

MEDAL.

THE BIG EXHIBITION NUMBER WILL BE OUT Next Week. 24 Pages. Five Cents.

PROGRESS.

TWO EDITIONS DAILY. Don't Fail to Call on "Progress" when you Visit the Exhibition. Afternoon and Evening.

VOL III., NO. 124.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

A CREDIT TO ST. JOHN

IS WHAT PROGRESS WILL MAKE ITS SPECIAL NUMBER.

A 24 Page Paper for Five Cents—Full of Portraits and Plans of the Exhibition—A Splendid Issue to Send Away to Your Friends.

Progress prints a 24 page five cent paper next Saturday.

Part of it is printed already, and it will warrant any person in saying that the whole paper will be a beauty.

These who have seen the first pages and proofs of the engravings say that there is no money for PROGRESS in the sale at five cents a copy. That is as well known in this office, but it often pays to give a good thing for less than cost.

The paper will be enriched by engravings which cost over \$300. They are beautifully printed and will be a credit to PROGRESS and St. John.

The production of such engravings has never been attempted in this city before, and there cannot be much doubt but that they will surprise and delight everybody who sees them.

The advertising patronage has been so generous and spontaneous that there is hardly room in the paper—large as it is—for many more announcements, and unless these are in by the first of the week they will be too late.

When we say that this paper will be much superior to anything PROGRESS has ever published, the people will gain some idea of its excellence.

The portraits, bird's eye view of the city and the interior views of the exhibition buildings are all perfect in their way. The paper will be a splendid issue to send away to friends and especially to those who propose to visit the exhibition.

Among the features of the paper will be an interesting description of the various points of interest about the city: a bit of history that will be appropriate and many other good things in letter press that will be announced later.

A list of the portraits, which are engraved full cabinet size, include Messrs. James Reynolds, Henry J. Thorne, A. L. Law, Thomas McAvity, Jas. A. Estey, James C. Robertson, Wm. Shaw, M. P. P., John M. Johnson, Dr. D. E. Berryman, J. DeWolfe Spurr, Chas. A. Everett, Wm. M. Jarvis, W. C. Pitfield, George Robertson, W. F. Burditt, Arthur M. Magee and Ira Cornwall.

In addition to these there is a splendid bird's eye view of the city, size, six by ten inches.

The interior of the exhibition buildings is represented by four correct drawings which give (1) the entrance and first floor of the main building and annex, (2) the gallery of main building and annex, (3) the carriage room, (4) the machinery hall.

Each space of these plans is numbered and an exhibitor's directory printed beneath each plate will enable the people to locate every exhibitor. PROGRESS' advertisers will, of course, be more prominent than others in such list.

For this reason, if for no other, merchants will find the issue most valuable to send away. Thousands of copies have been ordered already and the prospects are that in addition to its already large circulation, PROGRESS will reach thousands who are not regular readers of it. They will be, however, if many more such papers reach them.

Another little fact that will interest the friends of this paper is the following telegram:

NONWICH, CONN., Sept. 10th. PUBLISHER PROGRESS: We have shipped press for exhibition all rail today. Wire us when it arrives. J. H. CRANFORD.

This is for PROGRESS daily in the exhibition building. It will be no small task to move a printing office and set up a large press—which usually takes a good week—but we believe that it will be one of the attractions of the exhibition and that the expense connected with the operation, which is borne entirely by PROGRESS, will be money well spent in increasing the interest of the thousands of visitors in the paper.

The advertising space is being rapidly taken up. The price is \$3 per inch for the ten days—two issues every day.

A Glass Target. The Union Club people had a surprise Thursday morning when one of the beautiful front plate glass windows was found to be punctured by a bullet. The small round hole was cut clear, and the pane shattered for about half an inch around it. The bullet cut its way through the lathes back of a piece of furniture, but could not be found. The question is who fired the shot. The servants declare it was done after eight o'clock in the morning, as the windows were washed at that hour and the hole was not there then.

Mr. Como Caught a Crane. Driver Como, of the I. C. R., caught a crane this week. He found it tangled in some telegraph wires and carried it home.

ABOUT EXCURSION PARTIES.

Some of Those That Are, and Might be Conducted by Officer Hennessy.

The Fairville police force cut quite a figure in the city Monday, making several visits in a body. The force is composed of Officer Hennessy, and considering the disadvantages it labors under is very efficient.

A prisoner arrested in Fairville has an excursion trip before he is finally disposed of. Whereas the city police have a lookout on every beat, the lockup of the Fairville force is situated on King street east, St. John.

This is where Officer Hennessy leaves his prisoners for the night. He comes over again in the morning and takes them back to Fairville for trial. In the absence of a patrol wagon, Officer Hennessy makes use of the next best thing, a coal cart. Hazen Campbell, of pugilistic fame, had a ride in one when the force visited the city, Monday. During the trip he had not the chance of viewing the scenery along the route, that he might have had, as the sides of the cart were high and he was at the bottom of it. He probably enjoyed the return trip better.

Campbell was fined and discharged Tuesday. Wednesday morning he had a cell all to himself at the central station. On this occasion he took his excursion trip by water, being taken care of by the West End division, and coming across in the ferry boat.

There is material in Fairville for a large excursion party, that could spend some time very profitably on King street east. It is doubtful as to whether the force is strong enough to effect the organization necessary for such a trip, but it is safe to say that excursions of this sort would be quite popular with the people of Fairville—who were not compelled to take part in them.

TALK ABOUT LUCK.

Mr. Mackay Strikes Lottery Prizes for \$17,500.

It was a good stroke for Mr. Mackay, but a bad one for St. John that he happened to strike a lottery "capital" and added \$17,500 to his bank account.

Perhaps it is better to be born lucky than rich—it appears to amount to the same thing in Mr. Mackay's case, whose luck is proverbial.

Not a great while ago Zera Semon was holding one of his entertainments in Moncton and the same gentleman passed the door. Something prompted him to turn and enter and he did so. With his ticket he received two coupons, one blank and the other numbered "8." The blank, however, it happened, drew him a box of stationery and toward the end of the performance a little girl went to the platform to draw the ticket which would win the gold watch. Number "8" was drawn and Mr. Mackay walked out with a \$40 watch in his pocket.

He had five \$1 tickets in the lottery and two of them drew prizes, one \$15,000 and the other \$2,500. Talk about luck!

The lottery will boom for a while in St. John now. It is a curious fact that the luck in this lottery runs in streaks. Portland, Me., struck it rich for a time and the town sent all its dollar bills down South for two years afterwards, until it got tired. Let St. John take warning.

They Drank Bad Beer.

Two members of the city police force have been suspicious of a Union street cigar and beer shop for quite a while, and have searched it several times for liquor, but have never been successful in finding any, and probably never will. They had an experience during their last visit, which almost convinced one of them that they had got what they wanted. The proprietor had been expecting the officers and had made some preparations for the visit. He knew that the officers would sample his stock, and he wanted them to sample all of it. A few bottles of very bad beer—so bad that no one would want to drink it—were placed under the counter. The officers saw the bottles, half concealed, drew the corks and chucked. They sampled it. It didn't taste like beer. Those competent judges were baffled. They were about to seize the stuff, but the willingness of the proprietor to have them do it made them change their minds.

A Combination of Fakes.

Mr. Kimball, who managed the "Si Plunkard" fake here this summer, comes to St. John again next Monday night with another show—a specialty this time. No doubt it is—a specialty—since the Harringtons are with him. They also ran a queer show. The question now appears to be how much worse or better will the combination be than the separate fakes. The announced as a draw card. St. John people will probably go to the show and do their kicking afterwards.

They had Their Pictures Taken.

The Shamrocks have had their pictures taken and make a fine looking group.

New Books, all the latest, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

A CITY BUILDING THAT IS BEING BOTCHED.

Will the Fine be Remitted and the License Transferred—Curious Complications Arising out of a Seizure Made by the Chief of Police.

A long letter has reached PROGRESS office which professes to give a correct account of some "under ground" transactions in which a city official is interested. The ground work of the effusion seems to be the little license shuffle among the liquor dealers on Dock street. Messrs. Lee & Logan had applied for a wholesale license, but for reasons best known to themselves did not pay the fee and take it out of the mayor's office. The ultimate result of their delatoriness was the descent of the active Chief Inspector Clarke, and the seizure of liquor coupled with a charge at the police court for selling liquor without license.

Messrs. Lee & Logan regretted this occurrence exceedingly since it forestalled by a few days another intention of theirs, namely: to go out of business. The leaving of the license in the hands of the authorities so long probably needs no other explanation than this.

The main question that troubled them and their solicitor after the seizure was: Would the seized liquor be destroyed, and would the fine be pushed. Mr. Lee's representative has, it appears, an adviser, and Mr. Logan another. When it was determined to close up the business and sell the goods by auction, Mr. Lee's representative's adviser favored one auctioneer and Mr. Logan's lawyer favored another. The latter carried his point, and the business was given to the mayor, or rather Auctioneer Lockhart.

Mr. Logan's adviser claims that the presence of the license, though not taken out, was evidence of their good intention, and any violation could hardly be considered if this is done the contention is that the seized liquor should be restored and the fine allowed to stand.

The willingness of Messrs. Lee & Logan to take out the license at this late hour when they have practically gone out of business, is probably explained by the fact that their neighbor, Mr. A. R. Bell, who is also charged with having no license, would like to get one and the chief inspector being willing and the consent of Mayor Lockhart being forthcoming, there should be no trouble in having the license transferred.

PROGRESS' correspondent had one side of the story straight enough, and it looked like a mare's nest from that standpoint alone but beyond the little license shuffle, there does not appear to be grounds for much complaint. It is perhaps unfortunate that the man who auctions the liquor and the man who grants the license should be one and the same party, but even that does not necessarily imply that there is anything beneath the board.

If any of the readers of PROGRESS who contribute to the city revenue will step around to the new engine house in course of construction and use their eyes for a few minutes, they will probably form an opinion worth printing.

PROGRESS has spoken of the plans before to condemn them, and need not go into them again, but any citizen can verify our statement now for himself.

Every fireman who has seen the entrance gives a start of astonishment and asks, "How are the doors to open with those projecting stone pillars in the way?" That is what puzzles everybody else. The architect must have thought he was planning a building where the doors are more ornamental than useful, and when necessary to enter to take them off the hinges. However, the granite pillars are solid now, and the only way to have the doors open is to cut out the lower corner of each door and place the lower hinge three or four feet from the floor!

Experienced firemen say this will not answer, but that the projecting pillar must be cut away. The stone cutter declares that the mistake cannot be rectified for less than \$100, which would be his charge for cutting away the stone.

There is no finish to the front, but the flooring comes out flush with the sidewalk—no courses whatever.

The location of the joists and the windows and the masonry about the windows are also matters to be looked into.

It might pay the city to give a first class architect a permanent job. Money would be saved by such a move. The extras for alterations on this building alone will add a good percentage to the original contract.

They were Unfortunate.

The Knights of Pythias had a bad day for their parade, Friday. Walking the streets in rain and mud is work that even the music of a brass band cannot make pleasant.

Paper and Envelopes for 5c. per quint, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

RAIDING WATER STREET.

Capt. Rawlings Seizes Mrs. Flynn's Liquor, and Thinks of Handcuffing Miss Flynn.

Capt. Rawlings started on Thursday afternoon to raid the places on Water street where it was thought liquor was sold without a license. The only place was in Mrs. Flynn's store, and Officers Weatherhead and Hamilton carried the spoils to the police station in a basket, followed by a mob of curious small boys. The captain and his men made a thorough search of the premises from the roof to the cellar, and it is said that the officers were very fortunate in making the search when it was not high spring tides. When the moon is full, many of the Water street cellars are full also—of water. But the captain struck a tartar when he came across Miss Flynn, and wanted to search her trunk. She was in no hurry to give up the keys and the captain grew impatient, and surrounded by his men, began to tell Miss Flynn what he could do if he wanted to. When she was still unwilling to give up the key, he hinted that he might put the handcuffs on her. However, the trunk was searched, and the captain felt all around two bottles of Bay rum in the bottom without touching them. He was sure there was liquor on the premises somewhere, and examined certain musical instruments that might have had flasks concealed in them, and sounded each step in the stairs for false closets and "secret cells."

Several other places on Water street were entered, but no liquor was found. The raid on Mrs. Flynn's was made with such bombast and style that everybody knew what was taking place, and all the other people on the street had time to get their "stuff" out before it was their turn to be raided.

CHAIRMAN BLACKADAR WONT GO.

But the Rest of the Junket Party Will Start in Ten Days.

The junketing committee of the common council propose, Alderman McGoldrick say, to start on their free vacation trip about the 25th. Chairman Blackadar will not go. He has probably given the matter a little serious thought, and objects to dead-heading such a trip at the expense of the city.

His refusal to go removes the only man of the five who knows anything about the fire alarm system from the junketing party. His refusal will probably result in something else next spring, when the taxpayers put the stamp of their approval on his act.

The more the citizens think about it, the greater appears the expensive farce of sending four or five men to the states to gather information and make a report on something they know nothing about.

One good practical man would get more information in a day than the junketers will in a month.

When they return it will be a question which will be more interesting—their expense bill or their report.

Up to the Times.

That Messrs. Daniel & Robertson have found it necessary to adopt the new cash system speaks volumes for the success of their business. They have plenty of good ideas and the energy to put them into force. The London House Retail has added greatly to its popularity in the past two years, and the prospects are that it will continue to do so. The cash system will save customers time and the firm money.

The Opposition Street Piano.

The blind man with the piano organ who usually occupies the opposite corner from George Moffatt, has no ear for music and the meter of the tune he turns off is regulated by the condition of the muscles in his arms. When he is tired the music is slow and uneven, but at other times lively enough for a dance hall. The transferring of the organ from one place to another is quite a task.

"Bussy" is the Word.

If there is a busy man in the world now he is Ira Cornwall. He is on the hop from daylight until midnight, with brief intervals for eating. The exhibition staff includes three stenographers and type writers, and though Mr. Cornwall is a pretty good talker, it keeps him pretty busy to keep them busy.

The Japs Farewell.

The Japs will wind up a most successful season at St. Andrews rink next week. Although the crowds that visited the village every night never grew less, Manager Somerby provided greater attractions every Saturday, and the closing days did fair to surpass anything yet.

Late Arrivals.

The German band returned to town this week, but forgot to bring any new tunes. Other arrivals were two sleepy and forsaken looking Chinamen, in full regalia, who were hunting up a place to start a laundry. St. John is rapidly coming into favor as a summer resort.

Long, Selected Chair Case is Used in all Chair Seating by Duval, 249 Union street.

TROUBLE IN THE RANKS.

THE 62ND BAND AND PORTLAND BATTERY BOTH INTERESTED.

Col. Elaine Discharges the Band, and the Battery Wants its Discharge or an Apology from Col. Armstrong—Both Sides of the Story.

The band of the Fusiliers has been disbanded, or rather the members have been ordered to hand in their band uniforms and instruments and return to their respective companies.

The order came from the colonel, and was a veritable bomb shell among the band members, many of whom thought the battalion could no more get along without them than without its officers. It appears that the colonel and the officers had a different idea and acted upon it.

PROGRESS talked with a number of the officers about the matter, and found that the complaints of the band members did not amount to much, in fact, they appear to have been better treated than an outsider would think they were.

When a man belongs to the band he is practically free from drill, and yet as a member of some one of the companies, he gets the same pay from the government as any other volunteer. Being a member of the band carries certain privileges along with it which are worth something. A competent leader and teacher of music, the bandmaster, gives them instructions in music; they are furnished with instruments and uniforms, and the rent and expenses of their practice room paid for them. In addition to this when an outside engagement is secured, every man is paid for his time, sometimes taking all that the committee receives for his services. At other times there is a certain per cent deducted to defray certain expenses.

The members evidently did not appreciate all these privileges, for they began to be careless in their dress and to have very little care how they turned out in point of numbers. An instance of this occurred when the Knights of Pythias marched to the cemetery. The band went but fourteen strong and with only their fatigue caps! Again when on an excursion on the river recently the turnout was not in any degree soldier like. When, however, they neglected to obey orders the climax was reached. The colonel ordered them to the drill shed one evening, and but one man appeared. This was the last straw and the regimental order was issued calling for the band's uniforms and instruments.

Such was the statement given PROGRESS by an officer. He stated further that the band was a great expense upon the officers who defrayed all expenses and called upon it but seldom for any service for them. It is quite probable that the band will be reorganized in the near future, but the members who compose it will probably understand before they join that the colonel of the Fusiliers is the boss and that his orders must be obeyed.

The band's story as told to PROGRESS by the members' representative differs from that of the officers. Bandmaster Jones' style was not popular with them. They objected to his sportive way of starting them in public, which the people—the small boys in particular—made game of. Mr. Jones would look around and shout in prolonged stentorian tones: "Ready!" then, after an interval, "Go!" The small boys frequently got in the "Go!" before the bandmaster, and produced some confusion.

The busbies were hard and hot, says the band, and not fit for bandmen to wear while playing. The Calais public made fun of them, and the members seemed to dislike them heartily. There was not a word, however, against Colonel Elaine, but much in his favor. They said that, in their opinion, the band committee had too much influence with him, and he in this way disregarded some complaints that should have been inquired into. Further than this, Bandmaster Jones created a feeling against himself by unfortunate and objectionable comparisons.

The members of the band have resolved to organize on their own account and procure instruments.

Another event which caused considerable excitement in military circles this week was the action of the men in Portland battery N. B. B. G. A. Twenty-six of them asked for their discharge, Wednesday evening, and from all accounts the battery is in a fair way of being broken up.

For some time past the men have felt they had not been receiving the same consideration by the colonel of the brigade that the other batteries were; but that, on the contrary, he took every opportunity to censure them, when sometimes it was far from necessary. A climax was reached on inspection day, when Col. Armstrong addressed the battery before the entire brigade in strong and very uncomplimentary terms. He referred to the small attendance in words that made many who were present wish that it was made smaller by their absence, and asked for certain of the non-commissioned officers. One of these

men, it is claimed, found it impossible to leave his business, while the only thing that kept another away was the want of a uniform. This want was occasioned by no fault of his own. The colonel also referred to many things that had been done for the battery by the authorities, such as the building of the drill shed, etc., and spoke of other benefits, some of which the men say existed only in imagination.

The Portland battery is chiefly composed of working men, many of whom find it almost impossible to take a day off every time the military authorities demand it. It is said, however, that they made a good turnout on inspection day. Regarding the efficiency of the battery and the opportunities it had for drill, the men claim that they did not begin until the other companies had been drilling three or four weeks.

The artillerymen from Portland felt very sore when they left the barracks on inspection day. They were a very mutinous crew, and the majority of them had arrived at the conclusion that there were certain kinds of military discipline, which even loyalty to their country and \$6 a year could not induce them to suffer under. To be addressed by the colonel in such terms before the whole brigade was more than they could stand, and how to get out of the military the easiest and quickest way possible was all they thought of.

Wednesday night there was some excitement among the artillerymen on Fort Howe, and military matters have not been discussed with more enthusiasm since the military was ordered to the Northwest. It was pay night and there was a full battery on hand. For once in the military history of the province, pay day was overshadowed by another event. Capt. McLeod was unable to be present, and the men were paid by the first lieutenant. After each man recovered his \$6, the event of the evening came off. Twenty-six men handed in papers asking for their discharge. The artillerymen said they have no fault to find with the officers of the battery, and regretted being compelled to take the action they did. With one or two exceptions all the men have signified their intention of leaving, and say that nothing but a public apology to the battery by Col. Armstrong will induce them to return to the ranks. The names of those who asked for a discharge, Wednesday night, are as follows: Sergt. Robert A. Porter; Corporal R. H. Rubins; Gunniers: Wm. Irvine, Arthur Porter, Robt. McJunkin, Jos. Irvine, Jacob Brown, Alex. McEachern, Alex. Long, John Speight, David Thomas, Wm. Spencer, Arthur French, F. Marshall, John Elliott, James Creighton, John Ferris, Jas. Daly, Fred. Allen, Albert Masters, Fred. Miller, Allen Lingley, John Magee, Herb. Williams, Fred. Williams, Robt. Paterson.

What Physicians Think.

The complaint dealt with by the Telegraph that the recent changes in the Victoria school building was prejudicial to the health of the younger children was inquired into by PROGRESS some time ago, and the opinion of leading physicians in the city agree that the change is most desirable. The majority of them admit that it is better for younger children to climb the long flight of stairs than for girls of more mature years.

The North End Youngster.

The large number of weddings in the North End this week, gave the police plenty of work in watching the festive small boys, who is always to the front with a bonfire on such occasions. Small boys are almost as plentiful as telegraph poles in Portland, and some of them on Main street are worth looking after. There are frequent calls at the station from people who are of this opinion.

Digging up the Pavement.

People coming from Portland Thursday morning smiled when they passed the corner of North street. Everybody is interested in the progress of the pavement and there is a general impression that it will never be finished, at the present rate; but when men were seen busily at work tearing it up again there was more amusement than a minstrel show could furnish.

The Ground Secured.

Mr. Mackay has got the ground in front of the exhibition building, and has ordered his tent, which will be probably crowded to excess with those who wanted certain privileges in the exhibition building and could not get them. It will be a free show, and of course, everyone will drop in and see what is going on.

The Concerts During Exhibition.

The concerts by the amalgamated choirs of the city, will be one of the pleasing features of the exhibition, and judging by the interest taken, the singing will be good.

Friday, October 3, a Holiday.

The Board of Education has proclaimed Friday, October 3rd, a holiday to enable the teachers to visit the exhibition.

Box Paper from 10 to 50 cents a box, at McArthur's, 80 King street.