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VOL. II., NO. 79.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

ANOTHER SHAM TENDER.

ALDERMAN BUSBY'S CLERK WILL SUPPLY COAL FOR THE FERRY.

A Statement of Facts for the Consideration of the Public—The City Gains by Taking the Lowest Tender—And so Does the Alderman from Victoria Ward.

Mr. J. W. V. Lawlor is to the front again.

Mr. Lawlor is a clerk in the office of Alderman W. L. Busby, who was elected to represent Victoria ward in the common council.

The alderman appears to be there to represent himself, and to make money out of contracts with the city in defiance of the law. He is not the only alderman who does this, but his underhand way of doing it is more objectionable than that adopted by any of his colleagues.

The other day, when PROGRESS pointed out that he had contracted in the name of Mr. Lawlor to supply coal to the Department of Public Safety, of which he is a member, it was thought he would not have the effrontery to do such a thing the second time. This thought did him a great injustice. He is again a tenderer, with as much assurance as though his system of sham tenders had not been exposed. And for the second time his tender is the successful one.

The ferry committee is composed of Aldermen Stackhouse, Busby, McCarthy, Barnes, Jack, I. E. Smith, McGoldrick, Kelly and Baskin. These gentlemen recently advertised for tenders for coal.

They met last Tuesday, when the tenders were opened. Alderman Busby was present. There were several offers, and that of J. W. V. Lawlor was found to be a few cents lower than that of a well known regular dealer. Alderman Busby and his colleagues thereupon awarded Alderman Busby the contract in the name of Mr. Lawlor.

One of the committee, who asked where Mr. Lawlor's place of business was, was met with an evasive answer, and there was a laugh at what was considered a good joke, despite of the fact that it is beginning to get a little old.

The members of the committee knew that they were giving the contract to Alderman Busby. They justified themselves by saying that they always vote for the lowest tender.

This was not the principle adopted by other aldermen when they passed over Timothy Cusack's lowest tender for street cleaning, etc., and accepted the much higher one of David Connell.

As a matter of fact a committee is not bound to accept the lowest or any tender. In the case of Cusack they passed over the lowest because they alleged, though untruthfully, that Connell had better facilities for doing the work. In the case of the coal tenders they might have inquired if Mr. Lawlor is known as a coal merchant and if he has facilities for carrying out his contract.

They probably thought there was no need for making this inquiry. They knew they were giving the control to one of their number, who was present at the time.

The city is a gainer by the award to the extent of \$10 or so, and Alderman Busby is the gainer to an extent considerably greater.

The electors of Victoria ward should be proud of their representative.

He Gave the Boss Away.

A lady well-known in St. John society called at the office of a leading dentist, last Saturday, to speak to him unprofessionally. The dentist's boy answered the bell. It was about dusk and the business-like attendant failed to recognize the visitor, though he thought he did. "The doctor's out," he said, "but he wants you to leave your teeth with me, so he can work at them over Sunday." "Thank you," replied the lady, "but mine do not come out easily and, besides, I shall want to use them on Sunday, myself." She went away, but the boy is careful to know to whom he's talking now, because the dentist might object to having it generally known that Sunday is not excepted from his days of labor.

To a Warmer Climate.

The Sunbury circuit was short. The only case before it was postponed by application, owing to the illness of the defendant's lawyer. The plaintiff's counsel resisted the application. It was the genial chief justice who said: "I feel, gentlemen, that I ought to postpone the cause. Mr. V. is certainly ill, and I believe from what I can learn, is going this winter to a warmer climate!"

They Had Their Choice.

The "courteous gentlemen" who recently dropped into a big retail store and demanded their books and invoices for their inspection, gave the firm the privilege of sending them to the hotel, or in case of their refusal to do that, they would walk in and inspect in open day. And yet they found everything right, "as honest as the sun"! What need is there of such gratuitous insults?

AT THE POLICE COURT.

How the Proceedings Impress a Man Who Happens to Drop in There.

The public seems to be losing interest in the poisoning case. The court room is no longer crowded while the examination goes on, and after nine o'clock in the evening a more tired and sleepy court of justice could hardly be found anywhere. A number of men, whom one would think were at loss how else to spend the evening, lean on the railing and look lazily around, while the witnesses repeat what has become almost "a song" to them. The magistrate rests his head easily on the back of his chair, and the reporters wear a weary look, and sigh. Counsel Stockton and Police Clerk Henderson stand at each end of the clerk's desk—where Court Reporter Fry keeps filling his note books by the dozen—and beg each others pardon at almost regular intervals, after exchanging a few sharp words over Mr. Fry's head. Inspector Weatherhead stands ready to produce any particular box or bottle from a biscuit boxful, that rests behind the witness stand, and longs for the hour when he can gather up the fragments and put them away under lock and key in his own particular box in the guardroom.

At the reporters' table sits William J. McDonald, the person whom the spectators come to see. He is a small man, dressed in a neat dark suit, the coat buttoned tightly up to the collar. His hair is dark, and he has a small, narrow, colorless face, and sports a dark mustache, not large and pointed, but short, and covering a good deal of space. As the examination goes on, he listens attentively to the evidence, his lips pressed closely together. When the curious look at him, he instantly returns the gaze, bringing a dark, firm eye, with the corner drawn down, upon the person confronting him. He seems to take in everything that is going on, and smiles pleasantly when his lawyer makes a sally of wit.

When the examination closes for the night, everybody seems glad. McDonald jumps nimbly from his chair, pulls down the bottom of his coat and chats and shakes hands with his friends, or talks to his lawyer, who calls him "Willie." The court-room is empty in a very short time, the biscuit box, with its precious contents, is locked up in the guard-room. Mr. Stockton lights his cigar and goes out with McDonald and the policeman who escorts him to the jail; the chief calls the office man to put on his overcoat and turn down the gas, and the poisoning case is dropped for one day.

Not if the Court Knew Itself.

Some time ago a resident of Sackville was sued by a Toronto concern for \$22.68. A verdict was given for the defendant, but the plaintiffs were dissatisfied and in due course the case was carried to the Supreme Court of Canada, on appeal. Mr. C. W. Weldon appeared for the appellants, and was doubtless prepared to elucidate some very profound facts of law when the time came. It never did come. The chief justice learning of the amount involved declared that the Supreme Court of Canada was not sitting there to bother with such cases.

"Why it is only for twenty-two dollars," he exclaimed, with evident irritation. "It is more than that, chief," remarked Mr. Justice Strong, with profound gravity. "It is twenty-two dollars and sixty-eight cents."

The appeal was thrown out, and the lawyers will have to be content with the \$800 costs, which have been piled upon it up to this time.

TWO HUNDRED GONE.

The Dollars Put Up by the Subscribers to a Collecting Agency.

The World Uniform Collecting Agency of Toronto is now classed among the "skin" concerns that have visited St. John in the last few years. The system was described in PROGRESS some time ago, when the agent had secured twenty merchants who had paid \$10 each for the privilege of becoming members. Then a manager was elected, who tried to see what could be done. He found that the business would not suit him; that it would not suit any man who cared aught for his respectability in the place. He found accounts, outlawed and bad accounts of every kind flooding his desk, and having no desire to send a walking bad debt sign after a man, resigned the position. The Toronto managers were then Thurston, Thorley & Co., but since then that firm is dissolved and the collecting agency is being carried along by J. C. Wilson & Co., who will give the St. John subscribers no satisfaction about the \$10 they paid to their agent. Experience is usually expensive, but such experience as this is not useful. What the St. John subscribers should do is to unite and demand that their money be returned to them.

Don't Forget the Place.

PROGRESS has moved into its large new offices, in the Masonic building, Germain street. Don't forget the place.

TO ABOLISH THE COUNCIL

A HAPPY THOUGHT OF MR. SNIFF-EM, LATE OF LANCASTER.

He Believes That Not Only the Council, but the Mayor Should be Done Away With, and the City Put in Commission—His Ideas in Regard to Civic Elections.

Mr. Jacob Sniffem, who claims to have a certificate that he was discharged from the Lunatic Asylum, perfectly cured, sends PROGRESS a lengthy letter on municipal affairs. His remarks are inspired by a paragraph which appeared stating that some one had proposed to abolish the common council of Toronto and substitute three commissioners. He is impressed with the idea, and suggests that it should be tried in St. John.

"Nobody has any faith in the council," he says. "There are three or four good men in it, and the rest are scoundrels. They have done nothing but talk, talk, talk, and before they get down to actual business another election will be at hand. And then these precious loafers will plead that they ought to be sent back again, because there is a lot of unfinished business which the new men would not understand."

"I notice that PROGRESS has advocated the election of the board by the vote of the whole city, so that scheming fellows will not be returned simply because they have a pull on their wards. This plan is very good, but I have a better one still. I propose to abolish the mayor and council altogether and have a board of three paid commissioners to do all the business. I say three, because that number is large enough for any committee. Anything less is too small, but anything greater is too big."

"I would not elect these from every Tom, Dick and Harry, who offered himself as a candidate because he needed the salary. I would have a board of civil service examiners appointed from the best men in other cities, and would lay down certain qualifications as to the financial position, moral character and honesty, of every applicant for examination. The standard would have to be a high one, and I am confident that under such a system the number of candidates would be very small indeed. Then I would have a rigid examination as to the knowledge of the applicants. If we insist that a man must have a certificate before he takes charge of a schooner, why should we not insist that he should have one before he attempts to govern a city? Out of this number of certified candidates I would have the three elected by a ballot to which every voter should sign his name and address, and deposit it in a locked box at the city hall. In this way if a man's name appeared twice or a dead man's name were voted, there would be a remedy. For there would be no election day. The votes could be deposited at any time, up to a certain date, and counted each day or week by a committee sworn to secrecy. From time to time the names only of those who had voted would be posted in conspicuous places, and thus peroration would be impossible. There would be thirty days allowed for corrections, after the close of the voting."

"Having thus secured the three best possible men, I would give them charge of the city. One could attend to the public safety, one to the public works, and one to the harbor. Everything should be purchased by contract, and every one employed by the commissioners would have to pass an examination as to his fitness for his place."

"In case the commissioners should abuse their trust, they, or any of them, would be removable at any time by a two-thirds vote of the citizens. Any citizen could demand that such a vote be taken, on giving security for all costs in case his allegations were not supported by public opinion."

"Any one found guilty of corrupt practices should be imprisoned, without the option of a fine, and disfranchised for the term of his natural life."

"I claim no originality in my idea of paid commissioners, but the principle of voting above described is my own invention. As it cannot be patented I give it to the world."

"If PROGRESS will undertake to boom my system it will truly merit its name. The abolition of the existing antiquated and expensive civic machine seems to be demanded more than ever since the union of the cities. If you wish me to go into details in regard to the management under a commission, please address

JACOB SNIFFEM."

Will Attend Church This Year.

Grand Master Walker believes that the members of the Masonic fraternity, in St. John, should attend divine service at least once a year, and he will probably arrange for them to do so in a body on the festival of St. John, the Evangelist. It has not been decided what church will be selected. This ancient and laudable custom has not been observed here of recent years, and a return to it will, do doubt, be gladly welcomed by the craft.

Advertisements in "Progress" It Pays.

MR. BRADEN EXPLAINS.

The Publishers of His Book Are the Men Who Will Further Explain.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: In reply to your editorial in last PROGRESS, headed "Mr. Braden Should Explain," Mr. Braden rises to explain.

My book, *The Problem of Problems*, was published in Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S., by Chase & Hall, in 1876. The publishers sent copies to papers and certain persons. Most of the letters and press notices of the book were sent to the publishers, who got up a pamphlet containing selections from such notices. I never saw the pamphlet, and knew nothing of it, till a copy was sent to me. Some of the notices of the book I saw; but most of them I never saw.

When the second edition was needed, the publishers condensed the pamphlet of notices into what is on the fourth page of the present edition of the book. It is signed "The Publishers."

As this is what is assailed, the attack is on the publishers, and not on me. But it so happens that some of the men who deny commending the book sent their denunciations to Mrs. Braden, who preserved their letters. The publishers will be heard from in due time. The original letters will be published. That will settle all dispute. Such is the explanation.

CLARK BRADEN.

DOES NOT LIKE ST. ANDREWS.

And Objects to it as a Summer Resort for the Gallant Militia.

This is a conundrum. And it would seem to be a conundrum that demands reply.

Why is it that Saint Andrews, of all places in the province, should be selected every year as the site for holding the military camp?

The land where the tents are pitched is rough and boggy, part of it a swamp, in fact. The parade ground is not large enough for the purpose. The water used in the past by the men, some of them at least, has been entirely unfit for use. There seems good reason to believe that half a dozen lives have paid the penalty of its use, while many more have been endangered.

Is there any good water on the grounds? There is, but the supply is small and inconveniently located. It cannot be named in connection with the fine stream of running water that surrounds the Sussex field. The grounds cannot for a moment compare with those at Sussex, either for size or suitability. They are not located in a central part of the province. In fact, no spot could be chosen less convenient in point of distance from the headquarters of the various corps.

Some of the men say that the popular commandant and his staff are passionately fond of the bathing at St. Andrews. That they dearly love their early morning dip into the briny surges of the bay. That but for this St. Andrews would never be chosen as the place for the camp at all. The men if they bathe at all use the swamps.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, and no doubt if one's martial ardor needs toning up, a plunge into the bay at early morn has an exhilarating effect.

I cannot believe that the mere personal convenience of a favored few would be allowed to stand against the health and comfort of the many. No doubt the commandant has been misrepresented.

Will somebody explain? BILDAD.

THE STRANGER'S DREAM.

Which Was Not a Dream, But a Stern and Muddy Reality.

It was about two hours after lamplight. The night air was cold and chilly, and now and then the rain blew like spray into the faces of those who walked the street. It was not a heavy rain, nothing more, in fact, than a mere cold drizzle.

When the stranger reached the top of the hill, he stood and gazed into the valley below. He seemed like a man in a dream, one who had suddenly been transferred into another, a strange land. He rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"Can it be true!" he exclaimed. "Am I awake, or do I see the sweet visions of the night! Shall I awake and find my fondest hope, which I now see realized before me, faded away like the stars in the morning. But I am not sleeping; Venice, my long wished for city, I have seen thee at last."

"Are not thy streets of water before me? As I look, do I not see the lights from the window send a glimmer across the road—the waterway? See! from yonder window a red light beams forth to glimmer o'er the water, and now a white light shoots across. Dear Venice, at last I see thy streets of water with mine own eyes."

"But look! a man stands on the edge of the canal. Is he about to swim, or will he hail a boatman on the other side? No! he steps off. Will he swim across? Fool! He goes. He is in the middle of the waterway. Heavens! It is only up to his hips."

[The stranger stood at the head of Mill street, Wednesday evening, and looked toward Portland.]

WE WILL SEE YOU LATER

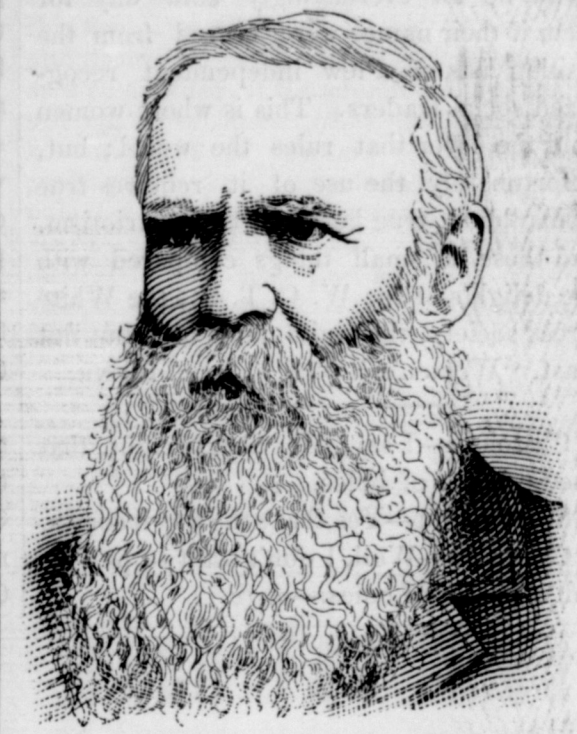
SO SAYS THE SUPREME COURT OF CANADA TO MR. ELLIS.

In the Meantime Their Honors Take a Rest, and Nobody Knows Whether There Was Contempt or Not—Some of the Characteristics of a Well-Abused Editor.

Some time about the year 1900, if courts are not abolished in the meantime, and lawyers forced to follow some legitimate industry, the readers of the daily papers may see a despatch from Ottawa, Westminster, or elsewhere, as follows:

Ellis vs. Regina—Stands over until next term.

Then some old inhabitant may remember that it relates to a suit begun in New Brunswick some time in the year 1887. He will not have a very clear idea of what it is about, except that there were originally a judge, an editor, several politicians and some high-priced lawyers mixed up in the affair, and that, unlike Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce, it has not come to an end through a total failure of funds. Probably by that time a number of new and interesting law points will have been raised, the case will have been decided in two or three



different ways, by two or three different courts, and will have travelled to and from Fredericton, Ottawa and Westminster several separate times on each of the points raised.

Just now, after more than two years' of travelling over a somewhat expensive road, the case is taking a rest. The supreme court of New Brunswick, after a mighty wrestling, decided some time ago that the two or three lines Mr. Ellis wrote about Judge Tuck constituted a contempt of court. Mr. Ellis did not tremble; he appealed. The argument on appeal was begun at Ottawa last Monday. It is not yet finished. It may never be finished, for the court interrupted Mr. Ellis' counsel in the middle of a lawyer's traditionally long sentence, and made a very pertinent inquiry.

It wanted to know if the supreme court of New Brunswick had ever proven that Judge Tuck was acting within the scope of his authority when he prevented Judge Steadman from making the recount. The judges were answered that it had not, and that the question of the writ of prohibition was still pending in the court at Fredericton. Thereupon the dignitaries at Ottawa decided to give the case a rest until the New Brunswick judges should dispose of Judge Steadman.

Mr. Ellis has therefore played a very good card, and it is believed he has still some available ones in reserve. The suit is by no means ended. Mr. Ellis has fought it on every point so far, and he will continue to fight it until the end—whenever that may be. He is not poor, and he is very plucky. The case has cost him a great deal so far, and its possibilities for the future are simply immense. Nevertheless, he has taken his stand and proposes to hold it against all comers.

The portrait of Mr. Ellis does not do him full justice. It fails to show the peculiarly pleasant expression which so impresses all who meet him in social intercourse. Those who have never seen him, and who judge of him from the editorials in the Tory papers, may be very much surprised to find that he has an eminently respectable look. They would be more surprised were PROGRESS to give a pen portrait of him as he appears to eyes unblinded by political prejudice. This, however, to be just, would be lengthy. To be fair, it would necessarily be analytical, for it would involve the reconciliation of apparent contradictions in the character of Mr. Ellis as a writer, a citizen, a politician and a friend. He has been a well abused man for many years, but if our estimate be correct, he cares little for the coarse and often brutal vilification to which he has at times been subjected. It is not that he is what is termed thick-skinned. On the contrary, he is a man of fine feelings and keenly sensitive in many ways, but mere abuse, especially when the outcome of personal dislike, is a weapon which has no terrors for him.

Nor, apparently, has the machinery of the law, when he believes his position to be a sound one.

New Fancy Goods opening at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King street.

HE WANTS A PURE BALLOT.

And is Opposed to Colonizing Queens with Any Except His Friends.

One of the grit "colonists" who has been prominent in the denunciation of the alleged tory colonization of Queens county is something of a worker himself about election times. He believes in purity now, especially when there is any risk of corrupt politics being found out. He has good reasons for such belief.

As the story goes, he was a very zealous shouter for the grit candidates in St. John at a certain Dominion election, and in particular championed the course of a certain lawyer who was one of the candidates. In the excess of his zeal, indeed, he is said to have made fairly liberal presents to some of the constituents, whose votes were counted for the party of purity.

Two of these voters, who claimed to have been enriched by his bounty to the extent of \$5 each, proved very ungrateful fellows indeed. Learning that by betraying their benefactor they would receive half the penalty imposed on him for bribery, they unkindly made the requisite information.

The zealous worker, being too modest to allow himself to become famous as the defendant in such a suit, endeavoured to effect a settlement. He succeeded in one instance, but the second man was obdurate. In this extremity he consulted the lawyer for whose election he had worked and watched the course of events with fear and trembling.

In the meantime, the obdurate man, who was a near neighbour, fell sick. One morning the zealous worker looked across the street and saw the blinds down in the sick man's house. It occurred to him that his adversary had gone where the tories cease from troubling and complainants are at rest.

He did not weep—he went over to make sure—and then he almost did weep when he found that his persecutor was still living.

Finally, the man died, and the suit came to an end. Then the ex-defendant did a very magnanimous thing. In the fulness of his gratitude at his deliverance from the adversary, he paid all the expenses of his neighbor's funeral—even going so far as to send the remains up river to a remote part of Queen's county. This done he hastened to the lawyer to receive his congratulations.

He got them. Also a bill for \$80 costs as between attorney and client.

That may be the reason that he is such a stickler for purity, and a believer in the commandment, "Thou shalt not get found out."

A NEW POLICEMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

He Wants to be a Great Detective, But Finds It Rather Hard Work.

Officer Rowley is one of the new men on the Northern division. Like most new policemen, he wants to become a great detective at once bound. He has had several bounds, in which he did not light on his feet, nor on top, but he is yet by no means a great detective. Some tobacco was stolen from a store on Winter street, last week. It is said that Officer Rowley, "Prof." Hunter and Billy O'Brien all started to hunt the thieves to the ground. Officer Rowley has a brain teeming over with great ideas, and to think of a scheme by which the thief might be captured was but the work of a moment. He got one of his boy friends on the City Road to go around among the bad young fellows, asking for a "chew" of tobacco. When a number of "chews" were procured they were submitted to the officer, who compared them with some of the tobacco that had not been stolen.

Officer Rowley decided to arrest a lad of 17 or 18 years, named Ireland, on suspicion. He met Ireland on City Road, and catching him by the arm, said he was his prisoner. Ireland asked "what for," and caught hold of Officer Rowley. The next thing Officer Rowley knew he was lying on the broad of his back on the sidewalk, and when he got up, Ireland was nowhere near him. It was "a great day for Ireland."

This did not discourage the new policeman. He was going to church with his family along City Road on Sunday morning, when he saw Ireland across the street, near the grist mill. Officer Rowley thought business should be attended to before worship, and leaving his family went in pursuit of Ireland. He caught him on the hill behind the grist mill. Ireland also caught Rowley and when the two were done rolling in the mud, Ireland was on top. Ireland did not eat his dinner in the police station Sunday, but he had his supper there. Officer Rowley found him in a house on Paradise row, Sunday afternoon, and tried it again. This time he got assistance and handcuffed the lad.

People stared in wonder when they saw a policeman clinging like grim death to a handcuffed youth, as they walked through Portland, Sunday afternoon, but Officer Rowley got there.

Remember.

X. L. N. T. club will meet Monday evening, at 8.30 o'clock, in its rooms, Charlotte street.