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CUNARD'S "LET HER GO."

THE INSPIRING SHOUT OF THE HON. BARBARIE

When He Thought the Legislative Council was Gone Forever—He Wanted His Vote to do It—Blocked by Fellows and McManus.

"Let her go!" It was the silvery voice of Cunard Barberie that filtered out upon the midnight air.

But previous to these historic words from the long-haired patriot of the north, many words yet palpitating through space had been uttered. Still other words were destined to be uttered of a sort more sultry than scriptural.

It was about eight o'clock on the evening of Saturday, the 11th of April, that something unusual occurred in the historic chamber of the legislative council at Fredericton. A thing so unusual that it had never occurred before; a thing so revolutionary that it seemed unlikely that it could ever occur again.

That venerable female, the legislative council, having been abused until life had ceased to have a charm, was engaged in the act of committing suicide without a hope of resurrection. The boneyard was undergoing voluntary cremation. The die was cast; the jig was up; there was a sound of grinding in the land, but it proceeded from the molars of Chief Justice Jones.

It was an hour later when the noose was adjusted, the constitutional supports kicked away, and the old lady was swung off to slow music. Many things were to be noticed about the chamber in the glare of the gas-jets. Comparatively few people were present for the suicide was slimly advertised. But of the members of the council every man was in his seat. A pale photographer had been in, and captured a fugitive shadowgraph from the screen of Time. It was a triumph of art, for all who looked upon the picture, said the countenance of Brother Jones cleared him from the charge of favoring abolition. Let us look at the procession ere it proceeds.

There is brother McLellan, upon whose rotundity the grip has laid a rugged grasp, and who, as the battle flows and ebbs, may be seen absorbing copious pulls of his favorite cognac compound. Beside him brother Harrison, whose health is indifferent, and who watches with slack interest the last grim struggles. And next appears the shapely head and neck of brother Richard, whose scarfpin excels in radiance, if that be possible, the golden "spees" of brother Wood across the way. Yet further to the north is brother Fellows, who has ceased for the time inflicting letters to the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Argyll, and other absent friends. And then the eye is arrested by the strong Gallic countenance of brother McManus, whose gaze is bent upon the centre of the floor, and whose larboard whisker is being stroked with fondness. As for brother Baird, there is reason to believe that he at least would be fully resigned to fate were it not that his collar persists in sliding from its natural resting-place, and needs to be dug for and adjusted with force and frequency. And at the extreme end of the row, thinking thoughts unthinkable, but which shall presently be spoken unto angry ears, sits Cunard Barberie.

Across the aisle, at the lower terminus, sits brother LeBlanc, whom brother Hill will soon be referring to as a "minion of fortune and a worm of the hour." Then comes brother Emmerson whose Napoleonic face is wreathed with thoughts of most portentous import. By him sits brother Bellamy who looks sufficiently condensed for all purposes, heaven knows. And there are others here, including Mr. Young, who has been carried upstairs that he may vote; Mr. Ryan, who by the way, did not pay for that new heaver after all, but charged it to a grateful country; and brother Jones, who would not be so calm tonight if he knew of the sunken reef ahead. And in the chair, his legs curled up in truly yeoman fashion, sits brother White, at whom let no dog bark.

Mr. Harrison explains the bill briefly, and in a moment Evergreen Hill, statesman, philosopher, historian, and century bachelors, is on his feet. Mr. Hill's merciful to his hearers. He feels a resistless impulse to trace the tangled threads of abolition back to primordial protoplasm, but he does not. He only goes back to the Saxon heptarchy. With his hand resting cavalierly on his hip, and head erect, he speaks of the roots of those free institutions of which we are the flower and fruit, springing up from ground that was fertilized by blood and watered by tears. He travels at a bound through Italy, Russia, Holland, England, America and Australia, comprising epochs in a sentence. The charge of inconsistency, he says, is as weak as the boast of consistency is foolish. The man whose mind is not open to conviction up to the very latest moment of the discussion is neither a wise man nor a good legislator. (Was there

ever such a smile as that which hovers o'er the hirsute face of Cunard Barberie beheld by gods or men?) He is in favor of an elective council. The speech he delivers is learned and eloquent. At its close he moves that the council lie in state till 1894.

Evergreen Hill has good reason to feel easy about that motion. Have not eight members of the committee to whom the bill was referred yesterday signed the report, and will not these, with Mr. Ryan and Mr. Fellows, both of whom have promised to stick by the ship to the last plank, make ten "contents" in a house of 18 men?

But what thinks Cunard Barberie at the end of the table, whose name is signed to that report? Chiefly this: That he holds in his hand the key of the position, and that if Cunard Barberie can show to mankind that it was he and he alone who abolished the council, by so much more will his horn be exalted on high and that of the iniquitous Blair dynasty be diminished. The card he plays now he plays face down, so that those to whom he is pledged, and whom in the name of his country's good he proposes to desert at the critical moment, will have no time to ward the fatal blow.

Note also in the glare of the lights the anxious face of Francis J. McManus and the pensive attitude of Piccadilly Fellows, for verily here is a trio of which no man knoweth his neighbor, yet by whom a tragedy is none the less surely being hatched apace. Brother Barberie has assured brother McManus that he will oppose the amendment and brother McManus, who knows that thereby the amendment will be lost, determines, though he was the eight, to vote against it, too, in order that he may launch upon a grateful world an amendment of his own. Mr. Fellows may be said to be a much-promised man. He promised the government when appointed that he would vote for abolition. He promised the committee, so Justice Jones asserts, that he would vote for the amendment. And he has promised Mr. McManus that he will vote for his amendment if it is altered slightly and so oppose the dictum of the eight. But the amendment which Mr. McManus is to move is not the amendment that Mr. Fellows thinks to hear.

But the clock has struck ten in a chastened chime, and Rotund McLellan is addressing the house. He protests against the corpse being resurrected, though he is not entirely sure the death sentence was just. Now and then he mops his brow, and anon he lubricates with balsam a throat that seems to need a power of lubricating. And as he lubricates his lubrication the rays of 40 gas-jets quiver and play and chase each other over and under the dimples of his chin. He had promised Premier Blair to vote for undiluted abolition.

The mellow tones of Justice Jones, Mow flagellate the air, He groans and groans and moans and moans, And skyward soars his hair.

He had saved a million dollars (with a capital M) for St. John since he was appointed. He did not say, but doubtless he meant, that had there been eighteen Joneses there, St. John would be rolling in wealth. Abolition was vandalism. Pumpkin orators in way-back school-houses had been the ruin of the council. They had—the council—been made the football of demagogues and tricksters. No premier would be able to control the ship of state for more than three years after abolition took place. Chaos and Arica were the legitimate progeny of abolition, and the interesting event would come off soon.

Napoleon Emmerson follows, his words freighted down with grief and sadness at the turpitude of men. He launches a Corsican vendetta against shifters, time-servers and salary grabbers. The house was the relic of a mediaeval buttress erected against the rights of the common people. The history of facts was an echo of the history of ideas. The council should not stand because it had lost the vitality of ideas and the basis of faith. It had originated in a country where there was a privileged class to protect; the shadow of it was transplanted to these shores where no such privileged class existed, and the present council was the shadow of that shadow.

All which time the audience has been gathering force as men flow in to view the solemn scene. Members from the popular branch have been filing up the stairs and muddily citizen patriots from the town. At the door of the members' room Mr. Gregory, man of ice and marble, is watching all with deep, unflinching interest. A government caucus soon breaks up, and the members, with Premier Blair at their head, cast away their Havannas, and invade the chamber at the further end.

Condensation Bellamy addresses the house with irate words. He was not sent up here to enter the front door and be projected from the back. He was not pledged to vote for immediate abolition—whereat Greenland Gregory smiles grimly and bends his eager ear towards the speaker, while Premier Blair looks worried and distraught. Richard is too frank.

A wealth of iron-grey hair, a pair of twinkling eyes and a husky voice proclaim the fact that Cunard Barberie has assumed the vertical. He talks north and south by turns but does not show his hand.

He is followed by Tobique Baird, who says at once that he is unable to realize the utility of this branch. But his opinion is that a man might be elected in some counties of this province on the platform of abolishing both houses. Such is rural patriotism.

And then comes brother McManus who combines with skill the temporizer and the patriot. He thinks time should be given to see if imperial legislation may not be required. He moves that the council terminate in 1892 instead of 1894.

The debate is closed by Evergreen Hill who soft-soaps the government artistically for the great success they have scored. But the new members, he thinks, should have a chance to secure the inestimable benefits arising from a few years' experience in the council. It grieves him to contemplate them as the "minions of fortune and the worms of the hour." He shrinks from regarding them as mere ephemera, born in the morning but to die ere night. They should be allowed to develop from the chrysalis state of being into full-grown legislators. Hasty legislation in the lower branch is inevitable from the mutual longing which government and house alike possess to get rid of each other at the earliest possible moment. A man above the common herd is Citizen Evergreen Hill.

And now the clock strikes eleven, and the waiting tones of Amen White proclaim the division of the house. The eyes of Cunard Barberie gleam furtively. Chief Justice Jones mops his brow. Aquiline Ryan crosses his legs nervously, and Rotund McLellan leans forward to gain momentum. Premier Blair in the far corner caresses the few remaining locks that adorn his dome of thought. Greenland Gregory adjusts his eye-glass that he may see as well as hear. Everybody thinks the amendment will be carried, but everybody is not a prophet. "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gate."

The amendment is put and there are only eight men standing. The clerk counts whiskers, but can find no more. McManus is expectant, Fellows is pensive and Cunard Barberie laughs huskily. A flood of rage tears through the throbbing veing of Aquiline Ryan, and the foliage of Chief Justice Jones rivals that of the pimento in verticality. A murmur passes through the crowd. The amendment is defeated, 10 to 8.

Brother McManus then arises with a placid smile to propose his motion. But the house is rattled, disgruntled, demoralized. Only two cool-headed members, Adonies Richard and Convert Fwelling, determined to stick to the wreck to the last, arise. Piccadilly Fellows thinks he has been tricked. He cannot vote for the McManus amendment for it is not the amendment he anticipated. Chief Justice Jones glares gloomily at Cunard Barberie. The mover resumes his seat amazed at the temper of the House. Again Cunard Barberie laughs huskily, as though he had been feeding on peanuts for a fortnight. The crowd throngs forward, eager, expectant. Premier Blair can scarcely believe his senses, nor can Mr. Gregory, man of ice and rock, escape the contagious excitement.

The chairman twirls his legs into a knot and puts the original bill to the vote of the house.

Then it was that Cunard Barberie brandished his Restigouche sombrero above his head and shouted, "Let her go!"

The bill went through without a shot being fired.

The name of Cunard Barberie was linked with immortality!

The crowd cheered lustily. Premier Blair's face is luminous with joy. Greenland Gregory bolts into outer gloom and the house and all its contents pour down the echoing stairs confusedly.

But alas! for shortlived patriotism.

The Sabbath was a busy day at Fredericton. Chief Justice Jones and Aquiline Ryan were busy, and of all the eight only Evergreen Hill maintained his placid dignity. Piccadilly Fellows and Bro. McManus became so many storm-centres, around which raged a gale of argument, a torrent of invective and a whirlpool of expostulation and entreaty.

On Monday there was a mysterious caucus held in the main committee room, from which Tobique Baird was ejected without ceremony. An hour later the bill was reconsidered and the amendment was carried. The funeral was postponed. The corpse was walking round embracing friend and foe. Brother Fellows and brother McManus were the consulting physicians who had accomplished the resurrection.

And Cunard Barberie looked sadly on from under his frosty foliage and saw receding from his sight the shining shore of immortality!

THE WAYS OF POLITICIANS.

Why It is Almost Impossible to Get the Verdict of the Public.

"What name?" "William Edgar." "Oh no, George, you haven't got a vote here."

"William Edgar, I say." "But you haven't got a vote in this ward, George."

"William Edgar is on the list, isn't it?" "Yes."

"Well, what's the matter with you?" "All right, George," and Squire Tapley smiled while George Palmer handed him a ballot to be deposited for the absent William Edgar.

This is only a sample case. There were hundreds just like it last Tuesday, but everybody seems to have got used to this kind of work and it merely causes a smile and is forgotten.

It is a good thing for St. John that elections are about over. One or two more would put the people past redemption as far as political morality is concerned. Politics has become a craze in some quarters, and the sole ambition of a great many of St. John's young men seems to be to shine as ward heeled, play most contemptible tricks, which are looked upon as "cute," and worship "boy candidates." As a result of this it is now almost impossible to get the honest verdict of the people on any question. In civic elections, success in most of the wards depends solely upon the heeled who are running a candidate, and in most cases the ward politicians work on personal grounds, without even considering the wishes or claims of the public. If a candidate has the right men working for him, he is sure of success no matter whether he is qualified for the position.

All this is a matter for congratulation among the heeled. In one of the north end wards they are feeling more than proud since Tuesday. Although not more than half the voters thought it worth while to go near the poll, nearly every name on the list was voted. Yet in this same ward as many as thirteen well known citizens were challenged in the booth and either had to swear to their identity or go away without casting a ballot.

The heeled own the town—or think they do—and everybody in it. When a man goes to deposit his ballot he is not supposed to vote for the candidate, or any principle that may be involved in the election, but for some particular ward politician. If he votes the right way he will receive his most hearty thanks.

The large number of voters who will not vote unless they are paid for their trouble has caused considerable comment. It seems to be looked upon as a business transaction, and in civic elections these people seldom go near the polls. An incident occurred Tuesday that showed how much women have to learn before they will be able to compete with the sterner sex in politics as a source of revenue. Two women on Charlotte street had been canvassed and had signified their intention to vote for Peters. They were looked upon as sure, and the representatives did not bother about them until late in the afternoon, when two of them took a single team each and drove down to the ladies. They found them all ready to go to the poll, but before leaving their seats they quietly asked the representatives, how much they were going to get for voting?

"We have no money to give," said one of the hastlers.

"Well, it's not worth our while leaving the house," said the ladies; and as the politicians knew that it was only a question of majority with their man, they did not discuss the question, but drove back to the poll.

Determined to Make Reforms.

One of the principal stockholders in the nut and bolt works has been endeavoring to make some changes in the factory, but so far has not been very successful. Last Saturday, he informed the men that he would give them their choice of three propositions: they must either have their pay reduced, work ten hours a day, or find employment elsewhere. After some consultation, the men decided that if they must make a choice they would choose the alternative, and were prepared to leave, when word was received that they could go to work Monday morning, the same as usual. This caused some amusement. But the stockholder seemed determined to inaugurate reform in some direction, and issued an order that they should be no smoking in the works. As only two or three men in the place use tobacco, this order will probably be carried out.

Mr. Stockton's "Explanation."

Mr. Stockton's "explanation" of the building society muddle does not seem to have been as explanatory as many people would have liked. The impression generally is that as much was known before he gave his evidence as is known now. Mr. Riley's name comes to the front again, and further acquaintance with that individual does not improve the public's opinion of him.

WAR OVER RIVAL LIGHTS

THE GAS COMPANY TRYING TO DRIVE COMPETITION

To the Wall—This is the Third Attempt—Gas Stock down to 113 and no Takers at That—Some Facts About the Incandescent and Arc Light Figures.

There is war to the knife between the electric light companies.

Thursday night the public was surprised and perchance, somewhat amused by the gas company's announcement, that arc lights in future would cost only 15 cents per night instead of 25, and incandescents one cent instead of two.

This is the latest of a succession of attempts made by the gas corporation to crush out the opposition that has arisen, and is competing with it in the modern light—electricity. The attempt failed on two occasions when the gas company had only the small Calkin company as a rival for arc lights, and it is not likely to succeed now with two new, strong and energetic local companies, the New Brunswick and the Eastern to fight against.

Despite the assurance of the gas company implied in its reduction announcement, PROGRESS is assured by competent electricians that neither arc nor incandescent lights can be furnished without loss at the figure they have been placed at, viz., fifteen cents for arcs and one cent for incandescent.

For nearly, if not quite half a century, the gas service in this city has been monopolized by one company. It has been a true monopoly as the citizens know full well. There was no give and take in it. The highest prices have always been charged for gas. Without a doubt the introduction of the incandescent has had a very perceptible effect upon the quantity of gas used. No reasonable person can doubt it, in spite of any assertions to the contrary. When some of the very largest business houses in the city have adopted the newer lighting; when the hotels have with one or two exceptions done the same, to say nothing of its introduction into residences, it is absurd to state that the same quantity of gas is consumed.

Perhaps there could be no better evidence of this fact than the decrease in the value of the gas stock on 'change. Some time ago it sold at something above 140, but the last public sale found it down to 113 and in one or two cases no purchasers were found at that figure. The statement connected with the company's announcement, therefore, that the present value of the stock is 150 according to "knowing ones," and will soon be earning ten per cent, is very amusing? It raises the question at once, Who wants to unload?

Light is cheaper today than it has ever been, and there can be no doubt who the people have to thank for it. It is not the gas company but its opponents who have compelled the reduction. PROGRESS is informed that both the Eastern and New Brunswick propose to stick to the prices they made at the start, which were as low as they could be made with any chance of profit. The Gas and Electric Light company started its incandescents at three cents a light, and charged the consumer with wiring and lamps. The rival companies put in the wires and lamps for nothing and charged two cents per light. Presently the gas company gave way so far as to furnish lamps free, then the wiring was done without charge and now under the pressure of opposition the prices have been slaughtered, possibly with the hope of driving the new companies out of the field. Should that happen the days of cheap lighting would be numbered.

Variety and Minstrel Shows.

The Boston Ideal Comedy company was unfortunate in timing its visit to St. John, for with so many other attractions going on, the attendance at the Institute was not as large as the show deserved. Those who went after the first night, however, saw a very good performance, and enjoyed a musical treat that would meet the approval of the best musical people, except those perhaps who can enjoy nothing short of oratorio. The banjo and mandolin solos of Mr. Thomas Glynn were far above the ordinary, and judging by the applause he received it was hard to believe that the Institute was not crowded, while Mr. Harry Hamilton's violin solos were equally good. Although the performance was largely variety, it was, with possibly one exception, of that refined quality found in the farce comedies that are now so popular in the United States. There will be a matinee this afternoon, and the engagement will close with this evening's performance. Mr. Scott will take the company to Fredericton for a season and should draw good houses.

A complimentary benefit to Messrs. Matthews and Stafford will be given in Berryman's hall Monday evening, for which a grand programme of local talent has been prepared. It is seldom better song and dance teams than that composed of the two St. John amateurs visit the city, and as they seldom appear on the

stage they are always greeted with a good house. A number of other good attractions will also be on hand. It is proposed to organize a company composed of those who will take part in this performance, and show in Berryman's hall every Monday night.

Canvassing for Chairmanship. There is some canvassing going on already for the chairmanship of the different committees of the council. A chairman of finance is wanted, and also a chairman of public safety. There is an impression that Ald. John Kelly will not fill that position again. A new alderman, John A. Chesley, is mentioned in connection with finance, and it is also said that Alonzo W. Chesley would like the public safety department. This would be unfortunate. In the last days of old Portland the "boss" became quite prominent as head of the fire department, and as the party who gave contracts for "oats and hay" and a kind of self-appointed building inspector. PROGRESS thinks it would be unfortunate to see Boss Chesley at the head of any department, and if there is any idea of giving the chairmanships to two brothers both in one section of the city it should not be entertained for a moment.

A Feat in Photography.

The amateur photographer got in his fine work at the Centuries exhibition. One young gentleman has a tin-type that he will not part with for any money. He was one of a group of four when they sat in front of the machine, but in the picture there are five persons in the group, and one of them is a lady. Who she is or how she got there is a mystery. She holds a prominent position in the picture, however, and aside from crowding the gentleman a little, and being rather closer than she probably would have been had they anticipated the pleasure of her company, there seems no reason why her presence should be objectionable. The amateur photographer can accomplish wonders.

Lacrosse for the 24th—In Halifax.

The St. John boys are bound to have a good game of lacrosse on the queen's birthday if they have to go to Halifax to get on a match. Mr. Esson is in that city now arranging for the team to play two matches there on the 24th. At the annual meeting recently held in Toronto, the prospects of lacrosse were far more encouraging than ever. The "Queen city" players have new grounds and a surplus from last year's operations. Base ball is as dead there as it is here. Montreal has always been a lacrosse town. The great interest shown in the game is evident from the daily papers which give columns to it, paying no attention hardly to base ball.

Snowed under 1300 Majority.

The mayor's election came off Tuesday without any excitement. The result was a foregone conclusion, and when it was known that Mr. Peters was elected by over 1,300 majority, there was no surprise. Many small wagers of hats had been made on majorities of over 1,000, and both parties thought they were pretty safe. Mr. Peters was not too confident even on the day of election, but he was not in much doubt about 4 o'clock. Even in Stanley ward the voters went back on Lockhart—not so bad, however, as they did on his first election, when every man's name in the ward was polled, and not one of them was marked for "Lockhart."

Mr. Fellows Was Amused.

Hon. Jas. I. Fellows did not seem much worried over the compliments paid him by the political press the first of the week. He called on PROGRESS, and stated that he was not appointed with any definite time pledge to abolish the council. His move was simply to gain his own point. He did not state whether he proposed to remove to St. John and contribute some taxes to the city revenue or not. In fact, beside expressing his amusement at the *Telegraph's* article, he had not much to say in a political sense.

Widening It's Field.

PROGRESS opened 20 new agencies in as many different towns in Nova Scotia last week. The sixteen page paper has the great advantage of much interesting reading, besides that which is local to this province, and no matter where it is sent there is a demand for it. The sale has more than doubled in Halifax within three weeks and there is no reasonable doubt but that PROGRESS will have a handsome circulation there in the near future.

Mr. Chipman May Come to St. John.

There is a chance that Mr. John D. Chipman of St. Stephen may come to St. John in the near future and take charge of the St. John office of the Imperial Trust company of which he is a heavy stockholder. This rumor was floated last year but M. Chipman has not arrived as yet.

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.