

Board of Works

IT IS ON THE THIRD LAP, AND HAS ALREADY SUCCEEDED IN BREAKING ALL RECORDS.

"Progress" has a Word or Two to Say About Its Own Affairs—How It has been Making itself Solid with the Great and General Public—The Past and Present.

The third volume of PROGRESS begins with this number. Just two years ago today, the people of St. John awoke to the fact that there was something new and attractive in their midst. It was the first number of PROGRESS, an independent weekly newspaper, which proposed to discuss matters of public moment without fear or favor, to foster and encourage the best class of literary work and to give special attention to topics of interest in the best circles of society. To these lines it has adhered, and its phenomenal success from the first showed that it had come because it was needed and had come to stay.

Like most ventures which are out of the old and well known ruts, its advent was a fruitful theme for the dismal predictions of wise prophets. Before it was issued, these Job's comforters were fearful in their warnings of the follies of such a step. The first issue would cost a great deal, and the paper could never get a foothold. St. John was not large enough, and though it might run for a little while there could only be one result when it ceased to be a novelty. And they no doubt looked upon the projectors, who engaged in the risky experiment of fitting up an office, as lunatics who would be taught a severe and salutary lesson after brief and bitter experience.

The advent of PROGRESS took the public by surprise, which became pleasure as they saw the ideas it was proposed to carry out. The paper was different from anything they had been accustomed to, in its style of make up and the range of topics which it treated. They recognized it as something they wanted, and began to buy it. They have been buying it ever since, in larger numbers every Saturday, until it has now by actual record a circulation of over 6,800 copies a week, chiefly in the Maritime Provinces, but scattered as well in every corner of the civilized world.

For, apart from the edition mailed from the office every week, hundreds of people who buy the paper mail it to their friends in lieu of a letter, and it thus penetrates to every place where the New Brunswick abroad is found. It is quite safe to say that the ordinary calculation that each copy of a newspaper averages five readers is far exceeded in the case of PROGRESS. Some copies in St. John are read by a dozen and then mailed away to be read by a dozen more, while few indeed subscribe for PROGRESS who have not friends to enjoy the perusal of it with them. The assertion that 50,000 people read it every week is undoubtedly within the truth, could an exact census be taken.

With the possible exception of an old established weekly, fostered by a large denomination in two provinces, PROGRESS has the largest circulation of any paper published in Canada, east of Montreal. This fact is better than columns of glittering generalities and unsupported assertions. The lines upon which the paper was started have been faithfully followed. It has spoken out when the public interest demanded it, and in its criticisms where the question of right and wrong were involved it has known neither party nor sect. It has made its mistakes in the past and is honest enough to confess the fact. It has profited by them, however, and its aim is to avoid them in the future.

No paper in this part of Canada, has even been favoured with such able assistance as has been and is still given by contributors whose names are destined to live in the literature of Canada. Among these are Arthur John Lockhart, Pastor Felix, Noel Pilgrim, Matthew Richey Knight, Prof. G. D. Roberts, Douglas Sladen, Hunter Duvar, and others. Among the regular weekly contributors none have attracted more attention than Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange, of whose writings on various themes it is quite unnecessary to speak.

The idea of furnishing weekly notes of what is going on in society all over the province has been very favorably received by the public, and has greatly contributed to the success of the paper. More than that, it has enlisted the warm sympathy and aid of the ladies everywhere. PROGRESS is greatly indebted to its correspondents for their honest and earnest work, and were it permissible to give their names many of them would be recognized as the ladies, of all others, best fitted to speak for their respective localities in this department.

When PROGRESS entered on its second volume, a year ago, it had great cause for rejoicing at the prosperity which had attended its first year. At that time, however, it had to depend upon another office for its press-work, and the work of cutting the pages required hours of extra labor with a hand cutter. As the circulation increased, the inconvenience became so great

that a radical step had to be taken. The present commodious premises in the Masonic building were secured for a term of years, and fitted up to meet the requirements of the business. In October last, a steam press specially adapted to fine newspaper work was secured, and with it the cutter, which by folding, cutting, pasting and delivering makes the work of turning out a paper as nearly automatic as is possible. That only the best work should be done, a better grade of paper was procured, so that PROGRESS today costs the publisher much more to produce than at any time in its history.

This would be a source of loss, did not the circulation keep pace with the improvements, as it has steadily done and continues to do. It would be well nigh impossible to issue the present edition with the methods in vogue less than a year ago. Mr. Walter L. Sawyer, who assisted in starting the paper, and to whose excellent work it owed much of its popularity, retired last June, and in October the present editor, who had been a contributor to the paper in its earlier history, entered upon his duties.

While PROGRESS feels that it has no reason to feel ashamed in looking over the record of the past year, it will be its aim to give the public still better value for their money in the year to come. It has several "bright ideas" which will be disclosed in due time, and which cannot fail to make it the paper which will interest, amuse and instruct all classes who value a live and honest paper.

AS SEEN BY STRANGERS.

A Foreigner Has Something to Say About the St. John Street System.

A foreign gentleman, at present sojourning in this city, complains that it is very difficult for him to find his way, owing to the fact that the streets are not labelled and many of the houses are not numbered. Then, too, he cannot understand why Wellington row is not a part of Germain street, or Coburg part of Charlotte street. To better explain his views, he has handed the following sketch to PROGRESS:

BEWAILING FOR WANT.

Conversation between Miss Montreal and Miss Saint John, overheard by a PROGRESS reader:

Miss Montreal (kindly)—What is the matter with you, dear Jeannette? What are you crying for?

Miss Saint John—Very afflicted. Look here, friend, after the union of Portland I thought that I was going to be a proper city.

Miss M.—But what else do you want? It is not enough?

Miss S. J. (surprised)—Enough you say? No! Thousand times, no! I wish I want to be like you. Look at my streets without any name on the corner, but few of them; the houses without number, and yet I got directory. What is the use of it?

Miss M.—Some one told me that you are going to have a world fair, exhibition, or something of that sort. How can it be? Where is the money? And how the visitors will ever find the place? By asking?

Miss S. J.—Oh! I expect that by that time between my fathers, uncles and god-fathers will look in to it in time.

M.—Yes, it might be so; but we are in the spring already, and far as I can see, nothing has been done yet. And—what you have to say about one street with different name?

Miss S. J.—Oh, yes, but that was the division of old.

Miss M.—It was; but it is not now. That is to be looked in to it also. Do you think it right to have one street with two names in our days of progress? Mean progress. And do not allow it without calling the attention of your fathers. I'll have to go, expecting to see you better, or cured of your affliction.

Do You Know of One?

PROGRESS is hunting for an artist, one with some originality—the more the better—and a knack for doing presentable work quickly. There are men and women on almost every street, who can paint or daub, but they would be lost if given a piece of white paper and a pen or pencil and told to copy a photograph or draw anything from a photograph. PROGRESS does not want what are usually called "artists"—a good draughtsman who can draw a pen and ink portrait from copy—or what is even better—from memory, will fill his blank exactly? Do you know of one in New Brunswick?

One Hundred Thousand in One Week.

The Keystone Fire Insurance company resolved to double its capital a few days ago, raising it from \$100,000 to \$200,000. It took them just one week to find the capital. According to this there must be lots of money somewhere in St. John. PROGRESS understands that the company proposes to increase the capital stock to a quarter of a million in the near future.

Canadian and English Room Paper, five cents a roll. American Afton and Room paper for twelve cents, at the Portland News Depot, Main street.

LICKING IT INTO SHAPE.

THE PROBLEM WHICH THE ALDERMEN HAVE BEFORE THEM.

An Elegant Bit of Bungling in Connection with an Extravagant Job—The West Side Lights and the Harmony Between the Contractor and the Council.

"We are having a fine time in trying to lick this city into shape," is the way that one member of the common council puts it.

The developments of the past week appear to justify the remark. The latest attempt to lick something into shape is in connection with a huge structure known as the Mount Pleasant avenue retaining wall. For some time past the extent of the operations carried on at this particular spot has caused apprehension among the ratepayers who have seen it. Members of the board of works have been questioned, and have replied that it was needed and was all right, and as they were honest men the citizens took their word for it. It now appears that they knew little or nothing of what was being done, and today they are denouncing the job as a gigantic blunder.

The original intention appears to have been to make a sufficient retaining wall on the line occupied by the old one. Instead of that, the street has been widened to an extent which was never contemplated, until people began to wonder if the city were to rival Quebec in the possession of a citadel and terrace.

Just as the contractor began to think that everything was all right, the city engineer informed him that it was all wrong. The contractor says that he was directed to do one thing, and the engineer says he was directed to do another. This has caused a deadlock, in which the council will have to decide which of the two made the costly blunder.

In the course of the discussion, a plan has been produced, which members of the board say they never saw before. The one which they imagined was being acted upon was on a wholly different scale. The board, the engineer and the contractor all appear to have had different ideas on the subject.

These ideas are paid for by the citizens at a figure which might have put the whole of Ward 5 in a decent condition, if expended in the interests of the people. To show it, there is an unfinished structure which, when finished, must involve the construction of another under a new contract. Then Mount Pleasant avenue will be a very pleasant driveway, and an enormously costly one as well.

There are a few men in the common council who think that the crying need of St. John is a public park, embracing Lily lake and the adjoining woods, and approached by an Apollon way over Mount Pleasant. It is a "pretty idea," and so is that of a boulevard from the foot of Sydney street around Courtenay bay, and terraces and parkettes along the side of Fort Howe. So is that of statues, in brass, of the mayor and council, in addition to the other costly monuments they are likely to leave as a heritage.

But in the meantime there are a good many more pressing wants which must be supplied and paid for by the citizens. With the utmost economy, the outlay for necessary public works must bear heavily on the taxpayers for years to come, yet in the face of this fact the unfaithful stewards of the people seem bent on devising new ways to add to the public burden. So long as they can manipulate matters in their own interests, they care not what the public may suffer by their acts.

They are kind to their friends, however, and though it is a small matter, the case of Mr. D. W. Clark is one in point. When Mr. Clark's electric light works were burned there was a general sympathy for him, in which PROGRESS shared. This sympathy, in the council, caused the contract to be continued, where in any ordinary case it would have been cancelled. Mr. Clark has resumed operations, and feeling that one good turn deserves another asks to be paid for the time he failed to carry out the contract. It is understood that he will get \$100, which is about half that he claims, though on what theory it is granted nobody seems able to explain. It is generally looked upon as a donation to show that there is no hard feeling against him because he did not do the work. PROGRESS congratulates Mr. Clark, who is a very worthy citizen. If the city has \$100 to give away, there are many worse ways of spending it.

It is quite unnecessary to remark that though the electric lights are by no means certain to shine as per contract, representations to this effect are not considered by the board to be of sufficient moment to cause a deduction from his bills, nor is it thought worth while to protest because though his contract calls for all-night lights, he observes the Sabbath by leaving Carleton in darkness after Saturday midnight. As from this until 2 p. m. is the time when the whiskey contingent returns from the East and North ends to take possession of the streets, there are some people who fail to

appreciate Mr. Clark's qualms of conscience. It would be much more agreeable to them if he were a Seventh Day Adventist, instead of a Presbyterian, and so observed Saturday instead of Sunday.

PROGRESS does not blame him for getting along as easily as possible, and if somebody loses a limb or a life on the ferry floats, which are dark nearly every night, the charge will not lie at his door. Nor is it worth while to blame the aldermen. They will do as they please anyway, and after all, as compared with the style some civic affairs are looked after, the West End lighting service is a model of excellence.

With the present slipshod way of doing things in general, it will take some time to "lick this city into shape."

DRAWING THE COLOR LINE.

Two St. John Hotels Think that They Have Got the Thing Down Fine.

A gentleman representing several of the largest commercial houses of Canada came from Toronto, the other day, with a view to doing business with some St. John merchants. Like most commercial travellers, and he is very gentlemanly in speech and manner, and presumably from the employ in which he is, has the same claims as other travellers to be treated with civility at the hotels and elsewhere. Unfortunately for him, on this trip, he is a native of Honduras and is of a very dark complexion. This might have been a serious bar to him in the United States a quarter of a century ago, and it would not seem that it is not without its disadvantages in the city of St. John at the present day.

Possibly with a suspicion of this, the traveller did not seek the leading hotels, but went to a quiet one, run on temperance principles, where the door is locked at 11 p. m., and there is a general odor of morality at all times. He was not allowed to register.

Without stopping to remonstrate, the traveller accepted the situation and was driven to another temperance hotel, where, after paying the coachman his extortionate demand of \$1, he had his supper. When that was over he wandered forth wondering, probably, if he would be allowed to sleep at the police station, in case all other doors were closed to him.

He did not try any more hotels. He had all the samples he wanted of them, though it is probable that he would have had better luck the next time. He sought private board at the house of a prominent colored citizen, quite assured that he would not find his effects on the sidewalk the next time he returned.

Some of the hotels keepers of St. John appear to be drawing the color line pretty fine now-a-days, and the letters which these gentlemen are likely to write to his employers will give the people of Toronto quite a new idea of high caste and low caste in the hotel society circles of St. John.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

How It Will be Observed by the Masonic Fraternity in this City.

Grand Master Walker has consulted with the masters of the city lodges in regard to the observance of the festival of St. John the Baptist by the attendance of the Freemasons of St. John at church service on the evening of that day. As already stated, the sermon will be preached in St. Paul's church by Rev. O. S. Newham, Grand Chaplain, and the proceedings will be under the direction of Grand Lodge. The present proposition is to have the ceremony at 7.30, in order to accommodate members of the craft who have business to attend to during the day. There is, however, a suggestion that if the service be held at 5 o'clock the hour will equally suit the general convenience, and that after service a banquet, etc., can take place in the large north room of the Temple. The cost of this could be defrayed by the sale of tickets, while those who did not wish to participate would have ample time to take their ordinary evening meal at home.

It has always been customary for the Encampment of St. John, K. T., to tender the Grand Lodge an escort on occasions of public processions, and it is probable that the same courtesy will be extended and accepted on St. John's day.

A Boom in Albion.

Albion Division, Sons of Temperance, has been adding to its numbers recently. The new members are among the most active in the good work, and one of them has five names to propose at the next meeting. Among those who have joined lately and whose sympathies are enlisted in the work are Andrew Hunter, George McCarty, Malcolm McRobbie, Arthur Dawson, E. H. McAlpine and John A. Bowes.

Something to Remember Them By.

'Twas a pleasant parting the associates of Carrier William Bannister prepared for him in the post office. The genial bearer of good and bad news will not forget the post office so long as he can see the inscription on his gold headed cane.

Umbrellas Repaired; Duval, 945 Union street.

THE LANDLORD IS LEFT.

ONE OF THE WAYS IN WHICH TO PROSPER AND SAVE RENT.

A St. John Merchant's Thrifty Scheme—May Day and its Tribulations as Citizens Experience Them—Some Questions which Trouble Landlord and Tenant.

A good many people will go to bed to-night glad in the thought that tomorrow is Sunday. They will welcome the day through no excess of religious zeal, but because it will give them a chance to rest, or in some cases, an equally good chance to work.

For Thursday was the first of May, and in accordance with the old time custom, everybody who could find an excuse for moving shifted his or her place of abode. Everybody knows what that implies. It means weeks of worry and house-hunting beforehand, a day of hard and thankless labor, broken furniture, lost household goods, lame backs and a volume of words which it is to be hoped the recording angel has noted with a due allowance for the provocation which caused them.

It has been a great year for moving, and the most noteworthy fact is that an unusually large number took time by the forelock and made their pilgrimages in advance of the regular day. The procession started on Monday morning and was kept up until midnight on Thursday, with the majority, though some protracted the festival into Friday, and others will not finish until to-night.

All classes moved this year, from the people who occupy two or three rooms in a tenement to those who are satisfied with nothing less than a \$400 or \$500 a year mansion. Every street has its removals, and the letter carriers have lists of changes which might well appal an ordinary man to remember. In that portion of King street east between Wentworth and Carmarthen streets, for instance, no less than sixteen tenants have moved out and nearly an equal number moved in. So in other and eligible parts of the city. Indeed, no neighborhoods, and but few houses have attractions which are sufficient to make all therein content to stay. The desire to move becomes epidemic with some people, which the possession of no house, save "the narrow house," can cure.

The migratory ones have not all of the fun to themselves, though. The landlord has his share of it. One of them has been looking for law this week, because his tenant left the double windows on, when he had promised to take them off. He was advised that he had a remedy by bringing a suit in equity to compel the specific performance of the agreement, and that for a few hundred dollars he could get all the satisfaction he wanted. Another man, a tenant, had put in a number of panes of glass during the year, because his landlord refused to do it, and was very much annoyed to find that, as they had become legal "fixtures," he could not carry them away with him when he went.

The landlord has a good deal of law on his side, but he is served a trick once in a while. People who move out before the rent is due have a fair chance of beating him if they can put their furniture beyond his reach, or they can do it anyway if he fails to prove that the goods were fraudulently removed to avoid a distress.

One landlord in the city went without his rent Thursday, and the grave chances are that he will go without it for all time. Twenty-four hours before the eventful date there were signs of spring moving in one of the stores on a business street. The lessee kept a store on the lower flat and his household goods in the second story. That was convenient, for when quarter day came round there was only one landlord to pay, and only one to block. He was discreet enough to know that so long as April lasted he and his goods could go anywhere without the consent of his landlord—who would have something to say as soon as May day appeared.

There is a growing impression that it is about time "merchants" of this stamp found it convenient to try some other town, and save further favors for distribution until after they get there. A few of the business men have a lively remembrance of how the same man treated them some time ago. He was, according to his own story, as "sound as a nut" financially, and doing a good business. He succeeded in getting a fair line of credit, and one fine day turned right side up with a bill of sale in favor of a near relative, with whom, according to his own statement, he had not been speaking terms for a long time. His creditors were left then in the same lurch as his landlord is now.

Everybody Knows It.

The indications this season are that there will be an unusually large amount of travel from the States to the Provinces. The International steamship company, which now advertises three trips a week, is preparing for a busy summer, and it is needless to say will make travel on its well known boats as much a luxury as it has always been of recent years.

BOTH WENT GUNNING.

A West End Man who Terrified His Neighbor and Was Terrified in Turn.

A resident of the West End, who may be called Mack, recently fell on his knees and in the most solemn manner called upon Heaven to witness that he would shoot a certain neighbor within a week. The neighbor being duly notified of this pleasant intention, decided to have the law invoked, and was told by good authority that he could have Mack bound over to keep the peace. "What good will that do if he shoots me?" was his natural inquiry, and thereupon he procured a pistol and carried it with the intention of having the first shot when Mack was encountered. In the meanwhile Mack, who had made the vow in a time of great trouble and excitement, began to repent himself, and hearing that his neighbor was also going about with a pistol became alarmed for his own safety. Neither wanted to do any harm, but there was a prospect that when they met each would shoot the other as a matter of self defense. For several days the neighborhood was in a state of painful apprehension, but at the last accounts a truce had been arranged and the weapons laid aside for future emergencies.

THE BABY WAS ALL RIGHT.

And So Was the Collection, While the Sermon Is as Good as Ever.

In one of the city churches, last Sunday night, just as the clergyman had begun his sermon, the sexton walked hurriedly up the aisle, climbed up to the front of the pulpit, seized the preacher by the arm and said in a very loud whisper, "You're wanted at the house. The baby is dying!" This naturally made a sensation, the clergyman retired grief-stricken to the vestry, while the service came to an abrupt conclusion. It proved later that the baby had only an ordinary teething fit, and was all right. It is the custom in this church to take up the collection before the service, and so there was no financial loss on this occasion. The moral is, that this is the business way of doing it. Meanwhile, the clergyman is to be congratulated not only that the baby is not in danger, but that the undelivered sermon is good for another occasion.

An Investigation Needed.

If the charges made in regard to the management of the Lunatic asylum are true, it is time for a thorough investigation of the whole concern. The public accounts show that there has been a peculiar system of purchasing supplies, while the frequent escape of lunatics proves that discipline is very lax indeed. The assertion is also made that the keepers beat the unfortunate who are under their charge. The asylum is getting a very rank name, and if the stories about it are untrue, no one should be more anxious than the superintendent for an investigation. The institution costs the province a good deal of money, and the people have a right to know something about it.

Twelve Pages Next Week.

PROGRESS next Saturday will be a twelve page paper. There is too much advertising in the present size to suit either the publisher or the reader. The edition will be larger than the ordinary one by over a thousand copies, and there will be an chance for wholesale and retail merchants to make "special" announcements and reach their customers. The paper will be a very interesting one and will be illustrated.

Donations from Mr. Matthews.

A Sussex correspondent informs PROGRESS that Zion Lodge, F. & A. M., of that place, has been offered the gift of a fine organ from Mr. S. F. Matthews, of St. John, and will of course accept it. Mr. Matthews has also recently sent another lot of rare and old books to Iowa, where they will form a part of the Matthews' collection, for which a special place is reserved in the famous fire-proof building.

Another Story of Merchants' Week.

One of the largest wholesale merchants in the city says that, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, Merchants' week was a decided success—at least in his business. There were a large number of out-of-town buyers in the city and his own sales in four days amounted to over \$6000. And this does not include what his travellers were doing outside.

For Some Wise Purpose.

The government may have had some wise purpose in its appointments to the school board, but that purpose was evidently not to increase the efficiency of that body. The men who are now on board are dwarfed by comparison with those who have been on it, and whose places they are supposed to fill.

Ready for the Summer.

D. J. McIntyre now has the handsomest barber shop in the city. The painters and decorators have been at work and the result is pleasing. Customers appreciate this sort of thing and are not apt to go elsewhere when they can find comfort, cleanliness and good barbers in McIntyre's.