

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.  
Every Boy in the Province  
CAN EARN IT EASILY AND QUICKLY.  
READ THE ARTICLE ON PAGE 6.

# PROGRESS.

MONEY AND EXPERIENCE  
Will be gained and nothing lost by the boys  
who enter  
"PROGRESS" PRIZE COMPETITION.  
Read the article on 6th page.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## THEY ALL TAKE A DRINK

AND SURROUND THEIR LANGUAGE  
WITH FLOWERY RHETORIC.  
It cannot apply to all—The Exceptions  
Have Forced Themselves into Promi-  
nent—The Hardly Used Railway Men-  
Annoying Incidents.

I have already made the remark that  
Moncton is in some respects a remarkable  
place. Amongst its other striking features  
the one that impresses a stranger most is  
the surprising amount of liquid refreshment  
required to keep up the physical tone of  
the place. "Everybody plays ball," has  
I think become a national byword; but  
should the thriving town on the banks of  
the limpid Petitcodiac ever be surrounded  
by a wall, there should certainly be en-  
graved over the chief gateway the words,  
"Everybody takes a drink!" It would be  
such a convenience for strangers, for then  
would the bibulous be inclined to be able  
to tell, at a single glance, that they had  
found the Utopia of their dreams, and that  
for them the wilderness contained a Zoar.

Next among our little peculiarities the  
stranger will notice, if he is of an observ-  
ing turn of mind, that the average Moncton-  
ian surrounds his speech with a great  
many flowers of rhetoric, in the way of  
strong expressions. In fact, the rising  
generation have attained such an extra-  
ordinary proficiency in this direction that a  
Texas cowboy would blush with shame in  
their presence and acknowledge himself  
beaten on his own ground. To illustrate:  
Not very long ago I was returning, in com-  
pany with a friend, from making an even-  
ing call. It was only 9 o'clock, but the  
side streets were very quiet, and suddenly  
on the balcony a man was borne the sound  
of some one talking, and very evidently en-  
gaged in conversation with themselves, and  
in another moment, an independent citizen  
came in sight, who had evidently been  
celebrating some anniversary. He had  
wisely taken the centre of the street, and it  
was none too wide for him. My friend  
and I were perfectly willing that he should  
have it all. So we passed hurriedly and  
silently by. Just as we came up to him,  
he stopped, steadied himself as well as he  
could, and in tones of bitterest reproach  
he ejaculated, "Ye're both of ye drunk!  
Ye're both of ye drunk!"

The true born Monctonian is also of an  
easy going turn of mind, not to say lazy,  
he is decidedly averse to all exertion which  
is not actually necessary, and he has no  
idea of overhauling himself if he can get  
any other else to work for him. I saw a  
rather striking example of this comfortable  
trait of character one hot morning last  
week. I was coming down the post office  
steps, when I noticed a number of men and  
boys running down the street in hot pursuit  
of a horse which covered buggy attachment  
which was rapidly disappearing round the  
corner. In the middle of the flight of steps  
stood a stoutly built individual with both  
hands thrust deeply into his pockets, and I  
reached the scene of action just in time to  
hear him remark: "Mine is in it? Well, it  
can just go right straight to the d—!"  
But it didn't all the same. I waited fur-  
ther developments, and so did the stout  
gentleman. And when an excited and  
peppering crowd brought the runaway  
back, its owner climbed leisurely into his  
seat, gathered up the reins, and with a cool  
"Thank ye, I'm obliged," drove serenely  
away and left the crowd to disperse at its  
own convenience.

I generally take my evening stroll in  
some of the quiet, suburban streets of this  
seething metropolis—they are better suited  
to my modest tastes than the busier haunts  
of men, and, as Charles Dickens would say,  
"I see many things." Last week I was  
taking a short cut, through a cross street,  
at the upper end of the town, when my at-  
tention was attracted by a large man who  
was throwing stones with the *cerve* and  
abandon of a boy of ten. Curious to see  
what his target was, I slackened my pace  
and watched him. The target at which he  
aimed was a very wretched looking cat,  
which did not seem to have the requisite  
strength to run away, or else it was too  
frightened. So it took sanctuary behind a  
neighboring water barrel, and this speci-  
men of "God's noblest work" pelted it  
with stones as large as his own hands,  
which were not small. He was a very  
much bigger man than I; in fact all his  
better nature seemed to have turned into  
adipose tissue; so I restrained my feelings  
and did not knock him down. But I  
watched the one-sided conflict, noticing  
that his temper had affected his aim, and  
when the cat made a successful dash for  
freedom I went my way thinking that I  
had yet to see the cat who looked as small  
as that man did. I found out afterwards  
that he was the superintendent of a Sunday  
school. I had always heard that the super-  
intendent of a Sunday school was capable  
of anything, but "to every deep there is a  
lower deep."

By the way—I understand on excellent  
authority, that the gifted chief "dreamed a  
dream" last Saturday night like Biensil,  
only he thought he was Lucretia Borgias,  
instead of a tribune of Rome. Selah!

Readers will not fail to try the "Yastanov"  
Havana Cigars, and Virginia Tobaccos.  
The best in town.

## TO BOOK ST. STEPHEN.

An Illustrated Edition of "Progress" to be  
Published About the Town.

No town in the province is advancing  
with greater strides than St. Stephen. It  
is called the live town of New Brunswick,  
and there is good reason for it. Every  
one is working for St. Stephen, and it is  
booming. So huge a fact is this that sev-  
eral well known merchants and manu-  
facturers there asked PROGRESS, not long ago,  
to give them an illustrated edition such as  
Fredericton was delighted with last fall,  
and St. John was happy over in December.

Up to this time the necessary arrange-  
ments could not be made to publish as com-  
plete an illustrated edition of the border city  
as PROGRESS wished. Nothing is done by  
halves in this paper. Work must be done  
well or not at all. It was with this idea  
that the Fredericton and St. John editions  
were undertaken, and it is not boasting to  
say that the citizens of both places were  
more than satisfied with the splendid ad-  
vertisement of the towns and themselves.

The right man has been found at last,  
and will lose no time in getting at work.  
Mr. M. McDade, so well known newspaper  
circles, is, at the request of PROGRESS,  
going to do some work during his vacation  
absence from Fredericton. He will under-  
take to furnish PROGRESS with splendid  
illustrations of St. Stephen, accompanied  
by interesting and comprehensive let-  
ter press descriptive of the city,  
—its progress, its merchants, and  
business houses. Mr. McDade can do the  
work well, PROGRESS knows, and St.  
Stephen people will see something to be  
pleased with in a few weeks.

To be more particular, the boom edition  
will be about sixteen pages, and will con-  
tain many illustrations of the city, its streets  
and public buildings, handsome private  
dwelling houses and business places. The  
same engraving firm is still doing PROGRESS'  
work and it can be relied upon to give the  
best that can be had.

New features of the edition will be an-  
nounced every week and any information  
about it will be gladly furnished by Mr.  
McDade, who will be in St. Stephen, Mon-  
day, or by the publisher.

WHO WILL BE THE CANDIDATE?  
A Meeting of the Gentlemen Who Supported  
Ex-Mayor Barker.

## DOWNRIGHT MEANNESS.

THAT IS WHAT HIS HONOR, MR.  
JUSTICE WETMORE,

Thinks of the Municipality of Queen's—He  
Has Hard Work to Get a Bottle of Ink—  
Not Economy, but Downright, Disgrace-  
ful Meanness.

Queen's county is an economical com-  
munity. So his honor Mr. Justice Wet-  
more thinks, and lost no opportunity of  
declaring at the recent session of the cir-  
cuit court.

The court house itself is a sight to be-  
hold. It is many a long year since it has  
been desecrated with paint within or with-  
out. The only decorations applied in re-  
cent years have been by the swallows that  
nest above and the rats that burrow below.  
The wind whistles through the cracks in  
the crazy old edifice, and the rain pours  
through the roof. Over the floor of the  
temple of justice itself lies a covering of  
dirty sawdust an inch or so in depth, de-  
posited many years ago. It is now redol-  
ent with tobacco juice and the fine, rich,  
alluvial soil for which Gagetown is famous.  
There are not enough seats in the court-  
room for the lawyers; most of the grand  
jury have to stand up, and the remainder  
recline on a couple of rough spruce boards;  
there is no desk for the reporter and when  
the reporter is given the chair belonging to  
the crier, the latter has to sit down on the  
platform. The petit jury has only the  
cheapest and stiffest chairs to sit in during  
the long, weary hours. There was just  
one small bottle of ink, costing three  
cents, supplied at the last session of the  
court, and neither pens nor paper. "You  
may call this economy, gentlemen," said  
the judge to the grand jury, "and no doubt  
when the next election comes around the  
gentlemen at the council board will appeal  
to your suffrages on the ground of the  
rigid economy they have practised, but I  
call it nothing else than downright, dis-  
graceful meanness."

The court-room is about half the proper  
size. The paint on the walls has long since  
been removed by the broad shoulders of  
the sturdy yeomanry who have leaned  
against them. There is a hole in the ceiling  
through which last week when the court  
opened, hung the legs of one of the spec-  
tators. A rusty old stovepipe minus sev-  
eral of the connecting joints, hangs in a  
threatening manner over the heads of the  
lawyers. There are none of the accommo-  
dations of ordinary decency about the an-  
cient edifice at all.

"You have a charming climate here in  
Gagetown, gentlemen, and a fine balmy  
breeze," said the judge, "and the best of it  
is it don't cost you anything. If it wouldn't  
be too much expense to the county, Mr.  
Sheriff, I'd like to have a pitcher of water  
brought in."

## THE I. C. R.'S ENGINEER.

A Pen Portrait of the Popular Official,  
Mr. Archibald.

It is rather hard to determine the exact  
order of precedence among the mighty ones  
of the I. C. R. But I think I shall be  
tolerably correct in saying that next to the  
chief comes Mr. Archibald, chief engineer  
of the Intercolonial.

Shakespeare said that brevity was the  
soul of wit, so if I wished to be merely  
witty I would simply say that Mr. Archi-  
bald was the direct opposite of Mr. Pot-  
tinger, in every respect, and then lay down  
my pen secure of fame. But that would  
scarcely be doing justice to the subject of  
this sketch, who has a very distinct indi-  
viduality of his own.

Mr. Archibald, or "P. S.," as he is  
called with a sort of affectionate familiar-  
ity by "the boys" who comprise his staff,  
is a man of singularly quiet and unassum-  
ing manners, and yet, in his very quietude,  
he is one of the best known men in Moncton.  
At every public entertainment, or social  
gathering, Mr. Archibald is a familiar  
figure, always with the same air of  
quiet reserve, never talking very much, and  
seldom laughing, but interested in everything  
that goes on, and above all things keenly  
observant. Few men on the road are  
more thought of by their staff, with, per-  
haps, the exception of Mr. Cooke, of  
whom more hereafter. He has a wonder-  
ful reputation for "squareness" among  
them; and no one dreads asking a favor  
of him. If it lies in his power to grant it,  
and he sees his way clear to doing so, he  
says "yes" with cheerful alacrity; if it is  
not possible, he refuses courteously, re-  
gretfully, but firmly, and nobody feels any  
the worse. He is as well known down  
town as Mr. C. P. Harris, and that is say-  
ing a great deal, and the big, tawny  
deerhound, almost his constant com-  
panion, is as well known as either. I don't  
think the worst boy in the town would at-  
tempt to harm "Buff," and it would be  
quite as well for that boy that he shouldn't,  
for, like Mr. Sands' bull dog, "Buff" is  
thoroughly well able to take his own part.  
All the morning, and most of the afternoon,  
"Buff" and his small satellite, "Doggie,"  
are Mr. Archibald's devoted henchmen,  
but with the blowing of the 5 o'clock  
whistle their attendance ceases, and should  
Mr. Archibald be at home, their time,  
after five, is exclusively his, for that is the  
hour at which he usually takes a stroll  
down town, often accompanied by his little  
daughter Bessie, with whom he seems im-  
mensely popular.

Perhaps his general popularity among  
the townspeople at large may be partly due  
to the fact that he is the happy possessor of  
a charming wife; whereas poor Mr. Pot-  
tinger is still a lonely bachelor, with no  
loving soul to see that the turnips are free  
from lumps, and that he does not decorate  
the parlor mantelpiece with his boots.

Personally, Mr. Archibald is very pre-  
possessing, though he might not be generally  
called handsome and is quite as great a  
favorite among the fair sex as Mrs. Archi-  
bald would care to see him. He is like  
most of his colleagues, tall and well-built,  
with a florid complexion, bright, keen, blue  
eyes, and as undeniably red a beard as  
King Olaf himself. Such is the chief en-  
gineer of this mighty road, and I fear that  
my hasty sketch has hardly done him jus-  
tice. GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

## WE HAVE HIS MEMORY.

THE SUDDEN TURN IN MR. BAR-  
KER'S ILLNESS

And His Death—"Progress" Gives a Good  
Portrait of the Late Mayor For His Mem-  
orable Friends—A Generous and Popular  
Man at Rest.

It must have seemed strange to PROGRESS  
readers last Saturday morning to read of  
Mr. George A. Barker's rapid recovery,  
and to learn on the street that he was dead.  
If it had been known that PROGRESS is  
printed every Friday, at noon, and at that  
time last week, the mayor and his friends  
were anticipating an outing should the  
next day be fine, the article would not  
have appeared so much out of place.

The friend of Mayor Barker (then) was  
as glad to give PROGRESS the account of  
his fight with his grim enemy and his vic-  
tory up to that hour as the writer was to  
print it. There was no thought in the  
minds of the people, or his relatives or his  
physicians, that at midnight Friday, a  
burst blood vessel would hurry him into  
unconsciousness and death.

But it was so, and when citizens arose  
Saturday the flags at half-mast told the  
people.

ROOM THE EXHIBITION  
Merchants Taking Hold of It, and Rush-  
ing It Forward.

## ROOM THE EXHIBITION.

Merchants Taking Hold of It, and Rush-  
ing It Forward.

If the carnival is booming so is the ex-  
hibition. Quietly but surely the prepara-  
tions for the latter are going forward, and  
there is no doubt in the minds of the asso-  
ciation that when the time arrives St. John  
will be ready to show the maritime prov-  
ince, and indeed, all Canada, what can be  
done in this flourishing city in the way of  
an exhibition. The amount of stock  
taken already is so encouraging that no  
time will be lost in pushing the great show  
to the front.

The citizens are in the mood for it and  
are bound to make it so. Every merchant  
has an interest in the success of the ex-  
hibition, for it means much to the entire  
community. The association was to meet  
yesterday afternoon, after PROGRESS went  
to press, and the reports to be submitted  
were of a happy character.

A leading merchant put his shoulder to  
the wheel this week, and by personal soli-  
citation secured a large amount of stock—  
not only secured it, but collected the first  
two calls of 20 per cent. each upon it. His  
work counted over \$9000. If there were  
more like him among those who have made  
up their minds that the exhibition will be  
a great benefit to them and the city, the  
association would be prosperous at once.

The carnival is for the visitors and for  
those provincialists who can afford to at-  
tend it. The farmer cannot do this. His  
hay and other crops will want all his atten-  
tion, and the bone and sinew of the country  
will stay at home. They cannot afford  
pleasure in this month, but toward the end  
of September, or the first of October, the  
farmer and his wife and sons and daughters  
will find recreation and profit in coming to  
the exhibition. They will come to see  
and buy, and the advantage will not be one  
sided.

The Agricultural society is bent on keep-  
ing up its end of the programme, and it  
is about settled that the produce and the  
horse and cattle exhibit will be on its  
own grounds at Moosephah. The sugges-  
tion that one coupon ticket admit the vis-  
itor to both places will no doubt be carried  
out. Only one difficulty remains; how will  
the people get out to Moosephah? If half  
hour excursion trains could be arranged for  
the solution would be at hand. Probably  
something of this kind will be done.



GEORGE A. BARKER, (Late Mayor of the City.)

## AN ORDER FOR HARDWARE

Can Always Be Filled at Neill's Convenient  
and Well-stocked Store.

The leading hardware store in Frederic-  
ton is that of Mr. J. S. Neill, whose dili-  
gent attention to business has brought the  
firm to the foremost place in this important  
branch of trade. The business was started  
in 1848, so that it is one of the oldest  
houses of the city, having stood the brunt  
of business turmoil for full 40 years.

In the line of general hardware might be  
noticed all grades—builders', manufac-  
turers', mill owners and domestic—as well as  
edge tools of the best makes and the goods  
chiefly used by carriage makers and machi-  
nists. A more complete stock of cutlery  
than adorns the shelves and show cases of  
this firm, it would be hard indeed to find,  
in which is included the goods of Joseph  
Rogers & Sons, Wade & Butcher and other  
of the highest quality, while in the line of  
plated ware the firm excels itself.

Outside of the hardware department pro-  
per is the large stock of iron (bar, hoop  
and rod of all sizes) and steel, the firm  
making a specialty of these. The supply  
of sporting goods is superior to any in the  
city and at present the firm is doing a rushing  
trade in these. In the line of glass,  
cordage, putty, paints, patent oils, white  
leads and machine oils, nothing is wanting  
to make the assortment complete, and in  
all lines, indeed, Mr. Neill can supply  
goods at prices to suit every buyer.

In this city, where the large importations  
have been consulted and the large importations  
made by the firm and their splendid facili-  
ties for buying cause it to be known and  
patronized in the city and country as the  
cheapest place to buy the most reliable  
goods.

## USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

Mr. Fowler's Handsome and Well-stocked  
Jewelry Store.

No line of business is so well represented  
in the Celestial as the sale of the various  
trinkets, for use and adornment, which  
catch our eye in every jewelry store, and  
which make us wonder at the skill displayed  
in the conversion of the precious metals  
into these graceful shapes.

The leading representative there is Mr.  
J. D. Fowler whose fine show-rooms,  
stocked with solid and plated ware, jewelry,  
watches, chains, clocks and spectacles from  
the best makers, are the city's delight.  
The leading citizens, as well as the nu-  
merous visitors who throng the garden city  
every summer, patronize Mr. Fowler, and  
all agree that here is the most reliable  
place to buy a watch or any article of jew-  
elry, of which that gentleman keeps a splen-  
did assortment in the most exquisite de-  
signs. No one could desire a better place  
to buy presentation gifts or wedding pres-  
ents, the stock of plated ware in the shape  
of cake, card and fruit baskets, pitchers,  
urns, etc., being most complete, while the  
selection of rings, earrings, watch charms,  
brooches and scarf pins is suited to the  
taste of the most fastidious purchasers.

Mr. Fowler makes a specialty of repairing  
watches and clocks, this department  
being in the hands of himself and a first-  
class workman, who has been with him for  
many years; the proprietor is himself the  
best watchmaker in the city and all repair-  
ing is done in the most thorough manner.

## DON'T NEGLECT INSURANCE.

Mr. J. W. McCready Represents Two Good  
Companies.

The insurance company is now one of the  
most important monetary institutions of  
a city, its business being a combination  
of bank and insurance against risks. In  
no business has the ingenuity of man been  
so constantly applied, so that today insur-  
ance covers more ground than ever, ex-  
tends into every department of human life,  
business and property, and confers greater  
benefits upon the people than other insti-  
tutions in the country. All our people  
have seen the ruin which has been  
brought about in a few hours by the de-  
vouring element, and from raising through  
conflagrations as the St. John fire of 1877  
have come to look on the insurance com-  
pany in the light of a savings bank, run on  
the best plan, where the deposits are safe  
and bring in a better rate of interest than  
is offered by any other banking concern.

Mr. J. W. McCready is a leading in-  
surance agent in Fredericton, representing  
the principal fire and fire insurance com-  
panies, being agent for the Connecticut  
and Citizens and other first-class offices.  
Mr. McCready offers every advantage to  
insurers, and issues policies in sound, reli-  
able companies, which are prepared to  
able, when called upon, to pay every dollar  
of the risk they have incurred. A great  
feature of this agency is the promptness  
with which losses are paid, and as all risks  
are carefully inspected and allowed for  
claims are never disputed. In a word,  
those who wish to insure in a good com-  
pany, and with a reliable agent, should  
give Mr. McCready an early call.

## ENTERPRISE AND PUSH.

The Watchword of Mr. Andrew Lottimer's  
Boot and Shoe Establishment.

It would be unpardonable if, when de-  
scribing the Fredericton industries, one  
omitted mention of so important a feature  
in the city's trade as the boot and shoe  
business. The leading house in this line  
that of Mr. Andrew Lottimer, opposite the  
Normal school on Queen street. Mr. Lot-  
timer started business May 2, 1859, in the  
small store opposite the soldiers' barracks,  
now occupied by Miss Hayes as a millinery  
store, and after a successful business of  
years moved to the present stand. Mr.  
Lottimer is thus the oldest shoe dealer in  
the city and has both the largest stock and  
the largest trade in the boot and shoe line  
in the capital.

On the ground floor of the establishment  
are samples of all the stock, so that cus-  
tomers are not bothered with ascending and  
descending the stairs to make their pur-  
chases. Up stairs is filled with ready-  
stock and is used as a wholesale warehouse  
every available space being taken up with  
dozens of boots and shoes of all descriptions.  
Ladies find this the best place to get the  
buttoned boots and slippers as Mr. Lot-  
timer keeps a splendid assortment of the  
finer lines. Besides these the stock in-  
cludes lumbermen's boots, moccasins, sheep  
shoes, overboots, rubbers and rubber boots,  
while everything in the line of boys' boots,  
gentlemen's boots and slippers is embraced  
in the large and well assorted stock.

Mr. Lottimer is able to sell his goods  
cheaply as the cheapest, while his goods  
are found to give better satisfaction than  
those of any other of the local dealers.