time during the day Mr. Millidge left the booth to hunt up two voters. Then there was a grand rush, and all the dead and absent men in the ward were alive and present voting the "Kelly-Vincent" ticket. One man present protested, and officer McGrath threatened him with the lock-up if he did not refrain from interfering.

The new wards still retain their old habits.

PROGRESS' predictions were pretty nearly correct. John A. Chesley gives way to respectable, unprejudiced merchants; John Murphy stays at home; Sandy Law is on the new board; so is Mr. Lewis, while Mr. Jordan remains behind; the rustling of dry bones was on time in Queens, and Mr. Jack's promised votes led the poll; Mr. Carvill found Wellington too warm for him, and Boss Lantulum went down after a hard fight.

The Kings ward contest was the grandest in the city. The old Liberal campaigner horse, Lantulum, and the conservative manipulator, R. R. Barnes, led the fight on either side. They knew the ward better than any other men. They remembered past contests when the fight was on dominion and local issues, and neither of them would wager a cent on the result. At the close of the day president W. H. Thorne, of the Liberal-Conservative association was with Messrs. Barnes and Blackadar, and Dick O'Brien was the *fidus Achates* of the "boss." Half an hour after 4 o'clock Lantulum led Blackadar by over 30 votes and Barnes by nearly 20. At 5 p. m. Barnes led Lantulum by 34 votes and Blackadar was 6 ahead and second.

The "boss" was defeated. His hundreds of friends outside couldn't believe it at first, but the news was straight; Barnes and Blackadar were elected.

The "Beaches" Will Be Full.

Mr. E. E. Phair, of the "Beaches" was in Montreal recently booming Richibucto and the hotel. He had great success, finding plenty of people just waiting to select a place to get rooms. The "Beaches" is a fine house and Richibucto lacks nothing that nature could give it to make it one of first summer resorts of the provinces. Very soon the guests will come and the "Beaches" will find plenty of arrivals on its register.

A Complete List of Them.

Here is a complete list of outside banks whose notes are taken at par in St. John. They are the Quebec bank, Merchants' bank of Canada, Molson's, Bank of Toronto, Bank of Ottawa, Commercial bank of Windsor, People's bank of Halifax and Merchants' bank of Halifax.

Something for Everybody.

The proprietors of the Oak Hall clothing store say that they have something for every person who goes into their store, for the next fortnight and mentions PROGRESS. Read their announcement on the second page.

Pocket Books, Furses, Note paper and Envelopes special low prices at 80 King Street. D. McArthur.

Loose your orders for Carpet Cleaning at Harold Gibbert's, 64 King street.

THE TRUTH WILL OUT.

THE STORY OF MRS. "BLACK'S" FRIENDS TOLD.

One Account Brings Out Another—How a Trap Was Laid for An Unsuspecting Clerk, Who Gets Caught In It—Prepared To Back Their Story by the Best Evidence.

The friends of Mrs. "Black" have come to her rescue, and ask that PROGRESS, with its usual fairness, publish the facts of the real trustee and assignment story, that was printed in the last issue, as they appear to them. While they do not deny the statement, they hold that the construction placed upon them is not a fair one, and ask that the unvarnished truth be brought out. As the unvarnished truth is quite interesting enough to fill PROGRESS' space, it is given.

Mrs. "Black" was unfortunate in business some time ago and made an assignment, preferring certain creditors and settling with others for between 20 and 30 cents on the dollar. Her upper Canadian creditors were paid their share and with the help of some life insurance money she succeeded in getting clear of all her debts except one or two. The larger amount was owing to a gentleman of this city, from whom she still continued to buy goods. He was a trustee, but with practically all of her liabilities liquidated, Mrs. "Black" felt that to a certain degree she was her own mistress and owned a large portion of her stock.

She was supposed to keep a record of goods sold, and had an allowance of twelve dollars per week.

But Mrs. "Black," thinking that she could buy perhaps to better advantage than from her trustee was in the habit of drawing from the cash to buy goods from other parties, and allowing the proceeds to go into the cash drawer. Further than this she says that while they always tried to keep a correct record of the sales, on Saturdays it was next to impossible to do so.

Stock was taken and comparisons made frequently, and after a time she began to suspect that some one was cheating her. She told her legal adviser who inquired into the habits of her clerk, and concluded that for a young man on seven dollars a week he was having a very good time. Other facts regarding his company seemed to bear out this conclusion, and he was watched pretty sharply.

One day he was caught. A man was sent in with five single dollar bills, each of them marked, and told to buy \$4.80 worth of goods. He did so. Two of the marked bills found their way into the cash drawer and that was all.

Mrs. "Black" and her lawyer were in the building, and the latter interviewed the clerk, who it was discovered had entered the sale at \$1.80. He was asked many questions, and finally taxed with purloining money from the drawer. He denied it until confronted with the evidence of his guilt. Then he acknowledged it. To save arrest, he offered to give up all he had stolen. When asked how much that was, he said he did not know, but he produced his savings bank book, and offered to give it up if nothing was said about the affair. The lawyer refused to accept the book unless he said that all the money deposited in his name there had been taken from Mrs. "Black," and he refused to make any promise of secrecy.

Upon examination, it was found that over \$60 had been deposited within a few weeks, which appeared strange, when the fact of the clerk's \$7 weekly salary was considered. At first he persisted that all of the money was not Mrs. "Black's," and the book was then refused, and he was told that the affair would be investigated. Then he said that the money was Mrs. "Black's," and gave an order for the amount. It was drawn from the bank and handed over to his employer. He then left her employ, and it is said has since been engaged in another store in the city.

Then the story got around that Mrs. "Black" was not recording all the sales and drew money from the receipts of the story. It was also stated that the clerk was wrongfully accused of stealing in order to get rid of him, and to capture his savings. Mrs. "Black's" friends claim that hers has been an entirely honorable course and that her only fault has been leniency for her clerk. They claim that the above is the unvarnished truth, which they are prepared to back by the best evidence.

As any prosecution does not seem probable, PROGRESS withholds the real name of the clerk's employer and calls her Mrs. "Black." If the clerk's name was published it would be a difficult matter, indeed, for him to get employment in any city where this story might face him. So PROGRESS gives him the same chance that his late employer did—to get out of town and begin again elsewhere.

Dinner at the National.

Business gentlemen who live out of town should go to the "National" and try the great dinners they are giving there. Lots of style and the best in the market on the table.

Loose your orders for Carpet Cleaning at Harold Gibbert's, 64 King street.

SUCH SHOCKING PROFANITY!

Two Men who Indulged in Vigorous Language on Different Occasions.

The most profane persons are usually quite careful of their language in the presence of ministers. The latter would probably greet this fact with the assertion that One greater than them always hears them when they swear, but the reverence of such men ends with their sight. Two stories bearing on this point have drifted on PROGRESS' beach. They are quite fresh, lively and good enough to print.

Some time ago a mechanic was summoned to the Palace to have a look at the boiler that supplied the steam for heating. The boiler maker who went found plenty to do and in a short time was hammering away at bolts and rivets within the iron tub. He couldn't see outside, and had no idea that any one was around save some assistant of the house. So when he heard a voice at the end of the boiler asking questions he paid no attention to the personality of the querist, and had no idea that he was a respectable priest.

"What was wrong with the boiler. Is it in a very bad state?" asked the priest between the sharp clips of the hammer.

"Bad!" was the exclamatory reply.

"It's so bad that the only wonder is you weren't all blown to h—l long ago."

"Oh my, my," was the only remark of the priest as he beat a hasty retreat.

Rev. Mr. Blank, rector of a city parish, was in the office of a merchant not long after the latter had secured a telephone. Even to this day there are many people who have never used this modern distance annihilator, and the clergyman was curious. Making some remark about the convenience of the instrument, the merchant learned that he had never spoken through one. The clerk had just ended a conversation with the railway freight-shed, where there is a man driven almost crazy by day, and haunted by night by the sound of the telephone. When a business man talks to him he wastes no time or words. It can readily be imagined then that it was a very rash proceeding to venture to ring this individual up again, just to let a parson try the machine.

But the rector was in position and "central" had called the freight man again.

"What will I say?" nervously asked the parson of the merchant.

"Oh, anything," was the ready response.

"Hello! what do you want?" asked the freight agent.

"It's a fine day," timidly responded the parson.

"Go to h—l, d—n you. Do you think I've got nothing else to do ———?"

That was the end. The parson had too much of the telephone, and nobody knew for a long time why he dropped it so suddenly and moved away, as though all the electricity in the battery had got on to him.

THE CHIEF AND THE FLOUR BAG.

The Effervescent Small Boy Makes Him "Whiter Than Snow."

The chief of the St. John police force is a very old man, but he is very active. He appointed two inspectors to control the two divisions of the police and act as sort of minor chiefs. This was not done with the idea of making less work for the great head of the department, for the chief is thoroughly aware of the fact that there is a class of police duty in St. John that can only be done by him. Such as "shooting" the crowds off the corners on Charlotte street, clubbing little boys and putting out bonfires.

There was a bonfire near the corner of Duke and Charlotte streets last Monday night. It was not disturbed by the police, because the police did not see it. Chief Marshall came along, and endeavored to break up the crowd and put out the fire. When the chief moved away the crowd gathered again, and he returned with blood in his eye. The boys were ready for him. The most thoughtful of them were probably of the idea that the chief had spent the first part of the evening in the Queen Square Methodist church, singing that good old Methodist hymn, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." They knew they couldn't wash him, so they dropped a bag of flour on his head and made him "whiter than snow." He looked like a snow man. The street was crowded and the crowd was thoroughly amused. The chief wasn't. He looked for and inquired after the culprit but all his efforts were in vain. It was an awful blow to the dignity of the chief. He realized it, and stole away—stole away into Mr. Regan's barroom on Duke street and got the flour brushed off.

Read the List.

Any person who belongs to a base ball, cricket team, or other sporting club, does not feel that he is a full fledged member until he has a costume. It will save much trouble if all those who lack such an artistic fit out would read Macaulay Bros. & Co.'s advertisement in this issue. The list of goods is complete and they are all in the latest style.

THERE IS NO RETREAT.

THE FRIENDS OF MR. EVERETT HAVE A HEAVY BURDEN.

The Chances are Largely in Favor of Mr. Barker, who Has the Workers Behind Him—Mr. Everett Will be Snowed Under in Carleton and Portland.

Mr. W. H. Thorne, president of the San Publishing company and head of the Liberal-Conservative association in this city has, it is said, wagered \$200 with Mr. Enoch Colwell that Mr. Charles A. Everett will be elected mayor. Next Tuesday evening one of the gentlemen will be \$200 richer.

"Ah, me," said a quaint old Irishman to Mr. W. A. Lockhart, chairman of the Everett general committee, "Oim sorry for Mister Thorne. Oim told he's bet two hundred dollars on Mister Everitt, an' Dunnivan of Carleton tells me that Mister Barker will get three thirds of the vote be-yant the water."

"Two-thirds, you mean," said Mr. Lockhart.

"No, I don't, Mister Dunnivan said three thirds, and that's what he means. Sure, an' oim sorry for Mister Thorne."

And so the fight goes on. There is no playing now. Every worker knows what he is to do and is doing it. Mr. Everett has the hardest election of his life ahead of him, and he knows it. Nearly all of his best workers of former days are against him, and the grade he has to climb is very steep. His supporters are realizing the burden they have assumed and are groaning under it. But there is no retreat now.

The people are not wholly satisfied with the candidates, but there is no mistaking the feeling abroad in every quarter of the city, from Indiantown to Reed's point, from Courtenay bay to Lancaster.—Mr. Barker before Mr. Everett.

Whatever can be said of George Barker as one who has been known as "one of the boys" no man can deny his frankness, his honesty and reputation for square dealing. He does not pretend to be competent to join any angelic band just yet, and he is well aware that the people know that fact. He is what he is, and the voters like him all the better for it.

But the highest office in the gift of the citizens is to be filled and there are two candidates. One of them must be chosen, and PROGRESS is with the great majority in preferring Mr. Barker.

It is alleged now by Mr. Everett's friends that Mr. Barker was not a warm supporter at his in days past, and that at one time he refused to take an active position on his committee. If that be true many people will have a higher regard for the man who refused to swallow his conscience for the sake of his party. PROGRESS has a better opinion of Mr. Barker for that act of independence.

Now what are the chances?

Take the city proper, on the south end as it is now called, and all the best workers of the wards will be found pledged to support and work for the candidate who offered months ago. They are more ready to stand by him now than then. It is claimed that the largest merchants in the city are with Mr. Everett. This is a great mistake. Mr. W. W. Turnbull supports him and so do some other excellent and innocent gentlemen of the same stamp, who will cast their own votes and wish him success and that is all. There are other merchants who have grown with the town, who know every hole and corner in it, who do not have to be told whether a man is temperate or intemperate, for they have been around, who prefer the sins of daylight to the iniquities of twilight and darkness—they will not support Mr. Everett. And if they are asked why, there language is quite terse, quite plain and to the point.

Take the west end, or Carleton, and seven-eighths of the voters there will smile and smile, and say, "Wait till Tuesday. Then we will get our chance at Mr. Everett." For, right or wrong, Carleton people imagine the union scheme wasn't fair to them, and are down on ex-commissioner Everett. They say further, and truly, "We will not vote to put a man in the mayor's chair whose influence will be used every time against any amendment of his own union scheme. Let some other man sit in judgment on it."

Then in Portland the feeling is quite intense in favor of Mr. Barker, who is so well known there. The support of certain ward politicians, not in the best odor, will not help Mr. Everett. The chances are strong for Barker there.

Rev. W. W. Brewer met Mr. Barker on the street, a few days ago, and in his impulsive fashion offered him his vote. Mr. Barker, no doubt, was glad to get it, but the amusing sequel to the incident is the gentle remonstrances made to Mr. Brewer by some of his congregation against declaring himself in so public a fashion for any candidate. Why he should not has not been told, but thinking people who know both candidates will give the reverend gentleman credit for considerable discernment.

All New Novels, Papers and Magazines as issued, on sale at McArthur's Book store, King street.

THE PEOPLE AND THE BRIDGE.

Persons Who Walk Over the Railway Trestle Should Be Careful.

The trestle work of the St. John Bridge and Railway company is very convenient for a large number of people living in Portland. They can reach home from the city by this means in about half the time it takes to go around by Main street. Of late, however, frantic efforts have been made to deprive the people of this short cut and possible way to a rapid entrance into the next world. The bridge company put up a large sign, stating that any person walking over the trestle would be subject to arrest on view, and a fine of \$40. Nobody seemed to pay any attention to the notice. Foot travel continued to be large in that direction. The company viewed this fact with alarm and daily awaited to hear the report of fatal accidents on the road. Then a bright idea struck those interested in the trestle. They would move the warning notice in nearer to the street where everybody could see it. There was also talk at paying a man to call the attention of the public to the notice. All these precautions availed nothing.

When the two cities were united and John R. Marshall took command of the police force, he became aware of this great disregard of danger and the bridge company's notice. Mr. Marshall thought foot travel over the bridge could be stopped, and he was the man to stop it. Sergt. Kilpatrick was selected to work this great change. He stood on Mill street all day some weeks ago, and told every person who started to walk over the trestle work that it was against the law, and that they were subject to arrest and a fine. Everybody spoken to walked around Main street—for that day only. When the police left Mill street, the people went over the bridge.

Mr. Marshall wasn't discouraged at this failure to stop the flood of travel over the trestle. Work that was too much for subordinates should be done by the head of the police, he thought. This was evidently the idea of the chief when he appeared on Mill street one day this week and took the names of persons he saw walking over the trestle work.

At last accounts foot travel over the trestle work was increasing.

MONCTON EXCITED AGAIN.

A "Grave Device" in the Cemetery is the Cause of Its Trouble.

Moncton people are agitated at present over a "grave device" of a decidedly unique description, which has recently been erected in the rural cemetery, and which Monctonians are only just beginning to find out about. It consists of a marble block, standing near the entrance, on which is carved the figure of a dog, with the following inexplicable words clearly traced beneath. "Faithful watch, oh, my mother."

The stone was erected by a resident of Moncton, in memory of his wife, who died last winter. Now, the question to the thinking mind is, from what brain emanated so extraordinary a device? and how did it come to be admitted into the sacred precincts of God's acre? At the first glance—taking its position, near the gate, into consideration—one is naturally inclined to suppose that some one has erected a monument in memory of a favorite dog, and the discovery that it is a tribute from a sorrowing husband to his departed wife, causes a shock of most unpleasant surprise. The utter grotesqueness of the thing is so very striking, that the matter has been reported to the directors of the cemetery. Meanwhile, even the Sunday excursion excitement has paled and faded into insignificance beside this new interest.

A New and Handsome Corner.

There are few persons who do not stand to look at the new corner of Union and Waterloo streets and comment on the great change there since last year. Plate glass makes any front look well, but when there is an abundance of it and new brick buildings above and about it the effect is certainly very fine. Mr. W. A. Porter can be congratulated upon his grand grocery stand in the corner building. It certainly cannot be beaten in this city.

Very Appropriate, Indeed.

There is a merchant doing business in the north end who does not open his store very early in the morning. Sometimes it is well on towards noon before the blinds are raised. Somebody in that vicinity noticed this fact, and attributing this tardiness to over-fondness for slumber, placed the following notice on the door one morning last week, where it was read by nearly every person who passed: "Not dead, but sleeping!"

The Excursion Days of the "Clifton."

Captain Earle, of the *Clifton*, is preparing for big excursions every week on and after the 13th. The *Kennebecasis* has a fine reputation for grand scenery and pretty, hospitable villages, and is such a favorite resort with tourists that Thursdays have always been favorite days with pleasure parties. The *Clifton* is a pleasant and good boat, with a courteous and obliging captain.