

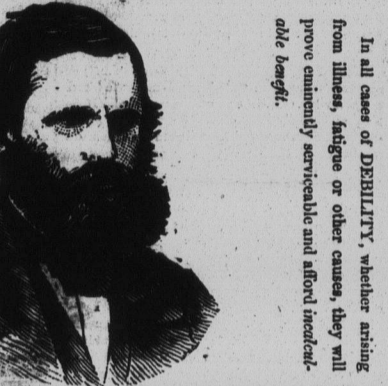
Carpet Warerooms,
NG STREET.

want of Handsome Carpets,
moleums, or House Furnish-
n select from the Largest
me Provinces.

PRICES!
m - 30c. per yard.
- \$1.00

A. O. SKINNER.
ish Tonic Bitters!

BITTERS have been long found to be most
DIGESTION, DISEASE OF THE LIVER
IRRITABILITY OF THE BOWELS.



170 City Road, St. John, N. B.
T. B. BARKER & SONS, Wholesale Agents.

place in the Bank of Nova Scotia. Mr. Munroe is
making friends, but few are so well liked as Mr.
Anderson was in his position.

Our skating rink was sold on Wednesday, under a
power of sale in a mortgage held by Hon. Richard
Hutchinson, and was bought by Mr. Wm. Murray.

Mr. W. C. Whitaker, of St. John, visited her
relatives here this week, and returned home on
Tuesday night.

Children's heads done up equal to new, at
Unger's Steam Laundry.

Commercial Buildings.
NOW FOR THE GREAT RUSH!

ALL ARE INVITED TO VISIT OUR STORE
WHERE
Goods are all Sold Cheap and Good!

Everything New and Fashionable in the
DRY GOODS LINE, at
No. 9 KING STREET.

J. W. MONTGOMERY
"Rich are Rare were the Gems She Wore."

NEW GOODS IN NEW DESIGNS.
A SLENDID LOT OF FINE
Gold and Silver WATCHES and
JEWELRY,

W. TREMAINE GARD,
No. 81 King Street,
and are ON EXHIBITION, and offered at
very LOW PRICES to Cash customers.

Also: A fine lot of choice selected DIAMONDS
(new London cut), set in Beautiful Styles, or as
suggested in any form, on the premises.

The early advertiser catches the
Summer Boarder.
It will only cost you 50 cents to
insert a 10-line statement of the advan-
tages you can offer to guests.
It will pay. Try it.

VOL. II, NO. 59

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

THE PEOPLES VERDICT.

CHAS. A. EVERETT TO REMAIN A
PRIVATE CITIZEN.

Not Wanted for Mayor—Mr. Barker's Great
Majority—Incidents of the Day—Mr. Saun-
derson's Vote—The Great Debate and the
Greater Kelly—Speeches.

It was a great day for the hustlers—a
glorious day and a sweeping triumph for
the voters and workers for George A.
Barker. It was a day of happiness for
hundreds whose votes helped to swell the
heap that buried Everett. It was a last
chance, a final opportunity to record their
opinion, and they took great satisfaction in
filling the ballot boxes with bitter votes.

It was a dull day for Mr. Everett and Mr.
Thorne, and all who rallied around them,
and it was a great day for "the rogues and
blackguards," as a prominent Conservative
called the 2,000 and more voters who sup-
ported Barker.

Four o'clock soon came around, and all
was excitement. There were wide smiles
on the faces of the Barker crowd, and the
anxious looks of their opponents gave
them considerable fun. It was not a
question of who is elected, but what was
Barker's majority. And as the news came
in, "the rogues and blackguards" took
possession of the town in a quiet, orderly
fashion. They lined the streets and
squares, and smiled and laughed, and
cracked many a joke at the expense of the
"eminently respectable" candidate and his
friends. But there were no hard feelings.

Even many of those who voted for Everett
seemed glad of Barker's election. Only a
few stories of the day would fill a book,
and it would be good reading. One of the
earliest and best came from Victoria ward
where Walker Frink was the commissioner.
Of course it was a case of personation and
manager Saunderson of the Bank of Nova
Scotia was the victim. The proceedings of
his bank against Mr. Barker had made him
the centre of considerable dislike, and some
clearing spirit walked into the polling booth
and gave his name as Saunderson. (What
could Mr. Frink do? It was not his place
to object, and then no representative of
Mr. Everett did so. Mr. Saunderson was
voted. A few minutes later the genial
manager walked in accompanied by Mr.
Barton Gandy.

"Your name please," said the commis-
sioner.
"George Saunderson," was the reply.
"You have voted, sir," said the commis-
sioner.
"Why, no! I haven't been here before."
"But your name is voted."
Then the fun began. Mr. Saunderson
was mad. So was Mr. Gandy. But the
name of the former had been voted and that
was the end of it. Mr. Gandy was so
disgusted that he would not vote. The
scene created quite a breeze in the ward,
and very soon the story was all over the
city. It was too good to keep.

Mr. Saunderson went to his office and
wrote the commissioner demanding the
real name of the man who had voted his
name. Mr. Frink replied that he never
or then did he know the man who voted
him.
An hour or so later, Common Clerk
Peters walked into the poll. "Mr. Com-
missioner, one moment, please." Mr.
Frink was there in a minute. "I am told,"
said Mr. Peters, "that you permitted Mr.
Saunderson to be personated this morning.
How was this?"
"I believe he was personated," said Mr.
Frink, "but it was not my place to inter-
fere. I opened the poll in due form, and
the representatives of the candidates were
present. It was their place to object, not
mine." Mr. Peters went away.

Another little incident in the same ward
was the sudden conversion of John J.
Forrest to the interests of Everett. He
was a Barker man a day or two before, but
at the polls he represented his opponent.
Here it was that the government influence
was felt, for when government employees
around the railway and the yard came in
they were all for Everett and he was
elected.

Mr. J. A. S. Mott and Mr. Sydney B.
Patterson heard the returns at the Court
house. They were quite cool, and calm.
Not a ruffle disturbed the sphinx-like coun-
tenance of Mr. Patterson, nor did the moon-
shaped visage of his companion reflect any
disappointment, and when they counted
Mr. Barker's majority of 686 they were
without doubt unanimous in the opinion
that they couldn't have run worse them-
selves.

Boss Kelly met his match in Dufferin
ward. He admitted the fact when he said,
"I was never watched so closely before."
Barker men expected to see Dufferin ward
give Everett a big round majority, but it
was only 22. The boss had the valuable
aid of all the bosses of the cotton factory
and Harris car works. "Jimmy" Kelly
and "Amy" Moore looked after Mr.
Barker's interests. They knew the odds
against them and worked hard, and a
genuine cheer greeted them when they
entered Berryman's hall. Kelly was
excited. He brought dead heads in with
flowing colors, but they were challenged,
and, turning on their heels, walked out
again.

"Jimmy" Kelly got a dozen messages
from people outside, who wanted to see
him, but he didn't stay out long enough to
give the boss a headache time to vote.
Then he got on to the trick of people
sending in to ask for James Kelly, and
watched Everett's man more closely.
John Kelly walked into the booth, with
Mr. John Dornian on his arm. Mr. Dor-
nian is a junkman, and was going to vote
for Mr. Everett.

"How do you do?" said James Kelly,
as Mr. Dornian entered the room, and the
boss left him for a moment.
"How do you do, Mr. Kelly?" said Mr.
Dornian. "I always vote on the same
side, don't you?"
"I do what I do," said the popular
tailor; "let me see your ballot. Ah,
that's the thing," and he took the ballot
and returned the voter one of Mr. Bar-
ker's. Mr. Dornian voted for Mr. Barker
and, probably, don't know it yet.

Mr. Alcorn is an old man and a voter
in Dufferin ward. Boss Kelly linked him
in also. The other Kelly asked Mr. Al-
corn how he did, and the two were unani-
mous on all points, especially on the fact
that they both voted the same ticket.
James Kelly thought this last statement
might not be strictly correct, but he wanted
to make it so. He took an Everett ballot
out of Mr. Alcorn's coat pocket and put
in one of Mr. Barker's, which eventually
found its way into the ballot box.

"There's one of your ballots," said the
tailor to the boss, a short time afterwards.
"Where did you get it?"
"Out of Mr. Alcorn's pocket."
"And I didn't see you?" said Boss Kelly
in surprise. It acted upon him like an
electric shock.

There was considerable excitement when
Mr. George Davis entered the polling
booth. He felt the effect of the contest
and wasn't as cool as a cucumber. He
burst out at once with: "I don't think
they're using you right here, Jimmy!
John Kelly, you're a boodler!"
"Mr. Davis," shouted the boss, excitedly,
"you've said enough. You don't vote
in this ward, and have no business here."
"Put me out," roared Davis, flourishing
his arms in a startling way. "You can't
do it. I'm in the Queen's service; I am
clerk of the county court and you can't
put me out."

Then "Jimmy" Kelly gave him the
names of some voters to hunt up, and he
left the booth.
Jacob Kemp was probably the maddest
voter in Dufferin ward. When he gave
his name to the clerk, he was informed
that he had already voted. Mr. Kemp
was furious. "What does this mean?"
he demanded of "Jimmy" Kelly.
"Why man," said the tailor, "you were
voted before you were out of your bed."
The speeches at Berryman's hall were
merely to kill time, for nobody seemed
willing to leave the place. After Mr. Bar-
ker had spoken and was cheered to the
echo, James Gordon Forbes advanced like
a dancing professor, hat and cane in hand,
and through his spectacles at the electric
light and triumphantly told how they had
snatched Col. Blaine and the rest of them
under one vote in Duke's. Then S. S.
DeForest said he was proud and happy,
but tired—he had met Mr. Turnbull
(laughter and applause). Mr. Turnbull
had told him he was sorry Mr. Barker was
elected; indeed, he was surprised at the
young men of St. John. And the young
men fairly went wild over Mr. Turnbull's
surprise. They seemed glad of it.

The crowd had a great laugh on D.
Charlton. The banker, he was
standing near the platform with his coat on
his arm and hat in hand, when calls came
from all parts of the hall for him to speak.
He didn't want to, and smiled as he
thought how easily he was going to escape
from the hall. There was a door just be-
hind him, and he made for it. But the
door was locked, and no effort of his could
open it. The crowd grasped the situation
in a moment and laughed long and loud.
The speakers all told of the money and
great odds that had been against them.
Men who had never taken part in elec-
tion before, left their counting houses and
worked hard all day for Everett. Opposi-
tion had sprung up at times and in places
where it was not expected, and when all
these things were told to the crowd, it
cheered the louder. It was a great victory.

WILL THE PIRATE COME?

PICKERING SAID TO BE INVITED
BY THE SHAMROCKS TO
TO UNPIRE THE OPENING GAMES ON THEIR
GROUNDS—WHAT RECEPTION WILL HE GET?
WAGG'S PORTRAIT—MONCTON'S UMPIRE—
THE FREDERICTON RACES.

The rather startling information comes
from Halifax that the Shamrocks of this
city, have asked Pickering on what terms
he would umpire the opening games on
their grounds on July 1 and 2. An ac-
quaintance of the plying umpire in Hal-
ifax writes to a gentleman residing here,
that Pickering replied that he would do
the work for \$40. He says that the news of
the offer was a great surprise to Halifax
ball tossers. They cannot quite make up
their minds as to its genuineness, and the
parties interested keep very dark about it.
"There is a feeling in Halifax that Pickering
would lead a bad half hour in St. John
if he ever put foot on a base ball diamond.
The feeling here (in Halifax) is bitter



A. P. WAGG.

enough, but what must it be in St. John.
If Pickering has any friends, the best ad-
vice they can give him is to keep away
from New Brunswick capital.
Well, this is a go. Pickering invited to
St. John! What would the effect be?
Would the Shamrocks have one great jeer-
ing, hissing audience, or would the people
desert such an exhibition? PROGRESS can
tell him that while the old National feeling
toward the Socials is not of the friendliest
nature at present, they don't hesitate when
speaking of the "pirate." They want just
one chance at him, and only one.

But for the credit of the Shamrocks Pas-
sage here there is nothing in the report.
The club is very close about its doings,
giving little, if anything, for publication.
All inquiries about an umpire failed to
elicit any information on the subject.
There is a spirit of fair play however, about
all St. John audiences, and they would
rather not believe such a report. If the
arrangements for Pickering are not con-
cluded drop them. Such a move must be
very unpopular.

The entire town just now is suffering
from the worst attack of base ball fever
that can be imagined, writes Cecil Gwynne
of Moncton. Everyone has it; the very
babies learn to talk in "curves," and the
fragments of talk one overhears on the
street, consist almost entirely of "first
base," "94 innings," "short stop," and
"pitcher." The grand stand is crowded
with ladies at every game, and they sit
patiently through the afternoon in the hot
sun, and often in a Scotch mist, and really
cry as if they enjoyed it. The roller rink
crazes was not to be mentioned in the same
breath.

The enterprise of the Fredericton Trotting
association is shown in this issue when they
advertise races for July 1, offering purses
amounting to \$850. St. John men will
no doubt look into the 2.40 class and see
what they can do in it. The meet at St.
Stephen is July 4 and some might find it
convenient to take in both events. But the
Fredericton event will get the first attention.
The local race, PROGRESS learns, is causing
a good deal of excitement in the capital,
where every man almost who likes a fast
horse has a good one. Green horses and
drivers with road wagons cannot fail to
make an interesting contest. The Northern
and Western railway has consented to issue
excursion tickets from June 29, good to
return until July 2, and horses coming by
that line will pay but one rate. This is an
advantage to owners and riders that
cannot be overestimated. [Other lines of
railways and the steamboats are expected to
give the same inducements, and if they do
Fredericton should have a gala day on the
1st.

Perhaps the greatest surprise of the last
ten days has been the firm front of Mon-
cton—the great ball tossers of the railway
town. Bates went down before the new
club, with Wagg, and Larrabee at the
battery, and that night Monctonians went
crazy, for had not Bates dined St. John's
crack club the day before? What did it
mean? It means a great fight for the
Spaulding pennant and nothing else. But
Don't read Hunter, Hamilton & McKay's
Advertisements, five columns, last page.

WHY DO THEY DO IT SO?

HALIFAX PEOPLE WHO GET MAR-
RIED IN MONCTON.

Because the Archbishop's Marriage Laws
Concerning the Union of Catholics and
Protestants Are Very Strict—A Later In-
cident to Record.

MONCTON, N. B., June 12.—Not many
weeks since, I spoke on the subject of Bos-
ton, viewed as an eligible spot for Cat-
holics to get married in, a sort of Mecca
for matrimonially inclined pilgrims. It has
struck me forcibly lately that a few words
might be written on the same subject with
regard to Moncton, which is certainly, as
one of the local papers recently remarked,
"if not the hub of the universe, at least
one of the most convenient spots in the
world for everything."

I verily believe that if one had time to
visit Moncton station as each train came in,
they would meet every friend and acquain-
tance they had ever known in the course of
a year. Everybody comes here, sooner or
later. They have to. You start for every-
where from Moncton, and when you come
back from that indefinite territory, you
have to pass through Moncton to get home.
It is both a junction and a terminus; hence
it offers peculiar advantages to those who
are desirous of terminating a solitary ex-
istence by marriage, that happiest junction
of two lives. But what has been puzzling
my massive intellect, of late, is just why
Moncton should be so frequently chosen by
those who are marrying against the ex-
pressed orders of their spiritual pastors
and masters.

A short time ago his grace Archbishop
O'Brien promulgated an edict—that, I be-
lieve, is the correct term—that no member
of the Church of Rome should marry out-
side the church. Such marriages would
be distinctly regarded as illegal, and
would never be recognized by the church.
Now, without being exactly a papal bull,
this was a dilemma, with very decided
horror. They were so sharp and so flexible
that they caught you whichever way you
turned, and no matter how strong a fence
you tried to build across the matrimonial
pasture they tore it to pieces. Mixed
marriages, like the heathen Chinese,
must go. Mother church would not have
any stray lambs in her fold, unless they
came to stay. And immediately every
Roman Catholic who had never thought of
such a thing before, was consumed with a
desire to marry a Protestant: forbidden
fruit is so sweet.

The inclination to do those things which
we ought not to do seemed especially pre-
valent in Halifax, and during the past year
or so three young people moving in the
highest circles of Halifax society have come to
the railway hub to take their life partners, and
disobey their spiritual guides.
First, Miss Kenny, of Halifax, accom-
panied by a party of relatives and friends,
came to Moncton, some two years ago, and
was married, at the Brunswick hotel, to
Major Will, of Halifax; and as the bride
was the Roman Catholic in this case, the
ceremony was performed by the Rev.
Father Meahan.

Last November, Dr. Murphy, son of the
prominent engineer of Nova Scotia, was
married in Moncton to a young Halifax
lady, the wedding taking place in St.
George's, Church of England. The cere-
mony was performed by the rector, as no
Roman Catholic priest will marry a male
member of his flock to a Protestant.
And last week the following notice ap-
peared in the local papers:

Last evening there were registered at the "Brun-
swick" the vice-consul of Italy, at the port of Hal-
ifax, and the vice-consul of Spain, their object being
the consummation of one of those always welcome
social events which never fail to excite interest.
The contracting parties will be Mr. W. Y. Fisher, vice-
consul of Italy, and Miss Henright of Halifax. The
wedding will take place in the English church this
morning at nine o'clock.

The bride was accompanied by a number
of relatives and friends, and the groom by
his sister and best man; and, altogether,
the occasion seemed a very happy one.
But the question that arises in my mind,
is this: Can such happiness last? when the
foundation on which it is built is so ob-
viously shaky. The marriage is illegal in
Nova Scotia, and in the eyes of the church
in which he was born and brought up the
man is a bachelor, and therefore his wife is
unmarried. Naturally the would scarcely
be received into the society in which her
husband has been accustomed to move, or
worse still, she would be received on
sufferance, and her position must be
a most uncomfortable one. Then her
husband and she hold different
opinions on a most vital point—for it is
astonishing the amount of virulence the
most law-abiding Christian will bring to bear
on a religious discussion, just when you
least expect it, and here is a most fruitful
source of discord at the very outset. And
—but I must close. The pages of PROGRESS
are not all mine.

DO NOT LET YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRE.

Every subscriber is notified in advance,
and the only reason for the absence of
PROGRESS will be in the absence of a
Dollar in advance.

but the more I have written, the more con-
vinced I have become of the utter futility
of my task. Oppressions followed, bur-
dened the gates of the internal regions, and if
Love could do that thousands of years ago,
I suppose it is pretty much the same in the
nineteenth century, and all the newspaper
correspondents between this and—Halifax
will not succeed in hindering him from
coming to Moncton, or anywhere else, that
he pleases to select, when he wants to get
spliced against the wishes of his religious
superiors.

"Where the midge darts not venture,
Lest he offend the lay,
If Love come, he will enter
And find out the way."
GROFFERY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

BE PROTESTS AGAINST THEM.
Mr. George R. Craigie Has Something to
Say to the Council.

In its account of the civic elections, last
week, PROGRESS mentioned a personation
incident to Stanley ward, and the scene that
followed. It appears that the matter is not
settled yet, for Mr. Craigie has filed the
following document with common clerk
Peter:

To the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of St. John,
In Common Council convened:
I, George R. Craigie, do declare that John Jeffrey,
a resident of Stanley ward, in the city of St. John
did wilfully, on the fourth day of June, 1889, be-
tween the hours of eight a.m. and four p.m., vote
and personate my wife, William Cunningham, a
qualified elector in Stanley ward, in the city of St.
John.

And that Daniel O'Neil, acting as sheriff in said
ward, did receive and deposit the said corrupt
ballot in the ballot box.
And I also declare that the said John Jeffrey in
the presence of Daniel O'Neil, (sheriff), George R.
Craigie (candidate for alderman of Stanley ward),
Geo. W. Craft and Eileen Giggery (qualified electors
of said ward), did openly confess that he did vote
and personate my wife, William Cunningham, by bal-
lot, at the instance and bidding of John Connor,
which ballot was duly received and deposited by
Daniel O'Neil.

I therefore protest against the action of John Con-
nor and John McFarlick, as aldermen of Stanley
ward, on the ground that the ballots returned and
counted were not deposited by the qualified electors
of the ward. (Signed,) GEO. R. CRAIGIE.

He Will Have to Wait.
A young man visiting this city from the
United States is in difficulty. Before
leaving for St. John he gave a friend in-
structions to send him a sum of money by
post office order, and the order having been
sent, he called at the post office a few days
ago to collect the amount. But he didn't
get the money. The order was made pay-
able to the name of the street on which he
is stopping, with his initials before it. His
one consolation is that there is nobody of
the name formed by the combination in
town, and the order is not likely to be
cashied.

Hard and Fast, This Time.
The almshouse has always proved more
popular as a winter than a summer resort.
The poet Phillips favors winter. He is
content to live as a Courtenay bay while
the weather is cold, but when the summer
comes he longs to wander through the
streets, write poetry and drink whiskey.
To the delight of every merchant in town
Mr. Phillips cannot do as he would like to.
The last time he was before the police
magistrate he was sent to the almshouse
for three months, and now whenever Mr.
Phillips is found in town he is promptly ar-
rested and sent across the bay again.

They Were Satisfied.
Among the ladies brought to one polling
booth at the mayor's election were two
whose taxes were not paid. That fact was
not discovered until the coach had gone
for them and it was too late to recall it.
Their feelings would have been hurt if the
commissioner had told them them the
truth, so when they came a bystander in
the booth called their names, accepted their
ballots and the ladies retired, satisfied that
they had voted. The little deception was
certainly courteous.

German Accordeons at McArthur's Book
store.

He Was Missing His Moustache.
A well dressed lady entered Queen's
ward polling booth, Tuesday morning,
gave the name of a qualified voter and
voted. She looked like a woman, she
spoke like a woman, walked like a woman
and for all the uninitiated knew was a
female. But she wasn't. She had
shaved off his moustache, borrowed a neat-
fitting dress and personated a woman voter.

Who Are you going to vote for, Mr.
—?" asked a gentleman of a well-
known undertaker. "Mr. Barker or Mr.
Everett?"

"Ah-h," responded the undertaker,
slowly, "both of the gentlemen are cus-
tomers of mine and I vote by ballot!"

For Alderman, James Gordon Forbes.
When the ballots were being counted in
Duke's the returning officer started the
crowd by saying, "James Gordon Forbes
for alderman." The intelligent elector had
got in his work that time, but it was a
week too late—for Mr. Forbes.

Prayer Books and Bibles, for men, for
women, at McArthur's Book store.