

PROGRESS.

VOL III., NO. 145.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE LOAFERS MUST WORK

THAT IS THE DECISION OF THE SAFETY BOARD.

Expenses Must be Cut Down in This Department—The Chief Wants a Fancy Railing and a Glass Front—He is too Public—What the Aldermen Think About It.

The appointment of Officer Jenkins to the captaincy of the Northern division has evidently put the common council on its mettle.

The board of public safety signified its intention Wednesday afternoon of acting in precisely the same spirit in regard to the chief of police when it was considering police matters.

The apparent quietness in police circles of late had led many to believe that the council had tired of its endeavor to have something to say about the police force.

And so he has been. Things assumed a different aspect, however, when the board of safety met Wednesday afternoon.

The council has the power to fix the salaries of the police, but it has been the custom to allow the chief a little latitude in this respect.

But the report of the police committee proved the most interesting part of the proceedings. Its main object was a reduction of the expenditures of the police department.

The object of many of these "improvements" was said to be a desire for privacy on the part of the chief.

The committee's recommendations were quite comprehensive, and advised that the present force be reduced to 34 men.

Ald. Chesley had something to say about that part of the report referring to the captains and detectives.

The clause relating to the chief's excursions out of town, also came in for some remark.

road. Ald. Kelly explained this by saying that he was on the lookout for smash-ups, whereupon it was remarked, that he had forgotten to take the police surgeon with him.

This is perhaps explained by quite an amusing story, which would lead one to think that the affable police surgeon has more to do with the force than look after its health.

A feature of the report which will, perhaps, raise some curiosity, is that in regard to the establishment of a secret service.

The developments in police matters during the past few months, have probably had a great deal to do with the inception of the secret service idea.

Lost in a Street Car.

A man with several children had a curious experience on his way home from St. Peter's church, last Tuesday night.

We Won't Do It Again.

PROGRESS has no room this week to speak of the wonderful dictionary offered—the splendid edition of Webster and Progress for one year for \$3.75—because the advertisements have poured in and overflowed upon the fourth page from which advertisements are, if possible, excluded.

Worse Than a Red Rag.

Boss Chesley is kept busy these days watching for people who are thoughtless enough to think and speak of bears.

A Race with His Parchment.

Mr. John Rossiter, who left town for the west and his fortune this week had a race with a pleasant parting gift—his address, which was not quite finished when presented.

Just A Line.

"Just a line"—to bespeak favor and success for the new firm of White, Colwell & Co., who have bought of the business of J. R. Woodburn, the candy manufacturer.

FISH SOUP FOR WATER.

MONCTON PEOPLE SIGH FOR THE PURE ARTICLE IN VAIN.

Milk too Dear for a Substitute and Liquor Prohibited by Law, yet more Eels Immerge from the Hydrants than Water—Legislation Wanted.

MONCTON, Feb. 4.—If there is one thing above another that the citizens of Moncton are suffering for at the present time it is legislation! Very few cities are troubled in that way I know, but we are.

We can't drink water except at the peril of our own lives, and unless something is done soon we shall all be like that time-honored humbug, the pelican in the wilderness.

"If all the world were apple pie, And all the sea was ink, And all the trees were bread and cheese, What would we have to drink?"

A gentleman residing some miles out of town, who is interested in a dairy farm, comes before the public in last Saturday's Times with the suggestion that we adopt milk as a staple drink, wax fat and luscious, and live to a patriarchal old age, dying at last with a smile upon our lips.

I wish the powers that be would stop electioneering, and turn their minds to this all important subject! How are the candidates going to hold up their hands on nomination day, and utter the time honored ejaculation, "Gentlemen electors! my hands are clean!" if those members are so palpably grime, that it is impossible to tell where the hand ends, and the coat sleeve begins?

In this, our darkest hour of trial, we turn with parched lips and haggard eyes to the temperance people, especially the W. C. T. U., and cry, "What are you going to give us in return for our dearest liberties of which you have bereft us? Owing to your efforts in the so-called holy cause, brandy is forbidden to our lips, and spruce beer is an abomination! Cider is a temptation of the evil one, and Moxie's nerve food, a snare of the prince of darkness!

And so we stretch out yearning hands to you, O temperance people, and ask you to provide us with a liquid of some kind. For a few bribe moons, we can melt nature's downy coverlet of snow, and drink of its crystal clearness, flavored with roots and other atmospheric disturbances, but the time is approaching when there will be no more snow, and so we appeal to you either to invent a new and cheap temperance drink, with which the reservoir can be charged—after we have had it nicely scrubbed and disinfected—or else let the Scott Act be declared ultra vires and liberty of conscience be restored to us once more, so that we shall feel free to qualify our Russian fish pie, served in a liquid form, with a little alcohol, on the same principle that we load the air with Dalmation powder in summer, since alcohol kills microbes and germs, and molecules, and all the ninety and nine horrors which go towards making up the sum total of Moncton's water supply.

Where Civility is Scarce.

There is one old gentleman in town who hasn't the highest regard for one of the brilliant youths who adorn the stamp department at the post office.

What Can Be Done at "Forty Fives"

The event most talked about among sporting men lately in the game of cards played by a St. John and Halifax man well known in connection with the Pickering base ball business.

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

A CHAMPION PREVICARIATOR.

Some of the Franks He Plays Upon the Placid Celestials.

It has been said that the three champion previcariators of the province reside in Fredericton. It is also stated that a certain hotel proprietor there is one of them, and that another hotel proprietor is the other two.

The Sabbath is a day of unmitigated repose at the capital. The average celestial on that day is saturated with sanctity to the furthest frontiers of his person.

Behold, also, the previcariator again at his work. Caribou have been very plentiful this winter and have been seen close to the haunts of men.

And so ye weary world doth wag along, till happily ye days draw nigh when ye wild and frisky caribou shall graze upon ye resting place of ye previcariator.

What Do You Think of Lent.

A correspondent asks PROGRESS how to keep Lent; what she is supposed to do and what not to do. She also inquires if there is much real observance of Lent outside of the churches; if there is much real self-denial or rather a show of it.

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WHO WILL BE VICTIMS.

BOTH PARTIES HUNTING FOR WILLING SACRIFICES.

Who will Give Their Time and Cash for a Chance at Ottawa—The Young Men Bound to be Represented, Probably by Mr. McKeown—Who is the Third Liberal.

The politicians have declared war, and the writs are out for a general election in Canada. The air is full of rumors and surmises; everybody is trying to talk himself and his neighbor into some kind of enthusiasm, and all that is needed to open the campaign is the selection of the victims, and the colored posters upon the dead walls to announce the preliminaries of the sacrifice.

Never since confederation showed its head, have the election writs found such a middle in the politics of the city and county of St. John, and for that matter in some other portions of the province.

No man is quite sure where he will find his neighbor, whether he will stand shoulder to shoulder and back to back as on the last occasion, or peer at each other from different sides of the fence.

And this last position is by no means the special property and privilege of the intelligent voter. The equally intelligent prospective candidates and orators have also in many instances spoken for a reserved seat upon that elevated position.

Behold, also, the previcariator again at his work. Caribou have been very plentiful this winter and have been seen close to the haunts of men.

This does not seem to be any good reason, however, why the Conservatives should not hoist their banner over him and follow him to the end, whether it be victory or defeat.

Perhaps it is sarcasm that prompts the Liberals to offer the suggestion, that Mr. McKeown would make a good mate for the ex-judge of probates. He has, it is true, several qualifications which point in this direction; for example, his support of the Liberal party at the last elections, dominion and local, and his adoption and election by the local opposition about a year ago, together with his change of opinion and support in Dominion politics since Mr. McKeown is a promising weathercock.

Mr. McKeown, however, should be credited with frankness—much more frankness than his colleagues, Dr. Silas Alward and Dr. Stockton, who fought shy of talking with a representative of PROGRESS on Thursday.

The junior M. P. P., for the county, was seen in the second story of Chubb's building looking idly out of the wide front window of Dr. Alward's private office, when PROGRESS started on its errand for information.

"Are you in favor of unrestricted reciprocity, Mr. McKeown," asked PROGRESS. "I am not," was the prompt reply.

While he could not speak for his colleagues in the local house, as to what course they would pursue, yet one might easily assume from his remarks that they would support him, and shared his views on reciprocity.

Neither has Dr. Alward, who was found in political conference in his sanctum. He did not want to be interviewed, evidently not until Saturday morning—after PROGRESS

came out. In the meantime he is practicing the balance act.

While all this was going on the old war horse, Mr. Weldon was tied in Fredericton at the supreme court. The wires had been kept busy in the meantime but there is nothing like being in the spot and so Mr. Weldon thought for he rushed back just as the wheels were put in motion and the summons went forth to the "Young Liberals" to meet.

The opposition walks around with smilsoon as the judges would let him go. Then ing face but a troubled mind. Their opponents have not only gobbled their policy but their strongest men as well.

Some very amusing combination tickets have been formed for them by the wags about town. Some of them read as follows: Messrs. Weldon and McLean, for the city and county, and Major Tucker for the city; Messrs. John W. Gilmour and J. E. B. McCready for the city and county, and R. C. John Dunn for the city; Messrs. Robertson and O'Brien for the city and county, and Mr. Ellis for the city.

What will be nearer the mark, however, will be C. W. Weldon and Henry Hilyard for the county and Ellis for the city.

The names of Simeon Jones, and Howard D. Troop have been connected in one way or another with the Conservative nomination, also that of Douglas Hazen who, it is understood, is not prepared to enter the lists at present.

The conventions will meet early in the week, and the whole business will be settled so far as the candidates are concerned. In the meantime, report says that if Mr. McKeown is chosen, the bosses of Dufferin and Stanley wards, will go and help Messrs. Costigan and Adams; that the Liberal's greatest fear is that Howard D. Troop will be put up against Mr. Ellis; and that Mr. Stockton will be persuaded to enter Albert as Mr. R. C. Weldon's opponent.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Beginning next week, Saturday, February 14, PROGRESS will be a sixteen-page paper—double its present size—and will sell on the streets and at the news stands, for five cents a copy. Let everybody get a copy of the first issue, and see what it is like.

It Made Him Desperate.

A young man who attended the Salvation army wedding, recently, does not like to think about that event now. He took his girl to see the ceremony, and it was generally supposed that the pair were in such an advanced stage in their courtship, as to be more than ordinarily interested in the proceedings. And they probably were. But the young lady made a change of front after the meeting that surprised her friend and made him desperate. She was apparently not as much impressed with the ceremony as to want to be a principal in one of a similar nature, especially with the young man who had taken her there, for, after the benediction was pronounced, she turned her attention in another direction, and was escorted home by another young man. The rejected one felt very badly, and signified his intention of "going to the dogs," to accomplish which he had made up his mind to drink three bottles of ginger beer.

New Faces at The Bijou.

There were a number of new faces at The Bijou this week, and the performances were in many respects quite different from those of last month. The new features seemed to please the audience immensely, while Curran's Irish specialties seem to grow in popularity, the longer he stays.

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