

PROGRESS.

Board of Works 8may93

VOL. VI., NO. 278.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CAME FROM THE FARM.

THE PROMINENT MEN OF HALIFAX NOT BORN IN THE TOWN.

The Sons of the Pioneers Have not Followed in the Footsteps of their Fathers—Why Is It That the Present Generation Lacks the Old Vigor and Energy.

HALIFAX, Aug. 25.—It is said to be the rule in American cities that the men who manage affairs and do business in one generation are not the sons of those who performed the same functions immediately before them. It is certainly true of Halifax, that those now prominent in professional, political and business life, are men who have come to the city from the country, or from other parts of the empire, and that they are not the sons of those who occupied such positions here even twenty-five years ago. With very few exceptions city life seems to unfit our young men, who have been reared in luxury, from stepping into their father's positions; it unqualifies them from doing so. The best positions of trust and emolument are not held by those born in Halifax, or the sons of Halifaxians who have made their fortunes here in the past, but they are held either by the children of men poor in this world's wealth, or by men who came to the city from the country to seek fortune and fame.

On the other hand, said to say, it is the sons of Halifax former merchant princes, lawyers and politicians, who too often do this city least credit. They have no ambition in life beyond a burning desire to be on good terms with the military, or to keep in with "society" as well as they can. If the building up of a prosperous city depended on them Halifax would soon grow musty and into a veritable "sleepy hollow."

Look at the clergy of Halifax. None of them are natives of this city. Archbishop O'Brien, who is such a force in ecclesiastical and political matters, is a P. E. Islander; Bishop Courtney is an Englishman and came to this diocese from Boston.

Take our judges and lawyers. Judge Ritchie is a Halifax man, but he is the only one who sits on the supreme court bench. His son will not likely ever get there, though he has made one or two attempts to enter the profession. Chief Justice MacDonald is a native of Pictou, Judges Graham and Henry, of Antigonish, Meagher of Antigonish, Weatherbe, of P. E. Island, and Townshend of Cumberland. Attorney General Longley belongs to Annapolis; Lawyer Borden is a native of King's county, Ritchie of Annapolis; Chisholm of Antigonish, Drysdale, of Colchester; McInnes, of Pictou; Bulmer, of Cumberland; Harris, of Yarmouth; Pearson, of Truro; W. B. Ross and John T. Ross, of Colchester. One Halifax-born lawyer of prominence is J. N. Lyons.

In medicine it is the same thing. Drs. Farrell and Black and Slayter are Halifaxians, but they are all of any prominence. Dr. Cameron belongs to Pictou; Campbell to Colchester; Landsay to Pictou; Trepan to England; Cowie to Hants; Chisholm to Cape Breton; McKay to Victoria, and Oliver to England.

The men brought up in Halifax have the advantage of knowing everybody, and being known; they have their fathers' wealth and family connection, a stake in the community and social position. But all these things do not secure for them equal success with the boys who come in from the country or who come here from abroad. Why is it?

The wholesale grocery trade is in the hands of men not natives of Halifax except that of the firm of Bauld & Gibson. The principals of the large firm of John Tobin & Co. are Newfoundlanders; J. W. Gore belongs in Queens county; Wiley Smith, of A. D. W. Smith, is a native of Hants.

Who are the successors in business of the Kinners, the Albro, Pryor, Ackhurst, Wylde, Wier, Bremner and many other merchant princes of the olden time. Not their sons. Three out of every four of the business and professional men of Halifax are not natives of this city. The reason simply is, to a great extent, that the sons of the men who did our business in the past became effeminated by the wealth they were born to; they thought more of "social position" than of carving out renewed business prosperity. Many young men of Halifax, also not born wealthy, were too anxious to move in the same set with their richer neighbours, and they, too, were thus handicapped in the race for business supremacy. They have been beaten by young men who came in from the country, with hayseed in their hair, but who soon got it out. A notable exception is Mayor Keefe, who is now in his second term as Chief Magistrate of his native city. He is a self-made man, and by dint of hard work and perseverance has amassed a competence for this life, and earned the respect of his fellow citizens. Premier Fielding was not born in Halifax but he was brought up in this city from boyhood. Now he is Nova Scotia's most successful politician.

The Rent For Gas Meter.

"How many gas meters are there in the town?" asked a gentleman the other day, and no one appearing to answer his query, he remarked that if he could invest all his

money as profitably as that paid to the gas company for meters he would be happy. The meter in his residence that had been in use since the fire had paid the very respectable sum in that time of \$20.40 in rent to the Gas Company. The grocer has to pay for his own weighing outfit and so do those in any business, but the Gas Company manages to get a profit from its gas and the machine that measures it.

PEN AND INK PORTRAITS.

"Progress" Estimate of the Halifax City Council a Very Faithful One.

HALIFAX, Aug. 24.—The subject talked about most this week in Halifax, not only in civic circles, but outside, is PROGRESS sizing-up of the city fathers. The aldermen individually appreciate the truth of what is written as regards every one except themselves, and the remark is commonly heard—"Well, its very close to the mark on so and so, but rather rough on me." That some one who knows the aldermen pretty well, and who has carefully and truthfully observed and noted down their chief characteristics wrote that article, is the conclusion come to by alderman and citizens alike. The city council was recently photographed and a handsome photographic group of the members of the council adorns the City Hall. It would not be at all inappropriate for the council to vote to have PROGRESS' article engrossed and hung up beneath the large, handsomely mounted photographic picture. It would be a fitting compliment to the good portraits, and be just as true a delineation of the men, as the photograph is a correct representation of their features. From Mayor Keefe down to Alderman O'Donnell the city fathers have spent much time the last few days in asking and answering the question who, in heaven's name, is the Halifax City Council's pen and ink sketcher.

Pleasant and Profitable Work.

Soliciting subscriptions to a good and popular newspaper is about as pleasant and profitable employment as any canvasser can find. PROGRESS has sent out very few travelling agents—its subscriptions have been sent to it from first hands invariably—but those who have worked for it have found the employment agreeable and remunerative. Its commissions are good and the premiums it can offer to induce subscribers are a genuine assistance to every agent. Arrangements can easily be made by any person who can furnish satisfactory references to work for it.

Nonsense About the Drill.

Somebody wants to know if there is not a good deal of nonsense about artillery practice now-a-days, seven men were recently sent from St. John to Halifax presumably to learn something, but only three of the number had anything to do after they got there. Those three were drilled with a gun entirely different from anything they had handled here, and of a kind which is not likely to be in use here. If there ever is such a gun here, the three men who had a few hours drill with it will have to begin and learn their duties over, probably.

Singular Mistake of a Banker.

There seems to be hard times in financial circles, and a well known private banker of St. John is sure to have the sympathy of the public in a recent loss. The other day he loaned \$50 for a month of 26 days (for his conscience will not permit him to charge interest for Sundays, and charged only \$1.63, when at his rate of a quarter of one per cent. a day, he should have charged \$3.25.) The error was discovered when too late, but it shows how even clever financiers will sometimes make mistakes in very simple matters.

A Tremendous Demand For It.

PROGRESS sent a large number of new subscribers to the Cosmopolitan during the latter part of July—subscribers who took advantage of our attractive clubbing offer and expected that they would be in ample time for the August number. It seems that the orders for the magazine poured in so rapidly that the edition provided for was exhausted. Those subscribers sent in by PROGRESS will get the September number of the magazine first and from that month their subscriptions will begin.

Two Sides to the Story.

A correspondent writes with vigorous underlining "Please spell proper names as I write them." This is good advice but permit the editor to say that a little more care in writing the peculiar names would prevent many an error—and PROGRESS instructions to correspondents are particular in their emphasis upon this point.

Cricket To-day.

The Wanderers of Halifax play the St. John Cricket Club this week, and, weather permitting, the game takes place Friday and Saturday. Lovers of cricket have not many opportunities to see the game, and this morning and afternoon proving fine, the attendance will no doubt be good.

WHAT A SHAME IT WAS

TO PUBLISH THE JOKE ON THE P. O. INSPECTOR.

A Strong Admission for Mr. King—"There was Some Color of Truth in the Story"—A Possible Contingency Should be Taken to Great an Interest in the People.

Post Office Inspector King was in his official humor when he read PROGRESS last Saturday morning it can readily be understood that the air in his vicinity was very much colored before he finished the account of his intimate relations with the "Blake" and its mail bags. His clerks and the entire postal service had been laughing ever since the "Blake" left at his efforts to hobnob with the admiral and officers but now it was their turn to look sober for the inspector was quite likely to drop on any one of them and accuse him of giving PROGRESS the information and, as the inspector in his wrath is not a pleasant official to interview, there was reason for the quiet subdued aid of the clerical force in the second story of the post office building.

The story was true—the source of information could not be mistaken, but, though a joke, it placed the P. O. I. in a somewhat ridiculous light. How in the world he was to contract that impression was what bothered him. The evening paper came to his relief and in it he poured out his tale of woe. "The story had a color of truth in it, but was exceedingly misleading and exaggerated." That was what he told the Globe and it was printed. The Globe might have added with truth that when Stephen J. King admits that there is even "a color of truth" in any story affecting him the public makes up its mind that that particular story is about right.

Perhaps it was a shame that the story of the inspector's trouble and solicitude after the "Blake's" mail should have got into print. It was a good joke on him—too good a joke, PROGRESS thought, to keep from the joke-loving public. Besides, Mr. King is a public character. He is one of the big men of St. John, and after all if there was any chance of his being overlooked—though that seems incredible—by distinguished visitors who should be not put himself forward, he, an important official of the Dominion of Canada, in line with the representative of the city corporation more especially since he is in sympathy with corporate bodies. After all, perhaps this is the proper light to see the matter in. Mr. King's care that the good sailors of the "Blake" should get their Halifax love letters on time should meet with the approval of all good citizens, though it would never do for him to show the same interest in the welfare of the people generally—so much effort might prove dear to him—he might get thin.

Is a New Track Possible?

The interest in the races at Moosepath has awakened an old suggestion that has been asleep for some time relative to the building of a race course nearer the city. The trouble appears to be in obtaining the necessary ground. The owners of the sites that are available for such a purpose—and there are only one or two—are not disposed to sell and their terms of lease when last obtained were not satisfactory. But the site looked upon with most favor—the three corner lot on the right hand side of the Marsh road between the city proper and the one mile house—would be so handy to the town that a short ten minutes would take anyone there. No doubt the street cars would extend their track to such a point and then it would be possible to give race meetings with purses that would be sure to draw the best horses. In Halifax this year the Riding grounds have had wonderful success. Thousands of people go there on race days. Meetings are encouraged by such attendance. The accommodations are made as comfortable as may be and all the requisites for successful racing are at hand. With grounds as near the city as these St. John could do as much as any city the same size. Bangor attracts thousands of people by its race track and Fair days. It means a big thing every year to that city. Why could not St. John do the same?

Prepare For Winter.

The Safford radiator is advertised in this issue of PROGRESS on page three, where two splendid illustrations represent the appearance of the famous heater. PROGRESS will be able to say more about them again and for the present anyone who wants to look at heating apparatus, cannot do better than look in upon the agent, W. A. MacLaughlan, 56 Dock street, and see the specimen heaters he has there.

A Serious Dilemma.

There was a Chinaman entered at the custom house this week "for home consumption." He came from the West Indies and there was considerably puzzling among the custom house people when they considered how to entry him. It appears that there are no papers especially for that purpose and the regular stereotyped form

has "for home consumption" in big black letters over it. Two of the officers passed him under this head, but when the matter was brought to Collector Ruel's attention he was startled. A Chinaman for home consumption! Who would consume him? The difficulty was right here, and so the collector threw the "home consumption" papers out and had a special form of entry made out. There are men who would give something to get out of this country but John Chinaman paid \$50 to get in it.

A Show Outside The Tent.

Some of the incidents in connection with the Pawnee Bill Wild West Show were quite as much of a circus as the show itself. The crowd was one of the toughest appearing lot that ever came to St. John and they had a taste of rain and hurricane that kept them busy. The Shamrock grounds are unusually swampy and when the rain poured down upon them they became little better than a marsh. The horses—there were more than 60 of them—had to be removed to the street car stable on account of the rain. Tents went down before the wind and for a time Monday night pandemonium reigned in the wild west show. One fellow grappling with a tent was bitten by a horse, when quick as wink he whipped a knife from about him and slashed the animal twice with it. Next day the gaping, bleeding wound had not been attended to. The Indian contingent of the show has evidently been civilized to acquire a taste for fire water. They entered a saloon in the north end and proposed to own it without paying for it. The police interfered and stopped their fun.

The Influence of Tax Reform.

The tax reduction association is working quietly but surely to the end—the election in September. The rooms on Germain street are open all the time. There has been a good deal of quiet smiling over the collapse of the Moore street vote and the pronounced economy manifested suddenly by some of the civic officials cannot fail to be noted. This is very marked in the ferry service where the piling at the floats that was started some time ago and not repaired, is being torn away almost every trip of the boat. A few bolts and spikes would not be amiss either in the planking of the approaches. Superintendent Glasgow should know all about it but for fear he does not Director of safety wisely might stroll in that direction and see what he can see. On the principle that a stitch in time saves nine there should be some work done here at once.

The Institute Was Gay.

There was a big crowd at the Liberal meeting Thursday night. It was a gay night with the institute for down stairs the tennis ball was being held while above the rank and file of the opposition party made the place ring with approving shouts. The speakers were: Messrs. Davies, Fielding, Emerson and Blair. All of them spoke well, but the evening was given to the visitors. Mr. Blair only spoke a few minutes, but the ovation he received when he stood upon the platform showed plainer than words what the crowd thought of him and who they are looking to for a leader.

The September Races.

The agricultural society have lost no time in announcing their September races. The dates are the 13th. and 14th., and the purses include the following:—4 years old, (pacers and trotters) \$175; 2 45 class, \$175; Free For All, \$300; 3 minute class, \$150; 2:32 class, \$200. There are four monies in each race. Entries close September 4th, but horses are eligible August 27.

The Trick Cyclist Coming.

All cyclists and their friends will note that Maltby is coming, to appear the evenings of August 30th and 31st, in the Singer Academy. The full particulars are found in the regular space of the Singer Cycle Company, but to the uninitiated it may be said that Maltby is a wonderful trick cyclist, worth seeing.

Will Teach Elocution.

The card of Miss Ina S. Brown who has recently graduated from the Boston school of oratory appears in PROGRESS this week. Miss Brown is now prepared to teach and if any guarantee is needed of her ability her testimonials and the notices she has already received speak for themselves.

Soap, Candy and Cake.

Mr. Hardress Clarke has a somewhat magnetic advertisement in this week's issue of PROGRESS. He advertises three articles, soap, candy and cake at such prices for this Saturday only as will be sure to attract lots of buyers for them. It will pay every reader to read his advertisement.

Keep It Clean at Least.

King square has been the pride of a good many citizens, but unless the city cleaners get to work pretty soon it will be something to be ashamed of. Its walks and grounds are covered with litter which has been undisturbed for some days.

ARCLIGHT AND HELENA.

THE GREAT CONTESTS BETWEEN THESE TWO HORSES.

Nelson's Fast Mile at Moosepath—Interest-Gossip and Chat of the Meeting—The Much Disputed Decision Regarding Arcflight and Helena—What the Rules say.

About the only exciting topic of conversation in town this week was the races, their results and the incidents of the heats. Perhaps in no year of late has there been so sudden and so great an interest taken in the sport.

PROGRESS spoke last week of the races that were to take place on Friday and Saturday without being able to give any of the results, since the paper was printed before the first events came off. This week Nelson, the star trotting stallion of the world, the pride of the State of Maine in particular and generally of all of New England, appeared at the special meeting at Moosepath, arranged for and managed by Mr. John M. Johnson, and made a mark of 2:17 3-5, a record that may not be broken in a hurry by any maritime province horse.

The meeting took place Tuesday and was attended by about 2,500 people, probably the largest crowd that ever saw a race at Moosepath, and it is safe now to say that had Monday been even a moderately fine day instead of one of terrific rain and wind storm such as to make almost everybody think there was no possibility for the track to be in shape, there would have been a thousand more people present. But in spite of the rain, and all the prognostications from the clerk of the weather bureau to the fence climbing gamins, Tuesday opened with glorious sunshine and a stiff drying wind. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Nelson lost no time that morning and before eight o'clock a harrow, made by Nelson himself, was tearing up the sodden surface of Moosepath. The sun did the rest, then rollers and scrapers and all the contrivances known to such experienced trackmen, put the course in acceptable shape for the afternoon sport. Hardly had the dinner hour passed before the eager ones, desirous of getting the best positions for viewing the races, put in an appearance. Team after team lined the smooth turf from the entrance gate to the track down past the grand stand and as far away as it was possible to view while more than a score of carriages found their way into the grass plot within the track itself. The grand stand held more than ever it did before, the fences and every available resting place were lined with spectators, when starter D. McLellan tapped the bell for the horses in the 40 class to appear.

Three of the horses that trotted in the same class the previous Friday appeared, Gordon Sim, Thorndale Echo and Rose L. With them was Dora Morgan, owned by Tom Doran of Windsor, and Pembroke, by Geo. W. Leavitt of Boston. It was a foregone conclusion that Gordon Sim was a winner. He showed a clip, Friday, that astonished people, trotting the half in 1:12, and jogging in home in 2:34. So in the first heat yesterday when Lydiard straightened him out, he drew from the field as easily as he pleased, and succeeded in distancing all but Rose L. It was no race for the crowd that loves to see a heat won by a neck: it was no race—simply a procession. It would have been far easier upon the gallant Sim had his driver kept him at about a 2:35 clip, and then he could have won with ease, and yet with the appearance of having a fight to win.

The interest of the day settled in the 30 class where a question of supremacy between Helena and Arcflight, the two speedy local horses, had not been settled to the satisfaction of their friends. On Saturday, with as fine a day as Moosepath ever saw and a track that there, at least, could not be excelled, the two horses had trotted the greatest race ever seen in this country. Such speedy ones as Minnie Grey, Harold M. and Rattler were not in it with them after the first half and that, better than anything else, perhaps, will give the public an idea of how Helena and Arcflight footed the course. Bowen, the owner of Helena, is an old driver, known for his ability to train a horse and with the requisite skill and boldness to drive a winning race. Cool and collected, always with his wits about him, he does not know the meaning of such a word as "rattled" and with these qualities and such a mare as Helena, C. W. Bell had a formidable opponent for the victorious Arcflight.

Charlie Bell, sometimes called the "professor", has been on the turf for a long time, about 30 years, and has always had more or less part in the races at Moosepath. He has had a good many horses to handle and, frequently, it depended upon his willingness to enter whether the classes would fill satisfactorily. His success has been varied with defeat, though last season with such speedy green horses as Rocket and Arcflight he won more races than any driver in the province.

Helena's record of 2:32 was made when she was in her prime some years ago.

Since then she has been bred again and again, and, until this spring, was not thought of in connection with a race. But she was fitted again and showed a speedier clip than ever, although close to seven teen years of age. Those who saw her and Arcflight working and speeding on the track during the summer made up their minds that it would be a great contest if they came together.

And they were right. When they did get the word "go" last Saturday the old mare made the pace for the party. Like a perfect machine she moved around the track, with the dusky Arcflight following her so closely that Bowen had but to cast his eye to see him coming on his wheel. Had the horse been as steady as Helena he would have fared worse but whatever was the cause—too hot a pace or the lack of proper booting—he made two bad breaks—bad from the judges stand where it could not fail to be noticed that Arcflight's skipping lost him no ground. Down the home stretch the two horses thundered, neck and neck, not six inches difference between them, until within twenty yards of the wire when the terrific stride of the stallion forced him to the front about half a neck. And by that the heat was won. Such racing was new to the track and the crowd became intensely excited.

The second heat was simply a repetition of the first except that Helena got an unfortunate send off which made her foot it a good deal faster than she would otherwise have had to, to get her place: but, in spite of this she drew away from him by a tremendous spurt and took the pole position holding it to a desperate finish and winning by no more than the stallion had beaten her the first heat. Such shouting, such cheering never greeted the gallant roan before. Popular sympathy seemed to be with her or her driver at any rate and the ovation both received when they turned after the finish was a victory of itself.

When the horses scored down for the third heat all of them appeared in splendid shape. Arcflight seemed to dry out better than the mare and in such close work even so slight a thing as that was commented upon by the spectators. Helena had the pole but it did not seem to be much advantage to her as a nasty losing break before she had gone the first turn lost her a good deal of ground. But when she squared away there was no time lost and in a few seconds she was poking her nose in front of the leader. Arcflight acted badly breaking three times. That he lost nothing was evident but he stood a chance of being set back by the judges.

The finish was even closer than any of the others but the stallion had the advantage. Bowen claimed the heat on account of Arcflight's repeated breaking and for a time the crowd thought there was nothing for the judges to do but to give the mare the benefit of the breaks—but they didn't—Arcflight was declared the winner of the heat.

In the opinion of the writer the one heat in which Arcflight showed to most advantage was in the fourth by which he won the race. He was a trifle unsteady as he rounded the first turn and lost his position in consequence, and having lost it every driver on the track seemed to have made up his mind not to let him get it again; so the stallion was forced to the outer circuit. And how he did trot! Slowly but surely he circled around all his competitors until he only had Helena to deal with. Here was the life and death struggle. The mare had a splendid position and swung into the stretch in line with her fleet rival. Then both drivers used all their skill to the one end—to gain the wire first. For a second or two it would seem as if Helena had the call, then Arcflight, then the mare, until no man in his senses would have risked his opinion or his money on the result. Both horses kept their feet under the whip and Arcflight proved strength and stride sufficient to head the mare again by a neck.

And so the race was won. Remembering such a contest as that on Saturday, was it any wonder that on Tuesday when these same horses appeared in the 30 class the crowd grew fidgety and excited? Was it any wonder that the friends of both horses applauded their favorites to the echo when they passed under the wire for the preliminary jog?

The easy-gaited mare went along looking in the pink of condition champing her bit, all eagerness for the word that would send them into the struggle. She was in better trim than the stallion who frothed freely and gave other evidence of lack of work. Sunday and a rainy Monday had been dull days for him since his hard fight on Saturday. Then came Lycurgus, the entry of Mr. Leavitt of Boston, driven by Seward Hill, a well-known turf man. Minnie Grey looked the picture of speed, with Teddy Willis guiding her around the turn; then there was the fleet but crazy Puss, handled by Mr. Lydiard and Harold M., with so good a ribbon holder as Peter Carroll giving him his work.

Puss drew the pole and for a wonder