

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IT IS ANYBODY'S FIGHT.

DUNN AND McLEOD STAND TO WIN IN THE COUNTY.

The City Doubtful—Silas and the Newsboy—Stockton's Remarks Not Always Calculated to Make Friends For Him—Some Examples—Incidents of the Fight

It looks like anybody's battle in the city election today. Perhaps on account of the immense majority polled by the opposition in the last contest, there is a feeling that it cannot be overcome in this election, but on the contrary the change of opinion that has taken place in this section is hard to estimate correctly. Scores of people whom the writer is acquainted with have changed their minds since the contest three years ago. But little work, comparatively speaking, has been done on either side. There seems to be a lack of enthusiasm in the ranks of the opposition that is not found wanting either in dominion or ordinary local contests. The government supporters have rallied to the work in the last few days better than it was expected they would, but even they have not canvassed the city as it is usually canvassed. So far as Progress can understand, very little money will be spent by either party. They have not got it to spend. The usual contributions are lacking; there may be as many of them as heretofore but the amounts are smaller. The opposition going into the contest with such a vote as they polled in the last election are sanguine that they can win without spending a dollar over and above routine expenses. This condition of things is not apt to make the ward healers as energetic as they would otherwise be. The man who shouts is in nearly every case paid to shout, and it is a significant fact that the absence of lung power this week has been very noticeable. Everybody who knew anything about the contest was making an estimate yesterday, and as nearly as Progress can ascertain the calculations of the opposition are about as follows:

They expect that in Sydney ward the government will have 50 or 60 of a majority; that in Dukes the votes will be about a tie; that the majority in Queens ward will offset the gain of the government in Kings; that Wellington will do the same with Prince; that in Portland neither side will have any advantage, but that Carleton will carry them to a sweeping victory. In the county it is conceded that the chances of Mr. Kourke are not as good as those of any of the other three. Mr. McKeown has been making a desperate personal fight and hopes to win on the split ballot. The friends of the government are confident that he will not and that Dunn and McLeod will represent the county by tonight.

THREE PERSONAL INCIDENTS.

Dr. Silas and a Newsboy—Dr. Stockton and His Cynical Remarks.

One of the stories in connection with the campaign that has been laughed over quietly this week is told of Dr. Silas Alward and a newsboy. Going to business last Saturday morning the doctor paused at the foot of Garden street to wait for his friend and colleague, the leader of the opposition, Dr. Stockton, and at the same moment a bright little newsboy happened along with his arms full of Progress. Dr. Silas took one and seemed to be very much interested and amused by the contents of the first page. He waited for some minutes during which time he found ample opportunity to skim the cream from the six columns before him, and then when he was joined by Dr. Stockton he coolly handed the paper back to the newsboy without saying as much as "Thank you." The most charitable construction that can be placed upon such an act is to say that Dr. Alward is absent minded. A newsboy's opinion of a man who will keep him waiting five minutes reading his paper and then hand it back without buying it is apt to be shared by lots of other people.

It is little things like this that tell much about the character of a man.

Some peculiarities of Dr. Stockton's are such as have made him many enemies. When there is no election campaign his acquaintances are far fewer in number than when there is one. A young man of the writer's acquaintance who is trying to get along in the world and doing it remarkably well too, had occasion once to write Dr. Stockton a letter, and it so happened that the letter was mailed upon Monday morning. It was also dated Monday morning; it may have been written on Sunday, at any rate such must have been the conclusion of Dr. Stockton, for in his reply he started out with this sentence, "Your letter dated on Monday, but written on Sunday, is at hand." That was an easy way to make an enemy.

Another incident of which the writer has personal knowledge shows that the leader of the opposition is forgetful at times that he was a young man himself once, and that he does not sympathize with the ambition of young men. A newspaper reporter who had been at journalistic work for a little more than a year and succeeded perhaps

better than he expected was praised once by his editor-in-chief in the presence of Dr. Stockton, and after he had finished his remarks the editor turned and said something about the young fellow to his caller. Stockton rather irrelevantly replied in his wise fashion, "Yes, weeds grow fast."

Wanted To Be on the Safe Side.

Plenty of folks think that candidates ought to remember their names and faces, and feel hurt when they are not recognized. Thus it is that a kindly nod will sometimes change a vote in favor of the kindly nodder, where a head held high in the air will turn it against the haughty one. The candidates in the present election seem alive to this fact. Three of them, one after another, went into the Royal hotel bar, a day or two ago, and found several men grouped around the counter. The candidate who led the way bowed to them one after another as though they were old if not intimate friends, and his colleagues followed suit with cordial smiles of recognition. The persons thus saluted bowed in return, but seemed a little puzzled as to the identity of the new comers. A St. John man having joined the group, he was asked in an undertone who the three new comers were. "Oh," said he, "they are candidates in the election, and have taken you for voters, I suppose." Had the candidates known that the group was composed of commercial travellers from Montreal, they might have saved their bows for a more appreciate company.

Not Read Out of the Party.

There was some perturbation on Tuesday when the *Telegraph* announced that "Mr. H. A. Connell, of Woodstock, opposition candidate for the legislature was in the city yesterday." As it was well known that Mr. Connell was a candidate on the government side, the question was whether he had "rattled" in imitation of Silas and Alfred Augustus, or whether the *Telegraph* had merely "read him out of the party," as it did John V. Ellis once upon a time. All doubts were set at rest when it was learned that Mr. Connell had come to town to be sworn in a member of the government, and that "the editor in chief was absent," orating at Fairville, when the paragraph appeared. No "Dear Weldon" letters were penned by Mr. Connell on the subject.

JUST CAUSE FOR INDIGNATION.

A Senseless Report That Caused One Man Much Annoyance.

A man never knows how many friends he has until he has been reported dead and is found to be alive. This is the way it was this week with a well known life insurance agent, who, however, does not seem specially pleased because people are congratulating him on his continuance of existence. Possibly there are more agreeable kinds of salutation than such as, "Hello, I am glad to see you. I felt bad when I heard you had hanged yourself. What started such a report?" Then the victim wrathfully replies that it was either a malicious enemy or a practical joker, and if it was intended as a joke, he has a pretty poor opinion of it.

Nobody appears to know how the rumor started, but about noon on Wednesday the story spread rapidly around town that the gentlemen in question had put an end to his life in that way. There was not the slightest foundation for it, and there seemed no earthly reason why a level-headed man like him should not enjoy living as much as he ever did. Nobody stopped to reason about the probability of it, however, but each man who heard the story hastened to surprise somebody who had not heard it. The reporter of an evening paper heard the news early and hastened to the house of the insurance man to have a look at the scene of the tragedy, and get the facts at first-hand. The man was not at home, but the reporter learned enough to convince him that the funnyman had got one on him that time. He had scarcely left the house when he met the reporter of the other evening paper, also on his way to the scene of the supposed tragedy.

Coroner Hetherington was so busy hustling for votes that he either did not hear the report or concluded that it would not pay him to risk his election for the sake of what he would make out of an inquest. Coroner Berryman, however, was on the alert, and when somebody telephoned him about the event, he hastily donned his hat and overcoat. His team was not at hand, but doubtless fearing that the rival coroner would get there before him, he rushed to the head of King street and chartered a coach. He was driven to the insurance man's house in a hurry, but it is conjectured that he drove back by a roundabout route, so that people might suppose he had been merely visiting a patient.

In the meantime the insurance man himself, who was by all odds the most interested party, was amazed and exasperated to find he had become suddenly and unpleasantly famous. He hastened to prove that he was a very live man, and began to look for the author of the report. At last accounts he had not found him. It is a pity he cannot do so and hand him over to the fool-killer.

MOTOR PRINTING POWER.

ELECTRICITY IS THE NEW AGENT IN "PROGRESS" OFFICE.

The Fast Press Erected and at Work—Most Complete Machinery Outfit in Maritime Canada—"Progress" Pays its Patrons, and They Tell How It Does So.

This issue of Progress is printed in part by a new and improved press run by electric power.

Since the last issue the usually busy scene around this office has been augmented to such a degree that a stranger dropping in would think it looked more like a bustling machine shop than a printing office. Before the last issue was all printed the carpenters were at work tearing away partitions making a place for the new machine. The huge foundations had been looked after earlier in the week. The old mailing room and former business office were demolished in quick order and a clear space soon obtained. No sooner was this done than the heaviest pieces of the press were at the entrance. From Friday afternoon until Saturday afternoon they continued to arrive and take their places in the compact heavy machine being erected inside. Everything went along like clock work under the direction of Mr. Foote, the representative of the Cranston Printing Press company, who, within two hours after his arrival, had the press at this office. Saturday night saw the erection of it well advanced and Monday night everything was in readiness for the application of power.

But it takes time to erect shafting, fix pulley, and lace belts, and it was Tuesday evening before the motor man "pressed the button" and set everything going. There was not a hitch; the motor worked smoothly and carried along both presses with all the ease imaginable. No sooner was it in motion than a crowd seemed to collect and there has been hardly a moment since that a knot of interested spectators have not watched its operations. The steam engine stands alongside—a thing of the past, yet always ready in case of an accident or an emergency.

"You have the most modern and complete outfit of machinery in the Maritime provinces—I might almost say in Canada," said an old pressman and printer who called Thursday.

The added facilities will give Progress such an advantage that it can now go ahead and put in operation many plans that have been in abeyance. It is a matter of fact that with but one press it was impossible to print more than the present circulation without too great a strain on the employes of the press-room. All the circulation of Progress has been gained without the assistance of any subscription agents. Inability to do much more than we have been doing has prevented their employment. Now this is changed and good subscription agents will be employed. Two have been engaged already. They are experienced in their work and will make a systematic canvass of their sections. Six others are wanted to cover the maritime provinces. Men or women with good records as canvassers will be placed on salary with commission for all business secured over a certain amount.

Already the advertising patrons of Progress are speaking their minds very plainly in regard to its merits as an advertising medium. As long ago as June 20th, Mr. Herbert Harding, the actuary of the Humphrey Medicine Co., of New York City, sent the following letter to our agent there, Mr. Roy V. Somerville:

DEAR SIR: As we feel that we are receiving so much benefit from our advertisement in Progress, St. John, N. B., we request that you will have our advertisement inserted every week instead of every other week.

HUMPHREY HOMEOPATHIC MED. CO.
HERBERT HARDING,
Actuary.

That speaks for itself; yet here is another from an altogether different advertiser, Rev. Dr. DeBlois, principal of St. Martin's seminary:

ST. MARTIN'S, Oct. 1st, 1892.
MR. EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher Progress, St. John, N. B.

DEAR SIR,—I am convinced that Progress is the best advertising medium in the Atlantic provinces. For several months past an advertisement of our school has appeared in its columns, and the result has been highly satisfactory in every way. The fact that our institution has doubled its enrollment of students within these few months, and that the people's interest in our work has deepened wonderfully is largely due to the advertising matter which has gone, through the columns of this paper, to every corner of the province. Yours truly,
AUSTIN K. DEBLOIS.

This one comes from far Ontario. It speaks for itself.

BROOKVILLE, Ont., Oct. 12, 1892.
MR. EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher Progress, St. John, N. B.

DEAR SIR:—We have used Progress as an advertising medium for several years past and value it very highly. It circulates, as we know, among the best class in the community, and is therefore a desirable medium for reaching them. We unhesitatingly recommend Progress to the consideration of wide-awake advertisers.

Yours truly,
G. T. FULFORD & Co.

Several splendid testimonials from local advertisers are held over for another issue. Many of them were given voluntarily, and

all of them without the slightest hesitation. They will speak for themselves and prove to those who are not advertising in Progress that it will pay them to do so.

The rates are as advertised—\$20 per inch a year; shorter term contracts are somewhat higher.

OBJECTED TO THE INNOVATION.

The Story of a Presbyterian Who Is in Search of a Church.

St. David's Presbyterian church has had a new organist within the last few weeks, and her music has given great satisfaction to all but one of the congregation. This gentleman is an elderly and respected citizen who has positive ideas as to what is and what is not proper in the details of public worship. He is understood to have previously retired from St. Andrew's church because the service was too florid to accord with his theories of Presbyterianism, and for a time he found peace in St. David's. One of the early innovations at the latter church was the singing of scripture sentences as a beginning of the services. This could be tolerated, though not without the mute protest of this gentleman and another pro-tem sitting while all the rest of the congregation stood. Quite recently, however, another feature was introduced in the form of a hymn during the taking up of the collection. The congregation did not stand during the singing, but this gentleman could not avoid doing so, as he was one of the collectors. He bore it once or twice, but a Sunday or so ago, having passed around the plate, he deposited it near the pulpit as usual, went to his pew, got his hat, overcoat and umbrella, and marched out of the sanctuary. He has not been back since, and it is understood he is not likely to go back.

The difficulty in which the worthy gentleman now finds himself is that, unless he affiliates with the covenanters, there does not seem to be any Presbyterian church to which he can go without the risk of hearing music which he considers has nothing to do with the faith of his fathers. St. Andrew's has become considerably modernized in its ways, while St. Stephen's actually has the Philharmonic club there with their fiddles and other things. St. John's is not yet quite so far advanced, but there is an organ there, and there is no knowing what day some musical novelty will be sprung upon the people. Altogether, the outlook is not promising for this gentleman and others of conservative ideas, who view with pain and distrust the rapid and well nigh prelatial advance of the churches in the matter of good music.

THIS IS THE LATEST.

An Argument That Will Not Hold Water—More Customers, Cheaper Goods.

One of the most curious stories relating to business that Progress has heard for some time comes from a gentleman, who, with quite a family of boys had occasion frequently to patronize ready-made clothing stores. In one of these where quite a large stock is kept he could find nothing that met his ideas of good value and remarked as he turned to go, that he guessed he would try "So and So," naming a clothing establishment that is remarkably well advertised. "You will pay well for your goods there," was the answer he received, and upon his inquiring further he was met boldly with the assertion that the concern which spends so much money in advertising cannot afford to sell its goods as reasonably as one which does not advertise. This is the newest argument against advertising that Progress has heard, and its fallacy is so easily exposed that it is hardly worth while doing so. It is only necessary to look at the store which does advertise and then at the one which does not advertise and compare the amount of business done by each to come to the conclusion that it pays to be before the people. In the case of ready-made clothing there is no doubt but what the firm who advertises energetically and well sells so many more goods by so doing that it is well able to make prices as low, if not lower in fact, than can be offered by their competitors who shun the newspapers. Still this is a plausible assertion and one that is being worked for all it is worth, to say that because a man spends one, two or three thousand dollars in advertising he has to raise the money by raising the price of his goods.

The Plan Working Well.

Two readers of Progress, a gentleman and a lady, have responded to Progress' call and each sent in the name of a bright boy whom they have hunted up to sell Progress. Both of them are in places where the paper has no selling agent. The publisher of Progress thanks both friends heartily and has much pleasure in sending them the paper free for one year. Next week an attempt will be made to print a list of places where Progress should be sold. Boston readers should remember that Progress is for sale every Saturday at King's Chapel News Stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

ABOUT AN ART GALLERY.

IT HAS NOT PAID, BUT THE FAULT IS NOT WITH THE PUBLIC.

The Owens Institution As It Was and Is—How the Idea Originated and How It Has Been Carried Out by Mr. Robert Reed up to Date.

Within the last few weeks, Mr. Robert Reed has come forward with a remarkable letter in one of the city papers, in which he announces his intention of making a new shift in regard to the Owens Art Gallery. There are other trustees, but so far as can be learned Mr. Reed is in himself the actual governing body. It has been so from the first, and it is largely for that reason, as some claim, that the institution is in the condition that Mr. Reed says it is today.

Mr. Reed's proposition is to secure legislation to transfer the entire Owens trust estate either to some responsible civic or provincial body, to be maintained as an educational art institution, or to hand it over to some other body anywhere in the province for the purposes of art culture. It may go to Fredericton, Sackville, St. Martins or Rothesay, or to any other place where Mr. Reed may see fit to send it—if the institutions there are willing to accept it as a gift.

The trustees appear to have held a Twelfth of July gathering at which they passed a resolution which recited that civic street operations had caused the institution to incur liabilities which were then unpaid, and that there was neither a fund nor an income to draw upon. It was resolved that instead of selling any of the "art property" to liquidate the debt, family season tickets at \$5 each should be issued. It was further recited that "eight years' experience in operating this trust in furtherance of art culture has proved the income for its working sources to be insufficient to pay insurance premiums, cost of ordinary repairs and its heretofore very economical running expenses; in consequence of which, and in view of future possibilities, the trustees deem it their duty to make known as follows." Then follows the proposition for the legislation already mentioned.

Mr. Reed, no doubt, feels that the whole blame of the failure of the institution is due to the apathy and lack of taste of the St. John public. To understand how far he is right in his theory, a little of the history of the affair will be of value.

John Owens, the wealthy shipbuilder whose name is borne by the institution, was like Mr. Reed, a man of peculiar and positive views. He was originally a quaker, but united with the Portland Methodist church, of which he was for years a leading and liberal member. In those days methodism in this country knew no such palatial structures and florid services as may be found now, and Mr. Owens was at peace with all his brethren. In 1859, or thereabouts, he gave substantial aid in the rebuilding of the Portland church, but when it was proposed to introduce an organ into the structure, he disagreed with his associates. When a vote was taken he found himself in the minority, whereupon he withdrew from the congregation and built a church of his own. This was Zion church, the building which of late years has figured as "an art gallery with a steeple on it." During Mr. Owens' life, and for some years after his death, services were held in it agreeable to Methodist usage, but by ministers not sent from the conference, and sometimes not Methodists. There was no organ and the seats were free. It was wholly a free church and Mr. Owens cheerfully footed the bills.

He died in 1867. By his will the property became vested in a board of trustees, of whom Mr. Reed is now the sole survivor. The will provided that the trustees should employ ministers of the "Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Independent or Episcopal persuasion," and left a sum to be invested for their support. The proviso was made that "no instrumental music shall be allowed to be used therein." After providing for sundry matters, the residue of the estate was to be divided into 40 shares. Of these, one share was to be applied to the instruction of children in music, two for a school for the education of orphans and two "for the purpose of establishing a gallery or school of art for the instruction of young persons in drawing and other works of art."

After the death of Mr. Owens, the church was run with more or less success up to 1882, when the supply of ministers willing to accept the charge with the various conditions seems to have become exhausted. For more than a year the church was without a pastor, and then legislation was procured to apply all the shares in question to the purposes of an art gallery and school to be carried on in the church and parsonage.

This was the birth of the art gallery, and the act incorporating it alleges that the idea "would undoubtedly be in accordance with the wishes of the testator if he were living."

When Mr. Owens was in business, he

used to occasionally drop into the office of his friend John Ward, another shipowner. Mr. Ward did his own draughting, and Mr. Owens used to wish that he also could do it. His idea in providing for a school of art was unquestionably that the young men of the future could learn free hand drawing and mechanical draughting. Nobody imagines that he ever contemplated the establishment of a picture gallery, in which all sorts of productions, largely of obscure artists, would be massed together for exhibition purposes. Had such been his intention, it is probable he would have made a suitable provision for the purpose.

Mr. Reed, however, seems to have taken another view. In the eight years since the funds of the Owens estate were diverted to art gallery purposes, he has bought several hundred pictures, he being the judge of their merit. He has, no doubt, been actuated by excellent motives, and has believed that he was securing extraordinary bargains. He is under the impression that he has the original of one of Smith-Hald's oil paintings, of which, according to his catalogue, the large picture in Luxembourg palace is only a copy. Such names as those of Sir John Gilbert, Jean Francois Millet, Benjamin West, Elizabeth Thompson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Horace Vernet and Sir Edwin Landseer, also appear in the catalogue as the painters of water colors which, if originals, would be worth thousands of dollars each. Mr. Reed was fortunate enough to get a job lot of them in Boston at ten and twenty dollars apiece, which was figuratively, if not literally "dirt cheap."

One oil painting is credited to D. Teniers, jr., who died 200 years ago. A note in the catalogue states that it "has been submitted to experts, who are unable to say whether it is an original or a very excellent copy of ancient date." In this distinguished company are found other names not so well known. Some of them appear to have unloaded heavily on Mr. Reed, though he possibly got the advantage of wholesale rates. There are no less than ten pictures by "L. Welden Hawkins," twelve by "E. D. Lewis" and eight by "Stephen Parrish," whoever these gentlemen may be in the world of art. The local talent is represented by several pictures by John Hammond, who conducts the art school, but there is nothing to show that such well known artists as Jonathan Swift, J. W. Gray, James Stewart, Robert Pine, John C. Miles and Charles Ward, or any other New Brunswick painters of merit ever existed.

Everybody recognizes that Mr. Reed is a thoroughly honest man who has acted as he thought for the best. He has made nothing—possibly he is out of pocket. So far as the running expenses of the institution are concerned, they have been managed with great economy. Yet the funds are exhausted and the public are as well as scolded for their non-support of the art school. He has bought a houseful of pictures and is disappointed because nobody but himself and his own special artist is interested in them. The citizens have not seen what there was to patronize, and the fact that in a New Brunswick art gallery the New Brunswick artists are not represented has puzzled people as to what claim the institution really had upon them. Only a limited number have thought of it as a school of art, and it is no wonder that it has not paid and is not likely to pay. Progress is sorry for this, and sorry for Mr. Reed, but there is no reason why the blame of the failure should rest on the people of St. John.

New Home for the Scottish Rite.

The bodies of the A. & A. Rite are fitting up a portion of the Masonic Temple for their exclusive use, and when the work is completed they will have a most complete and convenient suite of apartments. The whole German street front of the building on the third floor, above the part now occupied by the regular lodge ante rooms, the K. T. armory, etc., has been taken, and when it is finished according to the designs, there will be two commodious halls, with ante-rooms, store-room and other apartments required by the bodies. Messrs. Bates and Christie are doing the carpenter work. The supervision of the work is in the hands of an efficient committee, and the new quarters will be furnished with every detail essential to the full exemplification of the degrees of the rite.

Thought They Were Salt Cellars.

A young lady from the Belleisle has been visiting some friends in the North End for the past week. One of the young gentlemen of the house had just come from the opera house one evening and had occasion to leave his opera glasses on the table. The next day at one of the meals it was still on the side table, and the young lady picked it up to use it, as she supposed it was to be used. She shook it, screwed it up and unscrewed it, and shook it again, but it did not respond, and then she innocently asked: "Mrs. S—, what is the matter with your salt-cellar?"