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PRICE THREE CENTS.

WANT TO HAVE A JUNKET

THE ALDERMEN WOULD LIKE TO TAKE IN BOSTON.

They Don't Know Anything About Fire Alarms, but Think They Can Learn Something—The Truth About the Alarm and the Way it is Worked.

Now that the police have had their vacation in Kings county, the fire committee proposes to have one in the United States. In both cases the city pays the bills.

The vacation was decided on at the last meeting of the common council, when the Board of Public Safety recommended that a "small committee" be appointed "to inspect the various fire alarm systems in the city of Boston, with a view to having the fire alarm services in this city perfected." The fact that there is only one system in Boston was either not known to the board, or the word "systems" was used for the purpose of giving some excuse for a delegation to go junketing. This section of the report provoked an animated discussion.

Every alderman who favored the delegation declared that he did not want to be one of the delegates. Ald. McGoldrick proudly asserted that he could pay his own way when he went to Boston, and could go as often as he pleased. The others were more non-committal, and did not say they wanted to pay their own expenses, though they professed to be very anxious to stay at home.

Ald Chesley made an oration on the progress and development of electrical science, claiming that it had made vast strides since the fire alarm was introduced here, and implying that the aldermen would have to go abroad and learn something if St. John intended to keep up with the procession. The alderman is believed to have learned a good deal about electrical science from his connection with the Portland light station during the year preceding the union of the cities.

Many of the aldermen, who have noticed that the alarm does not work well when two boxes are pulled at the same time, began to conclude that an entirely new system was needed, and some of them thought that in a matter of so much importance the delegation ought to consist of the whole fire committee, if not the whole board of Public Safety, with Director Wisely, Chief Kerr, and Superintendent Wilson as an annex. There was a prospect of a big excursion to Boston and a high old time when the delegates got there.

Ald. Blackadar, who is a practical fireman and knows more about the alarm than any man at the board, frankly admitted he did not know enough about it to be of any use on a trip of that kind. Ald. Peters, who has just returned from Boston, where the whole system was explained to him, was of the opinion that one practical man was worth a dozen aldermen if there was anything to be learned.

The delegation would have been knocked out of time, if so much time had not been taken in talking about it. As it was Alds. Robertson and Allen, who were opposed to the junket, had to run to catch a train for the suburbs, and the section was carried by a vote of ten to nine.

It is understood that the "small committee" will consist of Alds. Blackadar, Chesley, McGoldrick and Smith, four out of five members of the fire committee. Ald. McKelvey, the fifth member, might have got on, also, if he had been around at the right time.

With the exception of Ald. Blackadar, not one of the crowd knows anything about fire alarms. Ald. Blackadar doesn't think he should shoulder the responsibility and it is understood that he will decline to go.

It is part of the scheme to have Chief Kerr accompany the party, but it is believed he would rather run to a fire just after his Sunday dinner than to go to Boston on this errand.

If all five go, the junket will cost not less than \$50, and the delegation will come back as wise as it went. For a tenth of that sum, a practical man can go to Boston and find out all that is desired.

The fire alarm is all right, and is doing excellent work under most unfavorable circumstances. Before the union, St. John had a single circuit of about fifteen miles, and for several years Chief Kerr had urged that this circuit be divided into three. With the North End connection, there are now not less than thirty miles of wire and it does not require an electrician to see the difficulty of keeping it in order under the existing conditions. What seems to be needed is, the division of the line into six circuits, with an eight-circuit repeater to allow for future extension.

The procuring of this does not require an aldermanic junket in Boston at the expense of the rate-payers.

Another Boat For Nova Scotia.

The steamer *Weymouth* has already by its neat and handsome appearance won popular favor. The prospects for a wholesale trade are excellent. St. John wholesale merchants and the commercial centers of Yarmouth, Weymouth, and other Nova Scotia towns will show their appreciation of the new enterprise in a substantial fashion.

MR. YOUNG'S STRIPED PIGS.

A Great Moral Show which all but Four of the Citizens Failed to See.

Mr. Young, of Young's Cove, Salmon river, sole proprietor of the "greatest curiosity of the age,"—the wonderful striped pigs—arrived in town this week, and located at 52 Mill street. As a showman Mr. Young will never rival Artemus Ward or the father of the frog boy. He hasn't the staying qualities, and don't seem to understand that "the greatest curiosities of the age," are worthless from a money making standpoint, when not backed up by silvery tongued oratory, boundless gall, gasoline lamps, and sawdust. This is something Mr. Young has to learn.

When the pigs were at Salmon River, the people for miles around flocked to see them, and talked about them to their neighbors. This probably gave Mr. Young the idea of going into the show business. He came to St. John, and rented a store from John O'Brien at a \$1 a day, put a small and ambiguous advertisement in a daily paper, and stood in the door and waited for people to come and see his wonderful striped pigs. He waited a whole day, and four people paid ten cents each and saw the pigs. They seemed to be the only persons who found out that the pigs were there. When the evening came, Mr. Young got anxious about the success of his show, but still stood in the doorway, and waited and said nothing. At last he got worked up to an extraordinary pitch, and accosted a young fellow who was making his way into John O'Brien's store:

"Do you want to see the pigs?" said the showman.

"What pigs?" asked the boy turning to him with a puzzled expression.

"The pigs!" said the proprietor, with the greatest surprise, evidently waking up to the fact that everybody didn't know about "the greatest curiosity of the age."

"No," said the young fellow. "I don't want to see any pigs; I want a package of cigarettes."

That was more than the showman could stand. To think that anybody didn't want to see the pigs! He closed up the place, and went away, promising to try it again when the exhibition opened. Next morning the owner of the store was handed a note saying: "Please give bearer striped pigs and oblige yours truly."

Mr. Young has returned to Young's Cove, carrying with him his striped pigs and his experience. The 40 cents received from the public has been absorbed with sundry dollar bills for the expenses of the show.

The Stranger was Fresh.

"Jim" Slater celebrated the glorious twelfth in an alleyway off Union street, and endeavored to make it profitable by means of the shell and pea. He was doing very well, when a stranger came along and found the pea, and continued to find it every time. But he couldn't get any money out of Slater.

In the afternoon, Slater took a walk down Union street, and found the stranger in an alleyway, moving the deceptive pea around the head of a barrel as only an expert can. This was more than he could stand. There are hardly enough gullible people in the province to keep the local fakirs employed, and then the stranger had tried to get money out of and expose the head of the gang. It was an unfortunate move for him. Slater caught the barrel and tossed it into the street, and was about to do the same thing with the stranger, when the police came in sight.

It is too Flattering.

The *Dominion Illustrated* has a view of that portion of the Old Burial Ground which is in the vicinity of the fountain, and in the accompanying letter-press it states that "the old necropolis of St. John is one of the most interesting of such God's acres in the Dominion." It forgets to add that it does not interest the council enough to see to the fencing. It further adds that "the monuments of the founders are preserved with jealous care," though it may be remarked that unless something is done soon not only the monuments but the contents of the graves will be tumbling out on King or Carmarthen street. The paper could have made a very palpable hit if it had published a photograph of that portion of the ground with the ruined fence in its vicinity. It needs something of the kind to wake up the citizens.

He Lived Here Once.

In a somewhat lively discussion at the Montreal Diocesan Synod, on the subject of prohibition, Rev. J. G. Baylis "thought some temperance men did more to injure the cause by their questionable methods and extreme measures than many against them." It is worthy of remark that Mr. Baylis lived in St. John once, and probably spoke from a practical experience of some of the leading lights in this locality.

Umbrellas Repaired; Duval, 242 Union street.

IN AID OF A GOOD CAUSE.

HOW FUNDS CAN BE RAISED FOR THE OLD BURIAL GROUND.

They are Tearing Down the Fence, but Something more is Needed—if the Council will not supply the Means there is a scheme Worth Trying.

At seven o'clock yesterday morning, a man with a hatchet stood by the Carmarthen street centre gate of the Old Burial Ground, and struck a mighty blow at one of the pickets. It was the first stroke in the official demolition of the most disreputable civic fence in Canada.

The hatchet was small and the picket did not yield at first, but after a few more blows it went flying into the gutter, and the tearing down of the fence began in earnest. Then another man and a small boy came as reinforcements, and as PROGRESS goes to press the small boys and dogs are having a great picnic in getting into the grounds from all points of the compass.

The instructions to Supt. Martin are to tear down the fence. What will happen after that is not stated. There is a good deal more to be done, but when it will be done, and by whom, remains to be seen.

The aldermen respectfully decline to donate their salaries in aid of the Old Burial Ground, and as the council shows no indication of moving in the matter, PROGRESS comes to the front with a suggestion.

The city is not lacking in musical and other visitors, who find it a pleasant and profitable resort during the summer months. Theatrical companies, minstrels, great moral shows, like the Frog Boy, the man with the harp, the pretty girl who acts as collector for the piano organ, the hurdy-gurdy and monkey, George Moffatt, the two bears, the man who dodges balls fired at his head, the shell and pea fakir, and a host of others, all contribute to our amusement, and are rewarded according to their merits.

Some of these pay a license fee and some do not. In any event, it is probable that most of them would accede to an official request to donate one day's net receipts to a fund for the improvement of the old burial ground. If a "small committee" of the council were appointed to wait on them and show them just how bad that old fence looks they would be uncharitable indeed if they refused to lend their aid. A suitable and central place, say in front of the city hall, could be selected as the scene of operations for the itinerants, and then the show could begin. There would be an entire change of programme each day throughout the season, and the arrangement might read somewhat as follows:

The music and variety carnival will begin with a grand first-night under the auspices of the Shamrock Oil man, who will lecture on human ills and their remedy. Net profits on the sales will be donated, equal to 90 per cent on the retail price. Strangers arriving by evening trains will please follow the sound of the voice they hear in the distance.

Second day—Organ recital by Prof. Geo. Moffatt, embracing a choice selection of sacred and popular music.

Third day—The frog boy and five-legged cat at the King square hippodrome.

Fourth day—Piano organ, with tambourine accompaniment.

Fifth day—The pea and shell will be worked on rural visitors by a fakir from Fakirville.

Sixth day—Grand concert by the Italian orchestra, with harp and fiddle. "Annie Rooney" will be played once an hour all day.

In this way a programme can be arranged for each week of the season, and custom cannot stale the infinite variety of the recreation to be furnished. Hundreds of citizens will be glad to contribute their cents and silver in aid of such a worthy object, and so the resting place of the Loyalists will be put in order without costing the city anything. It is a great scheme. Who will move to have it carried out?

The Institute Company.

The Harkins company at the Institute this week drew good houses the first two nights, and rather disappointing ones Wednesday and Thursday. The company is much better than the average that comes to St. John. The management is not happy or popular, but those who seek amusement may overlook that fact and see the plays. What said PROGRESS of Harkins and Melville when here last will be found true. They are good actors, worth seeing and hearing.

He Was Paid for It.

During the heavy shower, on Monday, while the streets were thoroughly wet, one of the watering carts was moving along distributing its spray as though there were no such a thing as rain. A little later, while it was pouring down still harder, he was seen at a hydrant taking in fresh water, preparatory to another trip. He probably reasons that he was paid for his day's work and that the weather had nothing to do with the case.

Advertise in Progress. It pays.

A LONG AND STRONG PULL.

That is what the St. John Opera House Wants.

Another pull for the Opera House! There have been a good many starts and many jerks, but the load has never been under good head way. What is wanted is a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together. Why not give it and be done with the business? A good many people have more or less money in the enterprise, and they naturally desire to see the building go up, since the foundations are finished and the walls underway. There are others who have partly paid up their stock and should pay up the remainder. This is a good time to do it. The neglect of any one stockholder to do this would probably not stop the erection of the building, but if every stockholder came to that conclusion and postponed payment, there would be no cash. Pay up brethren, and look pleasant.

It is satisfactory after long inaction and delay to find work vigorously going forward. The walls are raising rapidly, especially of the front structure, and some of those sanguine spirits who are found about every enterprise of this sort, predict the readiness of the Opera House for business exhibition week. The first of January would be a better date, and PROGRESS will be content if it is ready for business by that time.

Picnics Announced In "Progress."

St. Stephen's Sunday school has its picnic on Tuesday on Nase's grounds, Westfield. For full particulars read the advertisement.

Brussels street Baptist Sunday school goes to Watters' landing on Tuesday by steamer *May Queen*. There are two boats, morning and afternoon. For prices and hours see announcement.

The steamer *Anchor* takes the Portland Methodist Sunday school to Day's landing on Tuesday. There is a good programme outlined for the day. For time of boats leaving, &c., read the advertisement.

The St. John Presbyterian church Sunday school picnic at Hampton on Tuesday. The committee has prepared an unusually attractive day and made the price a regular picnic fare. There will be a refreshment table on the grounds for those who do not take baskets.

They Were Hungry.

While most of the arrangements of the Orange demonstration were well carried out, a good deal of grumbling was heard about the omission to provide luncheon for the visitors. All of the latter had got up early, and in some cases merely snatched a bite of breakfast before preparing for the walk. The Pisarino men walked all the distance from that place to the city and then walked all over the route. They and others were naturally footsore and hungry when the parade was over, and they had not much relish for the speeches of those who had ridden or driven in the procession. There were some very outspoken remarks on the subject, and one prominent man from Kings county, refused to make a speech under such conditions.

Write and Get It.

Every mother who will write to Thomas Leeming & Co., Montreal, for a sample of Nestle's Food and mention that she saw the advertisement in PROGRESS will get the same free of charge. There is no better food for infants in the hot summer months. It will do no harm to have the sample on hand, so send a postal card to Thomas Leeming & Co.—being sure to mention PROGRESS, as they make that a condition—and get the sample by post, free of any charge.

Not Likely to Work.

The pleasant little scheme of some interested citizens to secure a few thousand dollars from the people in aid of a park beyond Mount Pleasant is not likely to work. Everybody concedes that a park is a good thing if the city can afford it, but that is just what the finances will not permit. There is enough in the way of legitimate and pressing needs to absorb every dollar which the people can afford to pay.

The Most Noisy Street.

Paradise Row appears to be the most noisy street in the city on Sunday evenings. The Salvation Army, which has a depot there, is a mild and temporary nuisance compared with the bad boys who make it their playground during the time of service in the Mission church. An occasional stroll of a policeman in that vicinity might result in less frequent and annoying interruptions of public worship.

Girls Should Stay Home.

The *British American Citizen*, of Boston, asks PROGRESS to announce that it can find situations for girls and middle aged women for general housework. This is all very well, but the best advice PROGRESS can give province girls is to stay at home. If they must go their application at the *Citizen* office may prevent their falling into the hands of sharpers, of whom Boston has more than its rightful share.

SO GOOD BYE, SCOTT ACT.

THE NORTH END WILL HAVE LESS FREE TRADE IN WHISKEY.

Four Years Without Restriction, but Now the Law will Have Something to Say—Policemen Hunt for Samples and Find Them—A Rush for Licenses.

After four years of unrestricted free trade, the odious yoke of the law has been laid upon the necks of four-score liquor dealers in the North End.

When the Scott Act was proclaimed as "in force" in the old town of Portland, one of the leading industries of the country—the liquor business—got a great boom. Men who had been out of employment at once entered into business, under the favorable conditions of having no license fee to pay nor being amenable to any law. A capital of \$5 would fit out a good enough bar, and as under the new state of things one could sell all night and all day Sunday, there was no doubt as to success of his venture. The Scott Act was a huge joke and everybody knew it. Even that traditional personage known as "the Old Boy," who had a good deal to do with the town affairs, is believed to have sat down in the council chamber and laughed until he was tired.

"Everybody sell rum," was the prospect for a time, but after so many tried it that competition proved disastrous to them, business settled down to its regular channels, leaving not more than 100 gin mills to supply the needs of the people.

For four years these have had their own way. They have paid neither license nor fines. Some of them will now pay under both of these heads.

The Scott Act went out of force last Wednesday, and Inspector Weatherhead, with Sergt. Kilpatrick and policemen Myles and Hamilton, made a tour of the North End. They were after evidence that liquor was kept for sale without license, and they found it. It is chiefly in the form of two boxes of carefully labelled samples of brandy and whiskey from 76 bar rooms, of which nine of the worst were on Sheriff street.

The officers, following orders, called at each place and asked for a sample of the liquor sold. Some of the dealers were under the impression that it was needed for the purpose of analysis, and took particular pains to give the best they had. Some of them washed out the bottles very carefully, and drew from the keg the choicest of their stock, which they handed over with an air of pride. They might just as well have taken their doctored bar fluid and put it in an unwashed horse-liniment bottle, for all the benefit it was to them. Then, too, there was a great difference in the quantity supplied. Some men grudgingly gave a druggist's vial full, while others handed an ordinary whiskey bottle filled to the top. Perhaps they thought the officers could use all but the ounce or two required for a sample.

One man, who has been in business for many years without being reported, was very loth to give a sample. He was willing to go out of the business but did not want his record marred by a fine. He asked the officers what they would do if he refused to give it, and when they said they had power to seize the whole lot, he gave the desired liquid.

In the collection secured were bottles of every size and shape, and it may be inferred, liquor of every grade of goodness and badness. If every dealer should deny the charge and an expert had to taste each sample, it is probable that it would be necessary to lay him out on the Chief's office bed and send for the police surgeon.

If the 76 dealers are each fined \$20, there will be nearly enough money raised to pay the mayor's salary. In the meantime 41 have taken steps to apply for license, but only 39 can be granted, viz: Lorne 8; Lansdowne 9; Dufferin 10; Victoria 8; Stanley 4. When the 39 are granted at \$150 each, nearly \$6,000 will be realized, while if some who cannot get retail license have to take wholesale ones at \$300, the revenue will be still further increased.

Considering that the liquor dealers have been contributing nothing to the revenue for the last four years, they ought not to object to paying up like little men now. The charge is only for exposing liquor, which means \$20; if it were for selling, it would mean \$50, so they are pretty lucky, after all.

The Big Hotel Idea Abandoned.

The bricks and mortar are going into the hole on Princess street, back of the Pugsley building, but PROGRESS understands that the big hotel idea has been abandoned. The company has, no doubt, good and sufficient reason for their change of plans, and the present building will doubtless be the result of commendable private enterprise. The new building on the corner, owned by Messrs. Pugsley, is reported to be the best paying property in the city. If these gentlemen have the same success with their new office structure, they will have a bonanza.

RUN TO SUIT THE OWNERS.

Why People who Patronize the Pleasant Point Ferry are Unhappy.

There is considerable dissatisfaction in the vicinity of Pleasant Point, and the steam ferry running between that place and Indiantown is the cause. The ferry is supposed to make a trip every fifteen minutes, but this is only done when a number of passengers are waiting for it on the floats. If one passenger wants to get across, he has to wait until some more come along, and as Pleasant Point isn't a Jersey City he sometimes has to wait pretty long. A St. John man who had business over there one day this week, got tired waiting and hired a small boat. He was at the head of Indiantown hill before the ferry left the other side. This is not a desirable state of affairs and is a step backward if anything. When the small boats were running there were always some of them around the floats, and if the ferryman happened to be on the other side it was an easy matter to get across.

The owners of the ferry do not pay anything for the privilege, and are expected to give a better service than the men who formerly carried people across in small boats and paid the city from \$600 to \$1200 a year.

Where Was His Authority?

There was a little hitch at the West End toll house when the Orangemen were on their way to the ferry last Saturday. Mr. Theall, in charge of the ferry house, declined to raise the gates, alleging that it was not safe and against the orders to allow such a large body of men on the lower floats. Mr. Gordon, who was in charge of the Orangemen, insisted that the gates should be raised and called for volunteers to accomplish that feat. Just then Ald. Lockhart came along and by virtue of the authority in him vested as a member of the ferry committee caused the obstruction to vanish. Mr. Theall was not aware that Ald. Lockhart had no more authority than any other citizen to interfere with him, and if any accident had happened the alderman's order would not have taken the blame from his shoulders. The superintendent of the ferry, and possibly the chairman of the committee had some rights in the premises, but if every alderman were allowed to give orders, and did so, there would be a fine state of affairs, indeed.

It Is Not Well Kept.

The rural cemetery is not as well kept as it should be, though whether this is the fault of the directors or the man who has it in charge remains to be seen. It is understood that the keeper has several assistants who are supposed to keep the walks in order and the grass cut on all occupied lots, and that there is ample work for them if they attend to this. It is alleged, however, that much of the time of these men is devoted to the care of certain lots for which the owners are willing to pay a suitable fee, to the detriment of the cemetery as a whole. Can any body throw any light on this subject?

Still Older Orangemen.

In its account of Orangism in New Brunswick last week, PROGRESS referred to Samuel DeVenne as one of the oldest members of the institution. There are, however, one or two still living who antedate him and of these the best known is Dinglee Scribner, who joined Roden Lodge, No. 8, in this city, as far back as 1839. Roden Lodge was at that time the most ambitious one in St. John and had some very prominent names on its roll. Mr. Scribner has not been an active member of the institution for many years.

They Have Done Well.

All of the visitors to the alms house are very decided in their praise of the improvements that have been made by the commissioners. The institution is now clean and comfortable, which is very much more than it was under the old order of things. A change for the better has also been made in the diet, so that the inmates not only get plenty of substantial food but a variety of it. The money granted by the municipality appears to have been well expended.

Their Greatest Day.

The restaurant men say that Saturday's business was away ahead of anything they had experienced for a long time. The cheap restaurants in the vicinity of the depot were crowded all day, and the proprietors had all they could do to serve everybody that came along. Robert Guild, on Mill street, was unable to accommodate the number that wanted to take advantage of his cheap dinners. He sells PROGRESS, and his customers find it just the thing to help them realize a good dinner.

They Are Waiting to Hear.

The recent resignation of two popular conductors on the Intercolonial railway and the rumor that several others will be asked to resign has caused a flutter along the line such as has not been felt for a long time. The impression is that the officials at head office mean business, and a good many people are awaiting the announcement of further changes with no little anxiety.