

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

KEEPING HOUSE IN JAIL.

HOW C. B. WELTON AND DR. RANDALL PASS THE TIME.

Mr. Welton Studies Historical Works and Dr. Randall is Exercising His Professional Skill on a Patient—Their View of Their Sentence—An Incident in the Office.

C. B. Welton and Dr. Randall cannot strictly be termed the guests of the county in the usual acceptance of the term since they do not receive more than a lodging for which, it may be safely assumed they are not thankful.

The decision of the supreme court will not be given until the tenth of March and in the meantime both the sentenced prisoners are in keen suspense as to whether that decision will deprive them of their liberty for five years or give them a chance to mingle with their fellow men and keep clear of the insurance business. Both men possess more than average intelligence and in consequence feel their position far more keenly than the ordinary prisoner. Mr. Welton appears to take the matter far more coolly than his companion, Dr. Randall, whose sole idea and hope is to escape from the fate which hovers over him. Welton is a great student of history and passes his time poring over the pages of books which serve the purpose of whiling away the dreary hours and giving him information. Randall, too, finds this a source of recreation, but frequently paces the floor for hours thinking anxiously of what the future has in store for him.

Both men have wives and children who were depending upon them for support, and this adds to the feeling of anxiety which possess them. Mrs. Welton visits her husband frequently and Rev. Sidney Welton is almost a daily visitor.

Neither of the prisoners are without occupation, since they do not partake of the jail fare, but manage to cook their own meals on the stove in their room. The friends of Mr. Welton keep him well supplied, while Dr. Randall provides for his end of the table.

The latter has also had a patient for the last few weeks, a Mr. Howard of Sussex, who was in the Northwest rebellion, and returned East suffering from an affection of the scalp which no medical man he employed seemed to cope with successfully. One of the operations performed on him was the transferring of a portion of healthy skin from the leg to the scalp. This was successful for a time, but was not a permanent cure, and the next medical man pronounced it cancer. Mr. Howard was on his way to the States for treatment when he was advised to try Dr. Randall, whose skill in such cases was recognized in Albert county. He did so and goes to the Doctor twice every day for treatment. Since he has been under his care the improvement in his condition has been marked and rapid.

It is not often that a professional man in the situation of Dr. Randall has an opportunity to follow his profession, and it may well be said that he is not only keeping house, but office as well, in his present quarters.

The sentence of the judge was more severe than either of them expected it would be. From what they say, it can be gathered that they think two years would have been ample punishment for the misdemeanor of which they were found guilty.

It is rare that anything of interest takes place in the jail but the monotony was broken in the Fenky's office a few nights ago in a way not agreeable to that individual. Two bottles of carbolic acid which is largely used for disinfecting purposes were placed to near a gas jet and one of them burst suddenly with a loud report scattering its contents every where. Had Clifford been in his usual place the acid would have been thrown over his face and could not have failed to destroy his eyesight. Fortunately for him he was standing some distance away and the few drops that did strike him fell on his neck leaving marks enough to show where they touched him. Needless to say the carbolic acid will be kept near the refrigerator after this.

RACING ON THE ICE.

A Meeting at Moosepath Next Tuesday, Weather Permitting.

The successive heavy snow storms have proved disappointing to many horsemen who anticipated speed and sport at the races at Moosepath. The meeting was arranged by a number as the result of the lively brushes on the Marsh road this winter, and the entries, genuine and promised, showed that the question of speed was by no means settled in the minds of the several owners. The Marsh road is not, as a rule, a very satisfactory place for even a rough and ready contest. The only available stretch is not more than a long quarter and frequently that is so thronged with pleasure turnouts that it is impossible for two or three horses to keep in line for any distance. The horse that gets down to work in short order and can speed for a quarter has the best chance.

The Moosepath races have been postponed until Tuesday afternoon, and the winners will need plenty of bottom as well as speed to be at the front three heats in five, or even two out of three.

Among those mentioned as competitors in the first class are Mr. Dean's Chestnut; Mr. Carvill's Millionaire; Mr. McCormack's Neptune Lee; Mr. Cole's mare and a number of others.

In the second class entries are looked for from Messrs. Fitzpatrick, Barry, Dolan, Macaulay, McAvin, Carvill, McEvoy and Campbell.

The entrance fee is placed at the low figure of five dollars, and as the purses are divided into \$30, \$15, and \$5, it can easily be seen that the horse owners are in the race more for fun than for cash. Still there is a disposition to make the contest as even as possible which will require the exercise of good judgment on the part of those admitting entries.

If the track is in good shape and the weather fine a good attendance may be looked for.

MR. CORNWALL'S BIG CLOCK.

When the Accessories are Added It Will be Very Useful to the Public.

Mr. Ira Cornwall has made a bold effort to be a public benefactor and advertise the Sun Fire Insurance company at one stroke. He has succeeded beyond expectation in the first part of his task, but as to how far he has done so in the latter part is a disputed question. If the opinion of the grangers of the country market were to be admitted in evidence he has brought about a condition of things which may result in an epidemic of insanity in the rural districts.

There has been a clock in the market for some years past. Mr. Cornwall put it there to advertise something which he was then booming with his accustomed energy. It was a good clock, with works imported from England at a heavy cost, and it had a glass face which was eminently respectable and in a degree ornamental. In the mutations of time the something which Mr. Cornwall was formerly booming became a back number, and he recently decided to put a new face on affairs by giving the clock a case of great magnitude, which should tell the honest granger that the company of which he is agent was surpassed by none on the face of the earth.

In this undertaking he enlisted the services of Mr. A. J. Charlton, a skilful painter and decorator, and directed him to exercise his talents in a case nearly six feet high and proportionally broad. Mr. Charlton did a good job, and moreover invented a winding gear working after the manner of a pump handle which operates on a ratchet, or like a patent windlass. On the face of the clock was placed a mighty sun, gilded, with eyes, nose, mouth and whiskers on it, as the ancients imagined the sun was constituted. Other beautiful and elaborate decorations were added, but the crowning idea of Mr. Cornwall was to give the strangers from Goose Creek, Smith's Vale and Otnabog, the choice of any kind of time they wanted to use. So he put on the figures for old-fashioned time up to 12 o'clock and new-fashioned time up to 24 o'clock, and he affixed three hands to indicate the difference between local and standard time. There he rested, but it is possible that the pressure of rural opinion may move him to issue a guide book to the clock, with a diagram explanatory of the dial and tables for the computation of time. If he does not, there may be war.

For the honest granger does not know what to make of the affair, and does not pretend to understand it. He knows that the hands tell some kind of time but he does not know whether it is the time he wants or some other time. He gets the three hands mixed up, but worse than all he is utterly confounded by the figures. When he thinks it ought to be a little after 3 o'clock he has to figure out why the hands point to 13, 15 and 19, and which is which anyway. Then he tries to figure it out, gets dizzy, perhaps profane, and wonders how a man can tell when it is dinner time. Somebody tries to enlighten him and mixes him worse than ever. In the meantime everybody has the fact of the existence of the Sun Insurance company, and of Mr. Cornwall, its agent, indelibly fixed upon his mind. As an advertisement the clock is a great success. As an indicator of time to the average countryman it needs only a guide book, diagram and calculating table to make it a complete success.

Take Them The Coupon.

Messrs Daniel & Robertson make a special offer to all readers of their advertisement in this issue of PROGRESS. A ten per cent reduction is not saved every day or every week for that matter, and buyers of dry goods should be eager to avail themselves of the privilege extended to them.

Moved to New Quarters.

W. H. McNis has removed his tailoring establishment from 129 Mill street to 38 Mill street. His new quarters are convenient and commodious and will afford him better opportunities to attend to his growing and satisfactory custom trade.

SYMPTOMS OF REFORM.

THE TAX REDUCTION ASSOCIATION IS HARD AT WORK.

Some Need for Something to Be Done—The City's Millions of Indebtedness—The Changes Proposed—How the Sectional Feeling Works Mischief.

There is said to be war in the North End over the idea of the Tax Reduction Association that the representation of aldermen be reduced. The North and West Ends seem to be of the idea that they have not quite aldermen enough just now, and that every additional man at the board will help in the work of securing all the appropriations possible. Every ward, apparently, is anxious to secure all it can before the grab is made by its neighbor.

This is the inevitable and pernicious effect of ward elections, and it one of the things against which PROGRESS has always waged war. The breaking up of this system by electing the aldermen by a vote of the whole city is one of the planks in the Tax Reduction Association platform.

The indecent clamoring over the claims of this ward and that section of the city, without regard to the welfare of the whole, has been one of the most noteworthy features of the government of the city since the union. Every man gets what he can for his own ward apparently without regard to the interests of the city as a whole. The result is, that where the funds have so many sources of going out, the civic debt is steadily on the increase.

We owe nearly three hundred million dollars now, and there was an increase of more than \$158,000 last year. It would seem that the pace is quickening every year, and at this rate the corporation may again have to go into bankruptcy, as it did once before in the history of affairs.

The departments appear to be growing more and more expensive every year, and nobody seems to be responsible for the extravagance. The street, fire and police departments are rolling up their debt in fine style, and everything else is in line with them.

So it is likely to be, so long as men are sent to the council to get what they can grab, and so long as there is a contingent of aldermen who seem totally lacking in the element of loyalty to the interests of the city at large.

The street department has cost nearly \$10,000 more than it was estimated it would a year ago, and has increased its indebtedness more than \$3,700. There is little doubt that a great deal of work has been done which would not have been done under a better system. That is the way things are run on the sectional system, and which it is proposed to abolish as far as legislation can tend to abolition.

The bill to be submitted to the legislature in the interests of the rate payers provides for the reduction of the council to a mayor and fifteen aldermen, who will be elected on the same day. Thirteen of the aldermen represent wards and two are chosen at large, but all are chosen by a vote of all the electors. The aldermen from the wards must be resident in the district for which they are chosen.

No man with the interests of the city at heart can oppose the principle of such a bill, but it may naturally be expected there will be consternation among some of the aldermen whose chances for election under it would be something more than doubtful.

The idea is to get the bill passed at the approaching session of the legislature, so that the law may apply to the elections during the present year. The sooner something is done in the way of reform, the lighter will be the drain on the taxpayer in the future.

There are no new candidates in the field for the mayoralty yet, but the Tax Reduction Association intend to put one there, and to nominate a full ticket of aldermen. It is understood that none of the present candidates are likely to be named for mayor by the association, and it is more than probable there will be a good deal of scratching off of the names of the present aldermen.

It has been well known in the past that the wrong men have been sent to the council, not because the electors thought them fit for their places, but because no better men could be found to run against them. The most desirable men have kept aloof from ward politics, and nobody can wonder at it. It may be different when a ticket is nominated to be voted on by all the citizens, and there is no reason why a council of representative men cannot be secured.

Whether the T. R. A. will accomplish all that it has undertaken remains to be seen, but it is very to be seen that reform in civic affairs is easy badly needed.

And very important indeed will be the acquisition of a council composed of men who do not conspire for petty jobbery in the interest of this or that corner of their words, and who will feel themselves responsible to a mass of the citizens outside of the hole and corner cliques of this or that section of the city.

Candidate Tufts had a meeting in the North end, Thursday evening, and announced that he was willing to serve as

mayor without salary, although he thought there ought to be a salary. Ald. W. A. Chesley was one of the speakers and he raised a despairing wail over the aggressions of the Tax Reduction Association. "He believed that the meaning of this agitation was to shut the North end off, to prevent that part of the city from getting its fair share of the expenditures," is the way he is quoted. Here is the narrow sectional view fully illustrated. This or that section is clamoring for its fair share, which means all that can be grabbed for it by its aldermen. Sometimes the cry is from one ward, and sometimes from another, but it is always the vicious idea of every district wanting money spent, even if the city as a whole goes tumbling to the dogs.

IN SEARCH OF CAPTAIN TEAKLES.

The Funny Men get in their Work, and so does one of the Victims.

Some of the funny men around town have been exercising their brains for some time past in regard to a mythical Captain Teakles, after whom they sent sundry confiding persons on fool's errands. One rather important resident of North End, a lumber surveyor, was told one evening that Captain Teakles was at the Royal, enquiring for him, and wanted a re-survey of the cargo of two vessels, which had gone ashore somewhere. The surveyor thought there might be money in it for him, and started to find the Captain. At the Royal he was told that the Captain was at the Dufferin. From the latter place he was sent to the Victoria; from there to the Union Club, and so on from one place to another until a late hour, when he went home vowing vengeance on the next man who would mention the accursed captain's name to him.

In another instance a well known shoemaker was sent the rounds with the belief that Captain Teakles had a large order for him. His last place of quest was the New Victoria, where he was told the captain had just left, and was on the roof of the custom house. The shoemaker was getting a little mad about this time, and began to conclude that the captain was giving him a chase for nothing.

"Will he be back here?" he asked.
"Oh, yes, he is sure to be back here."
"Well, when he comes, give him my compliments, and tell him—(the remainder of the message is not translatable.) That's from me, McM—, the shoemaker. Tell him that, will you?"

And the shoemaker returned to his last, a sadder but not a wiser man.

The fan of the best story of the search for Captain Teakles is on the wrong side for the jokers. One of the well known coachmen drove down to the vicinity of Spruce Lake to find him, and on the way back had time to devise a plan for getting even with the jokers who had sent him. In due time he called at the store of one of them, purchased goods sufficient to offset the purchase for coach hire, and having secured them, directed that they should be charged in account, as an offset for his bill against the proprietor. The joker will not fool with a coachman next time.

How the Managing Owner was Left.

A good story is being told at the expense of L. D. Vaughan, when managing owner of the Harry Bailey. The vessel was delayed at Santos for some time, and in some way the other owners were led to believe that Mr. Vaughan had been unable to collect the demurrage. The captain of another vessel which was lying at Santos at the same time, told another story, to the effect that the captain of the Harry Bailey had collected about £600 demurrage. A young ship broker, who is credited with being as sharp as brains will make him, heard the story, and since he represented one of the owners, he talked with the managing owner, and without disclosing this latter fact, laughed and joked with him over the "demurrage scoop." He obtained all the information he wanted, and when the Harry Bailey arrived in port a few days ago, he "hung her up," much to the chagrin of the managing owner, who a few days ago settled the matter by paying over the demurrage due. The injunction was lifted from the vessel when the sun due was paid over.

Still Has Their Regard.

An incident recently related to PROGRESS shows that whatever has resulted from Rev. Mr. Stevens' action, he has not lost the regard of very many who enjoyed his ministrations. A young man who belonged to his congregation was not expected to live much longer and would see no minister but Mr. Stevens. The latter went at the earnest invitation of the young man's parents, though not in his capacity as pastor.

Chance for an Inventor.

The Ottawa despatches say that Senator MacInnes has invented a valuable wind gauge for the use of riflemen. If some genius would but invent a wind gauge that could be made to operate on some of the North End and West End aldermen, he would confer a boon on St. John. It should be automatic, with a shut-off, regulated to act every five minutes.

"PROGRESS" IN BOSTON.

THE FIRST ST. JOHN PAPER TO HAVE A BOOM IN THE HUB.

People Are Taking to It and Getting Tired of Columbus—The Affliction of the Plasters Issued as Postage Stamps—What People Do With Them.

BOSTON, Feb. 22.—The man with one idea is always more or less of a bore, especially when he has no money and keeps poking his affliction under the nose of somebody who has. We all know him. St. John has had a number of the species, and—although the man may not have been so deluded as to expect to find any money there—the editorial and reportorial rooms of a newspaper is the greatest place on earth to see him and meet him in all his obnoxiousness. The man may be a genius, he may ultimately benefit humanity, and his name live when those of the people for whom he stripped life of all its pleasures, are forgotten—nevertheless he is a bore. The new idea does not catch on, his usefulness to the newspaper man who hailed him as a new source for a good story occasionally, is gone, and he is a thorn in the side of humanity. He talks one silly while the printers are howling for copy, or repeats an old story while the newspaper man is trying to write a new one, and kicks because the long article he expected is cut down to a few lines.

But for all this he may prove himself to be a great man.

Take Columbus for instance. Read the story of his efforts to convince his friends that the world was round. He bored them to death and worked them up to such a pitch that he was probably shown the door more times than any other man of the period. He struck Isabella, "the daisy queen of Spain," and he got there.

His name has been familiar to every man, woman, and child, in America—and I suppose everywhere else in the civilized world,—for over 100 years.

Now history is repeating itself. Columbus is again coming to the front in the old roll in which he made such a hit in his native land. He is again a bore.

It is Columbus here, Columbus there, Columbus everywhere, everything Columbian, until the people are about tired of it. They are again turning their backs on the great discoverer, the man with one idea.

It is not so much Colly's fault this time, however, but the people who have him on the brain and have been trying to make the great American public celebrate the discovery of the continent for nearly two years, without intervals for any other purpose whatever.

The Columbian postage stamps are without doubt the greatest affliction the people have suffered for many years. When they first came out there was a rush for them of course, but the more far-seeing of the people found some satisfaction in the announcement that those who did not want Columbian stamps could get the other kind.

Now that the craze is over the "other kind" are in demand, and the post office officials seem to take as much delight in working off the Columbian abortion, as a street car conductor does in loading all his loose change on the unsuspecting passenger who gives him \$5 to take the fare out of.

The post office seems to be piled up with Columbian stamps and if the wish of the people is complied with it will stay that way. The public has soured on Columbus, turned its back on him and only awaits the opportunity to fire him, so far as the Columbian stamp is concerned, and when the Chicagoans get through with the victims of the craze who go to the World's Fair they will probably wish that Columbus had never been born.

Canadians have shown a good deal of horse sense over the matter. They have let Columbus alone, and taken no stock in him, despite the fact that they are located on the continent he discovered.

They have seen the stamps on letters received from friends in this afflicted country, and probably admired them, but the people who have had to lick the side with the muckluge on it have long ago lost all admiration for them. It is now the proper caper to put the stamp on the envelope first and write the address afterward; otherwise the chances are that the picture will cover the writing.

Then again people who used to scan the envelopes to see if the stamps had not been cancelled, and in case they had not, soaked them in water to use on another occasion, have lost an opportunity to practise economy. The most reckless postal clerk with the smallest cancelling stamp could not miss the Columbian article.

A young lady who was addressing a letter in the Boston post office the other day struck a bright idea. She had forgotten to put the stamp on before writing the address and when the time came to lick the steel engraving, she could not find a place to stick it without covering up what she had written. So she affixed the stamp on the other side, and wrote with the address: "See over."

PROGRESS has had a boom here in Boston despite the cold weather, and the

number of copies sold here excelled anything since the paper was placed on sale. And the weather has been cold, and blustery, and everything that could be brought together to dampen the ardor of a hustling people. Under foot it is "a mess" as Artemus Ward used to say, and overhead it is winter, spring, and summer by turns. The streets are knee-deep with snow and slush, and walking is frightful, for it is that kind of a mess that the St. John street railway make, when they used to put salt or sand on the tracks—same as they do here—and the snow becomes crisp and dirty.

Poor crowded, bustling Boston is worrying herself to death over the rapid transit problem, and every other man has a scheme of his own. Tunnels, new streets, widening streets and a strip of the common and a hundred other ideas are being discussed, but as yet nobody has suggested that the street cars be made after a pullman fashion so that tired working men who have to get up early in the morning, can sleep on the way out and in, and get a glimpse of their families occasionally even if they have to make midnight the time for fireside gatherings.

R. G. LAENSEN.

THE LONG SILENCE BROKEN.

How John M. Lawrence Surprised a Class of Fellow Students.

The late Mr. John M. Lawrence was a skilful player on the piano, but when he made up his mind to master the details of the profession of mechanical engineer, he devoted himself almost wholly to the prescribed studies. He was one of the very few who, in the history of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, completed his term and was graduated in a year less than the usual term. His great application at that time was, perhaps, one of the causes of the subsequent breaking down of his health, but he had set himself at the task in earnest and was determined to succeed.

During the time he was at the Institute he had no time for recreation, even in his favourite pastime of music, and his most intimate fellow students had no idea of his skill in this particular. After his graduation, however, there was a supper of the class at one of the Boston hotels, and in one of the parlors was a magnificent Chickering grand piano. When Mr. Lawrence sat down at it there was some surprise, for nobody had ever heard of his being a player, but as the keys responded to his touch, the surprise was turned to wonder at the music he evoked. Again and again was he forced to respond to the plaudits which came from his astonished classmates, and they enjoyed an evening that will always live in their memories.

For three years the musician had bound himself to the study of a sternly practical science, and when after that period the silence was broken, it was as the song of a bird rejoicing in the glory of a newly found freedom.

OUTRAGEOUS EXTRAVAGANCE.

The Princely Salary Paid to a Baker by the Government of Canada.

A great deal has been said about the soft snags which are given to government favorites, but the following from the Ottawa correspondence in last Saturday's Sun would show that a baker is among the most lucky of all:

The maritime items in the estimates are \$37,854 to pay the salary of a baker instructor at Dorchester penitentiary from Nov. 18, '92, to June 18, '93; etc.

This amount is equivalent to \$5,406 a month or \$60,472 a year, an amount much in excess of the salary of the governor general. One would have supposed that that \$378,54 would have been ample compensation for the work. Who is the lucky baker, anyway?

In the Poets' Competition.

This is the last week in which verses sent for the competition for PROGRESS prize for February will be published. A number received too late to be available in this issue will be published, the writers willing, next month. This is the best that can be done. There is also a quantity of poems which cannot be published and which will be returned to the authors. The poems published thus far will be at once submitted to competent authority for a decision as to their merits, and the result will be announced as soon as the decision is made.

Nobody is Satisfied.

The "jury" appointed to investigate the charge against Rev. R. S. Crisp, having deliberated for two days, brought in a verdict that does not appear to satisfy anybody. They have decided by a vote of three to two that Mr. Crisp is guilty of the alleged immorality and of misrepresentation, deception and falsehood in connection with it, but they unanimously acquit him of having conspired to fix the charge on D. D. Currie. As the matter stands now, Mr. Crisp is placed under a stigma, but Mr. Currie is not exonerated. Mr. Howie who brought the charges will make an appeal to the full ministerial conference.

Where to Find Spring Fashions.

The Delineator for March abounding in all that is new and fashionable for spring comes to PROGRESS from Mr. Geo. H. McKay who has it on his counter for sale.