

WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE?

Drop a Ballot in the Box, and help to Make Him Happy.

"Progress" Popular Vote.

# PROGRESS.

THE MOST POPULAR PLAYER IN THE St. Johns and Shamrocks HAS FIFTY DOLLARS WAITING FOR HIM.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## AFTER US, THE DELUGE!

THE ROLLER WHICH HELPS TO ROLL UP THE TAXES.

A Bigger Burden than the Ten Tons Laid on the Ratepayers of St. John this Year—How the Financiers Manage the Finances for the People.

The big, ten-ton steam roller has arrived and made its debut, to the intense terror of every horse which gets a glimpse of it, and with the probability that some citizen who is trying to get sober will be frightened into the jim-jams when he meets it early in the morning.

It is not a handsome brute, by any means. It is said that it cost about \$5,000, and most of us could take that money and buy something that would be a good deal more pleasing to the average eye. It is a wicked, vicious, snorting thing. Some folks call it the car of Juggernaut, but the lady who said it seemed like "the Old Boy on wheels" appears to have expressed a great and convincing truth. In the vernacular, it is known as "Chip Smith's Elephant."

No one contends that it is handsome, but the assertion is made that it is useful. How useful remains to be seen after the man at the helm has learned to steer it, and it has been put to the test on some such thoroughfare as Snythe street. Until it proves itself, there are not wanting those who believe it is not heavy enough.

They base their belief on the theory that the ten tons distributed over such an area as is contained in the huge rollers is not equivalent to the weight contained in a heavy laden truck with narrow wheels, which will cut through any surface the roller may finish. This is purely theory. Give the roller a chance.

It was heavy enough to brake through Duke street into the sewer, the other day. Do the people want the earth?

There are others who object to it as an expensive luxury.

Softly, friends, it has not cost so much after all. Perhaps it was needed to finish the Mount Pleasant boulevard which will cost three times as much as it has cost. The pay roll for street work alone even now amounts to \$1,100 a week. Perhaps the roller will make a reduction of this in time; perhaps it will not. Anyway, the roller has come to stay. A bigger one would have cost more money, and terrified the citizens as well as the horses.

It is all part of a scheme to make this the finest city in Canada. The idea is to lay down a bedding of stone, then a layer of earth, and then a layer of gravel. The roller will pack it so hard that it will be like an asphalt sidewalk, and there will be little or no dust. The expense of watering the streets will be saved. This is a great scheme—if it works.

Let the roller roll. It is a small item in the additional taxation of \$45,000 laid upon the taxpayers this year. To meet this \$45,000, the tax rate has made a jump from \$1.32 to \$1.45. It is as acrobatic as the agile common flea of commerce.

Men who have made a study of civic finances, and it is unnecessary to say that they are not on the finance committee, allege that there is no need of this. The public have been kicked "under the pump with a skip and a jump" to the extent of \$45,000 in one year. The more the council gets an idea that it can "scatter plenty (of taxes) o'er a smiling land," the more it will do it every time. One extravagance is sure to beget another.

It was not in the contemplation of the Union Act to increase taxation, despite the amount of extra expense to be incurred. It should not do so if things were managed right.

Admitting that there should be \$45,000 of additional expenditure this year, there stands against this debit a credit of an increased valuation of about \$1,000,000, which is equal to a revenue of \$13,000. To this should be added the fact that \$100,000 worth of six-per cent bonds have been redeemed, which gives \$6,000 more—a total of \$21,000, or nearly half the sum required. It would have been an easy matter to borrow the remainder, and so go on from year to year "easing off" the belt and adding nothing to the burden of the people.

An excellent authority asserts that if the expenditure could be kept where it ought to be the tax rate in two years would fall from \$1.32 to \$1.13. Instead of that it has jumped in one year to \$1.45.

But there is a great deal to be done in Portland, says some one. True, and it is from Portland that nearly all of the increased valuation of \$1,000,000 has come.

One of the city papers published a list of the heavy rate-payers, the other day. These are the men who feel the burden the most, and they are the citizens who take the least interest in civic affairs.

As one of the aldermen has justly remarked, "They must sweat for it in increased taxation."

It is only for \$45,000 this year. It will be more next year, and so on from year to year.

And after us, the deluge.

## SHE IMMORTALIZED TRURO.

But the St. John Board of Trade Thought the Price too High.

Mrs. Marie E. Wright, "correspondent of the New York World," has swept down upon St. John, and vanished again like a beautiful dream. She came and saw, but did not conquer, and has sought fresh fields and pastures new in the more verdant parts of the Upper Provinces.

Mrs. Wright is a most engaging, not to say fascinating lady. When she arrived here, the daily papers gave several inches of their valuable space to an account of her journalistic abilities and achievements. She is, it would seem, a correspondent of the World in the Southern States when at home, but much of her time is spent in roaming over picturesque Europe and America, taking pen photographs of all that is worth seeing, which are displayed under scare-heads in the great and windy daily controlled by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer.

Mrs. Wright talks well, and dresses as well as she talks. She looks like a typical American Girl Abroad, but she has two daughters who are being educated at a high priced school in Paris. Journalists, male or female, cannot usually afford such luxuries, but the World is a great paper, and Mrs. Wright is a great journalist. Both can afford to spend a great deal of money, because they make a great deal. This is the way they make it.

The World correspondent had heard of the fishing in these provinces, and she came to fish. Her quest was not the lordly salmon or the gamey trout. She was after suckers, and she caught them.

She visited Truro, N. S., an enterprising town which is anxious to be boomed, and she boomed it in a letter to the World, dated from the Prince of Wales hotel. There was a good deal of "country style" about the letter, and Progress wondered if the "desk men" on the World were asleep when it went up to the composing room. It was a big puff all through, and a transparent puff. Oliver Cummings is the soul of gallantry and hospitality, but even such courtesies as it may be supposed were extended at "Scrivelsby Manor" would hardly account for their acknowledgement in connection with a notice of "the largest wholesale and retail dry goods firm in the town."

So, too, it is not the style of the New York papers to permit a correspondent to say "my thanks are due to Mr. W. D. Dimock," etc. "He is one of the most enterprising citizens of Truro." Wilbert, or "the honest man" deserves all this, and much more, but they don't put it in that way in Gotham. Other citizens, hotels, etc., were referred to in the same charmingly journalistic style.

When Mrs. Wright reached St. John and secured a first-class free local ad. from each of the papers, she interviewed Ira Cornwall, the secretary of the board of trade. After that she made him interview her. The telephone summoned him time after time to leave his work and go to the hotel to furnish information about the city and its trade. It got a little monotonous, but as a letter in the World would do St. John a great deal of good, he never failed to obey. So, too, she sent for a young and amiable newspaper man, one foggy evening, to take her "to see the tide come in" at the falls. He demurred, on the ground that nothing could be seen just then, whereupon she kindly postponed the excursion until the next day.

She wanted to meet the board of trade, to get information, it was supposed. She did not meet it, but she saw Messrs. Spurr and Robertson, and stated her object.

The town of Truro had paid her \$250 for writing a column letter about it. She thought at least five columns would be needed to do St. John justice, and she would fill up the World to that extent for the moderate sum of \$1,250.

She did not get it, and then she went north. If anybody sees any letters in the World about the growing cities of Canada, he will know how they came there, and just what they cost.

### He Bought at Wholesale.

An officer belonging to one of the steamers in port recently went into a bar-room near Reed's Point and bought a bottle of whiskey. It was a high priced article which sells at \$1.25, and there is more advantage in buying a bottle than in paying drink by drink for the contents. In the latter instance it would cost \$1.50, supposing a full dose to be taken each time. The officer evidently intended to economize, for though he did not inquire the price of the bottle, he stated his intention to leave it in the bar and call for his nips as he needed them. Then having said he was willing to allow something for the trouble of serving him and asked for the bill. It was \$1.75. He paid it, finished the bottle within two days, and departed perfectly satisfied with the advantages of buying at wholesale.

### They are No Good.

Look out for ten dollar bills of the Consolidated Bank of Canada. The notes were stolen, unsigned, and the signature is forged.

## THE SOLITARY "BOBBIES"

WHO PATROL THE STREETS AFTER 2 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

The Convivial Ways of the old Portland Force, and the Probable Outcome of Affairs in the City—Officer Weatherhead's Version of His Case.

The facts published last week, about the police protection afforded the city at night, were a revelation to many and a source of amusement to a few. The many were men who have valuable property in the city, much of it in buildings between Prince William street and the water front, and who were under the impression that the same number of police patrolled that district as formerly, and made hourly rounds about the buildings and "tried the doors."

One of the few was the captain of the southern division. He was amused. Capt. Rawlings says he believes in advertising, and realizes that he could find no better medium than Progress. The captain's qualifications need no advertising. They are too well known already to the people who have to pay his salary, and more so to the aldermen and others who allow him to retain his position rather than hear his "whine."

Any person who has had anything to do with the old Portland police force knows how capable Capt. Rawlings is of controlling any body of men. He was a pattern for them to go by, and they followed it—into bar-rooms and everywhere else. But there were no reports, and the liquor sellers paid no fines, although the head of the force and his subordinates needed no evidence to prove the sale, and the quality of the stuff sold.

And the same policy is now being followed in the South End. When the divisions were broken up, the men, instead of being changed from one beat to another every week, were made liable to change every day. When they report at seven o'clock they cannot tell where they will do duty for the rest of the night. The chief's object in doing this was a good one, but it seems to be counteracted in a way which he probably did not anticipate. His idea was that when a seizure was to be made the men on the beat would know nothing about it, and there could be no possibility of a "tip" being given to the people they were after.

Unfortunately there are generally other persons concerned in attempting to make a seizure, besides the man on the beat, and by some curious circumstances very few seizures have been made in the Southern division of late, and no liquor has been found in places where it is popularly believed that men not on the force can get all they want.

Except, perhaps, when the additional precaution was taken to enlist the services of a man from an opposite end of the city, leaving his mate to look after the entire beat alone.

The men fully realize the mistake, in being compelled to do solitary duty. They can readily see how hard it would be for one of them to capture a burglar if he got into a building, which, by some strange freak on the part of the architect or others, happened to have more than one door. Or if he should happen to get on the other side of a barn, for instance, and the solitary policeman wanted to go round both ways at once, so as to take the burglar by surprise! They can also see how easily it would be to induce the policeman to go home for the night to refresh himself for court duty in the morning, and leave his beat to the mercy of all comers.

But the heads of the department probably cannot understand how this could be. When they meet a burglar they are always ready for him, tell him through the press what they are about to do, and just about how many men are on his trail. Under these circumstances it may be difficult to imagine how any evil disposed person, would attempt to commit any crime after two o'clock in the morning without first telling the policemen about it, and give him time to be prepared.

Nor can they, perhaps, understand how a policeman could possibly be compelled to draw his revolver unless he wanted to stop men who were running away. Yet one officer was almost foolhardy enough to do this.

And more of them may be compelled to do it.

Officer William Weatherhead tells a somewhat different story from that published last week in regard to a sum of money being found and coming into his possession. Progress' information was officially received, but in justice to the officer his version, which he claims to have proved the correct one is given. He says the little girls showed him three one dollar bills lying on the ground, and that after they had gone away, he walked about twenty yards further and found \$5 more. He went to the Globe office that afternoon, but was informed that he was too late for the second edition, and that the item would be published on the following day. He then asked a Sun reporter to make a note of it, but it did not appear the very next

day. He claims, however, that the find was advertised in several papers before he was reported. He says that Chief Clarke investigated the affair, found that there was no desire on his part to keep the money unlawfully, and told him so. But the chief claimed that the money having been found by a servant of the city, was the property of the corporation. The officer refused to give it up, and sought legal advice, which supported his view. The contention was that he having found the money and after advertising it and finding no owner, it became the property of the finder. There the matter dropped. But the little girl's father, it appears, wanted the entire money (\$8) when no owner was found, and would not be satisfied with anything less, when Weatherhead offered him the \$3 found by the little girls.

### HE WANTED A LIBRARY.

A Law Student's Clever Device and Its Rather Unexpected Results.

Not long ago a St. John law student, realizing the importance of getting a full set of the provincial statutes for future use, set about wondering how he could secure them at the least possible cost. Then a happy thought occurred to him. He would be made a justice of the peace, and thus by a single stroke become entitled both to them and the Royal Gazette.

When one looks over the list of magistrates, it may be readily understood that it is not difficult for anybody to get a commission of the peace, if he wants it. The student knew this, and he knew moreover that every justice was entitled to the statutes. In former years the books, including all back numbers obtainable, were supplied by the clerk of the peace in each county, but latterly the distribution has been direct from the Provincial Secretary's office.

The student knew how to apply for his commission, procured it and was duly sworn in. Then he wrote to the Secretary asking for the Consolidated Statutes and the Acts of each year since the issue of that book. It is probable that he also intimated that any other back numbers in stock would be acceptable and useful to him.

In reply he received a letter reading somewhat as follows:

The Acts of 1890 will be sent you free. The Acts of the previous years may be had at this office for fifty cents a copy. The Consolidated Statutes can be procured from J. & A. McMillan, of your city, for \$2 a volume.

He is almost sorry now that he took the trouble to be made a magistrate. The only consolation is that he can get the Acts of future years free, and that his heart may be gladdened each week by a perusal of the Royal Gazette.

### Diplomas for Sale Cheap.

Mr. Clarence Ward, mayor's clerk, is asking all his friends if they don't want to take out dog licenses. It might be supposed that Mr. Ward was animated by a desire to increase the city's revenue, but there is another and deeper motive. He wants to get rid of the gay and gaudy license blanks which his predecessor left behind him. As the sufficiently large quantity of 2,000 was procured it will take some time to work them off at the present ratio of increase of the dog population. The ordinary city license blank is a severely plain and official affair, but the designer of the dog license appears to have taken his ideas from a commercial college diploma. It has a picture of a dog, and there is a lot of other fancy work such as was never before seen in a document issued under the auspices of the city. Mr. Ward is anxious to dispose of the diplomas. The price is \$1 apiece, and they ought to be worth at least that much as curiosities.

### Attractive Picnic Grounds.

St. John's church Sunday school will have its picnic at Lepreau this year, and several other excursions to the same place are in prospect. No better locality for such a purpose could be selected. The Shore Line railway has recently improved its rolling stock and gives an excellent train service. Lepreau is only 23 miles from the city, and not only has the advantage of novelty, but abounds with facilities for picnic parties. The grounds are beautifully located on a slope between the fresh and salt water, and from them is obtained a view of the bay as far as Grand Manan. It is always cool and breezy there, and the surroundings are such that the children may be safely trusted to roam around at will.

### The Alarm Broke Them Up.

A meeting of the Board of Public Safety was called for Wednesday afternoon, and there was an impression that the committee on the fire alarm junket to Boston would be named. When 3 o'clock arrived there was no quorum, and while the aldermen were waiting an alarm from box 6 came in. Thereupon a hasty adjournment was made until Monday, and the members made tracks for the fire.

So it is not yet known who will use the money of the ratepayers for the purpose of reporting back what they don't know about alarm systems.

## WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE!

### AMONG THE PLAYERS IN THE ST. JOHNS AND SHAMROCK BALL CLUBS?

"Progress" offers Fifty Dollars to Find out the Favorite of the People—The Conditions of the Contest, which will last Through August—Where the Ballot Boxes will be Placed—Papers can be Bought Anywhere.

Who's the favorite?

That is the question this morning, and since it will not be settled until the last of this month or the first of next, it may be well to state how it arose.

Two spectators sat in the grand stand at the last Shamrock-St. John game and as the nines went to their work in the first inning one asked the other, "Who's your favorite?" His answer and the discussion that followed suggested to Progress the idea of settling the vexed question by a vote of the people, of the men and women, and boys and girls, who go to see ball, and enjoy the game for its own sake.

To give such an election greater interest, Progress will give a cash prize of \$50 to the player in the St. John or Shamrock clubs who gets the most votes.

The ballot is printed in Progress to day, and will be printed in this paper so long as the contest continues.

## BALLOT.—Write the Name on the line below.

When it will close will depend very largely upon circumstances, but the present intention is to terminate the contest the first Saturday in September.

There is great enthusiasm among the friends of the ball players to whom Progress has mentioned the idea, and, figuratively speaking, they are "red hot" for the fun. Both Shamrock and St. John men agree that there are strong rivals in each club for popular favor. Pitchers, back stops, and captains have been mentioned in one breath, and the exciting uncertainty is sure to make the race more interesting.

To explain the details of the vote: every ballot must be cut from Progress, and the name of the voter's favorite player written upon it plainly. The vote can then be folded and deposited in one of the ballot boxes placed in the following centres throughout the city. The papers can be bought from any newsdealer, but as it is not possible to put a ballot box in every place where there are Progress sold, the following stores have been selected.

MORTON HARRISON, King Street; D. J. JENNINGS, Union Street; THOS. CROCKETT, Cor. Sydney and Princess Streets; T. O'BRIEN & CO., King Street; W. G. BROWN, Indiantown; GEO. W. HOBEN, Main Street; JAMES CRAWFORD, Main Street; CHAS. K. SHORT, Jeffery's Hill; R. W. McCARTY, Haymarket Square; J. & A. McMILLAN'S, Prince Wm. Street.

Secretary Clarence Ferguson, of the A. A. club; Secretary D. J. Jennings, of the Shamrocks; and Mr. H. V. Moran, of the advertising department of Progress, will have charge of the ballot boxes, and will see that every man who gets a vote is credited with it in proper form. They will examine the ballot boxes, lock them and take care that they are not opened except on Thursday evening of each week, when the ballots will be counted and the result announced in Progress, Saturday.

No person connected with Progress office can cast a vote for any player. That this rule may be observed rigidly, there will be no ballot box in Progress office.

Where there are two men of the same name, as in the case of James Sullivan and Joseph Sullivan, the Christian as well as the surname of the player must be written.

The players voted for must be the playing nines which include one spare man for each club.

Any ballots sent from outside of St. John can be addressed to Progress, and will be handed over to the vote tellers, Messrs. Ferguson, Jennings, and Moran.

These are the main rules that will govern the contest. The publisher of Progress agrees to give fifty dollars to the ball player who gets the greatest number of votes. If he does not want the money he can select any article worth fifty dollars, and it will be given him.

Some of the laws that govern an ordinary election do not enter into this. For example there is:

- Universal Suffrage—every one, men, women, and children can vote.
- Every vote must be bought.
- You can vote often as well as early.
- Bribery is allowable.
- Candidates for election can canvass openly, and offer what inducements they please to their friends to do the same.
- There will be no mass meetings, and no whiskey.

### WHY ALL THIS DELAY?

Does the City Intend to Have the Electric Light this Season?

In March last, the tender of J. Calkin to furnish electric lights for the streets was accepted by the common council. The arrangement of the details was entrusted to the Board of Works, and since then little or nothing has been heard of the matter.

Mr. Calkin, in the meantime, has been very busy. He has procured all the material necessary for the construction of the line, and has for some time been ready to go to work. He could start tomorrow if the contract were signed and he were given the location of the poles.

But if the city has drawn up a contract, he has not seen it, nor does he know where the poles are to be placed. His plant is in warehouse and he is waiting. He can find out no reason for the delay on the part of the city, and it appears to him and the public in general that there is a good deal of humbug somewhere.

When Progress asked one of the Board of Works the cause of the delay, he replied that Mr. Calkin had not yet got permission from the local government to place poles on the streets, and further that having agreed to furnish the Brush arc light, he now proposed to substitute another light, of which nothing was known. When asked if these arguments furnished any ground

for the negligence of the city to perform its duty, the alderman was not so sure.

The act of 1889 in regard to Letters Patent Companies is simply permissive in regard to any application to the local government for the placing of poles. It took away no rights which the city had in the premises. In any case it does not apply to Mr. Calkin, and if it did that is his lookout, and is no excuse for delay by the city.

The tender of Mr. Calkin does not mention the Brush or any other system. It stipulates for a light of 2,000 candle power, and it is claimed that the Wood arc is more than up to the standard.

It will take at least six weeks to do what is required to be done before the city is lighted. If work is not begun at once, there will be no light at exhibition season. It is time that a beginning was made.

### Not Very Enthusiastic.

The pastor of one of the leading city churches, when announcing, last Sunday, that he was about to take a vacation, caused some little excitement among the congregation, by saying that it had been decided to discontinue the prayer meetings during his absence. The reason of this was that no member of the congregation seemed able or willing to conduct the meetings, and that there had been difficulty in securing anybody to lead in singing.

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.