

PROGRESS.

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SOME SPRING SCHEMES.

THEY WILL FALL HEAVILY UPON THE TAXPAYER.

The Stage of the Leary Scheme—Working For Their Election—Aldermen Who Will Retire—Others Seeking the Positions—Who Will be Mayor.

Who will be mayor of St. John for the civic year of 1891?

That is the question that is puzzling a good many people today, and will puzzle them until the fourteenth of April. Very few people appear to want the honor, and those who do are much in doubt if the people want them.

For the past three years the office has, as it were, gone by default. Not for lack of candidates—there have been plenty of them—but for lack of good candidates—men whom the people respect and look up to as having done something to warrant their being placed in such a position of trust and emolument.

PROGRESS does not propose to go into history and recount who have applied for the office and been rejected or accepted. That is within the memory of almost every voter, and the memory is not a pleasant one. The people cannot but recognize the fact that the men who have applied have not been representative citizens. It is hard to account for this. Before the union of the cities the same difficulty did not exist—there were good candidates, and, of course, good mayors. Only once since that event has a man filled the chair who gave promise of acceptability to the people, and his career was unfortunately cut short by death. For nearly two years W. A. Lockhart has held the position, and the opinion is quite general now that it would have been better for the city had he remained in private life. He has not been a success in his official capacity, and if he and his small following do not realize that fact now, it is more than probable that they will before the polls close on the second Tuesday in April.

Some other names have been mentioned in connection with the office. Among them Ald. Peters and Blizzard. PROGRESS has had no talk with the representative of Wellington, and does not know whether he comes out unsolicited or at the request of any number of citizens. Ald. Blizzard was very frank when spoken to on the subject. A number of persons have personally requested him to allow himself to be put in nomination, and while he was flattered by their proposition he would not entertain it unless it came in the form of a requisition. If it did not come he would not be disappointed, but would be content to serve his ward as faithfully as ever in the lesser sphere should the people elect him.

There is a warm contest opening up in Victoria ward, with the prospects that one or both of the present mis-representatives will be left at home. Ald. Forrest will find it a hard matter to explain why he opposed the Leary job before his election and supported it two or three days afterward. Some very pertinent questions will be put to him by the people and unless he possesses more reasoning power than PROGRESS gives him credit for, he will be left at home. There is a very interesting story to be told in that connection and Ald. Forrest knows all about it. But he won't tell it.

Another individual who should have been left at home last year, and would have been had he acted squarely with his colleague, Mr. Law, is Ald. Busby. Victoria ward never has supported any man who voted for such a boodle transaction as the Leary scheme and it will not begin now. Last year Mr. Law was an advocate of the Leary business, and though the people did not know it then in the same way as they do today, he never ran so close an election. He was beaten. Today he has come to his senses and like hundreds of others, will oppose such a barefaced attempt to wheedle \$100,000 out of the city. He will be elected beyond a doubt in square opposition to that proposition. James Seaton is another candidate who PROGRESS thinks will run on the same lines, though not on a ticket with Mr. Law.

In Wellington ward there is a probability that both the old representatives will retire and give way to other men. Messrs. Shaw and Peters have no reason to be ashamed of their record.

Queens ward has a three cornered fight in hand again, Messrs. Allen and Jack being in the field with Mr. Chas. McLaughlin as a new man. Ald. Allen and ex-ald. Jack had a close contest last year, and both are working hard for a majority of votes. As PROGRESS announced some time ago, Ald. Robertson retires.

This is great weather for schemes. They hatch quicker than a spring chicken. Some of them are about as hardy. If they don't get the "pip" before March closes, their chances of life will be increased one good hundred per cent.

Foremost among them stands the Leary scheme. The people have been too busy

of late—too busy trying to run the whole of Canada—to pay much attention to their own town. It is about time they pried their ears open and listened to a few wholesome truths.

A good many taxpayers—PROGRESS believes the great majority of them—are sick and tired of the name "Leary." They have heard it time and again for the past two years, and always in connection with some subsidy or other, until the very sound of the word is suggestive of a job—whether it be a dock job, a wharf job, or a boodle job it is difficult to determine.

The parties who look after Mr. Leary's civic transactions in this city are not men on whom the public can rely with the greatest confidence, feeling that they will look out, at all times, for the welfare of the city in preference to their own interests. It is a fact that they are regarded as "schemers," whether they are deserving of the title or not. They worked in every possible way to get \$10,000 a year, to help James D. Leary build a dry dock, etc., in the harbor of St. John. They found the people against such an expenditure of money, and when the last civic elections came off that they pronounced most decidedly against it. This did not worry them, however. Where there is a will there is a way, and where there is cash the way is made easier. So it was with them. To the surprise of the electors, aldermen who canvassed against the Leary scheme with all their might, who spoke against it with all their eloquence, were hardly elected before they saw some reasons to change their minds and vote in favor of it. The result of it was that a short time ago, by the aid of a casting vote from the mayor, the Leary scheme was carried so far that a bill was ordered to be prepared to be sent to the legislature to give the city authority to give Mr. Leary \$5,000 a year for 20 years to assist him in building wharves to be owned by himself!

PROGRESS believes that not one in ten of the citizens has any idea of the iniquity of the proposed deal. By the say so of fourteen aldermen—such men as Busby, Forrest, Connor, McGoldrick, Likely, Lewis, Kelly, McKelvey, Morrison, and some others—who represent James D. Leary far more than their constituents, the people are in a fair way to be compelled to give \$100,000 to build private wharf property, which will be placed in competition with like property built and owned by St. John people.

The bill has not been passed by the legislature yet, and PROGRESS trusts it will not be. The people should strive in every way to prevent it, both through their representatives and through petitions, if necessary, for it means the entering wedge of further taxation! Talk about the fear of direct taxation under reciprocity! It is nothing to this. This is direct taxation—direct taxation with a vengeance, when for \$1000 worth of property a man has to pay fully \$11.50. This is about the present rate, and what it will be if the ring gets full swing no person knows. PROGRESS can only conjecture and believe what a good citizen and heavy tax payer said recently. "If this state of affairs continues the rate will be \$20 on the thousand before long."

The advocates of the Leary subsidy are rushing the affair forward with all despatch. The legislature is now in session, and they hope to get authority from that body in time to have the present council pass upon it, and the present mayor sign the contract with Leary. For so sure as the people come to understand the infamous job, neither the present mayor nor that portion of the council devoted to Mr. Leary and his scheme will stand a show for re-election.

PROGRESS understands that the projectors are greatly elated over their success so far. They count also upon the assistance of Premier Blair and the government following to rush the bill through the house in time to have the present council pass upon it.

Premier Blair will not introduce such a bill as a government measure, and there is a possibility that there may be enough independent legislators to defeat the project. Such Jake Sharp methods of buying up legislatures and civic corporations are not popular with the people, and like that worthy individual, the man who does the buying, as well as the men who are bought, are apt to get into trouble in the long run.

One Gone to Missoula.

The fame of PROGRESS' great dictionary offer has gone abroad, and this week there came an order from Missoula, Montana, for the paper and the book, with a post office order for \$3.75 enclosed. Wednesday's express carried the book on its journey west. Some idea of its size and weight can be had when it is stated that it is too heavy by about three pounds to send by mail, the limit of which is five pounds.

Accidents Will Happen.

It is very rarely that PROGRESS has to make any excuse for its mechanical department, but this week an annoying accident mars the appearance of a splendid portrait. The work is so delicate that it takes very little to scratch or spot the engraved plate. That is what happened this week and having no duplicate the defect could not be remedied.

WHO PLAYED THE JOKE?

DR. W. W. WHITE HAS AN UNSOLICITED ADVERTISING FIEND

Who Placards His Handsome New Residence in the Night Time—Druggist Thos. Crockett is not Neglected—A Detective on the Scent of the Practical Joker.

Who put up the notice? That is the question that a good many society people are asking each other just now—the question that the only detective the city can boast of is trying to solve.

Early risers who passed Sydney and Princess street corner, last Sunday morning, saw a strange notice pasted upon the walls and windows of Dr. Walter W. White's handsome new residence. It contained only three words, but they had all the significance in the world. "WANTED, A WIFE," was the magic combination that destroyed the composure of so many people for the next twelve hours. The day was fine, but on no fine day in the writer's experience have so many people passed this particular corner. And each and every one paused and read and smiled. The practical joker had been abroad the night before and had done his work well.

Druggist Thomas Crockett, whose plate glass windows are just opposite, found them adorned with the same particular and inviting poster when he arrived Sunday morning. Mr. Crockett still enjoys single bliss and his consternation was somewhat painful. The dreadful consequences of permitting it to remain there while he was in the shop, took away his breath. Just suppose for an instant that some bold and defiant maiden should take the sign for what it meant, and drop in on him while behind the counter. Mr. Crockett hustled. He hustled for something to scrape away the obnoxious document. That wasn't very easy. The bill poster had done his work well. The paper was "glued to the wall," and there was no getting it off without a liberal application of soap and hot water. It was a good job for Mr. Crockett that Sunday morning trade is not brisk. He wasn't interrupted in his task but the minutes flew, and the early church people began to drop along. They watched the sign in amazement. A respectable druggist scrubbing like mad at his windows Sunday morning! Then they laughed pitilessly, despite the victim's glare, they roared as they glanced across the street and went on their way grinning. Meantime Mr. Crockett was meeting with success. Gunned paper sticks to glass closer than a brother, but at two minutes to 11 o'clock one of the signs had disappeared. The other remained and did the mischief. An application came in! That settled it, and Mr. Crockett was not so careful about the second one. He disfigured it for the time being, and every maiden who passed looked and laughed. Up to this time Mr. Crockett had not observed the admirable decoration of his neighbor across the way. When he did he felt a good deal happier, knowing that he was not the object of the joke.

Dr. White did not get around until Monday morning, and he was not pleased when he saw what had been done. Why it had been done was a matter for conjecture. Without a doubt the house was new and he was young and unmarried with enough money in prospect to live comfortably. But he, no doubt, thought that he was capable of doing his own advertising, and, if he wanted a wife, he would hardly make the fact known in that way. Quite naturally enough he started to find out who the practical joker was. The bills must have been printed in a newspaper office, probably in the city, and he could probably trace the order. That was easier said than done as the doctor found. The next best thing was to engage Detective Ring to ascertain who the culprits were. The "wily" detective has been studying the situation since, but, whether he has come to a conclusion or not, is not known. What the doctor can, or will do if he finds out, is hard to conjecture. However, if anyone knows who did the deed and wants to earn \$25 he can learn something to his advantage by applying to him personally.

The little joke has been the only thing laughed over in society circles this week. Of course it can be traced back to a first as well as a second cause, which have been explained in a hundred different ways by a hundred different people. In this case the ladies are happy and fortunate, but just to present the man is unhappy and unfortunate.

And They Didn't Find an Officer.

Here is the ground covered by two St. John men Monday night. They were in search of a policeman, and did not find one. They started from Dorchester street, went along Pond street to Mill. Up Mill to Dock street and Market square; back again and up Main street to Orange corner, down Main street along Paradise row and out the City road. Then they went back to the starting point very much disgusted.

For Sale—Chair Cane, long selected. Dual 242 Union street.

WHIMPERS OF SPORT.

The Athletic Clubs Inactive, but the Enthusiasts are Talking.

When word was received this week, that Lake, of last year's Monctons, had signed with the Bostons, and was going south with Irwin, there was some little baseball talk indulged in. But those outside of the two big athletic clubs had the monopoly of it. The members of the St. John and Shamrock associations seem to be too busy trying to make successes of their bazaars to give anything else consideration. The committees have been totally indifferent as far as providing sport for the coming season is concerned, and they have not even had an application from a professional ball player to stir them up.

There has been some talk among the friends of the St. Johns about organizing an amateur base ball team, with, perhaps, a professional battery, one of whom would be engaged to coach the team as well as pitch. If this is brought about Howe will probably be one of the men, and it is said that Billy Pushor would like to come down here for the summer. But even the engagement of two professionals would be objectionable to some of the club. President Skinner strongly objects to the professional idea, and is likely to sever his connection with the club if professionals are engaged.

Secretary Ferguson says that the St. John club will do more to encourage general athletics this summer than formerly, and when the pavilion is built and more provision made for tennis, there will probably be a lively interest taken in that sport.

Lacrosse seems to be under consideration with some of the members of both clubs, but the old base ball enthusiasts do not seem to take kindly to it. Of course the non-success of the game last year cannot be taken into account in considering the probability of its being able to draw a crowd, for it had the greatest base ball St. John has ever seen to compete against; but for all this there seems to be some doubts as to whether it is the game the people want.

Both the St. Johns and Shamrocks seem determined to make their grounds as good as lots of work and hard thinking can make them. The latter club have been quietly at work all winter carrying out the cinder track idea, and when the snow disappears the work will go on in earnest. The additional ground secured will enable them to have a fence with but four angles, which will add to the attractiveness of the grounds.

HALLOA, DO YOU KNOW ME?

The Pertinent Question of a Youth Who Was Absent Six Days.

There seems to be a prevalent idea amongst some Canadians that as soon as they go to the States they become, in some inexplicable manner so Americanized, that their identity drops from them like a garment, and their nearest relatives would fail to recognize them if brought suddenly face to face with their regenerated and transformed person. An instance of this peculiarity happened in our own city not very long ago, and this was the way of it.

A gentleman, prominent in political circles, is blessed with a son who, while he embodies all the cardinal virtues in his own person, is just a little verdant. Now this youth had become imbued with his father's opinions to such an extent that he did not believe any good thing could come out of Nazereth, or be found in Canada. So he girded himself with power and hid him away to the land of the free and the home of the brave, there to seek his fortune, or, at the very least a modest "competence."

I think it is a generally conceded fact that when the average standard Canadian leaves his home for foreign parts, he generally stops off at Boston, and, if possible, he stays there, and remarks, in the language of the Lotus Eaters, "We will return no more. * * * We will no longer roam"; so, having seen Boston, he decided that it more than realized his wildest dreams, and made up his mind to remain, and so taken up with he with all the wonders he saw, that he had been two days at the hub before he discovered that his trunk had been left behind in the confusion of his departure. To think was to act! To be sure he very seldom thought, but when he did the result was generally surprising, and in this instance he formed the immediate resolve of going straight home for that missing baggage, and home he came, just six days from the time he started on his travels, he stalked up the paternal steps, and rang the ancestral door bell. He wanted to surprise the family, so he did not walk in. The door was opened by his respected parent himself, the expression of whose countenance naturally indicated the liveliest surprise.

"Hallos, father!" said his son and heir, with an ingenuous chuckle. "Do you know me?"

Tableau! with martial music—fortissimo.

THE TRICKS OF HEELERS.

HOW THEY WORKED THE VOTERS IN MANY PLACES.

Times when Money Did Not Have the Desired Effect—The Foreigners in Prince Ward and the Fireman in the Cellar—A Kings County Incident.

The men who worked in the polling booths on election day say that the amount of impersonation done was horrible to think of. Yet it could not be stopped. Early in the day doubtful voters were promptly challenged, but this in most cases did not seem to bother them in the least. They kissed the book, and voted, without a word. This went on to such an extent that in many cases representatives in the booths, who knew some of the men who were voting the names of people away from the city, and against the party they represented, did not challenge them, as they fully believed impersonators would swallow the oath, and their personal friendship was too great to force them to it. In many of the booths, if not all, the impersonation and bribery oaths were read together, but it is said that reading the bribery oath was only a waste of time, for the men who took bribes had no hesitation in swearing that they did not. If they would do one thing the other would follow as a matter of course. A number of ward heeled fellows whom they piloted around to nearly every ward in town, got the names of dead men from the representatives at the different booths, and had the "horrible example" vote them. Word was usually sent around from one booth to another to look out for these characters, but they got in their work, just the same.

One of the sharpest tricks to keep down the conservative majority was played in a large establishment where nearly all the employees are liberals. The fireman, who spends most of his time with the engine and boiler in the cellar, was an exception. When this became known, one of the most enthusiastic decided to satisfy himself as to the truth of it, and if possible prevent him from casting his ballot. So he went down cellar and asked the fireman how he was going to vote.

"I'm going to vote for the government," said the man.

"No you're not," said the liberal; "for you are not going to leave this building today."

"I can vote at dinner time," said the man. But he didn't.

When his visitor left him, he took every possible pains to see that the fireman did not deposit a ballot for the government. The first move was to lock the cellar door; then he hauled up the elevator and fastened the ropes so that it could not be used, and the fireman was a prisoner. He had to stay in the cellar all day without any dinner, until the polls closed. Then he was liberated.

Down in Prince ward there are a large number of voters who speak broken English, make their living by peddling, and don't know much about reciprocity, the national policy, or the old flag. Nevertheless they become very important persons in the eyes of the ward politicians. A few days before the election a number of prominent conservatives made a tour of the district, and tried to impress upon the foreigners how unnecessary it was for them to bother about voting, and advised them to attend to their work, and not go near the polls. Then the "intelligent" voter usually get a few "bran new ones" to show that the politicians meant well. One son of Italy seemed to be well satisfied with his visitors, and there is an impression that the politician who interviewed him, must have put his hand in the wrong pocket when leaving his card. There is some uncertainty as to how much the Italian received, but he gives it something after this fashion: "Dere was a one and a one and another one, but zey vash't vons at all; nuff to get a barl a flour enyvay." This is a sum in arithmetic for the finance minister.

However, the liberals say that most of the foreigners voted, and the liberal hustlers told them how.

There has been considerable indignation among the liberals in this city, since the election, over the unsuccessful result of an effort to help Domville in Kings. When some of the party heard that a train load of non-residents had left this city to vote for Foster at Rothesay, they did some hustling, and got together between 50 and 60 Kings county voters who reside in St. John. They were all assembled at Berryman's hall prepared to make the trip to Kings, and vote for Domville, but there was no money at the committee rooms. The men who had organized the excursion party, spent some time in looking up "prominent liberals," while the excursionists waited; but the right men were not to be found, and enough funds could not be raised in time to take the party out. When the announcement was made there was considerable disappointment, but the party broke up and Col. Domville lost

over 50 votes. Since election day, however, the number of men who say they would have furnished the funds out of their own pockets has been almost as large as the conservative majority.

In Kings county some of the hustlers had so much money that they did not know what to do with it. One of them, a conservative, approached a voter who was a strong liberal, and offered him \$5 to go and vote, but he indignantly spurned the offer. His brother, however, who had voted for Domville early in the morning, was standing near by, and he took a different view of the matter.

"Look here," said he to the hustler, drawing him aside, give me \$10 and I'll fix everything all right." The money was handed over. The Domville man took a \$5 bill and handed it to his brother. "There," said he, "take it and vote which ever way you like." Then he put the other \$5 in his own pocket and walked away.

The representatives sometimes make mistakes when a stranger enters the booth, or an outside worker is trying to have a dead man voted. Quite frequently they would challenge a voter, and then on looking out the window find a heeler of his own party winking and blinking for all he was worth. This meant that the voter was "all right" for their particular party, and the representative would then try to look as indifferent as possible, and "guess he wouldn't have the oath put," or "let it go." But in a case of this kind, when the other representative was wide awake, he usually had his say and made the voter swear.

In some few cases men who started in with a determination to vote no matter how much opposition was offered, seemed to find their conscience troubling them before they got through. For instance in one district a man was sworn before he was allowed to vote in the city booth. He went from there to the county booth, but when challenged again refused to take the oath. It is needless to say that this was not the case with men with the reputation of having voted over 40 times in one day.

PRESIDENT SKINNER TALKS.

He Gives a Plain Statement of the Affairs of the Opera House.

"I think it is in order," writes President A. O. Skinner to PROGRESS, "to make a statement of the present position of the company, and beg to submit the following, so that those who have subscribed stock, as well as the citizens who have not subscribed, may see what has been done. I feel and hope that for the credit of our city, enough stock will be taken to finish the building.

There has been expended up to date about \$10,000, five of which were collected from subscribers and five obtained on mortgage. The building is all roofed, and the interior, the main floor, galleries and stage timbers are all ready for finishing. The size, shape and work on the building, so far, has been pronounced first-class in every way by all the theatrical managers who have visited St. John. The ventilation and exits are perfect. The ceiling is 50 feet high which allows 250 cubic feet of air to every seat. The exits are such that in the case of panic a crush is almost impossible as most of them open on the ground without even a step. The locality is most central. The electric cars will pass the door and the North end patrons can alight at the main entrance without any danger of inconvenience from the weather. The beautiful building in front through which the entrance to the Opera House is obtained is a tribute to the city and the Messrs. Dockrill, who I might say here give all their property to the company and take stock in payment and will only get the same rate of interest as the other stockholders. I consider the company has made a good bargain with them.

I think I can make the statement without fear of contradiction that the citizens will agree that we want such a building for holding our concerts, lectures and all first-class entertainments, and that there are 800 men in St. John who could come forward and subscribe \$15 each to enable the company to open the house before the exhibition next fall.

Now, as to the prospect of the stock paying interest, I beg to make the following statement: The entire cost of the building will be \$40,000, and the cost of running the building will be about \$1,500 every year. If we average two engagements a week our income will be \$4,000, which will allow \$2,400 to pay six per cent. interest on stock and \$1,600 to pay expenses.

I am not in the show business, but I have obtained information from experienced show people, and they say the estimate of two engagements a week is low, as this is considered a good city for patronage, and there are numbers of companies that would come if there was a suitable place to play in. I hope you will find space for this statement in PROGRESS, and that the merchants and other citizens will come forward and help the company to finish the work. A. O. SKINNER, Pres. Opera House Com.