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at all events," exclaimed the
"I've got a pretty fair balance in
my bank, and I want you to be my
"here?"
"James, since you put it in that
certain fall.

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THE PIEMAN HAS GONE.

MR. SAM WAH'S NEIGHBOR AMONG THE MISSING.

He Was Original in His Methods, Especially in the Way of Advertising—His Fun With the Als 184—Two \$11 Revolvers His Last Credit Purchase.

Since Mr. Sam Wah started his Chinese laundry on Portland Bridge, his nearest neighbor has been Thomas Norman, up to this week. Mr. Norman conducted a cake and pastry establishment of a pronounced English character, and although he was devoid of pig tail and womanish looking clothing, he succeeded in attracting almost as much attention as his more distinguished neighbors with all their advantages of oriental manners and costumes.

But if Mr. Norman did not wear the unique and fulsome dress of the Chinamen, he arranged himself in all the splendor and attractiveness that a Salvation army uniform could give; which suited his purpose almost as well as any other. The result of this has been to bring the Salvation army into disrepute in certain quarters. According to their reasoning, if Norman wore the army uniform he represented that body, and at the same time was a very bad man, all the members of the army must be equally bad. Salvationists claim that they have been wronged in this respect time and again.

Norman has not been a member of the army for some time, although he has knelt at the penitent form quite recently. His connection with the army came to an end many months ago, when he joined another religious body, and made the event one to be remembered, by causing a ripple of excitement in army circles.

This was accomplished by writing a letter to PROGRESS, in which he contended that the treatment he received from the army had driven him to drink, and whereas his home had formerly been a happy one, his "family was now forced to live in a drunkard's home," with all its horrible misery.

He became reconciled, however, and again attended army meetings, and as his uniform showed no signs of giving out at the elbows, and the hat was good for a long period of service, he wore the army clothes as before, which of course led the people to believe that he was a full fledged salvationist. But he wasn't.

Up to the time he declared himself a drunkard he was doing a good business, and his credit was of the best, but after that people refused to give him credit, and he found it difficult to carry on his cake and pastry industry. In fact he seems to have been in difficulty ever since, although he was a man with many original ideas, which he worked to good advantage, both in his business and in other ways.

He was a great advertiser, but his ventures in this respect did not involve much expense. His public announcement of being driven to drink is ample evidence of this; but those who passed his place of business every day saw more. He never allowed the frost to remain on his window, and shut out from the public his collection of cakes, pies and tarts, of wonderful and unique construction. The frost was removed by means of oil lamps, which always left the impression that there was no scarcity of lard in his wares. In summer his goods were protected from the sun by several yards of white cotton, which was much more effective from a business point of view than a common, every-day awning would have been in the way of attracting attention. When Mr. Norman had anything special on hand he made known the fact by means of bill boards outside the door. But aside from all this, the most unobservant could not pass the cake shop without knowing it was there, unless he had a very bad cold. For the door was always open, and the extensive cooking operations inside perfumed the air nearly across the street. That is, if lard can be classed among perfumes.

But Norman had an advertising dodge, which for originality excelled all others. He was anxious to work up a trade in tarts among the small boys and girls, who abound in that locality, and increased in numbers when Mr. Wah hung out his sign. Although the tarts in his window were, perhaps, tempting enough for the average small boy, they did not sell as fast as Mr. Norman wished. So he got a book and pencil and went out among the youngsters, who were amusing themselves with the Chinamen next door, and got a number of names. The next day a corresponding number of tarts appeared in the window, and each one of them bore the name of a boy in thin strips of pastry. Of course the little fellows bought the tarts with their names on them, and Mr. Norman was happy.

The genial piemman was fond of giving his opinion on other matters of business, and showing wherein his methods differed from those of other people. For instance, when he occupied the store next a tobacconist, he expressed his disapproval of keeping open on Sunday, and religiously kept his store closed. The tobacconist, who kept his store open, was at a loss to know

whether Norman locked his door from religious scruples or to prevent customers from interrupting the festivities at the back of the store, in which the proprietor and a large can of ale were the principal features.

But Norman did not confine his intimacy with the can to Sundays alone, nor did he have all his merriment in the back shop. On the contrary he went round with "the boys;" and it is well known among his friends that he could get rid of over \$100 easily on one spree.

It was this kind of conduct that made his creditors anxious. Their anxiety, however, is now at an end, and quite a number of people have had to content themselves with looking in the window of his store, at a large box of dried up lemons, with a placard offering them at a remarkably low price per dozen, and a few lonesome looking tarts.

Norman is gone. Some say he shipped on the *Emma Marr* which sailed this week, but his actions previous to departure have led others to think differently. Tuesday morning he got two \$11 revolvers in F. A. Young's hardware store on credit. Mr. Young was out at the time. When he returned he went around to Norman's store and got the revolvers back again. An hour later the piemman was among the missing.

THE CARTMEN COMPLAIN.

That the Tariff Rates are Not What They Should Be.

This is about the time when grievances are ripe and the intending candidates for aldermanic honors have to listen to many tales of injustice. One of them which evidently needs attention is the complaint of the cartmen in reference to the tariff rates. No doubt the people will be as glad as the cartmen to have the schedule "revised and corrected."

The first and second districts in the city proper are fairly well divided off, the central point being Market Square. The other districts take in long ranges, running from City Road to Lower Cove, north of Main street, excepting District No. 7, which has a range from the corner of Clarence and St. David streets along the east side of Pitt to water line, from Courtney Bay and extending along the southern portion of the city south of Main street, starting from Charlotte and taking in the lower part of the city. This large round about route entitles a cartman to lawfully collect forty cents per load for coal. Again take for instance, the fourth district, which runs from the City road to Broad street, north side, between Charlotte and Carmarthen, the cartage rate is 33 cents per load; on the opposite side of Broad street, the rate is 40 cents.

On the east corner of Carmarthen and the north side of Broad, the rate is 35 cents. A cartman is lawfully entitled to collect seven cents more for going across Broad street, and two cents more to cross Carmarthen street. This rule applied to districts 5 and 6, on the same street, excepting that the teamster only gets five cents extra for crossing Broad street in the fifth district, and three cents in the seventh. Again, take the 5th district where it terminates on the southerly line of the General Public Hospital to Brussels street, west side, extending as far as Brunswick street, running northerly through White street to the City Road; in this district the rate is 35 cents per load. Now on the north side of White street from City Road to east side of Brussels street below Bauswick street, brings one into the 8th district which increases the rate seven cents per load more, making it 42 cents.

The cartmen complain more of this district than any other, for the simple reason that they cannot collect the lawful rate. The highest they generally get is 40 cents per load, and they have to take this price very often from people in the vicinity of the Marsh Bridge.

There can be no doubt at all of a great need of a change in the cartage districts. It is many years since the plan was laid out, and since then there have been so very many changes in the city. Attention has been called to the need of a revision of the cartage tariff. It is to be hoped that the authorities will give the matter prompt attention. There is no lawful rate in the North End. Cartmen generally get what they demand, or as near the mark as possible. After passing Portland bridge to Paradise row and south end of Main street, cartmen get from 25 to 30 cents per load; along the City road and in the vicinity of the valley City road and in the vicinity of Mount Pleasant, 40 to 50 cents per load, and on the Fort Howe and Rockland road, 40 to 50 cents per load is demanded. The district about the Orange corner to St Luke's pays from 35, 50 to 60 cents on the Douglas Road from thence to Indiantown, including Adelaide Road and that portion of North End, 50 cents is the general rate obtained; along the Strait shore from Simonds street, the general rate asked by cartmen is 40 to 60 cents. There is no specific rate in any portion of the North End.

DOUBLED ITS PREMISES.

THAT IS THE LATEST MOVE OF PROGRESS.

What The Newsdealers Say About The Sixteen Page Paper—They are Very Sanguine, and With Good Reasons—Some of Its Attractive Features.

"I have not the slightest doubt but that it will go all right," is the encouraging way that the largest dealer PROGRESS has, refers to the sixteen page paper. And 40 other replies out of between 60 and 70 country dealers send back the same cheerful message.

When the enlargement was determined upon and a part of the plans matured for the extra pages, a private letter was sent to each of the dealers who handle PROGRESS in the provinces. They number between 60 and 70, and "over ground extending from Houlton, Maine, and Campbellton to Halifax and Yarmouth. Each and every one of them has such an interest in PROGRESS that it often surprises those connected immediately with the paper, and its present success has been in no small degree, due to the energetic and faithful efforts of the newsdealers. For, no matter how good an article is, unless it is distributed properly, its sale will always be limited.

The letter was an inquiring one and asked the opinion of each on the probable reception of the larger five cent paper. More than 40 replies have been received and with the exception of one they have all been favorable. Such unanimity was hardly expected, but the dealers (save one) are not only unanimous that the sale of the larger paper will be just as great but many of them go even farther and say that the extra pages will bring them extra customers.

Among the additional features arranged for are five splendid letters which will be written by some of the cleverest contributors for the press and illustrated by the best artists.

One of these will be a general letter, and will deal with the latest event that has caused the most comment in the world; and another will take up the newest and brightest things in decoration, sometimes in dress and sometimes in household articles; another will from time to time deal with mothers with articles upon children's dress and belongings; another will treat of lighter topics of fashionable men and women, their pleasures and follies, while such humorists as Howard Fielding and Opie Read will add spice and variety to the collection.

Besides these features PROGRESS has secured the maritime province right to the latest story of a popular and well-known English authoress with equally pleasant and popular fiction in the near future by such writers as "The Duchess," "Carmen Sylva," and "Fitzgerald Molloy."

These are some of the outside features with which it is proposed to make the larger paper attractive and interesting.

When PROGRESS moved to its present quarters people said that there was plenty of room in them for five years at least. Those connected with the paper agreed with them at the time, but they changed their minds since, and last Thursday an arrangement was made with the Masonic hall company whereby PROGRESS doubles the size of its present premises. The adjoining store which is exactly the same size as that occupied by PROGRESS at present, viz: two stories and a cellar, each 90 feet deep and 15 feet wide. This will give us more than 8,000 square feet of floor space which should be sufficient for some time.

Mr. Quigley's Book.

Mr. Quigley's book is out—*Ipsa, Ipsa; Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsa: which?* and a handsome volume it is. It is quite evident that the author has spent much time and money upon its production, and the book will without doubt be considered as most valuable by students of the Bible for the copious and correct extracts from such undoubted authorities as Mr. Quigley has consulted. Those who followed the controversy in the *Globe*, will not fail to be interested in Mr. Quigley's Rebutter which appears in the book. It will, perhaps, be regretted that Rev. Father Davenport's letters could not have found a place in the same work, but that would have necessitated two volumes, for Mr. Quigley's letters alone make a book of nearly 500 pages. It is for sale at Mr. T. O'Brien's.

The Last of the Series.

Next Wednesday there will be some more delightful Mother Goose tableaux at St. Paul's Sunday school. As this is the last of the series everyone should go and take their children. Performance will begin at eight.

A Desirable Store To Let.

Any person desirous of renting the store at present occupied by Turner & Finlay, King St. will kindly apply at their office, 12 King St.

Not Till Next Week.

The prize cartoon plate, which did not arrive in time for this issue, will appear next week.

MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME.

City Girls Who frequent the Depot and Monopolize the Bath Room.

Officers Stevens and Collins are very unpopular with the fair sex, especially that part of it represented by the girls who loiter around the depot. When it is remembered that the girls run up into the hundreds, it will be seen how very unpopular the officers are. In former times it used to be the boys and men who loitered in the depot that made life a burden to the officers, but the girls seem to be even more successful in this respect than the men and boys ever were. They make themselves perfectly at home in the depot, make their toilets in the bath room, and monopolize the rocking chair, which is generally supposed to be for the exclusive use of travelers not in the best of health. But travelers receive no consideration when the city girls have charge, and strangers who see them must be fully impressed with the large number of women who travel through St. John, if they base their calculations on the crowds in the waiting rooms. Indeed, the depot has had so many callers of late that the officers have become very active in order to receive them, but they are not as hospitable, perhaps, as the girls would like.

The girls have their opinions of officer Collins, however, and some of them are not backward in telling him just what they think. The officer has also an opinion in regard to the girls, which has been made stronger than ever since he discovered the rocking chair in the bath room in a demolished condition.

"Not Up to Their Expectations."

"The young lad here," writes PROGRESS Amherst correspondent, "who won the highest prize offered by the *Queen Magazine* was notified that they could not fulfil their agreement, as the response to their offer was not large enough to enable them to pay it. The lad died of consumption on the 12th instant. There are several persons in town who have been pretty well duped, not only in forwarding their dollars, but also the extra call of twenty-five cents to pay for paper, knives, and spoons, etc. I fail to see anything in the scheme but fraud, and think it should be denounced in the strongest terms."

She Wanted to be Sure.

An incident occurred in a drug store the other day that will perhaps explain how mistakes are made which sometimes make it very unpleasant for the victim. A child was sent to buy a preparation in common use, but the druggist happened to be out, and the woman in the store did not know the article wanted when she saw it. She was anxious to make the sale, however, and showed the child several mixtures, asking her if they looked like what she wanted. But the little one was cautious, and did not want to buy from one so inexperienced, especially in a drug store, and went out of the store, saying she would call again when the druggist was in.

What the Shamrocks are Doing.

The Shamrocks are feeling extremely good this week, since the pennant arrived. They say it is a beauty, and large enough for anything. Just now the annual bazaar is absorbing the attention of the club members. They expect to make it a greater success this year than ever. There is also some activity noticeable at the ball grounds, where cinders are being got in readiness for operations in the spring. The Shamrocks say they will have the finest cinder path in the country, and the proceeds of the bazaar will be principally devoted to this purpose.

Locked in the Sample Room.

A commercial traveller who found himself locked in the Victoria Hotel sample rooms, across the street, attracted some attention from people going up and down King street, Wednesday evening. But he did not receive the recognition he probably wished for, as it was some time before anybody manifested enough interest to liberate him. The window was frozen, so that he could not open it, but several persons who heard him pounding at it were curious enough to enquire into the matter and let him out of bondage.

Chats with Correspondents.

MUM, Chatham. Too late.

MIKE, Shediac. Our regular correspondent will soon be on hand again. Thank you for your offer.

TO A NUMBER OF CORRESPONDENTS. Be sure that your letters are mailed in such time that they will arrive in St. John Wednesday night, or early Thursday morning.

CHATTER BOX. There is no necessity to pay for the insertion of society paragraphs in PROGRESS. We are glad to print any news of that nature without charge. Send it in, but be sure and send your name at the same time.

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

THE CAPTAIN BOUNCED.

NO LONGER A MEMBER OF THE ORANGE LODGE.

But the Chief has Joined the Odd Fellows as an Offset—The Societies Going Back on the "Truthful Captain"—Not Anxious to be Identified with Him.

Men in public positions usually connect themselves with an influential body of some kind or other, and the chief of police is no exception. He joined the Odd Fellows Thursday evening. Up to a few months ago, it was unnecessary for him to join any society in order to have the force represented. Capt. Rawlings represented enough societies for the whole inner circle at the police station. But that was before the societies found out what kind of a man the truthful captain was. When they got information on this point, he received some consideration, and although the doings of secret societies are kept from the public as much as possible, the members of them do not seem to be anxious to own Captain Rawlings as a member of the order, and the action taken has become generally known.

Captain Rawlings was a free mason last summer. He is not a member of that order now. Captain Rawlings was an orangeman this fall, but he is very anxious to find out, at present, whether he is still considered as such. And he will get all the information he wants before very long.

He joined the orange order many years ago, but his name was dropped from the books. About fifteen months ago he connected himself with Orange Lodge, No. 3, but the members now wish he had not taken the trouble to do this, as it has caused some uneasiness.

They say that his actions during the past few months have cast a reflection on the order. Men belonging to it are supposed to have a sense of honor. This appeared to be lacking in Capt. Rawlings. His brother Orangemen think that he willfully tried to injure innocent men, some of whom sat in the lodge room with himself. Capt. Rawlings probably does not care what his brother orangemen think. He does not draw his salary from them. He is still a member of the I. O. O. F., but how long he will continue as such remains to be seen. A number of the members of that body have intimated what stand they will take if Captain Rawlings comes up for consideration, and it is quite probable, if a motion is made in this direction, that truthfulness will not be represented on horseback in the next procession.

The chief was probably aware of all this and was anxious to take time by the forelock, and joined the oddfellows before the police force was without any representative whatever in the secret societies.

Not The Man But The Recommendation.

One of the applicants for a position on the police force, a short time ago was a man named Samples. He is a very fine looking man of good stature and build, and no fault could be found with him, until he was asked his age. Samples said he was 37; and that dashed all his hopes of ever getting on the force. He was too old. The regulations distinctly said that no one over 35 years of age should be engaged as a policeman, and Samples was made aware of this fact. Not very long after this another man made application. It is said that he was recommended by a North End alderman. He got the position, and is now on the force. Whether he was asked any questions in regard to his age is a matter that is puzzling a good many people interested in the police, for it is said that policeman Gilson will never see 40 again, and has not seen it for many a day. No doubt he was recommended by the right man.

Keep Cool and Quiet.

A worthy and well known citizen of Moncton has written a long and somewhat personal account of a recent meeting of St. George's congregation. He began by calling it "noteworthy, amusing, interesting and exciting," and then proceeds to describe the people who were there rather than the proceedings of the meeting. The strangers who were present seemed to have a red rag influence upon him and he castigated them unmercifully for their audacity at doing aught but look on. He dubs one member of the assembly, a "whiskered apology for a man" and another as "ungainly, overgrown and awkward." In addition to all these he comments upon the lack of genuine oratory of some, and the "pantomimic performances of others." The only man who gets a compliment is the chairman. There was nothing in the letter to indicate that the author has ever written to the newspapers before. If it was his first attempt it would not be a bad idea for him to abandon any further efforts in that direction for a time.

To Try It Together.

Messrs. John McKelvey and William McAnulty have gone into partnership. They have the reputation of being splendid workmen, and being well known, should do a fine business.

THEY CAN'T HEAR THE ALARM.

Residents in the Valley Cannot Tell When There is a Fire.

The majority of the residents in the neighbourhood of the Valley, complain that excepting in a very few cases can they hear the fire alarm, and as many of them are business men, having places of business in various parts of the city, a fire may be near their shop and factory and the owners would not readily hear any alarm.

Fires have frequently occurred in the vicinity of Winter street and in Paradise Row, and residents living near by would not know of it until some time afterwards. The horn on Parks' cotton factory was very often sounded during the night time when a fire was known to be in that vicinity. An alarm bell is needed, and years ago a movement was started with the intention of petitioning the city of Portland council to take some action in the matter, but the scheme fell through.

Where are the two old fire bells that were standing, one on Smyth street and the other on Brussels street? One of them, if in possession of the city, would no doubt meet the requirements of the residents of Victoria ward. It is quite true that the engine house is in this ward, and when the alarm is sounded for fire in any portion of the North End, the firemen of No. 4 engine house, City road, respond, but no one outside of the engine room can hear the alarm, excepting when the wind is in a favorable quarter, when the faint mixed-up strains of the united big gongs are heard. Somebody ought to agitate the matter. It might be well for the voters in Dufferin and Victoria wards to bring the matter up for consideration, before the aldermanic elections.

He Fools the Machine.

The penny-in-the-slot machine at the depot is no longer able to protect itself. Although it sometimes manages to get the best of unsuspecting persons with genuine money, and refuses to give an equivalent in gum, it is no match for the small boys, who loiter about the depot. The news agents are getting a fine collection of old and curious coins without much effort, but when people go to the trouble of making lead cents for the purpose of fooling the machine and adding to the collection, it is evident to some people that the managers take a remarkable interest in seeing the collection turn out a success. One young fellow, however, takes no interest in the old coin part of the show. He devotes all his energies to the machine, and with the aid of a pin manages to get all the gum he wants. The agency people would like to know who this young gentleman is.

Last Sunday Made Him Incredulous.

At Sunday school (last Sunday).
Teacher—Where do good people go when they die?
A profound silence.
"Can nobody tell me?"
"I used to know, but I don't believe what they told me," said the little boy in the back seat.
"Why Willie, what made you change your opinion?"
"Because, I used to think they went to heaven, but I guess they wouldn't if they lived in this city."
"Why?"
"Because, how could they get up through the wires?"

A Small Piece of Business.

One of the little girls who collected money for the banquet held by the Salvation army this week, had an unpleasant experience on her rounds. In one of the stores she entered, on Charlotte street, a man whom she asked to subscribe, amused himself for a time by making fancy sketches of nothing in particular all over her subscription card, and wound up by tearing the card to pieces and not giving anything.

They Counted the Congregation.

Many of those who went to church last Sunday seem to have taken more interest in arithmetic than they did in the service, judging by the number who could tell exactly how many people were present at the church they attended. Exmouth street church was an exception in this respect, Sunday evening. It is said the reason was, because it was too dark to see the people at the other side of the chureh.

All the Work of Amateurs.

A number of the members of the Society of St. Joseph are rehearsing an Irish drama, by a St. John man, which they expect to present at the Institute about the 17th of March. There are a number of good amateurs in the company, and the play is said to have some strong features.

A Prohibitory Clause.

Another carnival will be held at the Palace rink Tuesday evening, and the managers hope to make it even a greater success than the last. It has been decided to keep all suits of cheap batting material off the ice, and the introduction of checks in connection with the cloak room, should meet with satisfaction.