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VOL. II., NO. 89.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

THEY ARE ALL ON DECK.

TWELVE CANDIDATES WHO THINK THEY ARE SURE WINNERS.

Victory Predicted for Both Tickets, for Divers Good and Sufficient Reasons—A Square Fight Probable in the City, But Some Splitting Outside of It.

So the fight has begun in earnest. The first marshalling of forces was the organization of an opposition ticket on Friday night of last week. The first libation by a duly chosen candidate was at one of the hotels, as soon as the meeting was out.

It was a good meeting, a rouser in point of enthusiasm and numbers. The only mistake made was that too small a hall was chosen, for a good many late comers got only as far as the head of the stairs and had to turn back. The speakers spoke as if they were in earnest, and the audience cheered as if they were in earnest too. When the supporters of the ticket heard the clear cut words of Dr. Walker, their enthusiasm was only modified by the regret that he positively declined to be one of the city candidates.

The ticket, it is true, did not satisfy everybody, but none the less everybody said he would vote that ticket, regardless of its composition. That was saying a good deal, for it meant a reconciliation where in other elections there had been war to the knife.

For the meeting was composed of men of divers views when Dominion politics are to the front. Never was there a better illustration of the fact that "politics make strange bed-fellows" than on that occasion, when grit and tory sat cheek by jowl and applauded to the echo of the men against whom they had in the past felt something very near akin to political hatred.

The composition of the ticket excited no surprise, for everyone interested in the matter had understood for some time who at least five of the candidates were to be, and for several days the name of Ald. Shaw had been mentioned as that of the sixth man.

Regarding the chances of the ticket, it is not in the province of PROGRESS to speak, standing, as it does, on strictly neutral ground. There is this to be said, however, that whether it achieve a victory or not a victory, some of the new men are likely to show a strength beyond that which was expected by supporters of their party when their names were first mentioned as probable candidates. Mr. McKeown, for instance, is not likely to be ashamed of his support, whether he be elected or defeated, while Ald. Smith, being an excellent canvasser, is likely to show some very respectable figures at the close of the polls. Mr. Rourke is claimed to be stronger than he ever was, while Alderman Shaw's friends are of opinion that Wellington ward will have rivals in other polling districts in regard to the votes cast for him.

The composition of the government ticket was not so well known in advance. There had long been a belief that Dr. Berryman would be one of the candidates, and this was probably the general impression on both sides up to an hour before the meeting, when he gave his final and positive refusal.

The meeting itself was a large and enthusiastic one, and more particular reference to it is made in another column. Prior to it, there were several dark horses in the field for nomination, but the chief interest was felt in the particular man who would be chosen to represent the Catholic element. It was generally thought that it would be Mr. Lantalam, but according to his friends, he was called suddenly to Florida, and relinquished the field to the friends of Messrs. Carvill and Carleton. The choice of the former appears to have been satisfactory to the friends of the latter, who say that all past differences will be forgotten in the effort to secure a victory. Mr. Carvill will undoubtedly take a splendid vote, whatever the result may be.

As everybody knows how the Provincial Secretary and Mr. Quinton stand, it is needless to speak of their position. Their friends claim that in all parts of the county they retain their old time popularity and, be their lot victory or defeat, will hold the ticket together as a unit.

Of the other new men, Mr. Thorne's friends point to his success in civic elections as a proof of his popularity in the city, while they claim for Mr. Parks a good record as a citizen and a man. Mr. Sturdee is a man whose record as mayor of Portland is well known and who has many personal friends whom he expects will stand by him in the contest.

As in the case of the opposition, there are supporters of the government who think that a better ticket could have been selected, but as in that case also, they accept it as a good enough one for them, and vow to stand by it through thick and thin.

Indeed, so far as both sides talk, the determination in the city proper is to vote the straight tickets, and nothing but the tickets, though it is admitted that some of

the outparishes are likely to develop a good deal of cross-firing on the ballot papers.

In the meantime the Provincial Secretary looks and talks as genially as if the "revolvers" had never arisen to threaten his political future. To all appearance he is taking things coolly as becometh a veteran, but neither he nor any other candidate on either side is permitting the snow to accumulate under his feet.

Nor, though the remark may be somewhat superfluous, considering the season, does anyone of the twelve think there are any flies on himself, or his immediate vicinity.

AS IT IS IN YORK.

With Reference to the Candidatures of Messrs. Blair and Gregory.

The ball has opened in York, and the dance is set to quick music. George F. Gregory is on the warpath in earnest. He is reaching for the few remaining locks that adorn the Premier's dome of thought. The sentiments he is giving vent to in respect (or disrespect) of his late partner are peculiarly fitting a vigorous winter campaign. But he will get some votes. Many will vote for him because of his ability; others because they love not Gregory more but the Attorney General less. But the most of his votes will come from those who dearly love a scrimmage. They want to see a breezy session of the House this winter. With Humphrey Price Webber in the City Hall and George F. in the House the happiness of the Celestials ought to be complete.

Mr. Blair's friends say that he has really no objection to seeing Mr. Gregory elected, but when the enemy sounded the charge, there was nothing left to do but close ranks. The friends of the premier predict that the day when he and his grim antagonist cross swords in the house will be one of Arctic rigor for George.

Things are mixed in York. The *Gleaner*, which Mr. Blair built up into a government organ, rebels against the power that gave it being and vigorously condemns all that it formerly approved. The *Farmer*, which poured the hottest kind of shot into the government camp, is now raking the opposition fore and aft. So is the *Reporter*. And on the ruins of the *Capital* has risen the *Herald*. The only paper in Fredericton that preserves a strict neutrality is the *Royal Gazette*.

Other things are queer in York. Mr. Rowley, who is Mr. Gibson's right-hand man, is making it warm for Mr. Gregory in the Nashwaak Valley. But where is Mr. Gibson? Mr. Gregory claims that he is supporting him. Mr. Blair claims the reverse. The last that was seen of Mr. Gibson by any reliable person since the fight commenced, he was strolling along the roof of the cotton mill, whistling "Down Goes McGinty." Public curiosity is naturally at fever heat to know who McGinty is, and whether his name is Andrew or George.

The Bishop on Baseball.

Bishop Sweeney made base-ball the subject of his remarks at the 9 o'clock service in the cathedral, Sunday morning. While he had nothing to say against the game as a healthful, athletic recreation, he suggested that the devotion to it was greater than was consistent with the well-being of the people. He did not approve of people leaving their work or neglecting their duties, for an afternoon at a time, to witness a game. Such people, very often, were reduced, by their idleness in the summer, to the position of applicants for charity, in the winter. The bishop did not think that this was the right way for things to be, and a good many outside of his flock will agree with him.

A Memramcook Graduate.

Mr. E. J. McPhelim, the well-known and widely-admired dramatic writer of the *Chicago Tribune*, spent a portion of last week in New York. Mr. McPhelim does not often find himself in the East, and when he does come this way he remains all too short a time. He is one of the most scholarly writers in this country, and he has given to the *Chicago Tribune*, in its dramatic department, a dignity and force that are extremely creditable.—*N. Y. Dramatic News*.

Mr. McPhelim, or "Ned" as he is commonly called, is well and favorably known in St. John, where he spent most of his earlier years. He is a graduate of Memramcook college.

The Club is Booming.

The Masonic Club has added a fine billiard table to the attractions of its rooms, and as there are pretty fair players among the members, some interesting, not to say scientific games, are likely to be witnessed this winter. Additional attractions will be added in the immediate future, as accessions to the membership are being made very rapidly and every effort will be made to suit all tastes.

Quadrille Assemblies.

The private quadrille assemblies that were held in Berryman's hall last month will reopen on Wednesday evening the 15th instant.

HOW IT FEELS TO HAVE IT

THE GREAT AND ALL PREVAILING MALADY DESCRIBED.

Just How La Grippe Gets in Its Fine Work—The Actual Experience of One Who Has Had It at Proof Strength, as Imported from Russia by the Way of New York.

Have you had la grippe? No! Well, never mind, there is plenty of time yet, you may wake up at blush of morn tomorrow and find that like the ship Jean Angelow, wrote about so beautifully, the ship which came silently in while those who were waiting for her slept, la grippe has crept softly into your silent chamber and perched himself sociably on the pillow beside your sleeping head.

Perhaps you would like to know just what he is like, so that you will recognise him when he comes, and give him the warm reception he deserves.

If you have escaped so far the writer has not. For a whole weary week he has been travelling a thorny way that did not seem to lead anywhere in particular, and certainly had no gate of any kind, straight or crooked. It hadn't even a turnpike so one could pay toll and get through. And all along the weary road Grip stuck to him closer than a brother, till he began to imagine that he was a sinner indeed, and Grip was a sort of materialized conscience. And to sit alone with his conscience was judgment enough for him, and too much.

The first symptom of the approach of our common enemy is a curious sensation of greatness. You begin to imagine that if you are not the Czar of Russia, or the Princess Stephanie, you must at least be a distinguished statesman, like the Marquis of Salisbury, or a noted artist or musician. You keep feeling pensively around your head for a crown, and you step carefully and daintily, lest there should be dynamite sprinkled on the carpet, or an infernal machine mixed up with the coal you recently put on the fire.

As the disease progresses, this delusion passes away, and you realize that you are not a sovereign, but only a subject, and, in this instance at least, subject to more ills than human flesh is legally heir to. Every bone in your body rises up and proclaims its separate individuality, and you are not only ready to believe that the human frame divine contains three hundred and something bones, but you are perfectly willing to be convinced that you possess in your own person some three thousand, and each one has a well-developed ache of its own, with an extra one thrown in for your head.

Amid all this inquisition of unpleasantness your eyes stand out alone with equal distinctness; you are thoroughly convinced that they are immovably skewered into your head with red hot knitting needles, and you are greatly averse to trying whether you really can move them or not. You are quite satisfied to let them remain in a quiescent state and let them alone, if they will only do the same by you.

Your throat is so sore that by the law of contraity you want to swallow ten times oftener than if nothing was the matter with it, and there is a raw spot far down in your chest that you keep perpetually angling for, with a cough that never seems to have line enough to reach it, for somehow the spot always manages to keep just ahead of the cough, which is naturally somewhat exhausted after travelling down some six inches of sore throat.

So much for the bony structure, the windstomach of the soul and the throat, over that erstwhile feature the nose. I would fain draw the merciful veil of silence, but it is not to be. Grip, with the nose left out would be worse—to use a simile that is getting rather frayed around the edges, from constant use—than *Hamlet* minus the hero; the nose plays such an important part in the fashionable epidemic, and if its usefulness is impaired in one way it is more than doubled in another. And as an explosive engine, as far as sneezing is concerned it rivals the Gatling gun. It becomes such a striking feature in your physiognomy that unless you keep your aching eyes resolutely fixed on space, you can see nothing else, and the only advantage there is in that is the fact that it would make everything *coleur de rose*, because of the ruddy reflection it casts.

And oh! isn't it sore? and don't you treat it with exaggerated respect? Yea, verily! it feels about the size of a full grown mangold wurtzell, and it is very much the same color; old rose is not to be mentioned in the same breath with it, it is so fashionable.

Just add to these few symptoms, a weakness of the lower limbs that rivals the touching uncertainty of gait observable in a two-weeks-old calf, and you have a true and vivid description of the popular disease of the hour, by one who has so recently gone through it, that every impression is yet fresh in his mind; and who has proved his lack of all claim to distinction in the fields of art or literature, by recovering from it like any ordinary individual, instead of dying like a hero. Should you escape it, be thankful; but if not, as you lie groaning and shivering on your couch of

pain, let it be consolation to you to know that another brave man has been through all that you are now enduring, and that you have the heartfelt sympathy and tearful prayers of

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

"IT MEANS—WAYS AND MEANS."

Secretary McLellan's Trite and True Definition of "Executive Committee."

The gathering of the government clan in Berryman's hall had its amusing features, and some of them were very laughable. It was not quite 8 o'clock when somebody said that Ald. John Kelly was in the doorway. "Eh! Kelly! What! Kelly!" were the excited exclamations. But they were the uninitiated. They did not know that Alward and Stockton's turn-over had been so generally followed. When, however, the expert healer of Dufferin Ward was followed by the rulers of Stanley, John Connor and Jack McGoldrick, no arguments were needed to convince the people that something more than simple politics was at the bottom of it all. Then there were R. F. Quigley and John Welch, who wanted to see how their old opponents handled a political meeting.

No man was more at home than Secretary McLellan. He knew everybody and everybody knew him. His was the master mind there, and his lieutenants took instructions and carried them out to the letter. Mr. Lantalam's ultimatum was not given until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and whether the Catholic candidate would be Carvill or Carleton was a question. Those gentlemen and their friends had a lively time canvassing for a short while for the unanimous nomination, but neither would give in, and both names went to the committee.

One would hardly imagine that Dr. John Berryman was pugilistically inclined, and yet his story of how he "plunked" the Australian would point to the fact that he can handle his dukes quite as scientifically as he can the lancet.

Hardly any of the speakers omitted to say that they missed their old friends Alward and Stockton, and it is safe to say that the crowd missed them too. They missed their talk—the rounded periods and elegant perorations of Alward, and the sarcastic references and knock-down points of Stockton. What the government lack is speaking talent. Outside of the secretary who clears away the mist when he gets warmed up, Sturdee and Thorne are the only men who can claim even average talking power.

Mr. McLellan made a very good point when John Kelly objected—only temporarily however—to the chair appointing the executive committee. "The executive committee, gentlemen," he said, with a twinkle of his eye, "means a great deal. It means—ways and means." This definition brought down the house.

May Be Called Lucky.

The young man who recently won a \$15,000 prize in a lottery had a more narrow escape from missing a fortune than the public is aware. They say that after buying his ticket he showed it to a friend, a young lady, who was seriously annoyed that he should believe in lotteries and invest in them. To show her disapproval, she proposed to tear up the ticket, which she held in her hand, and actually started to do so, but owing to the very vigorous protest of the owner did not succeed in the task. If the story is true, and it is generally believed to be, the young man has more reason than ever to think himself lucky. What he would have thought, had the ticket been destroyed, can only be imagined. And what would she have thought?

Do Not Consider It a Joke.

The subjects of the initiation at "The Cabinet," described in PROGRESS last week, decline to look on the affair in the light of a very good joke. They have, in fact, been very diligently seeking to identify the gentlemen who conducted the ceremonies, and have retained legal talent to aid them in their investigations. The colored man, who is a quiet, well-disposed citizen, suffered more than the temporary inconvenience of being soused in a tub of not specially clean water. His clothes were damaged permanently, and he is likely to make somebody pay for them before he is done with the matter.

Take It Down.

It isn't much of a thing to grumble about, but as trifling annoyances make up the sum of human vexation, it is time the Sydney street gate of the Old Burial Ground was put out of commission for the winter. In slippery and snowy weather it is more than an inconvenience to every man, woman and child who has to bother with it. There may be some reason for a gate in the summer, but in the winter it is simply a nuisance. Take it down, gentlemen, before some irate pedestrian does the job for you in a rougher way.

After Stock-Taking 20 per cent. Reductions on all Photograph Albums, at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King Street.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

HOW CAN SOCIETY GET RID OF DISSOLUTE YOUNG MEN?

By the Leaders of Society Refusing Them Entree to Their Homes—The Disgraceful Act of Some "Society" Men and How It Was Whitewashed.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: An intimate friend of mine has among her numerous acquaintances a few young men who have conducted themselves in such a manner recently that she hesitates to invite them to her house. The complaint is frequently made that "young men are scarce," and one would think that with that knowledge they are inclined to act in such a manner as to be boycotted by decent society. Is there any remedy for the evil?
M. J. C.

It is simply a revival of the old problem, and there is no lady with sufficient courage to take the lead and "bell the cat." PROGRESS can illustrate the difficulty in no better way than by relating an incident that occurred quite recently in a provincial city, where there is much society, divided into more layers than a box of raisins. Three men—it would not do to call them gentlemen—all of whom could and had moved in the "first circles," so far forgot themselves one night as to mistake a reputable house on one street for a disreputable house on another street. They demanded entrance, and when the citizen and his family, roused by the awful clamor, refused their demand, they exhausted their dictionary of epithets and insults and left.

When called to account next day they had had no excuse save that they had mistaken the house! They refused to apologise and found the affair the talk of the town in a few hours. There names were no secret, though the local press suppressed them. They stood on the police court records a short time afterward with the respective fines opposite. Since they were "society" men the trial was held in the evening, and the affair was hushed as much as possible.

Surely you will say that these men should have been debarred from society, from associating with the pure and unsullied girls and women of respectable homes. That would be a right common-sense conclusion. But no such thing happened. Those men who had been going into "society" went there still. With the knowledge that they possessed of their act, society leaders sent out invitations to them in the same mail with those to the fairest and best girls in the place. Nay, more than that, they permitted their daughters to accompany the same characters under their protection(?) on sleigh drives!

Is any other illustration needed? Is not this incident enough to show where the fault lies? If the women who control and select society would have a little more firmness and insist that good character should be a man's first passport to the drawing rooms of respectable people, the complaint could not be made that they winked at everything. PROGRESS is informed that society intends yet to frown upon those who figured in the police court on such a charge but several opportunities have already passed without it being done.

The North End Growing.

A correspondent calls attention to the rapid progress of the North End during the last few years, in the way of residences and stores. He instances the fact that Main street is now one of the principal business portions of the new city. The old vacant lot that stood unoccupied so many years at the corner of the Black Spring road is now covered with one of the finest business stores in the city, and is owned and to be occupied by Mr. Young. The old police building, now known as the City building, and leased by Mr. Hugh Stevens, is undergoing a transformation, and will be occupied below by that gentleman, while the second floor is already in use for dental purposes by Dr. J. D. Maher. A handsome three-story building has just been completed opposite Sheriff street, and is occupied by Hamm Bros. Many other instances might be quoted to show that this part of the city has a flourishing future.

Pertinent to the Season.

When the south side of King street is slippery, it is decidedly and dangerously so. Knowing this a good many people avoid it. It might be money in the pockets of the storekeepers if they would utilize their ashes to remedy this frequent state of affairs. They have lots of nice things in their stores, and some of the prices are remarkably low, though not low enough to make a person run the risk of a broken limb. Try the trick.

No Doubt of It Now.

It is a big point in favor of the summer climate of New Brunswick that the Algonquin hotel, at St. Andrews, achieved such a marked success last summer, leaving the famed Bar Harbor houses far in the rear. Nor should it be forgotten that the man who managed the hotel had something to do with the result, so satisfactory to the stockholders. The Algonquin may expect a still better season next summer.

KIT.—You should sign your name when sending letters to this paper.

THEY PAID TOO MUCH.

A Somewhat Lavish Expenditure by Some of the Government Candidates.

It is not often that a paper can count its increase of circulation by the cartload, but one evening daily which suddenly turned from red hot opposition to incandescent government advocacy may make that boast. A sloven load of this suddenly converted sheet attracted a good deal of attention as it stood in front of Berryman's hall, the other day, and provoked a good many humorous remarks from people on both sides of politics. It was suggested that tenders for such of the stuff as could not be given away be asked from Messrs. Lantalam and McGoldrick at the close of the campaign.

In addition to the papers purchased, it is stated that the proprietor of this enterprising sheet holds a note for \$500, made by one of the government candidates and endorsed by another, on which he has been endeavoring to raise the cash.

The general impression on both sides of politics is that the price paid was a liberal one, as by a little dicker the conversion could have been effected for less than half the amount named. With a little diplomacy, the purchase might have been made for \$200 and a bottle of whiskey. However, the purchasers probably know what they are about, and if they are satisfied, the public ought to be.

Some well-informed men are unkind enough to say that the move is simply made to get the paper out of the way. The party has an old and reliable evening paper, which is all that it needs, and is not likely to support another one beyond using it for what little it may be worth during the campaign. After that it will be let severely alone. As the apostate sheet can expect no further support from the former patrons from whom it has secured advertising and subscriptions under false pretenses, it will die of its own accord. The government candidates have put a nickle in the slot to see the machine turn, but nobody else will repeat the experiment.

The prospect is blue
For the Evening Gleaner.

A MAN'S FUR IS RUFFLED

When He Has to Wait More Than An Hour at Fredericton Junction.

The present arrangement of the New Brunswick railway trains has excited a good deal of criticism and provoked considerable abuse from those whose who are not satisfied with it. There is room for criticism, but the abuse is uncalled for. The Fredericton press and correspondents have given liberal expression to their views and are somewhat surprised that the effect has not been as marked as they anticipated. The up river parishes are also after the railway with a sharp stick, and should any official venture out alone there is no telling what might happen him.

No doubt the time table is unsatisfactory: it was made to suit the through tables of the Canadian Pacific and Maine Central and for the time being the local traffic is suffering. PROGRESS refers more particularly to that between Fredericton and St. John. There are plenty of trains, but the trouble is that they go and come at inconvenient hours and some of them tarry too long at that place of pronounced desolation, Fredericton Junction. The train of all others that the celestials patronize to get out of town leaves their city at half-past ten in the morning, and when it gets to the Junction waits for three quarters of an hour for the Canadian Pacific, which would not be too bad if that train was on time once in a while. But that is the exception and to wait for the Boston train, which arrives an hour and a half later, is enough to ruffle the fur on the ordinary Christian. The only consolation there is for a man in this case is a good dinner at Mrs. Shean's American house before which his wrath must vanish, swallowed with the excellent viands.

The people, also, miss the afternoon express and dislike crowding into a through car where seats are at a premium. This is more particularly the case Saturday evenings. Could not this be remedied by attaching a Fredericton car on the through train, leave it at the Junction and thus ensure the passengers for the capital that comfort and quiet they have enjoyed for so long a time?

Not Like Hard Times.

Judging by the bustle in the Money Order department of the St. John post office cash has not been scarce in the recent holiday season. The clerks have been kept as busy as nailers, and while they rejoice as citizens that so much money is in circulation, they also rejoice as mortals that there is an end to the holiday rush.

Be In Earnest Now.

The exhibition association meets on Tuesday for the election of officers. Upon this meeting and the officers elected depends the success of the exhibition. Let there be a good attendance and the best men be chosen.