

PROGRESS.

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WATER IN HIS CELLAR.

THE RELATIONS OF MR. KANE AND THE SCHOOL BOARD.

Water That wouldn't Run into a Catch Basin or Holes in the Fence—A Retaining Wall that Should Settle a Vexed Question.

There is considerable activity on the Centennial School grounds just at present, and one portion of them presents a very cut up appearance. Workmen are engaged in building a retaining wall. It is a large wall, being about 100 feet in length and four or five feet wide, and has its foundation on solid rock. It is being built for several purposes, one of which is to keep the water from running into the cellar house owned by Mr. John A. Kane.

For several years Mr. Kane's house has been a kind of repository for all the water that collects on the school grounds during the year, and although apparently determined efforts have been made to turn the flow in other directions, it has all been to no purpose. After every rain storm the water was found in the cellar. It has been a source of great annoyance to Mr. Kane, as well as the school board, and probably the taxpayers will feel more anxiety than either when they learn the story of the water and the wall.

One thing is certain, Mr. Kane is not going to lose anything on the transaction. All the attempts made to carry off the water have been under his supervision, and were paid for by the school board, and the present work is no exception. Mr. Kane is a mason and a builder, but he does not confine himself to these particular lines. He will take a contract of any kind that there is money in. But his great specialty is retaining walls, in which he won considerable distinction by his work on the Mount Pleasant boulevard.

About three years ago he was given the contract for grading the Centennial school grounds, and as his house is in the next lot it was to be expected that he would take it into consideration when deciding about the drainage. And he did. Mr. Kane had his house well banked with clay. But he evidently forgot that the snow and water would collect upon it, and ooze into his cellar. Yet this is what occurred, and Mr. Kane immediately made the fact known to the school board. That body was evidently sorry for Mr. Kane, although they had paid him for grading the grounds, and it probably never occurred to them that he should have looked after everything of this kind when doing the work.

However, the board did not want the water from the school grounds to put the contractor to any inconvenience and had a hole drilled in the stone fence, which, it was supposed, would carry the objectionable fluid into the street. But it didn't.

The water still found its way into the cellar, and Mr. Kane found his way to the office of the board of school trustees. That body decided to make another attempt to make the water take a new course. And Mr. Kane was one of the contractors. A drain was dug and a first-class catch basin placed inside the school fence, into which the water was to run from a good asphalt gutter. It was thought that this expensive experiment would settle the question. If a hole in the fence was wont to clog up and turn the grounds and Mr. Kane's cellar into miniature lakes, surely the catch basin would do away with all this! Such, however, was not the case. The water, for some reason or other, refused to run into the catch basin. It probably liked the cellar very much better, and found its way there.

Mr. Kane always kept the board well informed as to the doings of his watership, and evidently found good listeners and sympathizers, who forgot that the contractor was also the one who was making the complaint. The next act was somewhat of a double bill.

If the catch basin wasn't equal to the emergency and the small hole in the fence clogged up, perhaps a large hole, a foot or so wide and two feet high, might do the work. But it didn't.

One cold winter morning a man began work on the fence and cut out a large block of stone. When the rain fell, however, it didn't take advantage of the new gate, and again lodged in the cellar.

This was enough to discourage even a school board, but that body was determined to get the best of the water at any cost, and their present effort will probably cost enough to satisfy the tax payers.

The retaining wall will be a gem in every particular. A good foundation was found for it after considerable excavation, and Mr. Kane's horses are carting the earth and clay away. They are also furnishing the stone for the wall, and Mr. Kane seems to be greatly interested in it. It is in his line of business, and will probably prove more effective than all the catch basins and drains he could build in a year; notwithstanding the opportunities the school board has given him to become proficient in this kind of work.

Of course, Mr. Kane is not doing all

this for nothing, and it is a question with some people whether the water in his cellar has been a bill of expense to him or a source of revenue.

HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE IT?

A Clergyman Opens a Vexed Question of Pronunciation.

It is curious how correspondence in a newspaper office that does not require a pressing answer can be laid away so carefully that it is mislaid. PROGRESS discovered some interesting letters of this nature a few days ago. One of them is dated February 23, 1891, a week or two after this paper was enlarged, and opens up a vexed question of the pronunciation of the word PROGRESS. Mr. Flewelling will kindly pardon us for the use of his name and the delay in answering his query, which we give in full:

CENTREVILLE, Feb. 23.
By the way, could you not in correspondence column tell which way you prefer your paper's name pronounced—PROGRESS or PROGRESS? A brother clergyman who was with me on Saturday and Sunday, an M.A. of Oxford, England, said that PROGRESS with its Sunday reading was a valuable paper in an household. He said the name should be pronounced PROGRESS. I opened my Worcester and showed him that the majority of lexicographers were in favor of PROGRESS. The former, he said, was a truer following of Latin. What is your pronunciation? J. E. FLEWELLING.

When a Saturday paper was thought and talked of one of the first cares of the originators was to find a suitable name for it. In this case the child was named before it was born. Time has proved that the one selected was singularly happy and appropriate. Some of the brightest newspaper men in the country have told the writer that the one thing that struck them most forcibly the first time they saw PROGRESS was the heading and the name. Mr. Walter L. Sawyer and the writer, who planned, named and started the venture on its path of success never thought of any other pronunciation that PROGRESS, accenting the first four letters, PROG. Their calculations, however, were upset the very first morning by a burly newsboy who rushed from Canterbury to King street, and then through the town shouting PROGRESS with a very broad and long accent on the O. Of course the other newsboys took it up, and now it is a rare thing to hear one shout PROGRESS, it is always PROGRESS. We think, however, that among the people as many pronounce the name one way as the other. That has been our experience, and while our inclinations favor PROG, it is in no sense annoying now to hear PRO. Our only concern is that the name should be pronounced one way or the other by all the people. And yet if any reader has any sound argument to advance why one pronunciation should be used more than the other we will be pleased to print his views.

A SCHOOL'S RESOLUTION.

How the South Bay Young Folks Surprised and Delighted their Teacher.

One of the most interesting documents that has arrived in PROGRESS office in a long time was received from South Bay this week. It is signed by a number of school boys and girls whose fun loving proclivities had formerly been so great as to make life somewhat of a burden to their teacher. Their present instructor, however, has a way of gaining the good will of her scholars that few in the profession have discovered, and a short time after her arrival at South Bay, the document printed below was handed to her and was received with a good deal of pleasure. It reads as follows:

"We, the scholars of South Bay school, have resolved to obey our teacher, not talk, and learn our lessons as well as we possibly can, not to quarrel, or contradict our teacher in what she says:

Louisa White, Minnie Cusack, Rebecca Long, Ethel White, Mattie Roxborough, Bertie Smith, Jessie Long, Olive Williams, Stella Williams, Bessie Long, Mary Cusack, Helen Long, Minnie Lynch, Eliza White, Sutton Roxborough, Ned Smith, Arthur Long, Garnet Williams, Con. Logue, John Walker, Harry Roxborough, Maggie Kelly, Josephine Kelly, Nellie Eastby, Alice Conway."

The best part of the whole transaction is that the boys and girls have stuck to their resolution bravely, and there is not a better behaved or more studious lot of pupils to be found in the provinces.

An Innocent Abroad.

A large sized, but youthful Nova Scotian, whose principal luggage consisted of what he was pleased to call a rain coat, arrived in the city yesterday, bound for Boston. When he reaches there he will probably give the coat to the first confidence man he meets. Yesterday morning he asked Mr. Stevens where the Boston train was and the officer showed it to him. When coming back from breakfast, however, officer Stevens saw him walking up the track near the skating rink. He had been looking for the train. In the evening a few minutes before train time he was absorbed in the mysterious workings of the ticket office, which some of the station people took him in hand and hustled him on board the train just as it was leaving the station.

FACTS ABOUT THE PRESS.

THE DOWNS AND UPS OF NEWS-PAPER WORK.

Rumors of Changes in the "Telegraph"—Why the Staff Do Not Care—A Series of Articles for "Progress" That Will Take With the People.

There are all sorts of rumors about town as to what the new owners of the *Telegraph* are going to do. It is natural to conclude that there cannot be so much smoke without there is some fire. But after all it is quite an old story. The work of forming a company has been slow. While it has been talked of for years the projectors began business last fall and have been working it up ever since. The personnel of the company and the directors was announced a few weeks ago.

And now the rumors are beginning to get in their part of the work. It is said that when the new order of things is constituted another writer will hold down the editorial chair and that a new man will quote hard pan rates for advertisements.

The new company is liberal and of course the *Telegraph* will continue as of yore, Liberal. But there are those in the company who while possessing no knowledge of practical journalism know and appreciate a good newspaper when they see it. They are inclined to think that the *Telegraph* wants some new and younger blood in it. And they are about right.

PROGRESS was told by one of the directors that the changes would be made gradually, but they would all come about in due time. The city editor has not waited for anything to turn up, but though probably as secure in his position as any of the staff, has gone to Boston and obtained a position in that city.

It is simple justice to the members of the staff to note that they are in no apprehension of changes. Perhaps the happiest thing that could happen to them would be the change that would displace them, for the good reason that no matter what they go to they are fairly sure of easier work and more money than their present positions give them.

The salary paid a writer on the city dailies is not up to the average. The *Sun* may be excepted from this, because on its staff the salaries paid are decidedly higher than those of its neighbors. The reporter who rose to \$12 per week on the old *Telegraph* could not look for much beyond that, no matter how good his work was or how hard he worked. It is no wonder that good men are hard to get, and that they do not hesitate about changing their quarters when the humor seizes them.

If the new owners of the paper are not more generous in their salaries and willing to recognize good work they will have hard work to make a newspaper out of the *Telegraph*.

On Recollections of Howe and His Times—Begin Next Week.

PROGRESS will begin to publish the series of articles, announced a short time ago, "Random Recollections of Joseph Howe and Times and immediate reference to some of his prominent public contemporaries."

As the title would indicate the subject is a wide one, under which may be grouped very much that is of keen interest not only to those who lived in those stirring days but to every man and woman who welcomes anything in the line of provincial history.

This will be the first attempt of PROGRESS to publish a series of articles of this nature and illustrate them. Very many of its readers know how frequently this is done in the neighboring republic. There is hardly a magazine or a great newspaper which has not made some part of the republics short history thoroughly well known. Portraits of men and women who played a prominent part in the early struggle of the republic have been placed before the public so often that their faces are as familiar to the people of today as those of the president and his cabinet.

PROGRESS believes in this sort of thing. It does one good to read of what has been done for his country and anything and everything that can be learned of those who did it. Pride of country is largely made up of pride in the makers of the country. It is with this idea—to make the men and women we talk and hear about—better known among the people that PROGRESS begins the publication of this series of articles.

Joseph Howe was the greatest man Nova Scotia has ever seen, and in his day other great men came to the front and fought by his side the battles of the people. And they won. These articles will be a record of those stormy times—of those times when there was a far wider gulf between the rulers and the people than there is now—of those times when the press was practically muzzled, and men were few who dared express their opinions freely. This forms the foundation of one or two of the most interesting articles—a description

of the great libel suit against Howe, which was fought and won by him.

It would not be possible to give here anything like a synopsis of the articles, but PROGRESS is quite safe in asserting that they will be the most interesting of anything published yet in this direction. The portraits will include those of Joseph Howe, his wife and his father, John Howe; the only surviving juror of the great libel suit; Judge Haliburton and his residence, and many other engravings which are now being prepared.

HE DID NOT QUITE AGREE.

The Experiences of a Polymorphian Who Took the Law in His Own Hands.

"There is only one thing in that article on the people who destroy public property that I don't thoroughly agree with," said a prominent member of the old polymorphian club this week, referring to the article in last Saturday's PROGRESS.

"What was that?"

"About citizens taking the law in their own hands. I tried that business about three weeks ago, and although I came out all right, I lost some time on account of it. You know that on the Haymarket square fountain the tap through which the water runs is a long, curved affair. Well, that was broken off two or three times last summer, and now we've got one that screws on. I was standing near the fountain one evening when I saw a young fellow unscrew it, and begin flourishing it about; in fact he was having quite a circus. I waited for awhile, but seeing that the tap was in danger of losing its usefulness went over and took it away from him. As a result I got more abuse than I thought the boy capable of giving. I stood it until he got so bad that I slapped his ears, and then his mother put in an appearance, and I got more abuse. But that wasn't all. The next morning I was summoned to appear in the police court for beating the boy. When the magistrate heard the story, however, he gave both the boy and his mother a talking to and dismissed the case.

"It's scandalous the way that fountain is disfigured," he continued; "we can't keep a cup on it. A large hardware store has been furnishing us with good granite iron ware cups for nothing, and even gives us chains to put on them, but they do not stay on the fountain any length of time, and we are almost ashamed to go any more. The people carry the cups off, chain and all. Something should be done to remedy this state of things."

Although such actions cannot possibly be the work of any other than small boys, their parents are largely to blame, for in the case cited above it is shown that the boy's mischievousness was encouraged. If others do not receive the same encouragement from their parents, the latter do nothing whatever to prevent their children from being so destructive, and in most cases smile at what they consider a cute act. When it is impossible for the school and home to develop the boy's better nature in this respect, the most effective teacher is the law. A few fines collected from the parents of the miscreants would enable the city to keep public places in good repair, and furnish employment besides, even if the lesson did not have the effects hoped for.

All on the Go.

PROGRESS is more than satisfied with the demand for the premium books offered in recent issues. The first supply was exhausted so rapidly that there was hardly time to unpack them before they were taken. Other orders are on their way now, and the books will be sent or delivered as soon as possible to all the orders not filled already. Every day there are mail orders for Webster's dictionary, which has been sent more than eight months now from this office. There has not been one complaint from the hundreds who have secured the book. It is giving universal satisfaction.

Paint For Nothing.

Some of the directors or stockholders in an electric light company should have been on hand Thursday on Germain street when a good citizen brushed a new coat against a freshly painted pole. Figuratively speaking he painted the whole corporation. There is no excuse for such negligence. A few cents spent in "paint" signs would be all that is necessary. Some of these days the people will get tired of the poles and this city may resemble a new land clearing before it is piled for the burning. It is better to keep as many as possible in good humor.

Where Boarders Must be Careful.

A St. John man who "settled up" with his hotel man a few days ago made a discovery and is now sorry that he did not terminate his relations with his host before the latter got so much of his custom. The bill amounted to quite a sum, but one item of 75 cents caused a little surprise. It was for a soap dish which the boarder had chipped a small piece off some months ago. He paid for it, but intends sending for the dish.

THE WORD IS "YOUNG"

CARVED ON THE STONE AND THE PEOPLE'S HEARTS.

Thousands do Honor to the Hero Lad—Unveiling the Subscription Monument Yesterday Afternoon and Handing It Over to the City.

The Young monument is complete, in position and formally handed over to the city. The 2,500 subscribers to the fund can now see for what their money went.

There will be, PROGRESS thinks, an unanimous agreement that the monument is a credit to the designer, to the contractors and to the city. The melancholy circumstance which lost two lives and made two heroes, which elicited the sympathy of thousands shown in the monument presented yesterday, is fresh in the minds of everyone. It is not the intention of PROGRESS to recall it.

Although the money was subscribed a year ago, the erection of this fitting tribute to the memory of Young and his companions has gone on slowly. Everything done officially seems to be done slowly, and this has been no exception. The design was selected after much time, and the summer was far along before a site for the monument was chosen. The excitement and indignation aroused by the excavation in the old grave yard for its foundations seems but a few weeks old. PROGRESS may at this time recall the fact with pleasure that its suggestion for a site made at that time was acted upon, and the monument stands today in the most appropriate and prominent spot that could have been selected for it.

The work on the design was one of infinite labor and love. It is not too much to say that Mr. Rogerson, the designer, lost money on his work. PROGRESS is informed that, although the city asked for a change in the construction involving the additional expense of \$300 still there was no extra charge made by the contractors. The stone cutters have done their work well. They have not been too successful in getting a likeness of Young but that could not have been expected.

The presentation ceremonies yesterday were simple yet most impressive. The different temperance organizations with which Young was connected were present and the Fusiliers, Sunday and day schools were represented. Crowds of people thronged the square and listened to the service. PROGRESS hoped to be able to give Rev. Mr. Bruce's oration but it could not be secured in sufficient time before the hour of going to press.

There has been more interest manifested in the Young monument than in anything of the kind erected in St. John, and ever since the work of building was begun it has been surrounded by little groups of sight seers, who have watched its progress with considerable satisfaction. When the design was exhibited in a city store window some months ago, hundreds went out of their way to see it, and the design found plenty of admirers.

The monument was fenced in until the work was all but completed, and when this obstruction was moved, the number of visitors increased every day. There is a good deal to be seen on the four sides of the stone, but only those who were well acquainted with the brave lad and his associations would appreciate many little designs which the sculptors had an object in putting on it.

The foundation of the monument—which, by the way, was laid by the city—is of rubble. This supports a base of granite, with four projecting corners. On each of these is a large vase of turned red granite.

On the side of the monument facing west is a large design showing two figures battling with the waves, one of which, with a life preserver, is supposed to represent the heroic Fred Young with little Mundece in his arms. This part of the work is very well executed, and tells the story as no word picture could. At the bottom of the monument on this side is the word "Young" in six inch letters in bold relief. The sides facing north and south show two designs of angels, and on the east is a head of the hero in relief.

Four granite columns support a gable roof stone in one block. On this rests an ornamental dome of eight small arches with turned red granite pillars at the corners. The dome is of a octagonal form with a scale pattern carved on it, the effect being very pretty. The whole is surmounted by a celestial crown and ornamental cross, of German copper.

The designs of the gables are very appropriate being suggestive of the brave lad's associations. On the north and south sides are the emblems of the different temperance organizations and societies of which he was a member. And on the east and west sides wreaths of laurel.

Good for the Estate.

People who talk about hard times should think of the Cudlip sale. The furniture and other stuff put up at auction were valued by the gentlemen who appraised it for the estate at about \$500. It sold for more than \$8,000.

HER STORY GROWING OLD.

A Little Girl Who has Been Enlisting the Sympathies of the Philanthropic.

Many people do not like to speak of their own good deeds, but when they do they sometimes learn something that surprises them. This has been the experience of a number of St. John men within the past few months. The object of their charity was a neatly dressed little girl of twelve or thirteen years of age who presented a piece of paper signed by a Mrs. Marden of St. Paul street, and asking that the reader "Please give this poor child five cents. Her mother is ill and her father is dead." An appeal of this kind usually has its effect without any further questioning, but those who were a little curious and interested, also learned that the little girl's name was Wells and that her mother lives in a house on Paradise Row, but was ill with heart disease and unable to do any work. This is a very good story, but somewhat old, even with the little "Wells" girl, as she has been using it for several months in all parts of the city. On enquiry it was learned that no such family lived in the house named by her, and when she is untruthful in this respect it is but reasonable to believe, that the rest of her story is also the composition of unscrupulous parents who make a business of preying on the public. It is seldom that the money given to children who tell this kind of a story is put to the use intended by the giver, and investigation has shown that St. John has had its share of the species of importers who make their children beg money for them to spend in liquor.

The Police as Shining Examples.

Some time ago considerable bluster was made over the fact that the men on the police force were not all good scholars, and that their writing disfigured the police records in a way that was anything but pleasant to that model of "neatness and despatch," the chief. In selecting new and examining old officers, he evidently neglected to find out whether they could read. As a result, the large placards which decorated the St. Andrews rink on the evening of the Union club sports had no effect. They were intended to do away with the tobacco smoke which has been an objectionable feature of previous entertainments of this kind, especially to lady patrons. On this occasion, however, the police set an example that a large number were not slow to follow, and the placards were sight lost of in the smoke. The special detective enjoyed the sports and his pipe at the same time, while the policeman in uniform at the door, smoked one of the worst cigars made, which was probably given to him by someone who was not a friend of the Unions.

A Gas Company With a Charter.

It is at such times as these when nice costly pavements are being destroyed by the axe of the gas company, that the people begin to find out the real benefits of an act charter. For some time that enterprising corporation has been removing its gas light standards from the streets. That is, of course, right and proper; but the objection is to tearing up yards of costly pavement in order to remove a few feet of pipe that is not worth digging for. PROGRESS is informed that the recovered pipe simply amounts to nothing. The object of the company could be attained just as easily by plugging the pipe after removing the standard. If this had been done on the paved streets, it would have satisfied reasonable persons; but to see expensive pavements torn up and replaced badly is annoying. It is impossible to replace pavement and make it as good as before it was removed.

Looking For an Officer.

Wednesday evening there was an intoxicated individual on Charlotte street, who acted in such a manner that several people thought his proper place for that particular night was in the police station, and one gentleman started to look for a policeman. At that time the objectionable character was extracting himself from the broken window of Jenkins' tea store, into which he had fallen. The gentleman walked to Union street, and took a look around the square, and finally brought up on Germain street, where he telephoned to the central station.

Anywhere for Half a Dollar.

The Oratorio Society announce their grand concert for Nov. 18th and 19th, when they will have the assistance of Mrs. Allen and Mr. Parker, of Boston. The price of tickets has been put at 50c, including the privilege of reserving a seat, so as to give all a chance of hearing both concerts.

A New Drop Curtain.

Mr. Sydney Chidley, the scenic artist of the opera house has started upon the drop curtain. The main design is a picturesque view of the Bay of Naples with the "Castle of Ischia, Mount Vesuvius and the ruined city of Pompeii" in the distance.