

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TWO KINDS OF FAILURES.

THE PROFESSIONAL "BEAT" AND THE HONEST BUSINESS MAN.

A Good Example of the Former Talked About—His Creditors Paid for Fur Coats and Diamond Rings—Another Case of Unsuccessful Work and Honest Failure.

Business failure is frequently a misfortune that cannot be avoided and has no taint of dishonesty or unfair dealing connected with it. The men who usually feel far worse than their creditors, and brood over what is, in many cases, the fault of others with whom they have business connection.

There are other failures which differ widely from the kind noted above. Men who open out with a splash, carry things with a rush, live expensively, make the banks and people believe they are doing a wonderful business, gain credit at home and abroad on the strength of misleading assertions, run big bills and then—flop.

Perhaps the best example of such a business failure was that of one E. M. Estey, of Moncton, who did a sort of a drug and medicine business, advertised extensively at the expense of the publishers, sold a fair quantity of goods as a result, and invested the proceeds in such luxuries as fur coats and caps for himself and diamond rings for his wife. He was the most successful promoter and the poorest performer in a financial way, that PROGRESS knows of.

A good story is told of him after one of his assignments. He wanted to compromise for 25 cents on the dollar and had occasion to call upon the manager of the bank of New Brunswick. A stylish coach took him to the door of the massive building, and he jauntily stepped into the manager's office with a \$25 fur cap in one hand, a cigarette in the other, and a fur coat worth up in the hundreds on his back—to compromise for 25 cents on the dollar. Estey tired of New Brunswick, though not before the maritime provinces tired of him, and he is in New York. He can show American "beats" some wrinkles worth knowing. The story that could be written about his financial operations might be condensed into a page of PROGRESS—as interesting as a novel and as true as the bible. Some day it will be worth writing and printing.

Estey is a first-class sample of the "professional failure" who aims to satisfy himself and not his creditors. There have been a few of them nearer St. John that will bear all the light that can be thrown upon him, but—the blinds are quite closely drawn.

An instance of the failure of a firm that everybody thought was all right, and who thought themselves only "hard up," occurred in this city a few days ago. The suddenness of the collapse took the breath of many people away, and inquiries followed into the commercial agencies fast and thick. For once they were puzzled. "Hard up" was the only bad mark against the firm on their records, and that had not prevented the wholesalers from giving them all the goods they wanted.

But it was a failure caused, not by the business in which the firm was properly engaged—groceries, but by the misfortunes which attended their shipping for the last few months. Disasters were followed by large repair bills, only partially covered by insurance, and, instead of freights flowing into the business, money was taken out of it to pay for repairs. A decaying and dishonest captain accentuated their misfortunes.

To "tide themselves over," they used their friends and did many things which the necessity of the moment prompted. Borrowed notes were discounted, borrowed money was used, and some of both have gone in the general crash. No doubt men feel this keener than they would a regular business loss. Many people contend that accommodation paper should always be secured in case of failure, while others say that a friend who lends his name has a right to assume the same risk as the merchant who sells the goods.

Be that as it may, Bonnell & Cowan had no idea but what they would tide over their difficulties when they borrowed from their friends they did it in perfect good faith, and the latter regard it from this standpoint. Their vessel property was just coming around again, and two of their vessels had good freights climbing into the thousands which would have helped them over the hill. Notwithstanding the abundance of talk, from what PROGRESS can gather everything was done in a straightforward and honorable way, although unsuccessfully.

Turning to the bright side of business the writer saw the memoranda of a wholesale firm a few years ago that showed \$24,000 increase in sales for the four months of 1892 over those of 1891. This is an enormous gain and fully justifies the thought that the volume of trade is holding its own.

The Sweeper on Parade.

The street sweeper has been astonishing the people this week. It is on parade every evening on the pavements and makes the dust fly. It is one of the sights about town—to people who get to the leeward of it.

ROWDYISM AND FUN.

Two Weddings Where the Unexpected Played a Prominent Part.

The matrimonial market took a jump this week that astonished the most experienced speculators. Dame rumor and the little bird who whispers, wasn't to be found. Actual "happy events" left them in the background. Some people were "made happy," others had plenty of fun, and a number made life disagreeable for those who should have been feeling in good spirits.

The latter assembled near a house where a large wedding was held Wednesday evening. They were as curious as most crowds which take in a wedding "on the outside" usually are, only more disagreeable. They took charge of the house. A window was partly open. Some of the sightseers climbed up to it, opened the shutters and enjoyed the ceremony at their leisure. But this was not the worst of it.

A number of hoodlums had invested in flour and undertook to deluge the guests. They succeeded to such an extent that policemen were called. That did not prevent them from being obnoxious, however, for the flour still continued to do its work, and the police themselves were treated to some of it. The scene was disgraceful.

The people who had real fun took another means. A bridegroom is supposed to be able to stand anything in the way of a joke, and one of the Wednesday night contingent who is well known and very popular among his friends and acquaintances was the victim of a good one. A number of handsome presents were received, but the one he will probably appreciate more than all the others is a piano. It was put in the new house while the happy couple were away, and when they reached home it was the first thing they saw, with Ta-ra Boom-de-ay opened out on the stand. The piano is of rosewood, was only obtained after considerable trouble and "cost 400." That is what everyone says. People who do not ask too many questions think it means \$400, but cross-questioners find that it cost 400 cents.

One of the groom's friends saw it in a store once occupied by an auctioneer. The latter had felt disinclined to pay the cartage on it and left it there. It fell into the hands of another man, however, and the present hunters traced it there, when they decided to buy it. But before they reached the place the piano had gone to Lower Cove. It seemed to be in great demand. They found it, however, in the possession of a dealer in curiosities, paid \$4 and the cartage, and used it as a wedding present. Its age was something none of the guests ventured to hazard a guess on, but as a fun provider it had no equal.

Very Young Pirates.

Some time ago stealing coal from the cars was an occupation engaged in by an alarming number of people living in the vicinity of the railway yards. It was easy for them to get alongside the cars at night and help themselves. A new phase of this business developed this week, and it has an amusing aspect. A number of small boys who spend most of their time in Fisher's pond, have built a boat something after the style of a small scow. With scantlings from the mill for oars, they enjoy themselves sailing about in the slips and out into the harbor.

This week they put the boat to a new use. They became pirates in the truest sense of the word. Several of the youngsters rowed their miniature scow alongside a woodboat loaded with coal in York Point slip. The woodboat had a deck-load and it was an easy matter to start the coal over the side and into the scow.

The boys had a pretty good cargo on board when one of the woodboat men put in an appearance with a pail of water and gave the young pirates the full benefit. They shoved off, however, and got away with the coal, but the whole proceeding had such an amusing aspect that nobody seemed to care.

A Mare's Nest.

"Who lives in that house?" asked a very small boy who was on a visit to Parrsboro, pointing to the residence of that town's chief magistrate.

"Oh, that's the mayor's house," was the reply.

"Oh, yes," said the small boy. "A mare's a great big horse, ain't it?"

"Not this kind. There's the mayor now," and the gigantic form of Mayor William Frederick T. Jones was seen in all its majesty.

"I see," said the very small boy, as a great light burst upon his small mind, "When a man gets to be a great big man, they call him a mare, too!"

The Popular Way to Settle It.

When two young men find that they have nothing in common now-a-days, the popular way to settle it seems to be a challenge to fight. A law student received one this week, through the attorney of one of his fellow boarders. The student had been amusing himself at the latter's expense, hence the challenge. A fight is not among the probabilities.

THE WHIR OF THE MOTOR.

THE FIRST CITY PRINTING OFFICE RUN BY ELECTRICITY.

A Description of the New Power and What It Does—How Progress Print has Grown From Little Uncertain Beginnings, to a Good Paying Business.

Electricity does it now. Any person who enters PROGRESS counting room cannot fail to hear the incessant whir-r, whir-r-r that seems to come from some part of the building. It is the electric motor that runs the busy presses of PROGRESS job print department.

It is safe to say that PROGRESS is again to the front, first in the maritime provinces, with its job printing presses run entirely by electricity. There are some signs that there will be followers right in this city, but they did not think about it until PROGRESS began to advertise what it proposed to do.

Not five months ago "PROGRESS Print" received the least attention of any department in connection with PROGRESS. The publisher had an idea that a newspaper and a job office could not be run together with advantage to either, and clung to his opinion for more than three years. Then the bills for the office printing—the advertising circulars, the bulletins and all the necessary forms for a newspaper business began to be so large that it was considered to be economical to buy a press "for our own work." This was the entering wedge. According to an active spirit in the employ of the business department it "seemed a shame to turn work away when there was a press and printer upstairs." And so, a paper cutter followed the press, receipts were held for the benefit of those swooping pirates, the representatives of paper mills and type foundries, and from a small beginning there gradually collected, in but four months, a well stocked and equipped job printing office.

At first it was thought that the same room which contained the composing room of the newspaper would be quite large enough for "PROGRESS Print" for at least a year, but it was not long before Mr. Hopkins, the capable and original foreman, began to shout, "Give us room," and as he talked he began to place new stands and imposing stones toward the centre of the room which, though 90 feet long, presented too crowded an appearance for the most work to be done. Everybody was in everybody else's way.

Another room of equal size was on the other side of a 12-inch brick wall and over PROGRESS counting room. This was called into service, and now the job department is spreading in that. The removal, however, necessitated new power and electricity was required into it. The Consolidated Electric Light company furnished power all day and all night, and they were approached with the result that today the hum of the first motor in a St. John printing office is heard.

It seems curious that a small affair such as a strong man could carry off under his arm, is able to communicate sufficient power to run three or four presses and all the shafting and belting incident to them. But it is so, and at seven o'clock each morning the young man in charge of the "machine" presses the button and the hum begins, each press moves along at either one of three speeds, according to the nature of the work on it, and the day's work is begun. There is no delay "firing up," no heat from steam, no variation of speed. The motor must move at from 2,800 to 3,000 revolutions a minute and the presses, by means of large reducing pulleys, run at either 1,500, 1,000 or 500 an hour. Each press is independent of its neighbor, one may run 500 and another 1500. The work of putting up the shafting was done by Mr. Joseph Thomson and the motor was looked after by Electrician Bliss and Superintendent Kourke of the "Consolidated."

Thus it will be seen that PROGRESS PRINT is in a position to do almost any quantity of job work. And there is abundance to do. Mr. J. N. Golding, jr., ("a chip of the old block") who is in charge of the department, says that more than 1,000 orders have been executed since January 1st, and as this is being written, late in the evening, the hum of the motor and presses indicate the rush. The completion of 400,000 circulars was the job in hand and, in order not to let it interfere with the ordinary rush night work was resorted to. This will give but an inadequate idea of "PROGRESS PRINT." Still it may indicate that the new department has been as great a success as any connected with the paper. Mr. Hopkins, the foreman, is known as a printer of rare artistic merit who takes a keen pride in his work. His assistants are the best in their line.

Any reader of PROGRESS or anyone who does not read PROGRESS will be gladly welcomed and "the new power" shown and explained to them.

"Turned Up."

Turned Up at the Opera house was a success and about 700 people enjoyed it. Thursday night performances cannot be spoken of in the regular theatrical column since that page goes to press Thursday evening.

MR. LEA, TAKE NOTICE.

Your Misfortunes Lack the Necessary Variety for Further Sympathy.

MONCTON, June 8.—Mr. Paul Lea is considering the advisability of suing the city for damages in connection with his last fire, which, he claims, could have been easily extinguished had there been a proper force of water on.

While no one disputes the fact, knowing that it is usually the case when there is a fire, that there is no water, and when there is plenty of water there is no fire. Probably it is due to the strange perversity which seems to characterize such things, and which prevents fires from occurring at convenient times. But be that as it may, no one will deny that the greatest sympathy was felt and expressed for Mr. Lea in his misfortune, and his friends came generously to his aid. Still the last was the third time that he has lost his possessions by fire, and there is a growing feeling amongst the citizens of Moncton that Mr. Lea must not indulge in any more pyrotechnic displays! It is not only growing to be monotonous, but it is expensive; and when one considers that the last fire cost the city not only the life of the gallant grey horse whose recent decease was the subject of so much newspaper controversy, and who, like so many worthy people in this world, attracted so much more attention after his death than he had ever done in the course of his useful, hard-working life, and whose physicians fought over his grave, as to the cause of death, just as if he had been a human being, and each was anxious to claim the credit—but also the cost of a long attendance upon him (the grey having contracted a cold while standing at the fire, attached to the fire engine), it is small wonder, I say, if the people of Moncton feel that the next time Mr. Lea is ruined it must be through some other element than fire, in order to enlist the best sympathies of his fellow citizens.

No one would dream of insinuating for a moment that Mr. Lea was not an object of sympathy, but still variety is charming, and there has been such a dead level of similarity about his misfortunes heretofore, we feel they must no longer take the form of fire. Should the hitherto well behaved Petico-diac river overflow its banks and destroy the newly erected mill, by water, or should an earthquake arise and swallow it up, we are prepared to mourn with him, as if the loss was our own. Should a dynamite cartridge in the hands of one of the great army of the unemployed, as represented by the recently discharged employes of the I. C. R., be the cause of the damage, we will see that it is made good to the utmost farthing, but the fiat has gone forth, and we draw the line at fires. GEOFF.

STILL HAVE THEIR \$4,000 FULL.

Halifax Aldermen Vote to Continue Their Right to Expend \$4,000 each.

HALIFAX, June 9.—The Halifax board of Aldermen decided last night by a vote of 8 to 6 to continue the vicious system of ward appropriations—which means in plain English that each retiring alderman has the sum of \$4,000 to distribute in his own ward, where it will do the most good—to gain his re-election or improve private property.

The men who are opposed to this reform claim that the city engineer would have too much power were he to have this money under his direct control, would be an autocrat, &c. All this talk seems funny to the average citizen when it is known that the engineer is appointed by the board, and is responsible to them for all his official acts.

The engineer is better able to judge where improvements and repairs are needed, than any alderman, and some of them acknowledged it last night, but it is not likely that he would lay sidewalks through pasture fields, or extend the water-works and sewers out in the country till the heart of the city had some much needed repairs and improvements done.

The wishes of a large majority of the citizens were defeated by last night's vote—but next spring when some of these gentlemen come up for re-election, the people will have a chance to pronounce judgment on them—when it is almost certain that more progressive men will take their places.

Four members of the board did not think it worth while to take any part in voting on this reform, which should also be remembered by the people.

A Rule of the Cartmen's Union.

When a member of the Cartmen's union dies it is expected that all other members will attend the funeral. This is not compulsory, but if a cartman takes his horse out of the barn on the afternoon of the funeral he is liable to a fine. When a prominent coal merchant died last week, the Cartmen's union was well represented at the funeral, but a number did not attend, and unfortunately some of them were on the street with their teams when the funeral passed. This caused some unpleasantness, and there was talk of enforcing the by-law referring to fines, but whether it applies to a coal merchant's funeral as well as a cartman's will have to be debated.

SHOULD HE KISS THEM?

A QUESTION THAT HAS ARISEN IN A CONGREGATION.

Concerning their Pastor—The Girls Say He Kisses Them—The Parents Object and the Minister is not Invited to Remain—He Says "It is an English Custom."

Is it right for a minister to embrace and kiss the young lady members of his congregation?

This is the serious question that has been puzzling the good people of a church not more than a mile from the city building, and bothering them to such a serious extent that they quietly resolved to solve it so far as they are concerned, but still leave it unanswered, by not inviting their minister to remain with them for a longer period.

This is not the way the matter came to PROGRESS' attention. It came again and again, in the shape of anonymous letters which helped to fill the W. B., in the way of mysterious hints concerning ministerial conduct which seemed to have over-reached the borders of strict propriety, and in the plain matter of fact statement of reliable people who failed to see why the errors and omissions of other people should be talked and written about, and the minister spoken of allowed to pursue the even tenor of his occupations without even so much as a caution.

After two months of this sort of thing PROGRESS promised to look into the matter, and a representative called upon the one party most concerned, the one most talked about, in fact, the subject of all the criticism—the minister himself. He was surely in a position to know most about the affair, and it was a fair assumption that, though in a certain sense accused of excusable or inexcusable familiarity with the young ladies, being a minister he would state the facts.

It came therefore somewhat in the nature of a surprise when after explaining the object of the call, the minister should proceed to state that there was not a shadow of truth for any of the statements made about him, that the church was not only more generously attended but that the finances of the body proper and of the Sunday school were in a truly flourishing condition. "It is ample proof of the inaccuracy of these statements," said the man of cloth, "that these facts stand out prominently. If I were as I am represented to be by some people, surely my congregation would desert me."

Being aware that something in the nature of an accusation had been brought against him on account of indiscriminate osculation, PROGRESS inquired into the origin of it, and the reply was as prompt as sunrise, that it was on account of a difficulty in one department of church work, which inclined some people to talk about him. Then the conversation drifted upon the advisability of publishing matters in connection with a church that were liable to injure the minister in the estimation of the people—injure his "moral character," the reverend gentleman styled it, which would almost lead one to suppose that there was something wrong in kissing young ladies of a congregation.

Three other members of the same congregation were interviewed, and it was somewhat startling after what the pastor had said to note how they all agreed upon one particular point, that he was fond of kissing the girls—and not one or two, but a dozen or more, all of them respectable and indignant—and that for the sake of the church how much better it would be if nothing was said to indicate where it all happened. Their loyalty to the church was undoubted, while their indignation that the young ladies should have been kissed so often and so suddenly was very vigorously expressed. Accordingly to their story, told with alternate laughter and wrath the minister failed to see the harm in a proper salute. It was "an English custom" according to him and "the girls liked it." If he could have seen one of the girls whom PROGRESS talked with he would have changed his mind. With clenched hands she declared that it she were a man she would make him suffer, and she added pathetically "all the men in the congregation know just what he has done."

On one side there seemed to be a great desire to expose the familiar practices of the pastor which was counterbalanced by the fear that some people would blame the innocent and indignant girls. "What could they do?" asked one "when after being seen home by their pastor, whom they supposed was like those who preceded him, and a gentleman, they were suddenly and unceremoniously kissed. Some of them were so indignant and ashamed that they did not even have the courage to tell their relatives just at the time while the others lost no time in informing their parents of what had happened."

"What harm was it," innocently asked the minister of one lady whose daughter had been saluted.

"There was nobody looking," said the pastor, and this time the daughter spoke up, "No matter, it was wrong, and God saw you."

This does not bring the solution of the question asked in the first paragraph of this article any nearer. According to the pastor it is "an English custom" for ministers to kiss the daughters of the congregation, and he adds from the depth of his experience "they like it." Accordingly to the girls, their parents object decidedly to any person kissing them but their accepted lovers and themselves, and place themselves on record against the innovation by not inviting the minister to stay another year.

The question, however, is not a new one. There is a good old story which used to be told of an ex-president of the legislative council. His habit of voluntary paternal-like osculation was so well known that the fair girls and women of the capital who came in his way, grew accustomed to the shock and suffered his four score years to be his excuse, though they laughed heartily at the old-fashioned salute and the pleasant and universal "my dear" which accompanied it.

Even better stories are told of an ex-provincial secretary who loved to kiss a pretty girl or woman, and thought his venerable appearance a sufficient excuse for him to do so quite openly. He was a brilliant legislator not yet the allotted age of man, and it is said that in his case there was not the same objection on the part of the fair ones. His persistence and apparent innocence gradually secured for him privileges in the osculating line that the Prince of Wales could not have attained.

It is an open secret that the same weakness follows a supreme court judge in many cases, and often subjects his victims to a pleasant rilly on that account; yet it is questionable if even such illustrious company as this palliates the offence of the minister in question.

MR. KELLY'S WONDERS.

Lighting Calculators in Short Skirts and Knee Breeches.

Mr. Michael Kelly, of St. Martins, is somewhat of an oracle in the village, and is well-known all over the county. Mr. Kelly is blind; but, despite his infirmity, he is a remarkable man. As a mathematician he has few equals in the dominion, and his memory is a source of wonder to everyone who knows him. His knowledge of dominion and provincial politics is phenomenal, and in St. Martins Mr. Kelly is a man who is looked upon with profound respect. And none more than the boys and girls of the village. Mr. Kelly takes a special interest in the children. As a result any boy or girl who cannot count faster than a horse can trot is looked upon as a curiosity.

Mr. Kelly has a mental arithmetic class which meets once a week. Nearly every boy and girl in the village with any ambition belongs to it, and is on hand to take part in the counting match every week. It is held in various places, but a popular resort is an alleyway near a prominent citizen's house. The boys and girls enjoy these exercises as much as a St. John boy would a game of base ball or hop-scotch. The men and women of the village are also interested, and there are always spectators who go away amazed.

The lesson is conducted much the same as a spelling match. Mr. Kelly stands between two long rows of boys and girls, who on taking their places instantly become the pictures of suppressed excitement, and stand motionless. Of course, some of Mr. Kelly's pupils are brighter than others, and the two rows are evenly matched.

The preliminaries arranged, Mr. Kelly rattles off a lot of figures, almost unintelligible to a spectator, and with the last claps his hands. Almost before his lips have ceased to move a small voice pipes out the total sum, and another quickly does the same, if they do not say it together.

"Shot," says Mr. Kelly, and the youngster who fails to answer correctly steps out the line. Mr. Kelly fires together another lot of figures, and gets the sum total before he has time to put a dash between; and thus it goes on until the match is ended.

It is a wonderful exhibition. The greatest ambition of a St. Martins youngster is to "do sums" as quickly as Mr. Kelly, and present indications say he will have rivals in a very short time. Talmage Kelly is a son of the instructor, and he is a wonder for his age. Talmage is only seven years old, but in mental arithmetic he would make a 27 year old man blush. He is the leader of the class, and to see him stand with his hands in his pockets and get his calculator going is a sight seen but once in a life time. Talmage is the boss boy of the class, and seldom gets left. Mr. Kelly has an application in for a position as school teacher, and any class could not have a better instructor. Mr. Kelly's attainments are many and varied, and that St. Martins people fully appreciate them has been shown in more ways than one.