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PAID FOR IN A HURRY.

THE MAKERS OF THE SWEEPER GOT CASH FOR THE MACHINE.

How Things Are Done When Director Smith Wants Them Done—The Council Has a Picnic to Learn Something About Water for Drinking Purposes.

The street sweeper has become one of the recognized institutions of St. John. It has been accepted—by somebody—and paid for, by the city. At the last meeting of the common council, on Thursday of last week, the treasury board recommended that the bill of \$400 be paid, and that is the end of the matter.

There appears to have been considerable haste, commendable or otherwise, in the affair. When the city decided to get a sweeper, several manufacturers of such machines were communicated with, and sent descriptions of the kinds they had for sale. On the 27th of February, the Speight Wagon company, of Markham, Ont., sent a letter to Director Smith, in which this offer was made:

"To convince you that we have by far the best machine, we are willing to send a sweeper complete to your city, with a man competent to run it, and give you a practical test of its working, free of charge to your city, with this condition that you are open to purchase and will adopt our machine if we can show by actual experiment the value of our sweeper."

On the 31st of March the Council adopted the recommendation of the board of works, that the director be authorized to procure a street sweeper on trial, under the terms of the attached offer of the Speight Wagon company.

That was all the authority that was given in the matter. The evident intention was that the board of works should subsequently report to the council after the machine had been given a fair trial.

The machine reached St. John early in June, and when it was put together was found to be a second hand affair. It bore marks of previous use, but whether it had been in service or had been on trial somewhere where it was not accepted, nobody could tell. The makers did not send a man with it, as they had promised to do in their letter.

The city had the privilege of keeping the machine on trial for 30 days, and probably the makers would have been well contented to get their pay in that time. The whole matter was conditional, and it remained to be seen whether this was really the machine the city wanted. Some of the aldermen had ideas that there were one-horse sweepers which would do equally good work at a less cost, but as the city stood committed to this one there was nothing more to be said. The sweeper lay at the railway station for some time, but as the man who was to be sent with it did not appear it was taken out and tried. It must have worked like a charm, for scarcely had it been put in operation before Director Smith and Chairman Shaw certified to the bill and the treasury board recommended its payment. The price of the machine was \$450, but a claim for reduction was made when it was found the machine was a second-hand affair and the sum was reduced to \$400. Some say the reduction was made because the man to operate the machine was not sent, but whatever the excuse may have been, the makers seemed ready enough to throw off the \$50. The city has saved just that much.

In the ordinary course of things a bill of this nature should go before the public works department, but it need not do so when it is a contract. Then the signatures of the chairman and director are sufficient. That was the course taken in this case, though why a machine sent on 30 days' trial should be considered as purchased under a contract and paid for in ten days is not very clear. If anybody can construe a contract out of the offer of the makers and the resolution of the council he will be quite as clever as Director Smith and Chairman Shaw.

There is nothing wrong about the matter, of course. The sweeper is probably well worth the money and could as well be paid for at one time as another. The only point about the affair is that it illustrates the free and easy way of doing things that is in order when the director of public works wants them done.

The council had a picnic yesterday. Chairman Shaw, of the board of works, invited them to go to Lake Latimer and over the water system, and nearly all of them went. Director Smith, Superintendent Murdoch and Chairman of Assessors Bunting, went along to take care of the crowd. Five carriages were necessary to convey the party, and the start was made at 8 o'clock from the market building. Chairman Shaw had arranged to provide dinner at the Ben Lomond house, but there seemed to be a fear that the party would get faint between meals, for at least one of the wagons had a number of packages, contents unknown, carefully covered over. The supply may have been biscuit and cheese, with spa spring water, or it may have been something else. Nobody

appeared to be very sure about it, but Aids. Kelly and Colwell took charge of the wagon with a look of heavy responsibility on their faces.

It was explained that as some of the aldermen knew little or nothing about the water supply of St. John, this trip was made for the purpose of giving them an object lesson and deepening their fund of knowledge, at the same time letting them have a nice little picnic. The mayor and Ald. McLaughlan were not present, as they had gone on a mission to Halifax the day before.

The grading of the hill at the west end of Sewell street would give the people of the streets above Union a much needed short line roadway to the depot and the North End. The estimated cost of putting it in order, however, is \$10,000, which seems more than it is worth at this stage of the city's growth. It might be made better than it is for a great deal less money.

The street railway company has not put the pavement in order along its track, and some of the aldermen say there will be trouble if the work is not done soon. That sounds very much like an echo of last year's talk.

The best specimen of street encumbrances is to be found in the vicinity of Ald. McLaughlan's office, on Water street, and consists of a variety of anchors, which litter up a sidewalk already too narrow for the public convenience.

A HERO OF DARKEST AFRICA.

The Reported Death of Capt. Stairs—How he was Known by his Friends.

HALIFAX, June 16.—There is no doubt but that the news of the death of Capt. Stairs is true. It was hoped for sometime that the report might be a false one, but the emphatic cables now received permit such hope no longer. There is not a person in the dominion of Canada but will mourn the loss of this Canadian, for Stairs was a Canadian before anything. It is needless to refer to his characteristics and good qualities, the way in which Stanley in his book has done so has enlightened the world as to the sterling character and noble tributes shown by him during the terrible experiences of that long journey.

Owing to his being away from Halifax so much and so long, there were many in the town who did not know him personally, but to those who did know him, he was more than a friend. No more popular person could be found among us, even when he had reached to heights of fame, that have turned the head of many a greater man. Capt. Stairs was educated at Merchiston Castle school, Edinburgh, Scotland, being there three years, from 1875-78. At that time he, in company with several others, went to the military college at Kingston, from whence he graduated in 1882. During his stay at Kingston he was without doubt the popular member of his year, and even if he had not become famous Kingston would have remembered him with pleasure as he remembered her. Not getting a commission in the army at the time of his graduation from the R. M. C., he went to New Zealand on a land survey, and it was the special training that he received there that so well fitted him for his future work; and, in fact, made Stanley choose him from amongst so many others. In 1885 Stairs had an offer of a commission in the Royal Engineers and at once accepted it, came from New Zealand to Halifax, and subsequently to England, where he joined his corps at Chatham, at which place he was stationed for some time.

When Stanley was organizing the Emin relief expedition Stairs volunteered at once, the wearying routine life of the garrison not being very congenial to him. After a personal interview with Stanley, he was appointed photographer and astrologer to the expedition, the subsequent history of which is too well known for repetition.

Every one remembers the gladness of the world when those noble men returned to civilization. Capt. Stairs, after a visit to his home and people in Halifax, was appointed Adjutant at Aldershot, a very important position. He was at this time offered a captaincy in another regiment, even the Guards, but he preferred to stay with the Engineers. He subsequently, however, exchanged into the Royal Welsh Regiment, and when the King of the Belgians organized the Katauga Expedition Stairs was offered the command of it.

He accepted, obtained permission from the English government and left England in May, 1891. He expected to have been gone three years, but alas! death intervened. He evidently was in failing health, and was trying to reach the coast when he died.

Davenport School For Boys.

The friends of the Davenport school are anticipating an enjoyable time at the annual distribution of prizes on the grounds, on Wednesday, the 29th. The philanthropic club is expected to be present, and should the weather be unfavorable the exercises will be postponed until the following day.

BOWLING IS THE GAME.

THE CURLERS DROP BROOMS TO ROLL THE BALLS.

Old Time Players Join With the Young and Enthusiastic Ones—Men Who Used to Know Paddock's Building—Some of the Scores Made Now-a-days.

Years ago, in the days of the old Paddock building, on Prince William street, a bowling alley was one of the institutions of St. John. The boom, boom, boom, of the balls could be heard day and night, and when one of the "boys" of those times was wanted he was as likely to be found at the alley as anywhere else. Bowling was justly esteemed as a most healthful and manly sport, calling for the exercise of even more skill than muscle, and the bowlers of those times used to run up big records over which the survivors are fond of talking to this day.

The bowling alley had lost its popularity even before the fire swept it away. The game had begun to fall into disrepute all over the continent, and one reason for this was its tendency to lead to drinking habits. It is warm work playing, and players will get thirsty. In old times, the bowling alley and the bar room had a pretty close connection.

Within the last few years the game has been revived in the United States, and a fresh impetus given it by the formation of clubs of limited membership, to which admission can be had only by ballot. In this way it is kept free from all the objectionable features urged against it in the past, and takes rank with curling as an amusement productive of the best results in the way of healthful exercise. It has, therefore, been a very natural thing for the members of the St. Andrew's curling club to form a bowling club, and to set up four alleys in the rink, as well as to build a hand-ball court, which latter has been practically unknown in St. John since the demolition of the old Lowrey court, on Leinster street. Both the bowling and the hand ball have taken hold of the boys, and are undoubtedly here to stay. The young men are running the affair, but some of the old time bowlers have begun to come in and to have some of their old time vigor.

Simeon Jones is president. He is an old timer, who used to roll up big scores at Paddock's; but it will take a little time for him to get his hand in, and to adapt himself to the modified rules of the game. These limit the score to smaller figures than in the past, and one of the reasons for this is that there is no "deadwood" allowed now. In old times, when a player knocked down a portion of the pins they were allowed to lie as they had fallen. The next balls would hit these and knock them against the remaining pins, making the shots largely a matter of chance. Now-a-days the fallen pins are removed, and there is no deadwood. The scores are smaller, but there is more science in the play.

Joe Knowles found this out when he started in the other day. Joe is an old time bowler with a record for big scores. He has a scientific twist by which the ball keeps along the edge of the alley until it turns at just the right moment. Most amateurs roll the ball down the middle of the alley, but Joe's way is the right way when one learns how to do it. Joe has at present the "cocked hat" record of 35. The record breaker so far is W. S. Barker with a score of 186, while he and his brother, H. W. Barker have the best double with a score of 332. There are some very good averages taken right through the players, and they will improve as the season advances.

Another old timer who has not yet joined, but who is expected is C. W. Weldon. He used to play with S. R. Thomson years ago, and was a good hand at it. His last bowling experience was a figurative one, when he was bowled out of politics to the music of reciprocity, retrenchment and reform.

The hand-ball court has some active patrons, especially among some of the young men who have been accustomed to the sport at the Sackville Academy and other institutions. The veteran Lowrey has signified his intention of looking in to see how the players of today compare with those of the past.

In the meantime the boom of the balls in the bowling alley is kept up with vigor and the small boys, coatless and vestless, are busy in setting up the pins which the enthusiastic players knocked down. Bowling has taken a great hold of the curlers, and is likely to keep it.

They Make a Blind Rush for It.

A little girl came into the ticket office at Chubb's corner the other day under the impression that she could get aboard the ferry boat by passing into the board of trade room. "Does that often happen?" asked someone. "Often enough," was Mr. Armstrong's reply. "Not long ago, a woman rushed in, laid a cent on the counter and was making good time to the rear when I enquired, 'Ferry?' 'Yes,' she said, 'I think I must hurry if I want to catch this boat.' It is not at all uncommon to find people making this mistake."

HAVE IT ALL THEIR OWN WAY.

Base Ball and Lacrosse Teams Looking for Their Equals.

Base ball and lacrosse are both very much in the back ground just at present. The impossibility of inducing a crowd to attend a game of the sport people went wild over a few years ago, was shown by the attendance at the game last Friday. The Y. M. C. A. club has things all its own way in the base ball line, and until a nine that can defeat the Young Men's comes along, the game will probably remain at its present point in popular favor.

Lacrosse is in precisely the same position. The St. Johns have a strong team, one that would make it interesting for any of the Nova Scotia clubs. But it is the only team in St. John that amounts to anything, and the inactivity displayed by the others will probably make some difficulty in arranging games for the championship. The Y. M. C. A. will take a lacrosse team to Moncton to play the home club on Dominion Day. Moncton has taken up the game but all the players are new at it, and it is early to make predictions.

The same enthusiasm does not seem to be manifested in athletics this year as last. The Y. M. C. A's. and Beavers have been dickered about going into the St. Johns, at first holding out for all the privileges of last year without any guarantee, and then deciding to join individually. Of course, under this arrangement, the Beavers and Y. M. C. A's. will not have any days set apart for their own use, and will be considered as ordinary members of the Athletic Association. The membership will not be as large as it was last year.

The Shamrock grounds are pretty lively, but the same spirit is shown as is found out the marsh. There is a little base ball and lacrosse, but not enough to make it interesting.

WHY THE OLD FLAG WAS WAVED.

It Was Not in Honor of the Hibernians on That Occasion.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians has been in session at Woodstock during the past week, and the town tried to make the visitors welcome. The order, as may be inferred from the name, is a purely catholic body, but this made no difference to the protestant townfolk, as was especially shown in the case of Hugh Hay, a leading merchant, who decorated his windows with the Hibernian colors and mottoes. At the banquet at the close of the session, provincial delegate M. McDade made reference in his speech to the cordial reception accorded and to the tokens of good will to be seen around the town. After referring to Mr. Hay, he remarked that he had also observed a flag flying from the staff on the Orange hall, and if it was intended as a compliment to the Ancient Order of Hibernians he wished to testify his appreciation of it. His remarks were received with applause, which was not lessened by the subsequent discovery that the flag was displayed as a signal that there was to be a meeting of an Orange lodge that evening, and that the Hibernians were not in it.

A Chance for Boy Fishermen.

Bright, energetic boys will have a chance to obtain a splendid bamboo fishing rod on Tuesday without its costing them a cent. PROGRESS will give the rod to the first boy who brings the names of two new yearly subscribers with the cash, \$4.00, to PROGRESS office. Those who are not fortunate enough to secure the fishing rod will each get seventy-five cents for their trouble and work. Remember, not Monday but Tuesday is the day. PROGRESS office is open at 7.30 o'clock in the morning. The rod will be given to the successful boy at 12 o'clock the same morning and in the meantime can be seen by any one at PROGRESS office. It is a beauty, enclosed in a case, has two tips, celluloid handle and is in every way suited for whipping brook or lake.

Are There No Artists Here?

Governor Tilley has been in Montreal, where he has been sitting for a portrait to be painted by an artist of that city. The cost is to be defrayed by the local government. The same artist has a commission from the New Brunswick lawyers to paint a portrait of Chief Justice Ritchie. The corporation of Trinity church, New York, thought a portrait of Bishop Inglis, by John C. Miles, of sufficient merit to be hung with the productions of the leading artists of America, but the connoisseurs of this province have a different way of looking at things.

Too Much For Some of Them.

The Boys Brigade is a very active institution in St. John, at present. The boys are drilling as hard as regulars both at the barracks and palace rink. The question is, whether they are drilling too hard. Although nobody will deny that the benefits derived from exercise of this kind are many, recent experience seems to give a different impression. During the drill one night this week several of the boys, unable to stand the strain, became weak and fainted.

STORIES OF CITY LIFE.

THEY MAKE IT INTERESTING FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

North End Boys on a Very Warm Day—Tapping at a Window—Green Room Johnnies and the Actresses—Gallery Gods and the "Down Stairs Folk."

Modesty is a word unknown to the rising generation of the North End. They have no use for it. On warm days the only cool places they know are the ponds at the head of the harbor. Since the trestle was built and the New York pier became a reality, a short cut has been opened up to the city that is taken advantage of by hundreds of people every day. Men, women and children go around by the harbor front going and coming from work and the ponds filled with floating logs and booms are only a few feet away. On a warm day there is always an exhibition that would send Mrs. Grundy into hysterics. Tuesday was a very warm day and the show was in full blast. Scores of youngsters as white as nature made them skipped over the logs like spectres, in every direction, playing tag and diving into the water, splashing each other or wading about. They had no thought of their surroundings. Women and girls could blush like danger signals, but it had no effect on the boys. If the conversation in a scow was interesting they forgot that they were only half dressed and took an active part. And thus it was all along the line. Tuesday was a remarkable day in many respects, but the exhibition at the ponds was a great feature of it.

Simply Tapped at the Window.

Two terrified women rushed out of a house on Adelaide road one night recently. They shouted burglars, and ran for help. Some of the neighbors were aroused, the two women breathlessly told how they had been alone in the house when they heard a noise at the window. They sat still, and soon the noise was heard again. This was too much for them, and they began to scream. The party started to look for the burglars, but no signs of them could be found anywhere. A lady and gentleman, friends of the terrified ones, came along and viewed the surroundings with amusement for awhile, then offered an explanation. They had been passing and had looked in at the window. Seeing their friends inside they tapped on the glass. When the ladies got up to go to the door there was a chance to have some fun and they ran away. Of course everybody enjoyed the joke, but a new difficulty presented itself. The door had a spring lock and when the women ran out it shut with a bang. It was very late in the evening before everybody got "settled down" again.

The Light That Does Not Shine.

The electric light at the corner of Pitt and St. James streets does not shine for all, and it is a very frequent thing for it not to shine at all. The carbons are in place, but whether it is because the pole has a lean from the perpendicular or for some other cause, the points are so separated that no light is given. Occasionally "the old war horse," Henry Duffell, takes a billet of wood and strikes the post until the points come in position, and at other times Chamberlain Sandall kicks away at the post with the same intent. At other times they submit to be left in the dark. They did so Wednesday night, and as a result, somebody took advantage of the darkness to break a large pane of glass in one of the Chamberlain's windows. The bad run sold in the disreputable houses not far away, was primarily responsible for the damage.

A Reform that Would Be Appreciated.

The occupants of the gallery at the opera house have been enjoying more liberties recently than are compatible with the comfort of the people down stairs. They have become experts in making darts out of programmes and shooting them among the orchestra chairs. This is unpleasant, but not more so than noise made by heavy-soled boots walking on bare boards while the performance is going on. The same disturbance is also caused by people on the stairs and in the halls. All of which might be done away with, either by employing a policeman or informing the ushers that to applaud is not the only thing required of them.

No Time to Waste on Them.

What are known as green room Johnnies in the United States have been causing some amusement and annoyance at the Opera house recently. They made the acquaintance of some of the actresses and began making life a burden to them by constant attention. The members of the stock company have very little spare time on their hands, and none to waste on stage struck youths. The manager was asked to inform them of the fact, and did so.

Waking Up to It.

A yacht race between St. John and Halifax has been receiving serious consideration from a number of St. John yachtsmen lately, but as yet nothing has been decided upon. The chances are, however, that there will be a race before very long.

MR. LEA IN AN OBJECTIVE MOOD.

Progress' Attempt at Humor was Found Lacking his Appreciation.

MONCTON, June 14.—Mr. Paul Lea, of Moncton, takes exception to an article which appeared in PROGRESS of last Saturday which, Mr. Lea's friends have informed him, was of a character to injure his business.

His objections are: first, that he never had a fire before, a statement which is open to contradiction, but which, in the light of Mr. Lea's reasons for making, it shall pass unchallenged; second, that although PROGRESS was perfectly correct in stating that his friends had come to his aid, he had declined to accept such aid, and raised the requisite money for building on his own security; third, that it might tend to establish in the minds of people the idea that he is followed by fire, and thus affect his credit with the insurance companies; and also create a suspicion that he is bankrupt, and so injure his credit.

Mr. Lea admits he has a suit against the town under consideration, and that the insufficient force of water was largely responsible for the destruction of his property, but objects to the words "pyrotechnic display;" and, lastly, Mr. Lea further considers that PROGRESS insinuated that he was "ruined."

Nothing could be farther from the intention of PROGRESS than to injure anyone, even in jest, far less to harm a respectable, hard working, and honorable citizen, but it paid Mr. Lea the compliment of supposing that his reputation for probity was too well established for any article of the kind to affect it.

IT IS NOT YET SETTLED.

Mr. Montgomery Has Another Charge Against Pastor Shore.

The resignation of Rev. Godfrey Shore as pastor of the Carleton Presbyterian church, was not acted upon at the last meeting of the presbytery, as he was not present. Illness was alleged as the excuse for his absence. In the meantime, however, another pastor officiates in the pulpit.

It will be remembered that the presbytery censured Mr. Shore for taking matters too much into his own hands. After the censure, however, he is said to have continued to run the meetings as before, claiming that he could not, as a matter of conscience, do otherwise. His former opponent, Mr. John Montgomery, has therefore felt moved to prefer fresh charges of undue interference in the temporalities of the church, and the case will be heard when the presbytery meets again. Whether Mr. Shore's resignation is likely to take effect or not is something that nobody can predict with certainty.

The Note was Raised.

Another victim of W. L. Temple, late tea merchant of Halifax, is Mr. John Campbell, of Brookville, Hants county. In the course of their business transactions Mr. Campbell gave Mr. Temple his note for forty dollars which Mr. Temple had discounted. Before the note came due Mr. Campbell, not having the requisite amount to take up the note, sent Mr. Temple his note signed in blank and five dollars in cash to retire the first note, but instead of doing that Mr. Temple filled in the second note for ninety four dollars, took it to another bank and had it discounted. Soon after Mr. Temple left for the "land of the free" and now Mr. Campbell is called upon to pay both notes by the banks. It is said owing to the extensive advertising Mr. Temple received in Pueblo, Col., by his friends (?) in Halifax, he has left for California.

When You Hear the Whistle.

The Carleton ferry steamers do not use their whistles much, and when they do sound them now-a-days it means there is trouble. If two or three tows get aboard of an evening, for instance, the whistle will bring the police to the floats in quick time. In addition to these precautions a policeman is to be put on the steamer Saturday nights to have an eye to disturbers of the comfort of the decent travellers.

Was It a Prehistoric Restaurant?

The workmen excavating for the foundation of the Macaulay building, on King street, have been finding some well preserved fossils in the slate rock. A huge turtle, shell fish resembling clams and other mollusks, have given rise to considerable speculation. No one can remember when there was an oyster saloon on that site, and it there ever was one it was in prehistoric times away back of the landing of the loyalists.

Several Hundred Dogs.

Something more than 900 dog licences have been taken out in St. John up to this week, and still people keep coming in with their dollars. Several hundred dogs are yet to be heard from. There were 1145 last year, and that did not begin to represent the full strength of the canine population.