

PROGRESS.

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NOTHING BUT TALKING.

BOTH GOVERNMENT AND OPPOSITION DOING THEIR SHARE.

Scenes in the Local House Graphically Described by "Flotsam"—Some of the Charges Preferred Against the Government—Opposition Men and Their Points.

FREDERICTON, March 25.—Another week of the session has passed away, a week made chiefly memorable for the words of brother Hetherington. "The country pays more for wind than it does for steam."

From the heaving breast of Silas in tones of epic thunder, from saccharine William of well-known renown, from sage Augustus in his menacing and metallic, from Wilson witty and wrathful, from the stormy depths of Daniel's brazen lungs—have come, during these seven days, many things indeed, but this thing chiefly—wind. The peaceful zephyr of persuasion, the trade winds of reason, the furious white squall of denunciation, the searching east wind of sarcasm, the melting south wind of reconciliation, the howling hurricane of personal hatred—all kinds and sorts of wind, but yet wind, which a country that needs not wind but work must needs pay for and be content.

Think you not, ye mighty men of lungs and laws, that you could better greet the fleeting hours? Have you no nets to cast into the hurrying tide of Time, that you sit thus wrangling and snarling on the bank? Is it that the country may hear? Of a surety, if this good-natured monster you call the country could but hear and also see, there would arise a wind that would hear thee out from thence to be heard and seen no more.

There can be no question that days, and nights as well, have been consumed this session in the discussion of topics of a most trivial nature. Charges which should be looked after, no doubt, but not to the exclusion of all other business. Charges as to stamps, charges as to poultry, charges as to Mr. Blair's colts, charges as to fences about the government field, charges as to coaching, charges as to stationery and telegrams, and ink and mucilage—really, if one's eyes were not arrested by the noble brow of Silas, the sagacious profile of Alfred, the aboriginal outline of Marcus, and the furrowed front and heaven-aspiring hair of Daniel, one would be disposed to wonder in what quarter the brains of the opposition were concealed. Is the comedian thenceforth to supply the statesman's place in these historic halls?

Neither are some of the government supporters free from the blame of helping to maintain the farce. On both sides of the house speeches have been delivered since the opening for the sole design, one would think, of obliging the reporter to earn his salary. Or have they been delivered in the abiding faith, so strong in many minds that nothing is too absurd, or childish, or trivial to pass muster with an infinitely gullible public? Members who launch the most violent epithets at each other, meet in the corridors afterwards for a social cigar and laugh at the fun. Accusation, denunciation, contradiction, iteration, reiteration and counter-iteration—to these add mirth unspeakable and you have the daily product of the house.

Since supply was entered upon, the house has been sitting day and night—that portion of it which has not been stretched out on the crimson plush sofas of the room. The government have made efforts to facilitate the work, but it has been obstructed at every point. Items have been passed only to be debated upon again. Every new item is the signal for a debate upon the whole. To these facts add this: that, with few exceptions, no man's word believed or carries the slightest weight at the opposite benches.

Our correspondent wishes to be fair, but what should be said of such charges as these, which appear to constitute the stock in trade of the opposition:

- That the attorney general spends too much for stationery.
- That he spends too much for telegrams.
- That the *Telegraph* was paid more for an advertisement than the *Sun*.
- That the government spends too much for printing.
- That it spends too much for coaching.
- That Mr. Blair pastures his colts in the government house field.
- That the government lost \$5 worth of stamps through damness in one of the vaults.
- That Mr. LeBlanc was not appointed a member of the legislative council.
- That Mr. Lugin is to be made Queen's printer—which is new to Charles, however.
- That the evidence in the Leary investigation was printed at the *Herald* office.
- That Mr. Blair is thought to own stock in the *Herald*.
- That Mr. Risteen is thought to have been paid by the province for reporting Mr. Blair's Woodstock speech.

What do the people think of this for a bill of fare? Is this the policy on which the opposition rely for public approbation? Those who profess to know, say that Mr. Phinney is to be the leader of the opposition in the not distant future. The opposition comprise many men of ability and discernment; it is entitled, they say, to have a leader who will represent its views. Mr. Phinney is popular with the House and

well adapted for the position. He speaks seldom but what he says is full of sense and point. He does not lack, moreover, in the courtesy and dignity which the rules of debate demand.

That which we call a point of order, nowadays, by any other name would mean as much. Mr. Hanington was speaking and Mr. Mitchell rose to a point of order. Scarcely had Mr. Mitchell assumed the vertical when Dr. Stockton rose to a point of order. Then Mr. Blair rose to a point of order. Then Mr. Hanington rose to a point of order. Then Mr. Pugsley rose to a point of order. Then Dr. Stockton rose to a point of order, at which point of disorder the audience rose to a point of infinite weariness and homeward went its wilful way.

The opposition is manifesting a tenderness that is touching towards brother Colter, brother Hibbard, brother Theriault and a few other worthy brethren this week. Tuesday was the day on which the government was to be voted out it was said; then a postponement was made until Wednesday, but the mills of the gods grind slow.

Mr. Porter the member for Victoria has made a favorable impression on the house. He watches the debate closely, is not an extreme party man, and the few speeches he has made have exhibited good judgment.

Premier Blair is so successful in the colt raising line that he is liable to become conceited by and by. Up to date the most promising of all the youngsters the leader has in training is the phenomenal winner of the Westmorland futurity stakes, Joseph A. McQueen.

A man of knowledge and wide research is Daniel. From boxing the compass to shearing sheep, from superintending a Sunday school to expounding the latest novelties in Billingsgate, "no pent-up Utica contracts his powers." But he cannot tell us the difference between a "pedometer" and a "perambulator."

Contrary to general belief Hon. Robert Young has been able to attend the session. He was warmly greeted on his arrival. Mr. Young, however, is still too unwell to give much attention to the work of legislation.

It is still the opinion of the prophetic Silas that "we must call a halt or we are undone."

There is liable to be a difference of opinion among government supporters on the question of government house, it would seem. It is doubtful, under the terms of the B. N. A. act, whether the building and premises are the property of the dominion or the province. The latter would appear to have the stronger claim. But the title is doubtful and as an asset, therefore, the property amounts to *nil*. Negotiations have been in progress between the two governments, and it is thought a settlement can be effected on the basis of all the lands and property attached to the institution, save and except the historic building itself, being sold to the highest bidder and the proceeds applied to the erection of a cheaper and more suitable structure for his honor's residence. This is the view favored by the dominion government. It is the view favored, personally, by Mr. Blair. But is not the view favored by Mr. Wilson and other government supporters. They say abolition should mean abolition. They say that it is not abolition to abandon one government house for the purpose of erecting another. No doubt there are two sides to the argument. But at present, it would seem to the lay spectator, Mr. Wilson and those who think as he does hold the winning cards.

The energetic efforts of Mr. Hanington and Mr. Phinney to place the premier in a hole for his temerity in supporting the liberals in the late contest, do not awaken great enthusiasm in the breast of Mr. Porter. Mr. Porter is a good grit. Mr. Porter don't object, outside the house, to being called a grit. But inside the house, and from his own leader, the term is not so palatable.

Hon. Mr. Jones is never lacking in energy. He has shown fully the usual amount in opposing the Fellows inquiry. Last week he succeeded in having it bowled out of the council. But Mr. Barbare is not to be snuffed out in this fashion. He will introduce the prayer of Squire McKay once more to the house today. It is thought that Mr. Gregory, whose cranium has now become a seething mass of protest, will lead the prosecution before the committee of privileges.

Six days and five nights in all were occupied in passing the estimates. The legislature will now be able to devote itself to private bills, the number of which it is said will be limited. This ought to mean a session short and sweet. FLOTSAM.

They All Observed the Law! There must have been considerable mirth longed for vent, when the mayor announced that he would follow the usual custom and grant licenses to those who had observed the liquor license law, in the past. The mayor should have taken a glance at the list of applicants before arriving at his decision.

THAT IS THE QUESTION.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE" IS BOTHERING THE CANDIDATES.

How Civic Politics Was About the City—The Majority Contest a Foregone Conclusion—Dr. White as a Candidate—The Situation in Prince Ward.

"To be or not to be," that is the question agitating a good many civic candidates at present.

There has not been much change upon the checker board since *PROGRESS* last discussed the situation; the game is, of course, drawing nearer an end and more exciting. Tuesday week will see the finish of the first round, and the next Tuesday a new mayor will be ready to think out his inaugural speech.

Kings, Dukes, Sydney, Lansdowne, Stanley, Guys and Dufferin wards at this writing have not shown much activity or desire for change. The absence of activity does not always imply the absence of a desire for change, however. There are very many people thoroughly dissatisfied with the conduct of civic affairs who will not lift a finger to remedy it; they tilt their chairs back and make critical remarks suggest this or that person for a good, representative, honest alderman but that is the end of it. Rather than lose their vote they will make haste voting day to cast it for the very men they are against urging as their only excuse "Hobson's choice."

That appears to be the situation in Wellington this year with two thirds of the candidates. The ward has for a long time been represented by a worker and a non-worker. Some people think it eminently fitting and proper that this state of affairs should be continued.

PROGRESS has been asked once or twice this week why it was so critical of Dr. Walter Woodworth's White candidature. Without discussing or questioning the right at all of a newspaper criticizing the candidature of any man who comes out for office and the methods of his coming out, the reply might be made generally that *PROGRESS* believes there are scores of men in Wellington ward better able and with a better right to represent it than Dr. White. An alderman should have some knowledge of the city's business, some idea of its requirements. The best representative is a practical man who has worked with the workers, and not one who enters the contest mainly with an eye to aldermanic prominence—save the mark!—and gives no thought to the city business before he issues his card.

Dr. White called upon *PROGRESS* Thursday, not upon professional business, because there were no "sick" men about, nor yet on the lookout for votes. He did not come to see the editor but a friend. He made some remarks about the contest and said he was going to run a fair election, and that it would not hurt him or any other man to get a licking, provided it was a fair one. The electors will probably agree with the doctor on this point.

In Prince ward the situation has improved wonderfully. The chances are that two good men opposed to Leary plans and reckless expenditure will sit at the council board. A requisition has brought out Mr. Knodell, and Mr. A. H. Bell is also in the field. Both of them are business men well known in the ward and the city and will make creditable representatives.

Perhaps there will be a chance for Boss Kelly's fighting abilities to show up again this year. Mr. Vincent wants to come out, and if Mr. T. M. Milledge can be induced to span with him, they will make a speedy team that Kelly and his runner may find hard to finish with.

The mayoralty contest will be a walk-over for Ald. Peters. His friends are doing the working, and besides he has the people with him. It might be a good idea for Mayor Lockhart to save the city the expenses of a contest by retiring.

It Will be a Great Show.

There is not a little interest, excitement—call it what you please—among the many ladies and gentlemen preparing for the Centuries exhibition. Each person has a part to fill, and he and she are trying to surprise themselves and their friends. It is all for the good of the show, which really promises to be unique and wonderful. Of course there is the rivalry of the different booths. One century will not be beaten by another century, and so the enthusiasm deepens and extends throughout the entire show. So far has this gone that *PROGRESS* has learned of many costumes being rented in New York for the week's entertainment. Other costumes of much magnificence are being made in the city. The postponement to April 13 has much to commend it. The rink will be perfectly dry by that date, while there was a doubt of its perfect fitness by April 6. It is far better to run no risks. Again there is longer time to perfect the tableaux of which there will be one every evening. The "Exhibitions of Nations" will be a great show, but "The Centuries" will be a greater one.

Open Evenings. Dual, 242 Union street

TO ILLUSTRATE AMHERST.

A Description Issue of the Manufacturing and Agricultural Centre.

One of *PROGRESS*'s cherished ideas has been made possible and practicable since its enlargement. Very many of its readers remember the beautifully illustrated editions published of Fredericton, St. John and St. Stephen, editions, the like of which have not been equalled since. Even to this day there are demands for these numbers which however were long ago exhausted.

The rapid growth of the regular advertising in the paper and the large increase in the circulation kept everybody about it too busy to think of greatly enlarged issues, so the illustrations of towns was necessarily abandoned until now, when with double size, mechanical and editorial staffs, illustrated issues mean but little extra exertion.

Arrangements have been made, therefore, for a special representative, Mr. E. V. Harrington, to begin work at once, and by illustrating growing and prosperous towns to make *PROGRESS* better and more widely known than it is even at present. Among the smaller cities Amherst appears to have made the most marked advance of late. This is due in part, no doubt, to the attention attracted to that vicinity by the building of the Ship railway, which is expected to be complete this spring or summer. There are many other causes which have brought about the boom, however, and made the place a manufacturing, as well as an agricultural centre.

PROGRESS proposes to illustrate Amherst and give the outside world some idea of its advancement in these later years. This will be done by engravings from photographs of the finest street scenes and public buildings that can be obtained. It is hardly necessary to say that the engraving will be well done. Previous illustrated issues have shown how well this portion of the work has been looked after. As far as possible the portraits of the prominent citizens will be secured for the edition. It is only fitting that in such an issue the men who made the town should have equal prominence with the town itself. There is not space here to say all that could be said about the edition. It will be published as soon as possible, and we hope will be a credit not only to Amherst but to *PROGRESS* as well.

WILL HANDLE MORE MONEY.

The Pleasant Point Ferry Commission Accepts the Highest Tender.

The commissioners of the Pleasant Point ferry service will have the control of more money this year than they had last. Judging by the time the commission took to consider the tenders, they seemed to be in doubt as to whether it would be advisable to accept \$826 or \$1, which was the amount paid for the privilege last year, and the sum offered for the privilege by the people who are running the ferry at present. The tender should have been awarded March 2, but a decision was not given until March 12, and then a proposition was made to the highest tenderer, Mr. Mulaney, which seems to be unfair.

The contract provides that the lessee must keep the floats and approaches to the ferry in good condition and make all repairs necessary while he is in possession. Mr. Mulaney is perfectly willing to do this, but claimed that those who have been running the ferry have allowed the floats to get out of repair, and that the commission should put them in order before handing them over. The short time given in which to have everything in readiness to begin the service on April 1, caused by the delay in awarding the tender has put Mr. Mulaney to considerable trouble, as he could not do anything until he learned whether his tender would be accepted, but should the commission decide to put the approaches in repair before handing them over, he will have a boat in readiness. It is quite probable that McLaughlin Bros.' *Tourist*, a steam launch much larger than the one making trips at present, will be put on.

The number of people who cross the river at Indiantown has grown to a wonderful extent within recent years. Last summer the novelty of sailing over to Pleasant Point in a steam launch attracted hundreds of people who made the trips on Sunday afternoons. It is estimated that over 50,000 passengers cross on the ferry during the year.

He Won't Vote Again.

The dominion election affected many of the voters in odd ways as some of the aldermanic candidates are finding out while canvassing. In the recent election, one of the voters in Queens ward, found his name down on the lists as a plumber, a business which he knows nothing about. One of the representatives, with views different from his own challenged him when he went to vote, and he would not swear that he was a plumber. When he was approached by an aldermanic candidate the other day, he related this experience, and avowed his intention of never casting a vote again.

IN AN IMMIGRANT CAR.

ALL NATIONS REPRESENTED, AND CROWDED IN TOGETHER.

Weary After an Ocean Voyage, with Hardly Room to Move Around—How They Live and Some of Their Amusements—The Different Types of Immigrants.

A long train of ten or more crowded cars, rolled into the I. C. R. depot Thursday morning, and a more interesting excursion party never touched St. John. And this was an excursion! Not a mere day in the country, with linen dusters and white dresses, ice cream, lemonade, and the hundred and one things that go to make one happy and correspondingly sick and weary on the following day. It was an excursion, out of which all the happiness, if there ever was any, had been extracted long before it struck St. John; an excursion which had already spent several days on the ocean, with a long railroad journey just fairly begun. To come down to hard facts, most of them had not had their clothes off for two weeks, and expected to spend five or six days more in anticipation of a general renovation. But, to judge by appearances, it is doubtful whether such an experience was ever common to many of them.

The excursionists were immigrants bound for the northwest, representative of the nations of Europe. Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Germans, Danes, Swedes and Frenchmen all rolled together in that long train. Such a mixed up lot of people is not met with in these parts every day.

There was none of that swarming from the cars that one usually sees on the arrival of an excursion train. On the contrary, everyone seemed to be possessed with the idea that they might be left behind, and probably could not very well afford to travel like ordinary people. So the majority of them stayed in the cars, and to all appearances were either too lazy or tired to move. Yet there were enough immigrants in the depot to make it quite lively during the hour or so that the train was taking in water. Even this move caused some anxiety, for when the cars backed out of the depot and up the yard to the tank there was a general scramble and an immigrant hanging on to every platform. But if the majority remained in the cars, those who did get off made the most of their stay. The train was hardly stopped before a party of them were as far as Dock street, and others were making purchases in the stores around the depot. How important these purchases were!

Every man who paraded the train shed had something under his arm, from a can of prepared meat to a bag of biscuits, or a loaf of baker's bread without any covering whatever. The father of a large family seized the opportunity to spread an amazing array of crockery ware on the floor of the train shed, and with a pail of hot water and a tin teapot made tea and drank it on the spot, while his wife, with a shawl over her head, and enough teaspoons for a large family sticking out of her pockets, stood shivering and shaking like the gates at the Mill street crossing in a gale. She was not the only one who had this experience, for the air in the train shed was decidedly cool, and that a number of those who, in their hurry to get off the train, had neglected to bring an overcoat along, realized this fact was apparent from the lively exercise some of them indulged in, while the others did it involuntarily, like the woman.

Those in the train shed were not so interesting as the men and women who remained in the cars. There they were, all dumped in together and lying about in every possible position, the upper berths of the cars thrown open, and on both sides men were huddled up, some sleeping and some leaning over the sides of the berths, right at one's head as he went through, while in the seats below men and women of all conditions and classes were either stretched out asleep or huddled up in a corner with their feet sticking out in all directions. Some were eating and drinking, and others with comb and brush were trying to improve their personal appearance. Mothers with little bits of babies hushed them to sleep, and groups of older children played hide and seek among the seats, or climbed over the backs of them. Here and there three or four men, sometimes Englishmen, sometimes Danes or Frenchmen, were playing cards, and the soiled pasteboards they used were thoroughly in keeping with their personal appearance. Others again were half way out of the windows, and in some cases there were apparent organized efforts to determine just how many could get out of the window at one time. Here was an attempt at sociability that blocked up the passageway, while half a dozen people making use of the sink and water and soap and towel at one time, made it impossible to open the door, and a pair of large feet sticking out in the passageway added to the difficulty of making one's way through. All was disorder! Men, women, and children, bags, baskets, blankets, mattresses, coats, rugs and

bundles of every kind, description and color, piled in together, so that in some cases, it was hard to tell whether four seats were occupied by human beings, bundles of clothes, or both.

In one car a young fellow with an accordion, added to the general confusion, and not unpleasantly, by playing old fashioned tunes. The occupants of the car seemed to enjoy the music immensely. Heads arose from the masses of clothing and bundles in the berths above, and leaned out into the aisle, a group gathered around the player, and the fellows playing a game of cards in the corner of the car, a game which they were unable to explain in English, slapped down the pasteboards with greater vim.

They were a hard looking crowd taken as a whole: rough in their clothing, rough in their manners, indifferent to their surroundings, and doing everything with as little concern as if they were in the privacy of their own rooms at home. All careworn, tired, and dirty, the women in most cases keeping to themselves, and as unkempt in their clothing as the men. In some cases hardy looking youths had their arms over the backs of the seats where large healthy and rosy cheeked girls sat and didn't seem to care who saw them. None of their travelling companions seemed to notice them or care; to their wearied eyes nothing seemed strange or out of the way; all they thought of was eating, drinking, sleeping, and putting in the time as best they could. And that seemed very hard work indeed.

In these ten cars was every conceivable style and cut of clothing that was ever made outside of a tailor shop. All coarse, heavy, and made to wear. Thick gray homespun cut out with a saw; heavy woolen shirts; some dull colored, and others bright red, blue, or colors equally brilliant, and neckerchiefs of all kinds and shades wound around their necks clean up to the ears.

Even among these people, all bound in the same direction, with probably the same ends in view; who had taken advantage of the one method of transportation—all immigrants pure and simple—even among these there was a classification that was strikingly apparent. In a walk through the cars, one saw them all. There was the democracy, pure and simple, the middle class and the aristocracy in all its luxuriance. The latter occupied a pullman at the end of the train. They were all English men and women with a tendency to dress in tweeds of the lightest possible shade, which matched their complexions admirably. The men smoked cigars and cigarettes, as they paced the platform, and the women lolled on the crimson cushions of the car, as comfortably as tired travellers possibly could. This car monopolized all the cushions.

In some other cars, however, there was an air of refinement. The smoking was done in the apartment allotted to it; there were mattresses stretched across the seats; some of the occupants sat with blankets tucked around their legs, as if they were going for a sleigh drive. There was more order generally, the air purer, and the visitor felt himself intruding. In other cars, however, if his nasal organ was sensitive, he was not likely to prolong his stay. Although it was only the second day of the journey, the floors already bore a resemblance to a dumping ground. There were too many people for the size of the car, and every individual seemed possessed with the idea of perfect freedom of action.

Then again the different nationalities travelled together to a great extent. The most curious of all were the French people, among whom the news company's Joe Mitchell spent most of his time, and was indignant because the interpreter's knowledge of the languages ended after a few words of German, and left out French altogether. They were a quaint lot, and some of them gave the cars the appearance of a circus train, with their particular caravans devoted to the menagerie. Some of the men wore jackets of blue overall stuff, which were simply drawn in at the neck, and hung down after the style worn by butchers, except that the Frenchmen's were devoid of any style whatever. Above this quaint costume was a swarthy, grinning face, almost hidden by jet black hair two or three inches long, which stuck out so straight in all directions that it required close examination to determine that the owner of it did not wear a fur cap.

It was a great collection, and all looked forward to bettering their condition. Some of them thought the country, so far as they had seen it, was very thinly populated, and they will probably have enlarged ideas on this point after they reach their destination. In a great number of cases men were travelling alone; they had started without a travelling companion, and appeared to have made few friends during the trip. All seemed to have more or less money, and some of them made use of it in a manner that caused the C. P. R. agent some anxiety. Yet for such a mixed up and rough looking crowd, it was as orderly as any that ever rolled into the depot.