

WHERE BLAIR MAY BE.

THE POSSIBILITY OF A GREAT FUTURE FOR HIM.

His Place is Beyond the Narrow Confines of Provincial Politics—He is and Will Be a Liberal, and He Should Be a Liberal Leader.

Now that Mr. Blair has come to St. John, a good many people are asking what is likely to be his future course in politics. Had he remained in York, it was pretty well understood that at an early day it was his intention to free himself from the cares and responsibilities of local politics and devote himself to the less thankless and more profitable occupation attending strictly to his profession. It is readily understood how his defeat in York might change his feelings in that respect, and so far as PROGRESS can learn, such has been the case.

That is to say, it is the intention of Mr. Blair to hold his place in local politics for some years to come. He is needed, and his knowledge and experience fit him to be leader as perhaps no other available man is fitted at the present time, or will be fitted for some time to come.

There are, however, not wanting those among Mr. Blair's friends who see in him greater possibilities, whether he sees them himself or not. They recognize in him the coming leader of the liberal party in this province, with everything in his favor as the future leader of the liberal party in Canada.

And yet there are people who have held that Mr. Blair was a conservative, and there is a small but diminishing section of the liberal party which has assailed and continues to assail him as its enemy. They point to the conservatives with whom he has surrounded himself as an evidence of the truth of their words. It is, nevertheless, the truth that some of those who make the most of this point supported him most heartily at a time when three undoubted conservatives were members of his cabinet.

The truth is that Mr. Blair is not and never has been a conservative. It is equally true that he has kept local and Dominion politics wholly distinct. In the work of choosing a cabinet out of a body of men elected without reference to Dominion issues, he has had to choose from both sides, and he cared not whether they were right or wrong so long as they were the right men for the respective places. He never attempted to exercise his influence in a constituency in favor of one party or the other. The majority of his friends in the province have been liberals, and if they did not choose to send liberals to support him, the blame was certainly not on his shoulders. In the last legislature not more than one third of the men elected by Mr. Blair's liberal friends were liberals themselves.

The theory that Mr. Blair was a conservative has never had a better foundation than the fact that, years ago, when a rupture between Macdonald and Tupper seemed imminent, he was inclined to favor the latter in the interests of freer trade relations with the United States. Since 1878, however, he has thoroughly identified himself with the liberal party and has been fully in accord with its policy—when it had one. He is a free trader, so far as free trade is a possibility, and is for reciprocity, so long as it is advocated for a fact rather than a fad.

The effect of Mr. Blair's advent in Dominion politics would necessarily strengthen the liberal party in this province in many ways. Most of his conservative supporters in the legislature, for instance, would be likely to follow him. Why not? With the possible exception of two newspapers, the whole press of New Brunswick has, in provincial politics, opposed the conservative supporters of the local government, and has lessened, or tried to lessen, their influence in conservative circles. They owe nothing to their party. Their safe course is to stand by their leader.

The rank and file of the liberals not only in St. John but throughout the province are tired and sick of being misled by men whose "future is all behind them," who, not to be unkind, are practically back numbers so far as carrying campaigns to successful issues are concerned. They are living on ancient history and back records. They have done service in their time and it would be a graceful act, if possible, to pension them off out of active service in the future.

For they sympathize with the fossil remains all over Canada in having no policy, save the policy of fault finding and whining for office. It is no wonder that in every campaign in St. John the flower of the young men is to be found on the conservative side. Youth likes energy and action, and youth is loyal to the core when it has leaders in whom it can trust.

Since the election of Sir John Thompson the Tory reason used against Laurier is harmless, but the future of the liberal party is not to recognize a policy of prejudice against race or creed. It is not to be a policy of fault-finding. There has been too much of that by the liberal press. Why

should they appeal to the orangemen because of the treatment of Bowell, or to the Irish Catholics because of injustice to Costigan? Why should they condemn the conservatives because their prominent prohibitionists have not been recognized, and yet themselves stand aloof from the prohibition issue? These are questions which it would take a wise liberal to answer wisely.

Should Mr. Blair enter Dominion politics and Fielding and Greenwood do so in their provinces, at least three able provincial leaders will be at hand to rescue the liberal party from the condition of innocuous desuetude into which it is drifting. Once given good leaders, the day of deliverance is near at hand. There will be a party with a policy, and a party which has entered the race to win.

A KENT COUNTY PICNIC.

Dead Men Come to Life to help Elect McInerney.

RICHMOND, Dec. 14.—The federal election in Kent County last week was the most exciting and interesting one for some years. Impersonating voters appeared to be the order of the day, and many were successfully carried out. The tonsorial artist at Richmond was kept pretty busy changing the appearance of some of the citizens. A man with a long beard entered the polling booth during the forenoon and voted his proper name. Soon after he was on the street, minus his whiskers, and even his intimate friends failed to recognize him. He called again at the polling booth, asked for a certain name, deposited his ballot and left without arousing the least suspicion. Another elector after putting in his ticket had a large moustache removed, but was discovered on his second visit to the booth. But his case was only one of the many who became a willing sacrifice before the razor and failed to get in an extra vote. The name of a former resident who did business in Richmond, but who has been living in Chatham for nearly twenty years, happened to be on the list at a poll up in the country, a man appeared during the day and asked for this name; a Frenchman, who was representing Mr. LeBlanc, and who had a faint remembrance of the gentleman whose name was asked for, looked the voter over and remarked, "Don't look like it." The oath was put and taken as easily as a good dinner, while another ballot swelled the number for some candidate. Another elector died in this district a few months ago, but his vote was polled there just the same. At another polling place where there were less than twenty votes the name of a citizen of St. John, largely interested in the lumbering business in Kent County, had somehow got on that list. No person remembering him in that vicinity on the 6th inst., but his vote got there as did all on the list, except a dead elector, who evidently failed to get there on time.

To the canvasser in Buctouche who persuaded over fifty Acadians, who were anxious to get one of their nationality in, to mark opposite the names of both Messrs. Johnson and LeBlanc and they would be sure to get one of them elected, to him must be awarded the first place amongst the political heisters of Kent.

The scene at Richmond on Tuesday evening when it became known that McInerney was really elected, beat anything in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, which is saying a good deal. Bonfire upon bonfire high ed the town, while overjoyed politicians danced and shouted themselves hoarse, only pausing occasionally for refreshments served right on the spot. It was a picnic long to be remembered.

Look for Yourselves.

A large, varied and beautiful stock and a store crowded with buyers are what can be seen daily nowadays in the establishment of Messrs. Ferguson & Page of this city. They are always alive to the wants and wishes of their patrons and the public generally, and very little that is new or novel, very little that is attractive or useful, very little that is beautiful or ornamental in the manufactures of jewelry escape their attention, on w men providing for their holiday stock. Consequently they have an admirable array of hundreds of things that are very tempting to the average man or woman looking for desirable remembrances at this Christmas tide. It is impossible to describe them, and to see them any reader of this paragraph must visit their store.

He Anticipates a Return.

There was a meeting of Rev. Sydney Welton's flock, the night before last, and the first thing to be decided was to what should be done to supply the pulpit. Rev. Mr. Hughes sent an offer to come for the winter at \$17 a month, but Mr. Welton begged that nothing be done until his trial was finished. If he is acquitted he desires to resume full pastoral relations, but if he is convicted it will, in the nature of things, be necessary to have a change. The congregation decided to continue with the present temporary supply until Mr. Welton's affairs are fixed up by the court.

Under the name of the Rev. Sydney Welton, of St. John, N. B.

HIS BEAUTIFUL BADGE.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE FIRE COMMITTEE GETS A PRESENT.

Also a Dinner and an Address—A Difference Between "Firemen" and "The Firemen."—The Latter Do Not Claim All the Credit of the Affair.

A week or two ago PROGRESS announced the appearance on the terrestrial plane of a candidate for the office of mayor, and since then a candidate for alderman has visibly materialized and practically begun his campaign. His name is Robert J. Wilkins, and he is desirous of representing Wellington ward. As he is a recognized hustler in elections, it is quite possible he may succeed.

There was a dinner at the Cafe Royal, the other night, at which Mr. Wilkins was present and responded to the toasts to the fire department and the ladies. Several existing aldermen were present, and among them Ald. Kelly, who is reported to have raised his tinny voice in a song. Ald. McGoldrick was also there and was indeed the central figure of the occasion, for he was the honored guest of the evening. In addition to getting what is said to have been a very excellent dinner, he was the happy recipient of a gold badge which bore the inscription: "Presented to Ald. John McGoldrick by St. John Firemen, Xmas, 1892." The accompanying address, however, spoke of "The members of St. John Fire Department," which in the niceties of the English tongue has another and much more comprehensive meaning. The word "the" makes a collective and unity which is wholly wanting in the phrase "St. John firemen." The former constitutes an act of a whole department, while the latter may mean any number of firemen exceeding one man. The question is as to which was intended. The daily papers give the idea that the whole department became suddenly aware of the fact, that the great services of Ald. McGoldrick in improving and perfecting the department deserved substantial recognition, to the extent of a gold badge beautifully adorned with an axe, a trumpet and a helmet. Ald. McGoldrick in the nature of his business is liable to handle any one of these articles, so that, although it would create a mild surprise if he went to a fire decorated with them, they were, and will always be quite in order on his beautiful gold badge.

Chief Engineer Kerr was there and enjoyed himself, as he always does when there is anything good to be had. He did not sit at the head of the table, but at the foot, where he was right supporter of vice-grand Ald. Kelly. District Engineer Brown acted as left supporter. Mr. Brown got his appointment in the department at the time when Mr. Wilkins wanted also to be a district engineer, and when Chief Kerr declined to appoint him. Ald W. A. Chesley was the noble grand of the evening and the honored guest was his right supporter, while the left supporter was Ald. John McKelvey. Ald. McKelvey was one of the gentlemen who was greatly interested in a petition for the appointment of Mr. Wilkins.

The scene supporters were the gentlemen who were out on the streets during a portion of the evening trying to induce certain firemen to share in the festivities. All went merry as a marriage bell, or as a second-hand ship's bell in the honored guest's museum of mechanical arts on Portland Bridge. The noble grand read the address which, from its brevity, it is quite evident he had not composed. The honored guest responded, saying that he could not find words to express his thanks for the address and present. He further took occasion to speak of the department as one of the best in Canada and that the engine houses would compare favorably with those of the United States.

Now everybody who knows Ald. McGoldrick knows that there is a rough and rugged sincerity about him that disdains deceit, and that whatever he may say in his speeches he is not given to praising himself. When, therefore, it is asserted that the condition of the department and the engine houses is due to his individual wisdom, skill and energy, it is quite evident that he does not coincide with the idea. If he did he would not praise the work of his own head and hands. He possibly thinks, that while he has been an excellent chairman, there are others who have had no small share in the work. There are others, in the department who are of the same opinion. But if he was not honored on this account, wherefore was he honored?

And just here it may not be out of place to note that the order for the repairs of the engine houses, with which he is credited, was passed, and the money appropriated, before he was appointed chairman of the fire committee.

The phrase of "pulling his leg" has been used by Ald. McGoldrick in orations at the council board. It is presumed he understands the meaning of it. If he does not, he will, long ere the day when that beautiful gold badge has been placed over the mantelpiece for his children to gaze at. There were a number of firemen at the

dinner and a number more who were not. Some who were there were as innocent as Chief Kerr in the matter, and some were less guileless. It is said the scene-supporters were abroad as late as nine o'clock that night looking for men who would by their presence give a representative tone to the gathering.

It is claimed that some of the firemen who were not there heard of the affair for the first time when they read the papers the next morning. It is further claimed that the department, as a body, had no more to do with it than the common council, which was also represented. The gentlemen who got up the affair paid for it, but the department was not consulted about it.

That is why some of the firemen are kicking. They are modest fellows who dislike being given credit for a thing in which they had no share. Had there been a consultation about it, Ald. McGoldrick might have got his badge all the same, but as there was not, they see no reason why the name of the department should be invoked, where the act was the act of a few of that body.

It would seem that the badge speaks the truth in the simple phrase of "Firemen of St. John."

There is a moral in this story which Chief Kerr will have abundant leisure to digest if the plans of the promoters of the dinner are crowned with the halo of success.

ONLY THIRTY-FOUR DICTIONARIES.

Speak Quick—Progress Other Premium Books.

The large dictionary engraving which usually occupies the 15th page of PROGRESS does not appear this week. One very good reason for this is the additional demand made upon the reading space by the increased size of many regular advertising spaces and special contracts made for this season. Arrangements were being made so that the issue of the 17th would be one of 24 pages which was partially advertised at the time but the impossibility of obtaining the illustrations at the short notice given made it necessary to abandon the original plan. A holiday issue without illustrations lacks the essential feature of popularity in these days and is not regarded for what it purports to be.

At the time of writing PROGRESS has only 34 Webster's dictionaries left and if the same demand for them continues this coming week as there has been lately, there will not be one in stock by next Saturday. There is only one concern that publishes the book in its present admirable form and their reply to PROGRESS, inquiry if more could be supplied at the same price, indicated that it could not be done at an early date at the same low price given before. It is now a case of first come, first served.

The second lots of Dickens and Thackeray are at hand and in the opinion of many who have inspected them they are even superior in binding and appearance to those already sent out from this office. The binding of the Dickens is in cloth, red and brown cloth, both very handsome and fit gold, while the Thackeray is in a rich to adorn the library shelf of any home.

In addition to these popular authors a few sets of another well read writer, George Eliot, will be combined with PROGRESS and sent to new and renewal subscribers at a price that should be a certain inducement. These books are in six volumes, handsomely bound in the same style as Dickens and Thackeray and inclosed in a case.

Perhaps the greatest book bargain PROGRESS has to offer, however in the way of a premium is a 1000 page, octavo volume of Shakespeare, strongly and neatly bound in cloth, excellently printed on good heavy paper. In no bookstore in the country would such a volume sell for less than \$1.75 or \$2.00, which would be considered a very reasonable figure, but PROGRESS offers it with a year's subscription for \$2.75. Beside containing the unabridged writings of Shakespeare, there is also a biographical introduction of the great playwright and poet by Henry Glasford Bell, and an appendix, which not only gives the meaning of all the uncommon words and phrases used in Shakespeare, but also an index of all his characters, who they were, and what plays they figure in. These are valuable features of the book.

A neat and handsomely bound set of Hughes' works in two volumes—Tom Brown's School Days and Tom Brown at Oxford—complete the list of PROGRESS, subscription premiums at present. The complete list with prices, which in every case includes a year's subscription to PROGRESS, is as follows:—
Dickens (15 vols.).....\$6.50
Thackeray (10 vols.).....4.90
Eliot (6 vols.).....3.75
Hughes (Tom Brown 2 vols.).....2.50
Shakespeare, unabridged (1000 page octavo).....3.75
Webster's Dictionary.....2.75

PROGRESS has had a number of requests to sell the dictionary and other premium books separate from the paper, and to all of these the answer has been "no." The books go to PROGRESS, subscribers and others, though a person may have the paper sent to his address, and the books to any other address he may name.

FOR JOHN LIVINGSTON.

A HELPING HAND IS MUCH NEEDED AT THIS TIME.

The Able Journalist Is Living in Poverty in the North-West—A Case of Gross Ingratitude—A Matter in Which The Government Should Do Something.

Twenty years ago the best looking, best edited, most widely circulated and most influential newspaper east of Montreal was the St. John Daily Telegraph. It was the pioneer of live daily journalism, of the short, sharp and wide-awake kind, in the lower provinces. With the possible exception of one paper in Montreal, it led the way as the brightest paper in all Canada. Every page of it was readable, and everybody read it. It was the creation of a new era in journalism in this part of the world, and it came to the front with a leap and a bound as no paper had ever been known to do before. The man who had done all this was John Livingston.

John Livingston today is living in the North West, shattered in health and poor in purse. It is within the truth to say, that he is at times in absolute want. His spirit is broken, and it may be that not long will he be a living instance that other governments than those of republics can be ungrateful.

And yet in the twenty years that have elapsed since John Livingston seemed on the road to the highest success, he has done much grand work, and has largely helped to make the history of Canada. Policies have been established and politicians have flourished through the work of his head and hands. It is not too much to claim that to no single living newspaper man does the government of to-day owe more than to him. Yet while that same government has provided for journalists who were tyros in comparison to him, it has allowed him to drift into poverty and to be well nigh forgotten. There are ex-newspaper men in good positions to-day, who are unable to fulfil the duties of their positions, but employ clerks to do their work, while they pocket the honors and salaries.

And all this time, John Livingston, who has done more real service than all of these favored ones combined is living—or it may be dying—in poverty and obscurity. It is a shameful thing, and should be allowed to continue, it will redound to the eternal disgrace of the government which permits it.

There is not the slightest need to recapitulate the services that John Livingston has rendered to the conservative party. Everybody who knows anything about newspapers or politics knows of him, though many, perhaps, imperfectly realize how much he has accomplished. He has done much for his party and the individual members of it, but they have done nothing for him, nor has he done anything for himself. He is not that kind of a man.

For he could secure for others what he could not secure for himself. He could make and unmake men, and his thorough knowledge of the situation enabled him to pull wires which few others could pull. Leaders listened to his advice, followed it and were safe. There are none to listen to him now, for he has lost the heart to speak.

Something should be done for John Livingston. How, or in what way, it is not for PROGRESS to suggest, but it is easy for the government to help him, if it will. He has not come to his misfortune by faults which have unfitted him for active work, and the heart would come back to him were the helping hand extended. There is much to be written of Canada and of its resources and no better man than Mr. Livingston can be found to write it. There may be many other ways in which he can more than earn a salary at least sufficient to guarantee him against want. They are easily found. It is not yet recorded that any relative of Sir Charles Tupper lacked for an office, whether he deserved it or not, and there are instances in which offices have been created. Livingston is not related to Tupper, but he has done more for Tupper than all the latter's relatives combined.

It is the amiable custom of the provincial press to consider it undignified for one paper to espouse a cause in which another paper has taken the lead. This has especially been the attitude towards PROGRESS. Let there be an exception in this case for the sake of the man whom every newspaper must recognize as worthy of its aid in his time of trouble. Politics have nothing to do with this case. There is a common platform on which grit and tory can unite, and they should do so. In the name of humanity, no less than of justice, let something be done for John Livingston.

Mr. Dean To The Front.

To Mr. Thos. Dean of the country market the coming of Christmas means the selection of the finest beavers that he can bear tell of in the Maritime provinces. Mr. Dean has the reputation of making a show at every festive season, and he does not propose to go back on his record this year.

Some very fine Durham, Ayrshire and Polled Angus cattle have already arrived in the city for him, and next week his customers and the general public may expect to see a very handsome display at his stall in the country market. It will also contain some choice Leicester and South Down mutton as well as all other delicacies that the farms of New Brunswick produce in the way of poultry. Beside this quail and pigeon will also be found there.

An Attractive Window.

A very pretty dry goods window was shown this week in the store of S. C. Porter on Charlotte street. It was made up of a large number and variety of handkerchiefs, in the centre of which was suspended a pink cushion in the shape of a heart. The window was a very attractive one and drew much attention. This is Mr. Porter's first Christmas in business on his own account, and he says he is getting his share of it. Plenty of customers find what they want in his convenient and well stocked store. The prices of his lines of dress goods have been specially reduced for the holiday season, and as Christmas presents of this character are becoming more popular every year, this is a fact that will not escape attention.

Where Cash Means Something.

In these days of credit cash usually means something more than the mere word implies. If a man advertises to sell for cash, it is only fair to suppose that he is giving the very lowest price that he possibly can. Hardress Clark of Sydney street carries out this motto in his sale of groceries, and with him cash means something. It means that he sells his goods as low as it is possible to sell them consistent with a working profit. Mr. Clark always has a complete stock, but at this season it is more full and varied than usual.

A Great Scheme of Mr. Carroll's.

Those of the provincial newspapers that exuberantly announced that Mr. Peter O. Carroll, of Pictou, had begun a \$10,000 suit against PROGRESS might make a note of the fact that up to date PROGRESS has not seen the writ for the suit in question. Present appearances would indicate that Mr. Carroll has succeeded in getting a large amount of free advertising for very little, if any, consideration.

Where To Get Perfumes.

One striking announcement on the 4th page of this issue calls attention to the Christmas character of a large portion of the stock of F. E. Craibe & Co. Their special lines for Christmas gifts are indeed very attractive and tempting. A selection of perfumery for any lady or gentleman can always be relied upon to give satisfaction, and Messrs Craibe & Co. have the very best that are made in the world in their collection.

A Question To Be Decided.

The election workers and hustlers of the city who partook quite recently of a candidate supper have resolved to settle the question as to how much nutriment and enjoyment there is in one oyster stew and one cigar. At present opinions are divided and it is not unlikely that some of the chemists in town will have an order in the near future.

Being Well Fitted Up.

The Hawker Medicine Co., which has recently been incorporated, is fitting up the old Lockhart auction rooms on Prince William street for its office. A great deal of care and taste are being shown in the renovation and there is no doubt the store will be one of the most attractive on Prince William street.

Tarred Early in Life.

There was a marriage at Millville, York county, the other day, in which the groom was a lad of seventeen and the bride a maiden who will be thirteen in January. The old folks on both sides gave their full consent to the nuptials, and the youthful pair have gone to reside with the bride's parents.

The Bowling Alley Moved.

Bowling has become so popular about town that even curling is not going to replace it for the winter. The alley which has been running in St. Andrew's rink has been moved to one of the stores in the Masonic building, where it will be in operation in a short time.

He Anticipated Them.

In speaking about the school matter at Hampton last week PROGRESS stated that Mr. Harrington, who is teaching in the village, was requested to resign. This was not literally correct. Mr. Harrington resigned before the trustees had time to carry out their intention to request him to do so.

His Wonderful Canaries.

Mr. George Gashin, of Strait Shore, is the happy owner of three newly hatched canaries. Canaries are out of season at this time of the year, and Mr. Gashin rightly considers he is in possession of good evidence of the summer-like character of December in New Brunswick.