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last column.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1890.

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## LOCKHART IS THE MAYOR

A VERY SLOW PROCESSION WITH  
MR. CHESLEY IN THE REAR.

One of the Elections in Which Most of the People Did Not Vote—A Campaign Without Organization and a Contest Without Enthusiasm—The Reasons For It.

PROGRESS congratulates His Worship, Mayor Lockhart, on the fact that more than one half of the citizens of St. John did not think it worth their while to vote last Tuesday, and that he was triumphantly returned by a majority of the minority who did vote. He has secured his seat and his \$1,600 for another year, and has proved beyond doubt that there is at least one man whom the people consider less fit for mayor than he is himself.

From first to last the contest, if it may be dignified by such a name, was of the most tame and dispiriting kind. Any exertion that was made was by Mayor Lockhart and his friends, and to them is due the credit—if that be the right word—for any organization that existed. They worked and had their forces to the front. The friends of Mr. Leary and his dock labored and voted for Lockhart, and they were reinforced by personal friends of the mayor, who would have voted for him in any case, by party men who claim a "liberal victory" whenever a grit is elected for anything, by people who did not dislike Lockhart less, but Chesley more, and by people who think that when a man is once elected to an office, he should, under any circumstances, have a second term. All these things were positive factors in Mr. Lockhart's election. They would not, of themselves, have elected him, had it not been for the negative factors which existed because Chesley was the opposing candidate.

"If a good man had come out, he would have beaten them both."

This was the phrase heard at every polling place during the day, as the voters listlessly deposited their ballots, lingered a moment and returned to their avocations, indifferent as to the result. There was no enthusiasm, no zeal in wards which at other times may be said to boil with excitement. Everything was done to slow music, and if a band had been engaged to celebrate the victory people would have felt no surprise to hear it play the Dead March in Saul.

Mr. Lockhart and his friends had been confident from the start of the campaign. Mr. Chesley's friends, while not so confident at the outset, had strong hopes at one time during the day, that their man would be elected. Because the ballots dropped in a slow drizzle in some wards they thought that the Lockhart party had not waked up to the occasion, but as the result proved they were quite wide-awake enough for all practical purposes, and had more than 400 solid votes to spare. At 2 o'clock Mr. Joshua Turner's tally showed Mr. Chesley leading in Queens ward, but when a count of the votes showed two to one for Mr. Lockhart it became evident that Mr. Turner had been counting a number of promising chickens from a collection of rather bad eggs. So it was in other wards. The impression up to a late hour was that either Mr. Chesley would be elected or that the vote would be a very close one.

All of which goes to prove that there was a lack of organization and of everything else which tends to make a campaign a success.

Why this was so, nobody can explain. Mr. Chesley, in the local election, proved himself a splendid organizer, and in every position which he has occupied has been recognized as a man of executive ability. Evidently, he can work better for his party than he can for himself.

Besides, it is pretty hard to make bricks without clay, or to have a brilliant campaign without enthusiasm. The workers for Mr. Chesley were faithful but few. Men who could have saved him by the sacrifice of a few hours of their time sat in their places of business and felt that they had done enough by voting for him. The conservative party did not rally to the support of the man who had done so much to aid it. The conservative press was dumb.

Possibly because the advertising patronage of W. A. Lockhart, auctioneer, amounts to several hundred dollars a year.

At any rate, Mr. Chesley was left, and badly left. If, as reported, there was a "deal" when Mr. Chesley was omitted from the ticket for the local legislature, his party has failed to deliver the goods. If he had a chance to get on the ticket, and relinquished it on the promise of future support, he has now every reason to regret his action.

A very injudicious trick was the issue of a dodger, by somebody whose zeal outran his discretion, in which the electors were, among other things, warned not to "allow the Connors-Kelly Clique and Combination to take charge of our city government." Any effect that such a circular could have would be damaging to Mr. Chesley.

Last year, when Mr. Lockhart was elected, his young sons organized a bonfire

in his honor in front of his residence. This year the celebration was repeated, his premises being made the depot for the barrels collected during the afternoon and evening. On this occasion a large and disorderly mob of hoodlums took part and made Elliott row in front of the residences of the mayor and police magistrate a pandemonium. They built a huge fire, contrary to the city bye laws, and though its light could be seen from the police office, no policeman was sent to look after it. The hoodlums howled and fired missiles against the houses in the neighborhood, breaking windows and greatly alarming the women who were alone at that time of the evening. An hour after the demonstration began, at 9 o'clock, one policeman made his appearance and was promptly driven away, covered with flour fired at him in paper bags. He returned later with three others, and after some trouble the four succeeded in making one arrest. The policemen were used throughout much as it was customary to use the old-time watchmen on such occasion, and the scene was disgraceful from first to last.

Mayor Lockhart enters upon his second term with a ripened experience, and is much better fitted for the position than he was eight months ago. So far as he performs the duties of his office impartially and well in the year to come, he will, regardless of the past, merit the support of the citizens and the press.

### SPARTAN REGULATIONS.

A Proposed Code Which Will Make Life a Burden to Moncton Policemen.

The new regulations proposed for the Moncton police force provide that an officer "must patrol his beat during the whole time he is on duty and must enter no public or private house except in the discharge of his duty, and must not accept any present from any person, even his nearest friends; he must not enter into conversation with anybody except in the discharge of his duty and then no longer than is necessary; and he must watch all suspicious characters."

"A policeman's lot is not a happy one," under even ordinary circumstances, but it is enough to drive him insane when he reflects upon what these regulations insist upon his observing. Admitting that by some unknown process he can patrol his beat, as he "must," around a mile or two of Moncton and at the same time watch all suspicious characters who may choose to walk in various other directions, what is he to do when his wife offers to present him with a pair of socks or a pair of slippers? Obviously, he must flee from her as from a pestilence, for he must not accept a gift even from her who is by all odds his nearest friend. Nor can he venture to explain matters without risking his place, for it is provided that he must not "enter into conversation with anybody," except in the discharge of his duty. If the way of the transgressor is hard, so is the way of the Moncton cop who is the terror of transgressors. The regulations should be amended, so as to allow more cordial relations between the policeman and his household, at least.

### The Industrious Stamp Collectors.

A newspaper office is a great place to collect stamps. Subscriptions letters float in at odd times from every part of the world, and some of the stamps are a rare addition to the collection of some one new in the pursuit. Even while this paragraph is being written two bright faced lads are mousing in and about the waste paper basket, tearing every stamp they see from the corner of its envelope and thrusting it into their deep pockets. One of these young boys says his collection includes thousands of stamps, while the other has not yet gone beyond 900. The new issue of the United States stamp makes the issue in use a few months ago more valuable to the boys, though there are probably millions of them yet unused. Some time ago PROGRESS spoke of the work of William Brown, jr., of Indiantown, who papered his room with postage stamps. It appears that the craze has not died out yet.

### They Omit the Creed.

There has been more or less talk this week over the omission of certain episcopal clergymen to read the St. Athanasian on Easter day. The rubric distinctly commands that it "shall be sung or said" at certain times, of which Easter is one, but the clergymen in question appear to have some scruples on the subject, and ignore the rule, though whether with the knowledge and consent of the bishop is not stated.

### Will Capture Them with a Yacht.

An enterprising life insurance agent of St. John having worked the towns and villages along the ordinary lines of travel, intends using a steam yacht for canvassing tours this summer, so as to scoop in the natives around the Bay of Fundy and up to the head of navigation on the river St. John.

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

## WE NEED ALL OF THEM.

SOME OF THE THINGS WHICH THE  
CITIZENS SHOULD HAVE.

Perhaps Not as Important as Dry Docks, but Still of a Nature to Add to the General Peace and Comfort—Some Things we are Likely to Get.

St. John may or may not need a dry dock, but there are a good many things that it does need, and which it can have if the people only take the notion.

In the first place, it needs a simpler form of government, with a smaller common council elected by the people at large, representing, say, nine districts. This would give eighteen good men, which, if anything, would be six too many.

Having chosen a good council, service in it should be a prerequisite to the occupancy of the mayor's chair. In this way there would be little or no risk of having a chief magistrate who would know nothing of his duties and responsibilities at the outset of his career.

In the meantime, before these are had, what is wanted is a council chamber in which there will be room for somebody after the mayor, aldermen, the high constables, a hot stove and half a dozen citizens get possession of it.

Then we need, in various parts of the city, such conveniences for the public and strangers as are found in all the large cities in Europe and America.

We need a hotel worthy of the place as regards accommodation in the summer season. Some of the hotels are good enough as far as they go, but they don't go very far when any sort of a crowd strikes St. John.

We need something done about the wires, which grow thicker overhead every week and will soon become a recognized nuisance.

A better place than the jail is needed for short term prisoners. If the Municipal council can't do anything about the old penitentiary why don't they get hold of somebody who has a pull on the Dominion government to move in the matter.

We need more cash trade and fewer long accounts by people who are able to pay and won't pay until they can't help it.

We need fewer lawyers, with a law society that will punish pettifogging and prevent shysters from defrauding widows and orphans.

We need more open air concerts this year than we had last year, and it might prevent damage to path borders if the bands were stationed on the balcony of the registry office instead of on King square.

We need more energy on part of the police to prevent sidewalk loafing on King and Charlotte street, evenings and Sundays. It is scandalous that ladies should be compelled to run the gauntlet between men and boys whose energies are devoted to spitting, swearing and making remarks on passers by. The loafers should be compelled to keep moving, even if the duty requires a special policeman.

We need a daily paper which is independent of party, and is not afraid to tell the truth about both sides of politics. There is no such paper now, and perhaps there never will be, but it is needed, badly needed in the interest of honest government.

There are some other things we need, which are likely to be supplied, some day. These include a public library building, better communication with the West Side and cleaner streets in the North End, an enclosure around the Old Burial Ground, a new W. C. T. U. fountain on King square, an opera house, and more interest by the people in matters which relate to the city and themselves.

After some of these needs are supplied it will be in order to discuss Mr. Skinner's proposed constitution for a federation of the British Empire.

### Mr. Schieber's Cool Cheek.

Mr. Ira Cornwall, who is doing his best to boom St. John as the winter port of Canada, was justly indignant the other day. It was when he discovered that in the map attached to the last folder issued by the Intercolonial railway the words "Canadian Winter Port, mails, passengers and freight," had been placed with painful clearness opposite Halifax. Mr. Collingwood Schieber is supposed to be the gentleman responsible for the publication of this erroneous and misleading statement. It is probable that some of the New Brunswick members will see that Mr. Schieber is taught a lesson in geography for his future guidance. It is fortunate that Mr. Cornwall did not see the map until after he had finished his Easter Monday duties, and his Wednesday discussion on the best methods of church and Sunday school work.

### Masonic Supplies.

The Masonic regalia to be had of A. R. Campbell, 46 King street, is of superior quality, in accordance with the regulations. It will be in demand for the approaching season of Grand Lodge. Knights Templars will also find supplies which in the past they have been unable to procure.

For sale, Chair Case, long selected, skin or bunch. Duval, 242 Union street.

### BRACE UP, GENTLEMEN!

Time for Plain Talk About the Opera House—What About It?

The statement is made that there is some doubt of McDowell visiting St. John this summer, and the reason given by those who talk about theatrical matters is that the expense of fitting up even of a temporary theatre is so great that the profits have to be very large to recoup the local manager. No person is inclined to wonder at this, and everybody will regret the probable loss of the pleasant evenings similar to those spent in the Lansdowne last summer.

In the light of this, and the lack of amusements generally in the city, citizens are beginning to make rather pertinent inquiries regarding the progress of the opera house. No person appears to know just how it stands, and whether or not the directors propose to let the spring and summer pass without doing anything. Some of the stockholders are inclined to be cynical about the matter, and none of them pretend to know much, if anything, about the building. Even the ardent advocates of the opera house—the men who supported and defended it at the start, who answered its enemies and canvassed friends for it, are beginning to get exceedingly weary of the genuine apathy which seems to have spread itself about the directorate.

That body seems to be composed of some energetic gentlemen, and others who take no interest in whatever in the opera house. They are simply dousing the project with cold water by their inactivity. The most sensible thing for them to do, if they have no idea of bestirring themselves, is to resign, and at all events, not hamper those directors who are inclined to go ahead.

The present condition of the affairs of the company is most unsatisfactory to those who had sufficient faith in it at the start to support it by their dollars, and unless the directorate "get a move on them," and that pretty soon, they will find that they have lost the support of their best friends.

### Should Fix the Rates.

One of the first things which requires the attention of the common council is a revision of the cartage rates within the enlarged city. There are cartage districts for the old city which are probably well enough as they are, but the moment a team crosses the old Portland line all regulations go for nothing. It is a matter of agreement, and if no agreement is made the cartman can charge what he pleases. Two neighbors in the North End may order coal from the same dealer, but if it is delivered by different teamsters, one of the purchasers may pay twice as much cartage as the other. A great deal of inconvenience has been and will be felt from the want of some regulations on the subject.

### Not on a Ticket.

An unintentional injustice was done to ex-Alderman Vincent last week in reference to his candidature in Dufferin ward last year, when it was stated that he dropped his colleague, Mr. Millidge, and combined with Mr. Kelly. Messrs. Vincent and Millidge did not form any ticket that year, and it was agreed between them that each was at liberty to work for himself in whatever way he pleased. This explanation is due Mr. Vincent, as showing that he violated no compact and did nothing save that which was honorable in his treatment of Mr. Millidge.

### From Newfoundland to British Columbia.

Mr. D. J. Jennings has had ample proof of the far reaching effects of advertising in PROGRESS. Within a few days he has had letters from British Columbia and Newfoundland, each containing his parlor pistol "ad" clipped from PROGRESS, and an order for the article. He has had many letters from all points in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—places he had never heard of before—all containing orders for the pistol, but the Newfoundland and British Columbia orders furnish all the proof he wants of the wide circulation of PROGRESS. Next!

### What His Game Cost.

One of the rural legislators at Fredericton is not likely to make much out of his sessional allowance this year unless he can find a cheaper crowd with which to play poker. He rose from a quiet little game, the other night, with his pocket-book \$160 lighter than when he sat down. He should study up Schenck's valuable treatise on the science of the game—or let the game alone, which would be safer.

But PROGRESS said nothing about poker, when it published the said rural member's portrait.

### Sorry But Can't Help It.

The young ladies who have sent readable society news from Yarmouth, Digby, Bathurst, Shediac, Amherst and Truro will be disappointed at the non-appearance of their matter this week. It cannot be helped. Type is not elastic, and there has been an unusually heavy press of matter this week. Will correspondents, when possible, try to send as early in the week as they can. If necessary they can add to it a day later.

## THE NORTH SHORE BOY.

A SURVEYOR GENERAL AS SOME  
PEOPLE SURVEY HIM.

The Paths by Which He Has Marched from the Miramichi to Fredericton—Some of His Peculiarities as a Politician—North Shore Politics Defined.

Hon. Lemuel J. Tweedie, M. P. P., by the grace of the people, and surveyor-general by the grace of A. G. Blair was born on St. Andrew's day 40 years ago. This fact might entitle him to pose as a Scotchman, were it not that his parents were pure Irish, from the classic regions of Leitrim and Down. He may therefore rank as an Irishman by his ancestry and a New Brunswicker by birth, two excellent points in a political canvass, and made doubly strong by the fact that he is both a Presbyterian and Methodist in his religious faith and a liberal and tory in his politics.

As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Tweedie has never needed these canvasses in securing votes. He has depended less upon the good will of the people than upon the support of the men who have had a pull with the people.



HON. MR. TWEEDIE.

At the outset, he owed his successful return to Hon. W. M. Kelly, and later he was taken up by Hon. Michael Adams. Just now he has a portfolio and aspires to be a North Shore boss on his own account.

Let it not be thought, however, that Mr. Tweedie has ever allowed himself to lose his independence by any mistaken sense of gratitude to his political friends and allies. When he entered into politics, it was with a view to conserving the best interests of Lemuel J. Tweedie, and of giving the North Shore its due proportion of office and emolument, so far as they could be secured to Mr. Tweedie aforesaid. His supporters, apparently, never had any rights which he felt bound to respect if they stood in the way of his own plans and purposes.

Thus it was when Mr. Kelly, having secured Mr. Tweedie's first election, in 1874, thought he had a very promising supporter. Others were not sure about it, and one man offered to bet that Kelly might be able to hold Tweedie in hand until they reached Fredericton. Somebody else doubted even that, but Mr. Kelly, in order to make sure, took Mr. Tweedie across the country in his own sleigh. They stopped at Doaktown for dinner, and while there an argument arose in which the two quarrelled and Mr. Kelly went on alone. The man who had fixed Fredericton as the limit of the partnership had been too sanguine by half.

At that time Mr. Tweedie, in the biography furnished by himself to the *Parliamentary Companion*, announced himself as a liberal. He now describes himself as a liberal-conservative. As a matter of fact, his politics, outside of his care for himself, may be best described by the term "North Shore." This includes a great deal which nobody outside of the North Shore understands, including stumpage, smelt fisheries and the likes or dislikes of Hon. Michael Adams. It means the business relations of this man and that in Chatham and Newcastle, with claims on the dominion government, railways finished and inchoate, tug boats, fishery overseers, Mitchellism, optimism, pessimism, rum, Romanism and rebellion. All these elements enter into the politics of the Miramichi, and have a bearing on its elections. They appear to be thoroughly understood by the people, and the intervals between contests are employed by many in writing two-column letters to the local papers, filled with personal vituperation and relating to any or all of the subjects to which reference has been made.

From which it will be seen that the ways of the Northumberland politician may be at times peculiar.

Mr. Tweedie did not have the help of Mr. Kelly or Mr. Adams in the election of 1878, and consequently was not returned. In the election of 1886, however, he had the enthusiastic support of Mr. Adams, and was returned fourth on the ticket. Mr. Adams led the poll in that contest, though throughout the campaign he vigorously as-

serted that he did not want the vote of any man who did not vote for Tweedie.

Mr. Tweedie was elected as an opponent of the Blair government, and it is a bright and exceptional page in his history that he remained a consistent opponent until the present year. In the meantime, however, he revolted against Mr. Adams and caused the formation of the Chatham Liberal Conservative club, which was intended to seriously interfere with Mr. Adams's sway.

The story of the late Northumberland deal is so well known as to need no recital. Mr. Tweedie and his colleagues were elected to oppose the government, though it was confidently predicted by those who knew them best that they would in the near future be found on the government side, with Mr. Tweedie as surveyor-general. The prediction proved correct. Mr. Tweedie succumbed very easily to the blandishment of Mr. Blair, who reached Chatham by a fast train in advance of the opposition men, who were bent Chathamward with a like object in view. Had they reached there first, it is difficult to say what the result would have been.

It may be said in favor of Mr. Tweedie, that he is a clever and enterprising man, who is quick to see an opportunity and take advantage of it. Socially he is very popular with a large circle of friends, who like him for what they term his bluff. In the hours of recreation from the cares of state, he is a jolly good fellow, and no mean player of seductive games of skill.

### THE CITY GARDEN.

Spring Work has Begun, and Several New Attractions are Added.

Spring work has begun in the civic garden. By this is not meant that some pickets have been nailed on the Old Burial Ground fence and the ground made odoriferous by top-dressing. The Burial Ground is only a plot in the garden referred to, for in an enlarged and poetic sense that garden is the city itself, and the incorporeal hereditaments thereof. "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la." are the mayor and common council, and the gardeners are the intelligent and otherwise voters. Rather careless gardeners they are, too, as is evidenced by some of the rank weeds which have grown so apace that such slight attempt as has been made to root them out seems of little avail.

The chief flower of the garden, scientifically known as *Albertus Leardiockus*—the ordinary mayor of commerce—has been reset and gives promise of a thrifty and fragrant growth. Several new plants have been added, and the old ones repped, so that there is every indication of a florid display as soon as the weather grows warmer.

Whether this is to be a good season for flies or not, it may be predicted that there are no indications of any flies around the city garden.

It is to be hoped that no evil disposed person will attempt to mar the beauty of the garden by the use of grease.

Not that it even has been done. Oh, no. Certainly not, but these be the days when evil doers are abroad, and it is no harm for the gardeners to have their eyes open.

The garden is worth all the attention that the gardeners can give it.

### Recalling Old Times at Home.

Some of the far away subscribers of PROGRESS when renewing their subscriptions—which they never fail to do—chat to the extent of a page or so of old times in their native province. Here is part of the contribution of a Kamloops, British Columbia, resident, who was formerly a Fredericton man:

Enclosed please find my renewal subscription for PROGRESS for ensuing year. I think mine has about expired. It reaches me every Sunday morning and is welcome read. Some of your reminiscences are like old memories to me, for I shared in them. I notice Blair's combine with Tweedie. It reminds me of the King-Hatheway combine in 1871 on the school act. \* \* \* I remember I went to the house of assembly to hear Gough rake down Hatheway for deserting the opposition, pretty much as Tweedie will get this winter from some of his conferees. I notice you have married—down there, I shall see him next month on my visit to the coast. Another old time bachelor gone, I think I'm about the last of 1872 crowd left. \* \* \*

### She Dearly Loves Gum.

Whether the chewing of gum is healthful or not, it is fashionable with many of the young ladies of St. John. F. E. Craibe & Co. received a consignment of 25 pounds of the other day, and finding it of extra quality, at once ordered another lot. In some parts of the country it used to be the correct thing for gentlemen to hold their fair partners' gum during the progress of a dance, but the custom is not likely to obtain in St. John, even though chewing is becoming a fashionable accomplishment. The average girl dearly loves spruce gum.

### It Was the Aldermen.

Elliott row received a very thorough sweeping the day after the mayor's election. The aldermen of Prince ward have waked up, and none too soon. The street was in a scandalous condition after the bonfire and festivities of the night before