

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

POLITICS AND DANCING.

WHY MR. FITZGERALD IS A SUCCESSFUL POLITICIAN.

He is a Good Dancer; That is the Reason—Our Boston Correspondent Discusses Some Points Concerning the Great Harvard-Yale Game.

BOSTON, Dec. 3.—When it comes to foot-ball, or anything else in fact, in which Harvard and Yale meet, there is always plenty of excitement in Boston, notwithstanding that Harvard invariably fails to come out victorious. Nobody expects Harvard to win anything nowadays, and when her freshmen beat Yale freshmen at foot-ball the other day it was hard to believe that the freshmen did not belong to some other institution separate and distinct from that which invariably falls before Yale, and of late years before nearly every other college it runs up against.

These games are the great sporting event in this section of the continent every year, and everybody who possibly can go to Springfield. This year it was the proper caper to have a special car, and trains of specials filled with equal parts of foot-ball enthusiasts and champagne left Boston one after another up to the time of the game.

Well, Springfield was crowded, and you know the results.

Harvard got licked, and then—next morning a score of football experts monopolized the Boston papers with stories of how Harvard played the best game and ought to have won,—but somehow didn't.

This annual white on the part of Harvard sympathizers, as represented by the Boston papers, has proved disgusting to the majority of Boston people, and even among the football cranks Harvard's popularity does not seem to be very great, although this year it is generally admitted, even in New York, that the Yale players were into the game as they would into a bull-fight—to win, even if it were necessary to kill.

They won—even though the Yale list of dead and wounded was as large as Harvard's. They won and that settled it.

Now we hear a good deal about the "Yale spirit;" the spirit which says everything for Yale and in which every man in the college is willing to sacrifice his personal ambitions, and do that which he is best-fitted to do, or not do anything at all—by so doing he can bring honor to Yale.

Those who ought to know say this spirit is not found at Harvard, but that on the contrary there is a vein of blue blood at the college which must be attended to first, and then if the college can gain anything afterward, why well and good.

It is a great thing to be on either the Harvard or Yale team, even if you do get licked and perhaps come home with a broken collar bone, or your nose smashed out of shape.

The fact that one has played in one of these games is good for newspaper advertising as long as one lives, to say nothing of the pictures and puffs of one sort or another before and after the game. This year some of the pictures of the Harvard team were a good enough to frame, and isn't it worth while being on a foot ball team when fame is showered upon one in this manner?

The claim is made that the best players at Harvard are not always selected to represent the college, that matters generally are in the hands of a clique of members of which want all the glory and honor; and that winning a victory is only a secondary consideration.

Talking of blue blood and all that sort of thing brings to mind the mayoralty contest now on.

Gen. Peabody, the Democratic candidate, is a corporation lawyer, one of the leaders in the swell clubs, and a shining light in the Back Bay. Before he was nominated he sat back in his chair with apparent indifference as to whether he received the nomination or not. Now that he has been nominated Gen. Peabody has gone into society as a political venture.

He no longer waltzes with the elite of the Back Bay, but spends his evenings in the North End, dancing to the music of Casey's orchestra and with the wives and daughters of Congressman Fitzgerald's constituents as partners.

Gen. Peabody has cut quite a figure at the North End dances, and the interviews with some of his partners printed in the opposition papers probably make interesting reading for his lady friends in the Back Bay.

Theresa Sullivan, one of the ladies the general danced with, says, according to the reporter, that he is a very nice man, and a splendid waltzer, although the general told Miss Sullivan that he had not danced much for a good many years.

A number of other North End girls interviewed thought him delightful, and there is now no doubt that he possesses all the qualifications necessary for the administration of the affairs of Boston.

Congressman Fitzgerald who has been

introducing the general into North end society is one of the most remarkable characters in Boston.

When I first saw him two years ago he was a member of the common council and had come into the office to tell one of the political reporters about a bang, up torch-light procession which had been given in his honor by his North end friends, who were honoring him for the State Senate. He was a boyish looking young fellow with a smooth face, and on that particular evening looked as if he himself had been carrying a torch and shouting for somebody.

He was elected to the senate, where he had an opinion on nearly everything that came up, and kept his name prominently before the public. This year he made a little for the democratic nomination for congressman of the district and beat out the former congressman, who was one of the most prominent men at the capital. His election followed as a matter of course.

Congressman Fitzgerald owes his success largely to the part that he is a good dancer and can take in every dance held in his district. He is a good fellow, popular with his constituents, and the newspapers call him the Napoleon of politics.

Mr. A. S. Murray, manager of the Frederick Herald, was in Boston this week becoming better acquainted with the work of metropolitan journalism.

Mr. R. J. Gilbert, formerly of the Weymouth Free Press, is also here looking around before settling down in newspaper work.

THE EXHIBITION EXPENSES.

It Looks Very Much as if "Someone Had Blundered."

HALIFAX, Dec. 6.—Though the Halifax exhibition commission don't say so in so many words, they practically admit that they have been guilty of gross extravagance or worse, in the management of the fair, and that they are, including the old reserve of \$3,000 from the 1891 exhibition, and the extra \$2,000 the city will have to pay an account of the deficit, \$4,500 behind. The responsibility for this state of affairs, while it rests with the commission as a whole, is yet justly to be borne by only a part of the body. John Knight, the cashier of the People's bank, is not a man to speak hastily, but addressing the commission as its treasurer, he pretty plainly told them they were guilty of reckless and wasteful over-expenditure. His remarks were addressed particularly to the grounds and buildings committee, which exceeded their estimated expenditure between \$2,000 and \$3,000. The commission started with a reserve fund of \$3,000. That is gone; \$4,000 from the local government is gone; \$8,000 from the city is gone, and unless the city pays another \$2,000, which was only voted contingent upon a deficit, the commission will be some \$600 behind. John Knight asks, where is the particular rock upon which the commission struck? and he talks of the reckless over-expenditure, and the lesson to be learned.

That extravagance of the grounds and buildings committee is an interesting subject. The mayor was on it and he was chairman of the commission. Some \$2,000 was spent in permanent buildings which never should have been erected. At least they should never have been erected with the commission's money, on the city's land. The mayor, as chairman of the commission, either took an advantage of the commission in allowing or advising them to spend \$2,000 in permanent buildings on city land, and which were useless when the exhibition was over, or he was careless in not cautioning the commission against any such folly.

Then there was "wasteful extravagance" in much of the work which had to be done. Some excuse is available for paying the highest price for work at the last moment, but there can surely be no reasonable apology for some of the extravagance practiced. What excuse is there for a charge of nearly \$100 for a little board shanty erected by two carpenters in one day and which should not have cost \$20 at most. How exactly the opposite of wise was it to pay out \$275 for an alleged bicycle track on the grounds which did not draw 275 cents, and which any man of ordinary foresight might have known would be an outlay completely thrown away. Some of the men on the commission were the right men in the right places, but some of them were not. There will have to be a charge in that commission before another exhibition is held. Everybody except citizens of Truro and Kentville say that Halifax is the place for these exhibitions, but the exhibition will surely fail even here with commissions like that of the 1894 show.

Before ending this—there is a rumor abroad that one member of the commission presented a bill from himself for supplies amounting to about \$600. That doesn't seem right.

Frogs as Weather-Prophets.

A curious barometer is used in Germany and Switzerland. It is a jar of water, with a frog and a little step-ladder in it. When the frog comes out of the water and sits on the steps, a rain storm will soon occur.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

AND NOW IS THE TIME TO THINK ABOUT PRESENTS.

"Astra" Tells Women How to Make Presents for Women—Unique Ideas for Yuletide Gifts—The Great Craze Nowadays is for the Gracelike Doyley.

There are so many things women can give their mothers, and sisters, their aunts and neices and their girl friends, that one almost hesitates to suggest them, since they are so common everybody is sure to have thought of them all before.

If we have plenty of time, and a taste for fancy work nothing can be easier or pleasanter than the task of getting ready for Christmas. Everybody loves fancy work I think, and the one who works it gets quite as much enjoyment out of the gift as the one who receives it, and there is scarcely anything from a veil case, to a bureau scarf or a foot rug for her bed which will not be rapturously welcomed by any right thinking girl: even doyleys, which used to be considered only appropriate gifts when made in elaborate set of a dozen or a half dozen and presented to some married friend as a decoration for her dinner or tea table, are now given to a girl in her teens and not only in pairs but singly.

A pair of pretty round or square doyleys worked in pansies, violets, carnations or forget-me-nots are gratefully accepted, and used as an ornament for the toilet table, being placed under the tiny pair of shaded candlesticks so many girls affect now on their bureau, or under the best toilet bottles. In fact the doyley is the rage of the hour, and some ladies are the proud possessors of an entire "picnic" set. That is a set in which no two match unless it may be accidentally, all having been given to them at different times, and by different people.

Of course if one desires to give a very handsome present nothing can be more acceptable to a married friend than a centre piece, and half a dozen doyleys, and the number of doyleys can be multiplied indefinitely. Those for the dishes should always be oblong—for the plates square, and for the glasses round. The shape of the centrepiece is a matter of taste but many of the handsomest are simple squares of fine linen with a deep hemstitched hem, and ornamented with either a spray of flowers in two opposite corners, or single blossoms scattered carelessly over the whole surface. Set designs, such as wreaths, are no longer seen in the best art stores. The centre piece is placed corner wise on the table, a point towards each end, and the square shape has the advantage of being much more easily laundered than either the round, or oval, as it does not pull out of shape when starched. There are lovely designs in all green, such as ferns, especially maiden hair fern, smilax and ivy leaves, which are less common than the floral designs of which we are a little tired, and which look lovely against the white table cloth.

But we want something besides doyleys and centre pieces, so a handkerchief, glove, or veil case may be chosen for a girl friend, and when the stout serviceable articles of white duck, shown in all the best dry goods stores, are selected, a more useful gift could scarcely be offered. They wash like a pocket handkerchief and are so much prettier and more dainty than the more elaborate ones, of silk and plush. The glove and handkerchief cases are fastened together lightly with bows of ribbon, when finished and furnished with a perfumed pad of silk, made by cutting several thicknesses of white batting into a square slightly smaller than the case it is intended for, sprinkling it well with sachet powder, covering with pink blue or heliotrope China silk and quilting it together or tying it in squares with little knots of baby ribbon. This pad is slipped in without being fastened and removed when the case is washed.

I saw rather a unique idea for an inexpensive present, the other day, and one which every tennis player will appreciate. It was a cover for a tennis racket, and made of two pieces of cloth, or felt cut the exact shape of the racket it was to cover, only rather larger; the edges are fasted together and round on the outside with either braid or narrow ribbon, as it would be impossible to sew, and turn the seam in the ordinary manner, and the top of the case—at the widest part—is finished with a flap something like an envelope, which either buttons over after the racket is put in, or is tied by a bow of ribbon. On one side a spray of flowers is embroidered, and on the other the initials of the owner. Everyone knows the care a tennis player takes of her racket and how careful she is to guard it from changes of temperature, so the case will probably be a boon to her.

A pretty work basket is something that pleases every girl, and even if she has one already another will not be out of place, for she can keep one for silks and embroideries, and another for ordinary sewing. There are numerous pretty and inexpensive baskets for sale in all the fancy shops, and

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THE MAYOR'S FIVE HUNDRED.

Did He Exceed His Authority in Voting Himself the Amount?

HALIFAX, Dec. 6.—More than six months ago the Board of City Works was abolished. The board consisted of one alderman from each of the six wards of the city. They held office for a year, had charge of much of the civic expenditures, and were intrusted with the carrying out of most of the heavy city work, on streets, sewers, water, etc. The board received, for division among the six members, \$1,000 per annum. When the board was abolished, this work was committed to the city engineer and mayor. It was supposed that the city works would be carried on with greater expedition and more effectively in the hands of those two men than by the larger body. The system has worked satisfactorily and there are less civic complaints than formerly. City Engineer Doane has shown himself the right man in the right place, and the mayor, too, is a practical man of good common sense.

His worship receives \$1,000 per annum in honorarium for the discharge of his duties in the mayor's chair, as the city's chief magistrate. This amount was never considered as "salary," but in old times was all used that the mayor might maintain the dignity of his office and "entertain" when occasion required in a way that would be creditable to the city. This has not always been done of recent years.

There was some surprise in civic circles, expressed very much on the quiet, when it became known the other day that the mayor had signed a warrant for the payment to himself of \$500, the board of works allowance for the half year from May to the end of October. He pocketed the money, doubtless thinking that he had done the work and should receive the pay; that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and probably he is right. But it does look a little peculiar for the mayor of Halifax to thus draw the board's allowance. What about the engineer's share of the work and the allowance? The probability is that the mayor has not exceeded his rights in taking the \$500, but the city council, when it becomes generally known, will certainly ask for information about it. There may be an investigation.

By the way, should not all bills of the works department be ordered for payment by the city council? If they were this little bill for \$500 might not now have had to be footed.

PROF. RUSSELL'S FUN.

The Brither Scots Hae a Fairin' o' Glee on St. Andrew's Night.

HALIFAX, Dec. 6.—The North British society dinner on St. Andrew's night is always one of the most pleasant events of the year in Halifax. The opinion of the 120 who were present on Friday night was that the banquet on that occasion was superior to any other for years. President Forbes made an admirable chairman, and infused his enthusiastic spirit into all who surrounded the tables. That was one reason why the dinner was more enjoyable than usual, but there may have been a more important factor in the pleasure-making. The society went back to the use of "hot Scotch," which for some years had been abandoned. The whiskey was good and the wines were fine and—the baggis was eaten more generally than usual. "Ben" Russell, Q. C., is one of the most welcome speakers in Halifax at any time, and he is witness itself in a postprandial address. He was at the dinner, and when "the learned professions" had been toasted, of course there was nothing more natural than that loud calls should be given for "Russell, Russell." But President Forbes had other intentions than that the first speech should be from Mr. Russell. Rev. Thomas Fowler, the able pastor of St. Matthew's church, was one of the company, the only minister present, by the way. So the chairman, unheeding the calls for Mr. Russell, said: "I take much pleasure in calling upon Rev. Mr. Fowler to respond to the toast."

It was after midnight, and Mr. Forbes had not noticed that some time before Mr. Fowler had left for home. When he was assured that the rev. gentleman was not in the room the way was quickly made clear for Mr. Russell.

It was a strong temptation to the witty lawyer, and he could not resist the inclination to start his speech with a joke. He yielded in this way, in perfect good humor: "Mr. Chairman, I find myself on common ground with the royal psalmist in using the well-known words of scripture: 'Delivered from the Fowler's snare and from the noisome pestilence.'"

Mr. Russell did not vouch for the literal accuracy of the quotation, nor does Progress correspondent, but the sally provoked long continued laughter, as the reporters of political meetings during election campaigns are fond of saying.

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