

If You Have Houses To Let Advertise in PROGRESS. This paper goes to the Family and is read from the first to the last column.

# PROGRESS.

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VOL. II., NO. 94. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1890. PRICE THREE CENTS.

## LUCK FOR THE LIBRARY.

### ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS FOR THE PUBLIC'S EDUCATOR.

The future of this Library, should the city do its duty, is likely to be a prosperous one. In its present temporary quarters it lacks and must continue to lack many accessories which it ought to have. There is, however, a prospect that a building may be provided by private liberality at no distant day.  
Mr. James I. Fellows, of London, England, has never forgotten that his first steps to wealth and fame were made in his native city of St. John. He is a liberal giver, and when he was here, last year, he made many enquiries in regard to the Library. On his return to England he procured a splendid edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, specially bound and inscribed for the use of the Library, at a cost of about \$270. As, however, he learned later that the Library already had a set of the work, he determined to keep it and make another gift in its place. In later correspondence with him, by Mr. Ruel, it was suggested that he could build no more enduring monument in his native city than by giving a building for the Free Public Library.  
The letter in reply to this suggestion was of such a nature as to lead to the hope that Mr. Fellows will carry out the idea at no distant day, and thus have his name embalmed forever in the memories of a grateful people.  
In the meantime, the Library needs only the just encouragement it deserves to enter upon a new and prosperous era in its history.

**WOODSTOCK'S ROSEBUD GARDEN.**

**St. Valentine's Tribute to the Twelve Fairest Girls of Woodstock.**

WOODSTOCK, Feb. 14.—Has not PROGRESS overlooked Woodstock a little? We get your bright and entertaining paper every week, but only now and a while do we "see ourselves in print." I have understood that good correspondents are scarce and timid, and that must be the reason. I have a Valentine for the Woodstock beauties, for the charming girls who in our pride who make life worth living in this bitter town. They are designated by numbers and will not lack the recognition of their acquaintances.

No. 1.—Is a charming young lady of ancient lineage and courtly name. She is petite in figure, has large lustrous eyes the beauty of which is enhanced by gold-rimmed glasses. A great favorite in society, and has numerous accomplishments.

No. 2.—Is a tall magnificently proportioned maiden, a decided brunette with tresses of a dark dark brown and great, tragic, soulful eyes. She has decided dramatic talent and would make a worthy rival of Scott Siddons.

"Around her is a light Of inward majesty and might."

No. 3.—Is a dainty, brown haired maiden, full of fun and mischief. She is of medium height, fair and sweet; paints beautifully and dances charmingly. She seldom lacks an admirer, for "When once is seen her beautous face One ever longs her steps to trace."

No. 4.—Is the possessor of the smallest and most beautifully shaped head in town. A blonde with fair hair and eyes of cerulean blue.

"She goes with a smiling but sorrowful face."

No. 5.—"O thou sweet maiden fair, Thou with the raven hair, A brunette with eyes of glorious black and raven tresses. A complexion like a damask rose. She is quiet, witty and independent, looks deeply into the future and reveals to her companions their fate."

No. 6.—Is one of the most charming girls to be met in society and a most desirable partner either for a dance or tete-a-tete. Well informed on every subject, she can talk easily and fluently. She is fond of poetry, and is inclined to make very apt quotations—"But 'tis not her beauty that charms me alone, 'Tis her mind, 'tis that language whose eloquent tone From the depths of the grave could revive one."

No. 7.—"Beauteous roscbud young and gay, A dangerous rival most girls say, The prettiest girl in town. A prettily rounded figure, glorious brown eyes, shaded with curling lashes, and brown wavy hair. She is yet "sweet seventeen."

No. 8.—Is "Straight but as lissome as a hazel wand, Her eyes a bashful azure and her hair In gloss and hue the chestnut." She possesses a fine voice, well trained, and is always willing to favor select audiences with a song.

No. 9.—Is a decidedly original and energetic young lady. She is fair and distingue. "She is a form of life and light, Which seen becomes a part of sight."

Given to writing poetry of satirical character.

No. 10.—"Gladness, sadness and pensiveness blended." She has a merry rippling laugh, and is a decidedly pretty blonde. Is possessed of a large fortune in her own right.

No. 11.—Is a young society belle, is inclined to be fair with blue eyes but brown hair. Is an only daughter and will be well dowered.

No. 12.—Another roscbud, a very pretty girl with a fair complexion of dazzling clearness, and a sweet expression. She also is an only daughter of wealthy parents.

ST. VALENTINE.

**Who Are They?**

The St. John correspondent of the Toronto *Empire* telegraphs in regard to the dock scheme, that "interesting developments are expected, especially as stories are afloat that several prominent individuals have been liberally greased in the interest of Mr. Leary."

The names of the "prominent individuals" would be interesting reading for the taxpayers. Who are the men?

**Where Leisure Hours Were Spent.**

The amusements this week have been the production of the amateur drama *Out At Sea* and the Star Concert Co.'s performances. Both were entertaining in their way. The scenic, musical and other special features with *Out At Sea* made it a decided go, and paid the company handsomely for their trouble—a rare thing for local talent to accomplish.

## VERY FESTIVE YOUTHS.

### THE EXPLANATION OF A BOLD BURGLARY AT MONCTON.

Thrilling Details of the Way the Deed Was Done—How the Wine Went—Detectives Have a Clue if They Will Measure the Heads of Certain Young Men.

On a certain night, not quite a month ago, an unnatural calm brooded over the hollow precincts of the now-well-known Moncton City Club. Not a sound was heard; hushed was the popping of the festive champagne cork, silent the rattle of the poker chips, and even the faint gentle sound of the snoring of the canine members was not to be heard. A silence so deep that in the tense expectation of waiting for a tangible sound, you could almost hear your hair growing.

Scarcely had the great clock over the post office and custom house, which holds so warm a place in the fevered imaginations of the citizens boomed the solemn hour of nine o'clock, when there was a slight disturbance on the marble stairs leading to the club room; a sound that was suspiciously like a suppressed chuckle. A sudden blinding flash from a lucifer match, and there stood revealed in all the charm of their bright youth and elegantly fitting clothes, two lads of tall and kingly proportions; lads who were well known as moving in the very inner circle of Moncton society, both scions of the first families and members of distinguished professions.

Judging by their first remarks to each other, you would never have imagined them to be on a nefarious errand.

"Ye'he!" said the first.

Che!—he!—he! answered the second.

And they called a halt, and both stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, sat down suddenly on the chilly ebony balustrade and gave themselves up for some moments to inward emotion. Perhaps it was their first departure from the paths of virtue, and they were weeping over it.

The eldest, a stalwart Adonis, with black hair and grey eyes, was the first to recover himself.

"Did you bring a crow-bar?" he whispered hoarsely—he was just recovering from gripe—

"No," said the other, who had beautiful hazel colored hair, and eyes that matched exactly. "There was no need, I brought this instead," and he held before the startled eyes of his companion in crime what looked at first sight like a dagger, but it was only a well thumbed edition of a screw-driver. "The transom over the door is always unfastened, and this will do to pry open the door of the cupboard where the wines are kept, you must have taken me for a fool to go lugging a crow-bar around at this time of night."

I believe I omitted to mention that this conversation took place by the fitful glimmer of a small dark lantern which the initial match had been used to light, and which now threw its mellow rays over the slender aristocratic toes of the genteel burglars.

"Are you sure everyone is at the meeting?" asked the first speaker.

"Come off the roof!" sportingly ejaculated the second. "Do you think I'd be here if I wasn't?"

And "Peter" Cooke persisted the first. "You are perfectly certain he has not been locked in by mistake? He was not at the political meeting I know, or he would have barked at the speakers, under the impression that they wanted to steal bait?"

"No! no!" said he of the hazel eyes impatiently. "If you are going to get to work at all, take off your coat and start. You are the strongest, so you can give me a hoist."

So the dark haired lad boosted his comrade up to the transom, which was unfastened and swung open easily. To climb through and down on the other side was the work of a moment, his friend passed him the lantern and waited with bated breath till the sound of splintering wood, cursory remarks in a whisper, and finally the musical jingle of glass against glass told that the most difficult part of their mission was accomplished. Slowly the precious freight was passed through the transom to the sternly silent guard outside, twelve bottles of sparkling champagne, together with a few unconsidered trifles in the shape of brandy, old rye, and a few boxes of cigars. The transom was softly closed, the spoil carefully secreted, the lantern blown out, and two scions of the upper ten retired to their office and rolled about the floor in the excess of their jubilant mirth.

And the next morning the story spread like wildfire that a gang of professional burglars had broken into the rooms of the City Club and stolen \$50 worth of champagne and other beverages, particularly cigars, and the police were called in to examine the premises and look for clues, and the entire force were unanimous in their decision that it was the work of old hands and the entrance had been effected by a ladder to the back window.

So a policeman was told off to watch the premises every night, in the faint hope that the professionals might so far forget

## ST. VALENTINE'S VISIT.

### HE IS STARTLED OUT OF HIS COMPOSURE BY TRINITY CLOCK.

A Glimpse at the Budget of the Dear Old Man—He is not Sentimental, but Eminent-ly Practical This Year—His Opinion on the Subject of St. John Time.

St. Valentine got to St. John a few hours earlier than usual this year. He wore no watch and was not accompanied by Father Time with his hour-glass, so he depended on the town clock for midnight to arrive.

He was hovering somewhere around the King square, when he heard midnight struck by Trinity church clock, and a sweetly solemn air rang out on the night. St. Valentine was surprised. He had calculated that he was two hours ahead of time. He must have met Mr. Leary or somebody else and been mesmerized. So he started down King street, on a rush, to mail his missives at the post office.

St. Valentine has age and experience, He did not patronize the street letter boxes He wanted his missives delivered within the next 24 hours.

As he passed Gard's window, he looked at the clock and was astonished to find that it indicated 10.15. Just then the editor of PROGRESS strolled along.

"Is that clock right?" asked the Saint.

"Correct local time," was the reply.

"Well what does that town clock mean by striking midnight and scaring me out of my wits?"

"Oh, that's only a playful habit it has of giving the citizens the worth of their money. Sometimes it strikes two or three hours, one after the other, and plays two beautiful hymns, when it is under no moral obligation to sound anything but the quarter strokes. We like it. It makes things lively.

"We can always tell when it is exact midnight, by the extinction of the electric lights. Masters of schooners in the Market slip regulate their chronometers by that, in preference to the fire-alarm."

St. Valentine thought that Father Time might get some pointers if he came to St. John. There he showed PROGRESS some of his letters.

"Here is something very new," he said. It is for a member of the city government, and is quite expensive—to somebody. It is of embossed pig-skin, with brass repousse work, and the words,

Their's bodice for me  
And grease for you,  
If you only vote  
As I want you to.

"Here is another, also for a member of the corporation. It is simple, only a design of a \$50 bill, with the copulet.

When this you see,  
Remember me,  
And cast your vote  
For the D. O. C.

"Here is one for a man who was a candidate in the local election. It represents him standing on a huge rock, labelled Mistake Ledge, the wave of popular favor receding from him and the motto, Did you ever get left?"

"This is for an alderman who has represented a North End ward. It is a picture of the chair used by him in the council chamber with the motto, 'You won't warm it after next election.'

"Here is one for Mr. J. D. Leary. It represents him as trying to magnetize the council by singing 'It I had but ten thousand a year,' while the aldermen are puckering up their mouths to say, 'Don't you wish you may get it.'

"I sent one to Mr. Tweedie of Northumberland. It represents him as an acrobat, and is inscribed 'One good turn deserves another.'

"This was sent to Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. It is a picture of himself, with the verse:

The elephant has one big trunk,  
The lightning bug has flame,  
Thad has a yellow grip-sack, but  
He gets there just the same.

"Here is one for a St. John draughtsman. It represents him all alone in his office fixing up some dock plans, and saying to himself: 'Great joke; six electric lights and a staff of engineers working day and night—that's me.'

"And here is another for a certain alderman who didn't vote for the dock scheme. He is showing one of his eyes to a colleague, with the enquiry, 'Do you see anything green there?'"

At this point Trinity clock began to strike again—once, and the quarters, two and the quarters, three and a tune. St. Valentine looked very much alarmed.

"I don't want to doubt your word," he said, "but I am really apprehensive that the chronometer may be wrong and that the electric light man has overlooked the hour. It may be midnight for all that I know. I can't tell anything about the time in this town. The post office clock may be an hour ahead of every other clock and I must hurry. So long. See you later."

And he was gone.

## THEY WENT TO FREDERICTON.

### Something About the Municipal Gas Company, and Its Powers.

The mayor and several members of the council made a hasty rush to Fredericton a day or two ago, to see Mr. Blair. They did not go to congratulate him on his reelection, on the success of the Northumberland deal, or on the prospect of the government holding its own against all comers. They did not go to congratulate him at all. They went to reconstitute.

The cause of their preterbation was that they had suddenly awakened to a realization of the very important fact that the city had been captured without resistance and was in the hands of a corporation which had the power to do pretty much as it pleased. This corporation was the Municipal Gas Company.

The general public had never heard of the concern, nor probably had the members of the common council, with the exception of Ald. Busby, who is one of the company. It was organized last year under letters-patent, and if anybody noticed it in the papers at the time, no one paid any attention to it.

It is said to have originated in consequence of an unpaid gas bill. A lawyer had some misunderstanding with the St. John Gas company, refused to pay his bill, and was not surprised when he found the gas shut off from his premises. Then the great idea seized him that he would start a company of his own, make his own gas, and laugh the bloated Lower Cove monopoly to scorn. He did so, Ald. Busby joining in the scheme, with a view, doubtless, to supplying the coal for the new enterprise. There were other incorporators, the name of a prominent resident of St. Stephen giving eclat to the project. The new company got all the rights it wanted. An act passed last session, and apparently passed very quietly, allows the local government, in a case of this kind, to give the company most extraordinary powers in regard to the city of St. John. The citizens do not appear to have much to say about the matter. The company can dig up all the streets how and when it pleases, build aqueducts, viaducts or any other duets, plant a forest of poles and decorate them with a network of wires. All that is necessary is the consent of the local government. So far as the citizens are concerned, they can grumble and be condemned.

Now nobody imagined that the gentlemen composing the Municipal Gas Company intended to do anything as wicked as that. The danger lay in their selling out their interests to men who were less considerate and more active. When, therefore, the mayor heard about the matter, not long ago, he promptly interviewed Mr. Blair, and besought him to stay his hand ere he hastily delivered the city to the tender mercies of a corporation which would undermine the streets and overshadow the houses, while the terrified citizens looked on and trembled.

Mr. Blair promised not to do anything rash without letting the mayor know about it in advance. There the matter rested until the other day, when the mayor and a delegation went to Fredericton, with something like the speed attained by Chief Kerr when the alarm rings.

It is not probable that the Municipal Gas company will take charge of the city in the immediate present, or that it will be allowed to interfere with any project which the city may devise for having the streets properly lighted. It can, however, readily be seen how such a concern might cause a vast amount of trouble and expense, under some circumstances. The people are awake now, and that is enough.

The most marvellous thing about the whole affair is the facility with which, apparently, anyone who wishes can secure the most extraordinary powers under the laws of this province. The man who wants the earth ought to come to New Brunswick. Perhaps he can get it if he organizes a company and goes about it in the right way.

**He Forgot to Pay For It.**

A young man about town finds himself in rather a queer position this week. He was a member of a company some time ago, and when death deprived him and his companions of their member's services he was the first to solicit subscription for a floral offering which were duly collected. The floral offering went forward but was not paid for, and now the funny fellow has been sued for the amount.

## THE COMIC VALENTINE.

### Some Queries as to Who Invented It and Its Right to Exist.

Ere PROGRESS reaches the eager hands of the waiting thousands who look for it, St. Valentine's day will have passed, and the stock of comic (?) valentines will have either melted insensibly away or else been stored carefully under the counters of the stationer's shops to blush unseen as blush they will may, until next year when they will once more emerge from retirement to grace the windows and begin another season in town as fresh importations.

Who invented comic valentines, I wonder? and is his name really lost in the mists of obscurity like that of the inventor of spectacles? or did he change his name immediately after giving his invention to the world, to save the family cognomen from the execrations of posterity? Let us find the miscreant out if possible and celebrate St. Valentine's day by burning him in effigy at least, since it is out of our power to do it in *propria persona*.

Of what earthly use are the abomination anyway? If my enemy wants to be vulgar and insulting why has he not the courage to be vulgar over his own name. I should think he would lose fully one half of his anticipated fun through the victim being unconscious of the hand that sent the shaft; it is like winking at someone in the dark. But the charm of the comic valentine, at least to the common herd, seems to consist in its anonymous nature, it is a sort of illustrated anonymous letter, and one purveyor of valentines in our bright little town, who is not a stationer, has been so thoughtful as to place unusual facilities at the disposal of his customers for the dissemination of his elevating literature, he has provided a letter box in his shop and advertises to that effect, it is a sort of little private post-office, into which none shall know what goes, nor yet what comes out.

Alas! poor St. Valentine! good old saint martyred for thy faith so many centuries ago. Couldst thou have known what atrocities would be perpetrated in thy name in far away centuries, thou wouldst have prayed with thy latest breath that thy name might be writ upon sand and speedily blotted out forever, and couldst thou know it now the very dust that has "lain for centuries dead," would rise up in judgment against those who have wantonly profaned thy sacred memory.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

**HERRING ARE SCARCE.**

**How the Fishery is Being Ruined Year by Year in the Bay of Fundy.**

From all along the shore of the Bay of Fundy, from Carleton to Deer Island, comes the complaint of a scarcity of herring. Where there have been millions in the past there are practically none now. This means a loss of which the general public have no idea.

Along the coast in question are now about 250 vessels, with probably 1,800 men. They are doing nothing. Not only are they losing their winter's work, but all who are owners of vessels and nets are going in debt. It is said that one St. John concern alone is their creditor for something like \$5,000 for supplies.

The failure of the herring fishery means dull times and a scarcity of money in every settlement along the coast. It means want where in ordinary seasons there is a plenty. It not only affects the present, but its consequences reach into the future.

Some people think that the presence of small whales has frightened the fish away, but there have always been whales in the Bay of Fundy. The real reason is that though the ocean teems with inexhaustible quantities of the fish, they are being driven away from the bay by man's greed and the government's neglect.

The sardine factories, which impose small herring upon the people under the fraudulent name of French sardines, are responsible directly for a wholesale destruction of the fish, but this is not all. Seines are erected at every available point, and in the past these have been overloaded with herring which spoiled before the boats from Eastport could come to take them away. Vast quantities of them have putrefied and been sent adrift to pollute and poison the water. No wonder that herring have chosen other feeding grounds?

Constant destruction, carried on for years, and constant pollution of the feeding grounds are beginning to have their effect on the herring. The grampus also is a greedy creature, but not half so bad an enemy as man.

**Tracks in the Snow.**

The night the Salvage Corps windows were smashed there was a light covering of snow on the ground, and those who were in the room had no difficulty in tracking the offenders to their place of residence. The tracks were plain and the distance was short, and it did not require a sleuth hound to make sure of the parties.

**Umbrellas Repaired; Duck, 242 Union Street.**