

## ALWAYS ON THE STREET

### THE FAKING PEDLARS AND THEIR GOODS

Promenade the Outskirts of the City and Call as Soon as Breakfast is Over—Don't Let Them Cross the Threshold or Their Victory is Certain.

"Fakers on every street!" That was the terse exclamation of a merchant this week when he began to discuss business prospects with the writer. PROGRESS, he said, had estimated the number of pedlars at 150. To his almost certain knowledge there were more than twice that number.

The unlicensed pedlar is becoming a serious hindrance to legitimate trade in St. John. He walks the street from daylight until dark and plys his importuning business with a certain desperation. Nothing is too small or too cheap for them to handle. A sheet of note paper or a carpet—it matters not—if they don't have it with them they can get it, and if you cannot pay them at the time, tomorrow or next week will do. They are as obliging as it will pay them to be, and in most cases it pays them well.

The merchant in question turned to his counter and picked up a number of small articles and said, "Look at these, they cost them in their pack and can afford to sell them at a cent or two above cost. They pay no shop rent and no taxes; go and come when they please, and are an incessant and hurtful opposition."

Upon making some further inquiries PROGRESS learned that the outskirts of the city are most frequented by these gentry who start out in the early morning and appear at many houses before the breakfast is cleared from the table. It is a pity the master of the house is not always around, because when they find that he is at work they make up their minds to worry the woman into buying something. Once she consents to let him get one foot within the threshold and she will have a hard time to escape. The pack is lowered from his shoulder and his goods are displayed. The methods are so well known that PROGRESS will not begin to recite them. In nine cases out of ten, however, they leave an angry and disappointed buyer behind them, for no sooner is she clear of the glamor of his phrases than she begins to examine the article and finds it nearly always a mere imitation.

PROGRESS publishes these facts simply to warn the people to keep the door shut upon such gentry. They have no right to do business in that fashion, because they are for the most part unlicensed vendors, and thus interfere with the regular merchant who pays the taxes that supports the city.

It would indeed be a good-sized contract to undertake to catch these fellows and make them take out a license. They flit here and there and always have an eye about for suspicious people or officers. Something should be done with them, however, and that immediately.

### An Old Crank Talks.

"I thought there was to be no more professional ball," said a gentleman to PROGRESS this week. "If that is the case why was Pushor behind the bat on the 25th?"

"Pushor was not engaged by the club," was the reply.

"Does that make him any the less a professional?"

"No. I guess not."

"Was he not engaged by club members?"

"That may be true."

"It strikes me as absurd," continued this old-time crank, "that the club should pass a resolution resolving not to engage a professional, or to that effect, and that members of the club should band together and import Pushor for the first game. It would almost seem as if the club's objection was not so much against professional ball players as against the salary of those gentlemen. I am, like a good many other members of the club, an unbeliever in hasty resolutions, but when they are on the books, stick to them and do not try to get around it by club members doing what they would not allow as a club."

### The Speed of the Boston Boats.

"How fast do such boats as the *State of Maine* and *Cumberland* run?" asked one gentleman of another. "I should think fifteen or sixteen miles an hour," was the reply. "Well, I'm informed," said his companion, "that they do not average more than twelve miles an hour in summer and ten in winter." This conversation took place Thursday, and the steamer had just arrived from Boston without touching at Portland, making the run of 350 miles in about 26 hours. That would give her an average speed of between thirteen and fourteen miles, but the run might be called an exceptionally good one.

### Of Interest to the Ladies.

There is a very attractive half page dry goods announcement on page 12 which will be sure to interest every lady reader.

## TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

### A Fredericton Man With Very Solicitous Neighbors.

Fredericton has a sensation at last and expects to be able, on the strength of it, to worry through the dog-days in fairly good shape. A few months ago one of its citizens, who has been for many years connected with an uptown business, went to the States on a visit. A few days since the said citizen returned to the celestial city somewhat unexpectedly. It cannot be said that he was overjoyed at his reception, nor that anyone was overjoyed to see him. It appeared that his absence had not interfered with the maintenance of his domestic establishment. In fact it had been maintained on a more extensive scale than ever. His wife and three children were still present when he returned. But these were not all.

It appears that a gay Lothario in the dry goods business had contributed to the maintenance aforesaid. This was generous for, his habits of life were such, that it was all that he could reasonably be expected to do to maintain himself, without assuming the arduous responsibility of maintaining another man's wife. But he did it cheerfully.

There were others who were willing to share the responsibility with him. Among them an ex-official of the Celestial city, prominent in church and social circles. It is believed that he chipped into the maintenance fund liberally. This was laudable, for he had never been known to chip into anything liberally before.

All this returning husband learned. Strange to say he showed no gratitude towards those who had taken such an interest in his domestic concerns. There were stormy scenes. There were feminine tears and masculine oaths, and a juvenile chorus. There were and still are threats of divorce. And the end is not yet.

## ASTRA AND FRECKLES.

### A Queen's Holiday Soliloquy, from "Astra Talks."

Well girls! I hope some of you tried the freckle lotions, and are by this time, fair as lilies. It is a case of "physician cure thyself" this morning, because I have been out in the garden since breakfast planting all manner of things, and as I forgot to put on a hat, my speaking countenance is speckled like a turkey's egg. The fact was that as we were keeping today as a holiday in honor of her gracious majesty's birthday, I was sanguine enough to think I might possibly get a little work out of "Geoffrey" but I found I did not know that gentleman as well as I thought I did. He lounged out in his slippers and leaning against the front fence he jeered at my horticultural methods, said it was just like a woman to dig up a whole garden with a little piece of stick four inches long and one inch thick, and when I took the implied hint by bringing him the garden fork and a spade, with the most tender solitude, he said he had to go away in a few minutes to play a game of tennis, and he must keep his hand steady, as he did not suppose I wanted him to disgrace himself by being on the losing tide. I answered that I should like to play tennis too, but he said no! I wasn't strong, and tennis was very hard work, and would be sure to make my back ache, so I had better stay where I was, and finish the garden; I would find it much better fun in the end, and he did hate to see me tired out. "And what the deuce are you planting sweet peas for, Astra? You might as well plant hops; they grow three feet high, and they are for neither use nor ornament." What a transparent thing the masculine mind is: Geoffrey is afraid I'll expect him to get me poles for those sweet peas, and he thinks an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; so he has got himself up in his most utterly fetching tennis costume and gone off till dinner time. Thank goodness the red haired hour is out of town! So he can't get into very much mischief; but if I ever have a chance to marry again, I will choose some one less attractive and not quite so lazy.

ASTRA.

### The Council's "White Elephant."

The aldermen of the North End appear to be greatly exercised over the exhibition buildings, and some of them even go so far as to want to present them to the association. They are a "white elephant" according to one alderman. That is just what they are unless they are made use of. If the council had made the grant the exhibition association would have been helped to a position where they would have been able to take over the buildings and keep them in repair. As it is now even if the council made the offer of the gift it is very doubtful if the association would accept it.

### Escape Your Fines.

Those who patronize the Free public library will please take heed and save half a dollar fine by returning their books before May 31st which comes on Sunday this year.

Have Wilkins & Sands figure on your painting, inside and outside—Union St.

## WENT THE ENTIRE HOG.

### HOW THE CURTAIN FELL ON THE "DEVIL'S HALF ACRE."

It Descended Upon Mr. Blair and Mr. Wells With a Dull Thud—A Jury That Cared Nothing for Education—Daniel is Radiant and Thinks of Starting a Sheep Ranch.

The curtain fell on the comedy of *The Devil's Half Acre* on Tuesday last with a dull thud. So heavily did it fall that some of the leading performers, such as Mr. Blair and Mr. Wells, were somewhat bewildered. One of the actors, however, was radiant. His name was Daniel Lionel Hanington. Whether, on the strength of the verdict, Daniel contemplates buying a new farm or making a sheep importation, has not yet transpired.

Those who were present at the closing scenes say that Mr. Blair's address was the finest ever delivered in the court house. It was eloquent, logical, persuasive and adroit. It aroused the enthusiasm of the legal men present to a high pitch. Its effect upon Mr. Hanington could best be judged by the way that lusty gentleman squirmed in his seat and the glance of rage he cast about him. But upon the jury it fell as upon a stone wall. They were poor judges of elocution and they thought they knew the facts already.

Daniel is not always sagacious, but he showed some sagacity when he endeavored to show that Mr. Gallagher's dismissal was a political one. All through the court he waved the red flag before the jury, while Charlie Palmer, who rather knew a good opposition jury when he saw it, rubbed his hands gleefully. It was shown that the council which dismissed Mr. Gallagher was largely conservative. It was shown that Warden Ogden, who fathered the proceedings against him, was a conservative, and that the committee who asked him to resign was entirely composed of conservatives. Indeed, it was shown that the only man who had said a word in favor of Mr. Gallagher when he was dismissed was Mr. Gallant, who was so unfortunate as to be a "grit." But the mischief was done, and though his honor the judge said not one word as to the political question, the seed had been sown and was germinating.

The jury went the whole hog. They found that Mr. Gallagher was damaged by being discharged \$457. They found that he was entitled to legal and other expenses to the amount of \$363.80, including those of the *quo warranto* proceedings initiated against Early Worm Kaye. They found that he was damaged to the extent of \$300 for being prevented from discharging his duties as valuator. This made a total of \$1120.80. Why they refrained from finding another \$1,000 because of the Ritchie appointment, or the Leary telegram is a mystery to Mr. Blair. Perhaps they will do it next time, for the case is being prepared for argument at the supreme court, which meets ten days from now at Fredericton.

### Some Information about Milford.

A Milford subscriber writes to PROGRESS in the following strain: In reading last week's PROGRESS, I was very much struck with the manner places are represented, and the graphic pictures given of the different towns. Some of them I have never seen, but from reading PROGRESS have become quite familiar with them. I have, however, been very much struck lately, in talking to some of the gentlemen of your city, when the question has been asked, "Where is Milford?" I would just say it is a short distance from the new cantilever bridge after going through Fairville. Milford and vicinity do quite a large lumber business. We have five mills working at present giving employment to about 700 hands—men and boys. We have also a blacksmith shop, also eight stores, a post office, and a councillor who looks after the roads and makes it pleasant for pedestrians coming across the ferry on Sunday.

### Rev. Father Davenport Will Go.

Very many people in the city, and especially those connected with him in his work, have learned with much surprise and regret that there is hardly a doubt of Rev. Father Davenport accepting the call to Philadelphia. It is not too much to say that the Mission church will find it next to impossible to fill his place. PROGRESS understands that it may be September before Father Davenport will leave for his new field, where, in the meantime, a temporary appointment is in charge.

### It Is all on Hand.

A cool five or six hundred dollars in the treasury was the gratifying result of queen's holiday games with the A. A. club two or three years ago. But there was excitement in the air then. People did not ask are you going to the game, but which game are you going to? The net proceeds of Monday's sport was between \$100 and \$150. And yet there is considerable consolation in the fact that there are no salaries to be paid out of that.

Right now, have your painting done—Wilkins & Sands, Union St.

## A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

### A Week of Surprises, Many of them Sad Ones.

Seldom has a week produced so many accidents and sudden events as the one that is just about closing. The holiday, of course, opened the list with its small and numerous accidents, the result of the celebration. PROGRESS is glad to note that one of them, which befell young Robertson, will not result so seriously as was feared at the first. His father, Mr. George Robertson, was very anxious up to Wednesday, when he said in response to an inquiry, "I am as happy as the day is bright, for the doctors tells me that, barring any unforeseen drawback, my boy's eyes will be saved."

Then that well known figure Miles Hancock went out of life at his daily work—fell dead from heart disease. Hancock's work was ungenial both to himself and the public. A city marshal always has a rougher time than any person imagines. A delinquent tax payer does not blame the corporation, but the constable for wanting his taxes. Even those who did not appreciate his keen lookout in the path of duty, were filled with regretful surprise at his death. Hancock had a rough exterior but a kindly heart.

Then the mail car of the Boston train arrived riddled with bullets, and a small boy enjoying a ride on a grocery team was thrown against a telephone post by the runaway horse and taken to the hospital with a fractured skull. Similar news comes from Fredericton, and a few miles from the city a drunken Indian finds his way to the railway track for a last long sleep.

Only a few days before, those who passed down Princess street one morning saw Mr. R. W. Thorne standing in his window. They read of his death in the next morning's paper. One of the happiest recollections of his wife and children now is the pleasant evening but a few hours before his death. They were all together, and he was one of them mingling in their enjoyment and apparently as bright and cheerful as ever.

## THEY HAD TO MOVE.

### But the Band Played, the Lassies Sang and the Service Was Not Interrupted.

The salvation army is at liberty to parade the streets, and furnish as much vocal and instrumental music as it pleases, so long as it doesn't frighten horses or raise a disturbance of any kind. But the army cannot hold meetings in the street before anybody's door, if anyone in the neighborhood objects. Mr. John Walsh of Mill street is thoroughly acquainted with the law in this respect, and he always objects. He has objected since the army first made its appearance in town, and has never wavered in his opinion in regard to the army as a public nuisance.

Smythe street, near the corner of Mill, is a most desirable place for army meetings. This seems to be the opinion of nearly every army officer who has ever led his happy comrades in the direction of Mill street. There is always a number of people in the vicinity of the depot, and it would not require many strokes of the drum to bring them together. But the army never stands long enough at that particular place to give the crowd time to gather.

One evening this week the Paradise row division made a halt on Smythe street; the band played, the lassies sang, and the crowd began to gather. But not for long. Officer Baxter appeared and whispered something to the captain. The idea of a policeman taking part in the service aroused even the most listless of the loungers at the posts that guard the depot, and everybody crossed the street to enquire "what was up." Still the band played and the lassies sang. They didn't even stop when the order to march was given, but stepped off to the same time, while word passed through the crowd that Mr. Walsh had objected to the army holding a meeting before his door. The army moved a block and held a meeting before somebody else's door on North street.

### Rothsay's Holiday Population.

Mr. Fred Hanington, of the I. C. R. ticket office, had a busy day Monday. He had an idea that everybody was leaving town, and it probably surprised him to learn that over 2,000 stayed in the city to attend the ball games on the A. A. grounds. The trains were crowded from Saturday until Tuesday. A very large number of picnic parties went up the I. C. R. to different stations, but Rothsay had the largest crowd of pleasure seekers. Over 200 tickets were sold for that station on the holiday, and the village was considerable of a town for one day at least.

### In That Vicinity.

A number of people were attracted to Edgecombe & Son's warehouses in this city by the notice in PROGRESS of last week. Instead of the corner of Waterloo and Union, the address should have been corner of Brussels and Union. They have some new carriages on hand now and the display is a fine one.

## WHERE THE MONEY GOES

### INTO LITTLE NICKEL BANKS AND UNIFORMS.

### A Scarcity of Ten Cent Pieces—They Are Being Carried Round in People's Pockets—What the City Bands Are Doing in the Way of Getting Uniforms.

"Got any small change?"

As a rule PROGRESS likes to hear this question before ten o'clock on Saturday mornings. The newsboys leave a supply of small coin at the office that is sometimes embarrassing, and anybody who wants any of it in exchange for paper currency is always a welcome visitor. Recently, however, it has become as scarce in PROGRESS office as it appears to be everywhere else. Even the newsboys laid down bank notes on the counter in payment for papers, and last Saturday more paper money was received from them than in any one day since the paper started.

What has become of all the small change? It is rather a difficult question to answer, as regards the five cent pieces and coppers; but everybody knows where the ten-cent pieces are. They are making the people wealthy. Every other person one meets is saving money, and they cannot do it with anything but ten-cent pieces; so that particular kind of money is in great demand.

There are probably thousands of dollars in ten cent pieces being carried around in people's pockets today. yet a man may have a couple of dozen of them, and yet be unable to buy a cigar. They are sealed away in pocket savings banks, and every ten cent piece must have 49 companions before it can be induced to come out.

These little banks are all the rage. Hundreds of them have been sold in St. John, and there are scores of people anxiously awaiting the arrival of more. But the craze is not confined to St. John alone, and the banks are almost as scarce as the ten cent pieces. All over the country there is a demand for ten cent pieces, yet some savings banks which take small deposits have so many of them that they have become bothersome.

The pocket savings bank is a small nickel novelty two or three inches long, and a little larger round than a ten cent piece. A slot at the top admits the coin and then a little device inside keeps it there. An indicator registers every coin as it is deposited, so that one knows just how wealthy he is all the time. When the fiftieth ten cent piece has been deposited the bank opens, and its owner is just \$5 better off than he otherwise would have been; for there is nothing that seems to have a greater objection to being tossed about in one's pocket than a small piece of silver. It always manages to get out no matter how anxious one may be to save it. When it once gets into the bank, however, the chances are that it will stay there until it has lots of company.

### GOLD BRAID AND PLUMES.

### The City Bands Discussing and Securing Attractive Uniforms.

Attractive uniforms seem to be finding favor among city bandsmen. Some time ago the Citizens band discussed the question at some length, and although the older members did all the talking, and were in favor of a plain uniform the younger members "got there" by a large majority in selecting a uniform that they thought would surprise the town.

Now the City Cornet band is coming to the front in this respect. The members propose to spend some hundreds of dollars on a parade uniform, that they think will surpass anything ever seen in St. John. Since the band got their short fatigue coats a few years ago, the long Prince Alberts have been laid aside. These coats, however, are almost as good as new, and it is proposed to press them into service again with a large amount of money expended on them. The fronts of the coats were formerly trimmed with black, but this will be replaced with gold braid an inch or so wide, and lots of it. Other improvements will also be made in the coats. The uniform hats, with the large blue and white plumes will be worn with the new uniform, and the combination will have a great effect. No finer plumes have ever been worn in the city than those owned by the city cornet band. They are what is called the fountain plume, and are very expensive. The band found this out when they purchased them some years ago. It happened that when they arrived here, they were two or three short of the number wanted, and the band sent away for more. There was some trouble in getting them, and it cost \$6 for each plume that adorned the bandsmen's hats.

The members of the band say that these uniforms will only be used on parade, as on other engagements it would take all their time looking after them.

### Notice To The Public.

Eugene V. Harrington, who for some weeks was engaged on commission canvassing for advertisements and subscriptions for PROGRESS newspaper, is no longer connected in any capacity with this paper. EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher PROGRESS.

## WHICH DO YOU PREFER?

### A Question That Appeals to All of "Progress" Readers.

A bright young lady has sent a question to PROGRESS' letter box which is too wide and deep for an editorial answer. "Astra" could, no doubt, handle it in her own bright and inimitable fashion; but the question appeals to a wide circle of PROGRESS readers, and it is only fair that every one who pleases should contribute his or her ideas upon the subject.

"Which is preferable, a long or a short engagement?"

That is the question and PROGRESS fancies that every young man and young woman will hold up both hands and cry aloud, a short engagement! But stop and think if that is the meaning of the question. Which is to be preferred—taking into consideration a happy married life—a long or a short engagement? There are so many points to view it from that PROGRESS imagines there will be a wide difference of opinion. The experiences of the "engaged period" are often the pleasantest in the lives of some men and women. They will probably say they wish the engagement had lasted for ever. The experiences of married people and the opinions of unmarried people will no doubt differ widely and both be interesting and entertaining. PROGRESS wants every man and woman who has an opinion on the subject to send it forward for publication. No name need accompany the article except some *nom de plume*. The opinions should be as concise as possible, and the earlier they reach PROGRESS office the better chance they will have of appearing in the collection of opinions published in next week's issue.

### He Agreed With the Preacher.

Last Sunday morning a Richibucto preacher was discoursing from the story of Ahab and Jezebel. Towards the close of the sermon he addressed himself particularly to the male portion of the congregation, exhorting them to choose for their life partners the quiet, meek, plain woman and not be attracted by great show of dress and ornaments, which should rather serve as a reason to warn them away. At this juncture a gentleman, who has been on the sea of matrimony and is said to be seriously thinking of making another voyage, cried out in an election-campaign voice, "Hear! hear!"

### The Price of Several Gates.

According to the report of the committee it cost Boss Chesley and Boss Kelly \$80 each to go to Ottawa and return. The itemized bill would make interesting reading. Still, according to the public accounts, Solicitor-General Pugsley's record of \$150 to New York and return is unbroken. The difference in the cost of a private and a public aldermanic trip would start a neat savings bank account.

Query.—Would it not have paid the council to build the gateway and keep the aldermen at home.

### Going to Start at Last.

There is a statement abroad to the effect that the new company behind the New York line of steamers is a very strong one. It is also said that one or two gentlemen largely interested in the International line have much stock in the New York line. The advertising done by the company since last fall has cost them a pretty good penny, and all the time there was no boat on the route. The wharf rent was paid promptly, and so will the other accounts, PROGRESS understands.

### Another Carload for "Progress."

PROGRESS has used more than 250,000 sheets of paper in the last three months, and in the station today there is another carload of fine white paper for its use. This is the best answer that can be made to those who doubt or question the circulation of this paper. There are very few who do so, because they have only to use their eyes either in St. John or anywhere else in the province, to know that it is more largely circulated than any paper printed in the city.

### They are Fast Friends, Now.

Some of the policemen if they must wear white gloves, want to have them clean and bright looking. With only one pair of gloves this is a difficult task, and some of the men say they are tired washing them. Others, however, have struck a better idea. They have become very friendly with the city coachmen. These gentlemen always have a stock of white gloves. They get a pair at every funeral they attend, and have no further use for them, unless they join the force.

### A Chance for the Boys.

To earn some money is the ambition of every boy. Many of them in the country are doing this selling PROGRESS. The number is increasing every week, and when a boy is once started, he does not appear to have any trouble getting customers.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union Street.