

PROGRESS.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

POLITICS IN THE COURT.

A CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE WHICH RIVAL BARNUM.

The Emersonian Tiger, the Lion, the Pelican and the Chamelion—Daniel in the Lions' Den—Behold how these Politicians Love One Another.

Westmorland is a noble county—noble for its wide-spreading acres—noble for that upheaval of the *sans culotte* which men call Moncton—noblest of all for its law and election courts.

The holding of the Circuit court twice in the year at Dorchester flavors the dull routine of life with a dash of the circus and the can-can. From the Grit cage and the Tory cage the animals are let loose into the arena. There are, for instance, the Emersonian tiger, with corrugated brow and frenzy-rolling eye; and Powell, the chameleon—philosopher and friend of mankind in general and the hidden foe of each in particular; and Wells, the pelican, stalking about for a chance to shove his *bill* into suffering humanity; and there is the tawny, irrepressible lion of Westmorland, the fiercest whelp, be it said with every respect, of all this roaring brood!

His Honor the judge cuts no small figure on the hand-bills and in the street parade. While the animals are still behind the bars of decorum they seem to regard him with respect. But he appears to have an indifferent control over the menagerie when it is once let loose into the ring. The opposition lion, "obstreperous and fierce-glaring," begins to roar, and soon all the government pets are howling and snarling in chorus.

At the session of the court, which closed last week, only one cause was tried (perhaps "attempted" is the better term)—that of the Merchants Bank of Halifax vs Josiah Wood. The bank sued Mr. Wood upon his endorsement of a note of the Joggins Railway Company; the defence was that the bank had agreed to liquidate the note from certain subsidies that were coming, and did afterwards come, into their hands. There was a change of personnel soon after the curtain rose, Mr. John C. Brown, the contractor, who has been for a couple of years at loggerheads with the company, becoming transformed into the plaintiff, while the Joggins Railway Company assumed the role of defendant. Before the second act of the drama had been concluded a still further change of front took place—fight a for the heavy-weight championship is ushered on between Mr. Hanington, who appears for the defendant, and Mr. Blair, who appears for the plaintiffs. In this, Mr. Blair is ably assisted by Mr. Powell, who now and then fetches Daniel a sly stroke over the bread-room.

"The original Daniel in the lion's den," observes Mr. Powell, in his opening to the jury, "aroused the sympathy of the civilized world over his predicament; the modern Daniel occupies a different position. If he were cast into a den of lions, the tears of the civilized world would flow for the poor lions!" He takes occasion also to term Mr. Hanington, in whose company he will be stumping the county check by jowl in a day or two, a "bull of Bashan." Daniel mistakes the term, and thinks he has referred to "bull baiting," and pumps up from his cavernous thorax a torrent of adjectives.

Neither is Mr. Blair idle as the sunny hours flit by. He expresses the hope that Mr. Hanington will not resort to physical violence. A lunatic had once thrown a pitcher at him in court, but he (the lunatic) did not happen in that instance to be the counsel on the other side of the case. He describes the manner of Mr. Hanington as "ungentlemanly" and "brutal," and Mr. H. as a "bully."

Mr. Hanington has spent years in acquiring the reputation of a peaceable, long-suffering man, but it could hardly be expected that he would submit to such insinuations as these. He proceeds to speak of Mr. Blair, in a spirit of Christian sorrow, as a "contemptible" person, "unfit to be the head of the bar of New Brunswick," and of Mr. Powell as "an infamous tool, whose office it is to throw mud and do Mr. Blair's dirty work in court." (Tomorrow evening, in the Shediac public hall, Mr. Hanington will abuse Mr. Blair in all the moods and tenses, and Chamelion Powell will say, "Hear, hear!")

He alludes to the Merchants bank, or rather banks in general, as "a bloated incubus sapping the blood of honest men," and to bankers as "little gods who expect the people to fall down and worship them." He threatens a penal prosecution of the counsel on the other side for evading the terms of his subpoena as to certain papers and documents.

On one occasion Mr. Hanington interrupts the examination with a thundering "Pardon me—now, pardon me a moment; that's not true!" Whereupon Mr. Blair replies, "Pardon you? Why, you would exhaust the pardoning powers of the Deity!"

There is a lull in the conflict towards the

close of the case, whereat Philosopher Powell, friend of mankind, walks around the table and asks Mr. Milner, secretary of the Joggins Railway company, if he is a d—d liar? At which Mr. Milner rises with dignity and waves the intruder from his presence, with the remark that he (Powell) is an infernal scoundrel. (But the *Post* will be slobbering over Powell on Wednesday next). Next day Mr. Powell writes a letter to Mr. Milner inviting him to a duel, and giving him the choice of weapons, short-curved bill-hooks or snow-balls preferred. This is a fact.

All this time His Honor, Mr. Justice Tuck, holds the scale of justice evenly, though Mr. Blair does not appear to think so. His Honor makes a strenuous effort to restore order, or failing that to retain possession of what order there is. He says he does not imagine for a moment that counsel intend any disrespect towards himself, but what guarantee can he have that spectators will not think so? He thinks he is entitled to the society of gentlemen. Mr. Hanington says he thinks so, too.

On one occasion His Honor, in the interest of justice, asks a question or two of the witness of such vital import, that Mr. Blair is moved to adjust his eye-glass and rise to humbly protest against His Honor's course; whereupon His Honor withdraws the question.

Nine days are taken up in this sort of sharp-shooting. Nine days during which the court-room is thronged with hair and whiskers representing the jurymen who expect to be paid for these nine days' work. The menagerie has escaped meanwhile from the arena, and is now over-running Dorchester square and skulking about the stately corridors of Hotel de Wallace and its noble annex. Several witnesses have during these nine days been reduced to a pulp, mentally, and several yards of plaster have been detached from the ceiling. Two whole days are occupied by counsel and judge in addressing the jury. The jury is engulfed in luminosity. The stenographer reads evidence until he is hoarse in the face. Finally the jury retire to find out what they find.

There are three Grits on the jury and they find that they find for Mr. Blair.

There are four Tories on the jury, who find that they find for Mr. Hanington.

It has cost somebody something to learn the exact state of the poll.

There is a farewell howl from all the animals, a general rush for fees in which the pelican is not backward, and then the show is over.

THE COMMITTEES ARE STRUCK.

For the Spring Event in Entertainments—The Centuries Exhibition.

The Exhibition of Centuries, to be given early in April, is giving an impetus to the study of history. The literature, industries, inventions and all that concerns the world's history, from the twelfth to the nineteenth centuries, which include those to be represented, are of fresh interest to the ladies of St. John, so that the immediate result may be quite as beneficial as the final one.

The object of the entertainment, as stated by *PROGRESS* some time ago, is to provide means by which the Cricket and Athletic club can build a pavilion for the use of lady members. The club has opened its membership to ladies, and all availing themselves of the privilege can have the use of the fine tennis courts on the grounds, which, with the pavilion which it is proposed to erect before the maritime tennis tournament holds its annual meeting here next summer, will make a tennis field worthy of St. John.

The ladies immediately connected with the carrying out of the project are:

Mrs. B. C. B. Boyd, president of the general committee; Mrs. David McLellan, president of the committee in charge of the tea-room; Mrs. R. C. Skinner, secretary.

Twelfth and thirteenth centuries—Mrs. G. C. Coster, Mrs. Winslow, and Mrs. E. J. Sinonds.

Sixteenth century—Mrs. G. McLeod, Mrs. G. K. McLeod, Mrs. R. Grant, Mrs. B. C. B. Boyd, and Miss Skinner.

Seventeenth century—Mrs. G. Sydney Smith, Mrs. J. C. Allison.

Eighteenth century—Mrs. G. Dean and Mrs. Fred Harding.

Nineteenth century—Mrs. Douglas Hazen, Mrs. G. Herbert Lee and Mrs. J. Mowatt.

Tea Room—Mrs. David McLellan, Mrs. G. H. Fairweather, Mrs. Gilbert Pugsley, Mrs. W. Watson Allan, Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Mrs. W. F. Butt, Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Mrs. W. A. Stewart and others.

As these ladies will be assisted by their young lady and gentlemen friends, it will be conceded that the affair is in the hands of those capable of ensuring its success.

Good Houses at the Bijou.

The Bijou had very good houses this week, although the majority of the performers are on their second and third weeks. The principal attraction was Psyche, the skirt and sword dancer, and on Thursday evening the audience had a musical treat. Those who have admired the piano playing of Prof. Shaffer, the accompanist, saw him in a new role. The audience could not get enough of his mandolin playing, which for sweetness and finish was very fine; and his violin selections and imitations compelled him to respond to repeated encores.

THIS IS OUR VALENTINE.

"PROGRESS" WILL BE SIXTEEN PAGES FEBRUARY 14.

If Nothing Unforeseen Happens—Extra Material Necessary on the Road and on Hand—Some Facts That are Patent and Some That are Surprising.

A week from next Saturday, if nothing unforeseen occurs, *PROGRESS* will begin its career as a sixteen page paper. The preparations for the enlargement have gone along easily and smoothly, so far, and such necessities as a large stock of paper, an increased quantity of type and printing office furniture, special illustrated articles, short and serial stories are all on hand at present or on their way.

Some idea can be had of the circulation of *PROGRESS* when it is stated that the shipment of paper intended for the sixteen page paper contains more than 250,000—a quarter of a million—sheets. It is quite safe to say that it is the heaviest shipment of news print ever made by a newspaper in this city, or for that matter, in the maritime provinces. It will weigh more than thirty thousand pounds, and if the sheets were in one continuous roll they would measure about one million feet or something more than one hundred and eighty-nine miles. And still this supply of paper will not last *PROGRESS* more than three months!

It is something unusual for any paper to say at this time [of the year that it is crowded with advertising. A glance at the daily papers will not show any such abundance—in fact there is an uncalled for lack of desirable contracts in some of them. *PROGRESS* was forced to run two extra pages last week to accommodate its advertisements, and it is only by the use of a large quantity of very small type this week that the usual matter is crowded into the paper. Only a few days ago, a merchant asked *PROGRESS*, "Why is it that you use so much small type, the other papers do not?" "For the very good reason," was the reply, "it costs about twice as much to set small type, or nonpareil as it does our large type—bourgeois. There was a time when the *Telegraph*, more especially, but all the older papers used a good deal of small type, but every year it is growing less—cutting expenses—and today the poetry even has a hard chance to get in small type. *PROGRESS* believes in getting all the matter possible into the paper, no matter what type has to be used to get it there—so long as it is legible and plain. It is expensive, but it pays."

But in spite of small type, in spite of advertising rates which have been increased three times in three years and are now larger than those of at least one daily paper, the press of matter and advertising have forced the enlargement to sixteen pages. The story need not be told by us it is before every reader of the paper. It stares him in the face every time he glances over the pages.

To show just what an impression *PROGRESS* makes on strangers who know the Maritime papers well, but have not met it in its short life, a representative of the paper returned from Boston this week with new contracts from the best houses and agents, and a general statement to this effect: "You have the handsomest paper in Canada." Such concerns as C. I. Hood & Co., and "Perfect Bread" (whose announcement is seen on the seventh page), did not hesitate, but placed their advertisements, and were pleased to do it.

Just a line in conclusion, *PROGRESS* has secured complete control of the reprint edition of Webster's Dictionary which has been selling in this city at a very low figure, and proposes to offer that wonderful book and a year's subscription at a price which astonishes even ourselves—\$3.75. What do you think of that? Particulars are being prepared for circulation, but that offer is open from this morning. The books cannot be had from any other parties, wholesale or retail.

Need of an Explanation.

Mr. John Rogerson appears to have got into a heap of trouble by permitting himself to be called in for advice by the monument committee, and after having to a certain extent exchanged ideas with them, entered into the contest for the prize and won it. There is no doubt that some kind of an explanation is due not only those who competed, but the subscribers to the fund. If Mr. Rogerson did possess the confidence of the committee and their ideas to any extent, he had not the slightest right to compete with others for the prize.

For an Idle Hour.

Gunter's latest book is a Kentucky story. There is plenty of life and brightness in it and more literary worth than in either of his great successes *Mr. Barnes of New York* or *Mr. Potter of Texas*. A genuine southern vendetta is introduced to kill off a few of the objectionable characters and to add the requisite spice. This is done in an artistic fashion. It can be had of Messrs McMillan whose stock of good fiction is remarkably complete at present.

THE "BOSS" KILLS A PORCUPINE.

The Wonderful Adventures of some Professional and Lay Men.

Boss Chesley gave the city a rest last week and hid to his fishing domain at Clarendon with other kindred spirits and hunted for porcupines and air holes. He found both, contrary to his expectations.

A part of the land in this particular section is owned by a company of gentlemen composed of such genial spirits as Aldermen Nase and Chesley, Merchant Daniel Purdy, Lawyers Currie and Vanwart and Doctor Hetherington. They usually manage to put in a fortnight or so there in the summer months and a week in the winter when such necessities as ice and fuel are stored for the longer sojourn when the mercury dances in the nineties.

One day last week the party separated, the two lawyers and the "boss" starting off on their snow shoes and the others remaining in camp to oversee the putting in of ice. Each lawyer carried a repeating rifle and the alderman sported a shot gun. When about a mile and a half from camp they spied a hole in the snow, and, approaching the spot cautiously and peering within, it was found to contain something black—without doubt a bear, thought the trio. A council of war was held at once, and preparations made for the attack. Snowshoes were thrown aside and Messrs. Currie and Vanwart looked at their repeating rifles with much care, while "Boss" Chesley put a fresh cap on his shot gun. Stations were assigned to each man, and while on bended knees, Currie and Vanwart covered the "den" with their repeaters, the alderman took careful aim and peppered the hairy object with shot.

Ah! that was an exciting moment. As the echoes of the kicking weapon sounded through the forest, the startled trio gazed at the hole. Where was his bearship? Why was bruin so inactive? Had not the alderman's shot roused him or dreadful thought! had he missed him. With wonderful caution they approached within ten feet of the aperture, and a pole did the rest. The snow was beaten down, the hair laid bare and revealed—a dead porcupine.

They crossed guns and swore to keep the secret, but as the camp fire warmed up and the "Boss" was drying his clothes—for he scraped acquaintance with an air hole on the return journey—he told the yarn which has circulated in all kinds of distorted forms. This is the true and revised version.

How "Uncle" Fooled the Truthful Captain.

Score one for "Uncle" Abe. He had one very close shave a few nights ago. The acute and "truthful" Rawlings was on special spy duty on King square, and just as immovable as one of the trees. It was after hours and both he and Covay thought that "Uncle" had company in his beer shop. Perhaps they were right, but if the company was there "Uncle" was not. He appeared presently, however, from a neighboring store, and walked slowly towards Tivoli hall—his beer shop. The door of Tivoli was locked, and as "Uncle" approached, so did the truthful captain and his shadow, Covay. They were there before the owner indeed, and they stayed there, for "Uncle" Abe was not to be caught thus. He passed along as unconcerned as possible and entered an eating saloon. Non plussed and disgusted Rawlings and Covay cleared off, and when the coast was clear "Uncle" appeared and a goodly sized jury filed out of Tivoli hall. The evidence within must have been satisfactory, for they were all in good humor.

The "Robin Hoods" Depart.

The "Robin Hood" club composed of Messrs. E. W. Gale, Joseph Penery, John Watson, and W. W. Hatfield, broke up suddenly a few nights ago leaving their estimable landlord, Mr. Thomas Doyle, in the lurch to the extent of \$1.60, a month's rent. They left nothing to seize save half a barrel of coal, which owing to their sudden departure, they could not take along with the pair of lamps and a chair. It is stated that they left through fear of a dog, but that is probably a libel. They are paying \$2.10 a month for their present room which is more comfortable than their old quarters.

Money for the Nurses Home.

The following sums have been received by Lady Tilley for the building fund of the proposed home for trained nurses:—

Messrs. Manchester, Robertson & Allison..	\$100.00
Sr. Leonard Tilley.....	50.00
Dr. Bayard.....	25.00
Senator Devere.....	20.00
Rev. Mr. Narraway.....	2.00
From the Old Ladies Home.....	1.50
Anonymous.....	1.00

The Concert Wednesday Evening.

The City Cornet band has something new for Wednesday night in the Squegee Polka. It has made a hit in many places already, and the City Cornet can do it justice in both the musical and descriptive parts. This will only be one of the features of the concert, for the programme is representative of the best vocal and musical talent in the city.

THICKER THAN FLIES.

THE CROP OF MAYORALTY CANDIDATES A LARGE ONE.

Mr. Lockhart Would Like to See Mr. Baskin in the Chair if He Retires—Making No Move—Alderman Shaw is No Hog—Mr. Chesley Would Like to Come.

Mayoralty candidates are thicker than flies this weather and twice as troublesome. There is something in the air that brings them out, and they hover about Chubb's corner and stamp around on the ice-bound sidewalk with their coat collars up to their ears while they discuss the probabilities. Up to the present time the chief magistrate epidemic has been confined to the aldermanic circle. The disease has not spread with any remarkable rapidity, but there is a good chance that some good citizens will catch it and swell the list of victims on the second Tuesday in April.

No definite announcement has been made as yet by any of the would-be-candidates. They are simply enjoying the discussion of probabilities which are quite as uncertain as the weather.

The present Mayor, Mr. Lockhart, has not made any specific declaration of his intentions. He is not so open as those who oppose him would like him to be and for this very reason he is regarded with some suspicion. *PROGRESS* learned from one quarter that he would be candidate again without a shadow of a doubt while another party declares that he will abdicate in favor of another member of the ring, to wit, Mr. W. D. Baskin. That would be very well if there was a ghost of a show of Mr. Baskin being elected but even with Carleton strong behind him Mr. Baskin could not win. If he could it would be a case of the tail wagging the dog.

But Carleton would have something to say on another side, for it is said that Mr. Enoch Colwell would oppose Mr. Baskin if no other candidate could be found.

Again Mr. Lockhart thinks that if there are plenty of entries, he might stand a show in the race. The best move he can make at present is to make no move, but to keep quiet, watch the track and those in training for the contest. Sixteen hundred and his winter kindling is too large a sacrifice to make without some struggle.

The silken tile of Alderman Blizzard glistens more than ever in the sunlight, and makes a more pronounced angle with his neck as the days advance. His name is mentioned quite frequently with the list of favorites for the race, and there cannot be much doubt that he once got in good training the bets would at least be even on his success. He has more time than the average citizen, and takes a much greater interest in the affairs of the city than most of them. *PROGRESS* thinks St. John might have a much worse chief magistrate than Ald. Blizzard.

Mr. John A. Chesley's name is mentioned in this connection also, but the remembrance of last year will not be a strong inducement to him to come forward. If he could possibly induce the "boss" to retire to private life, his chance would be better, though hadly good enough for such a venture; but the "boss" would as soon think of going out of business as retiring from city politics.

The latest candidate whose name has been put down on the slate is alderman Shaw—probably without his knowledge or consent. Mr. Shaw is an M. P. P. and an alderman. The fact that he does a little farming in addition to his extensive bakery and probably knows something about the culture of porkers does not imply he has any of their nature about him. In other words Mr. Shaw is no hog. There might be an impression that he was if he wanted the mayor's chair at the present moment.

Aldermanic honors are easy. But there will be some fun in the very near future.

Be Temperate in All Things.

The youthful members of Victoria Section of Temperance had their annual sleigh drive this week. The youths occupied two large sleighs and no doubt they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. They drove around some of the principal streets before going out the Marsh road.

As *PROGRESS* saw the party driving along Charlotte street, it noticed that while the boys are inclined to be members of the cold water army, they must be members of the Smokers' Union or some such society judging from the large number of them puffing away at cigars and cigarettes, which did not present a very favorable appearance. The boys should take into consideration that when they turn out on the street and thus appear before the public, that they ought not to show anything that would cause onlookers to pass any unjust criticisms.

He Shipped and Got His Advance.

Thomas Norman, the eccentric pie-man, did not sail in the *Emma Marr*. He shipped as cook, and got a note for his month's advance, which he was very anxious to get cashed. He had some difficulty in getting money for it, but the fact that he did not sail is pretty good evidence that he was successful.

GLAD TO GET OUT OF TOWN.

A Visitor to the City Pays an Old Debt After 21 Years.

It sometimes pays to look over a hotel register, especially if a man has been in business for a long time. So Mr. Russel, the King street clothier, thinks, at any rate.

Mr. Flash, of Chicago, arrived in town a few days ago, from Chicago, after an absence of 21 years. When he went away from St. John he was in somewhat of a rush, and forgot to pay Mr. Russel for a pair of pantaloons, valued at six dollars.

Mr. Russel's memory is excellent, and when he glanced at the hotel register he seemed to think that he had seen the name before. He referred to his books and they said so too. It was quite late in the evening and he returned to the hotel with the account made out in due form.

Mr. Flash was there. Pardon me one moment "said Mr. Russel, gently, but your name is—Flash. Is it not?"

"No it isn't" said the stranger.

"I think it is" was the quiet reply.

"I tell you it is not" was the bold rejoinder.

"I am prepared to make affidavit, to the fact" was Mr. Russel's response.

"Then you will make affidavit to a falsehood" was the bold answer.

He was too abrupt, and probably he thought so a minute later when he looked around in a dazed, where-am-I sort of a fashion.

The bill was not collected that night, but next day it was presented again. Again he denied that he was the man, and asked to be identified. He was told that Mr. C. A. Robertson could identify him in connection with a little matter of buffalo robes. That was sufficient. He wilted, and after some dicker marked the bill O. K. and asked that it be sent to the house, where it would be paid. That appeared to be sufficient, but nevertheless a few minutes before his departure that afternoon, Mr. Miles Merritt made his acquaintance in his old hand way, and requested him to pay for a document with the seal of the common clerk's office, in addition to the debt. He did so, and appeared to be glad to get out of town.

HOW RINGS ARE LOST.

Travelers Lose Them in the Depot—A Case where the Money Was Found.

It is quite a common occurrence to find people making a study of the tiles on the floor of the I. C. R. depot. They are not necessarily engaged in working out a pattern for a new quilt, or any other amusement equally interesting. As a rule such people have lost something. They hunt about for awhile, then tell the officers. In some cases the missing articles are found and restored to their owners, or sent to an address left by them, for it is generally people travelling who are the unfortunate ones. Just before the western train went out one evening this week, a woman in one of the cars discovered that she had lost a \$5 bill. As it was about all the money she had, there was a good deal of excitement and anxiety in her vicinity for awhile, and finally her husband started out on what he looked upon as a hopeless search. He informed the police officers, and then made a tour of the places where his wife had been. Some hours before she had been sitting in the ladies waiting room, and on visiting the spot he found the \$5, and got back to the car shed in time to catch the train. The money had been laying there some hours, although there are people passing through the room all the time. But this is not always the case.

Many things find new owners in the depot, and the change usually causes some uneasiness. Travelling ladies who spend part of the day there, and wear jewelry, sometimes have a loss to mourn, and it is usually in the way of finger rings. They take them off, while washing their hands, and lay them to one side; then go away and forget about them. When they return to the bath room the rings are gone, and the chances of finding them are about one in a hundred.

He Did Not Dance in Them.

There was some amusement at Spencer's assembly, Tuesday evening, at the expense of a King street merchant. He had come prepared to enjoy the light fantastic, but between his home and the hall some of his friends had played a part. Before going to the hall, the King street man called at a Union street confectionery store, and left his slippers there, while he went somewhere else. When he returned the parcel was where he left it, but it did not contain the same pair of slippers. While he was away, an old pair of cut down boots, which had been worn around the workshop, and were well covered with candy and flour, had been substituted for the slippers, and when he opened up the parcel there was considerable merriment.

What the Season Brings.

Mr. E. J. Armstrong, printer, has issued a calendar this week. It is a typographical gem, and speaks well for the office.