

WNER

YEAR,

is Stock for the will be

Ever Imported

TY.

and Colorings.

'S

become a household name.

fectual. In cases of Croup

complished by it

M

iously the mother watches

and would not she give

advised of

UND

le of this Balsam.

ED.

R DINSMORE, Proprietors.

UTTY.

RR'S

is time for Stained Glass.

l Papers.

NG STREET.

ood as a Cow.

bride—How does your

is this morning, darling?

side—Just right? I tell

me to be a plebeian, but I am

all's liver. T.T.R.

side—So am I. Don't you

would be real nice and

keep a calf, then we can

or breakfast every morn-

AND

Meeting

OF THE

ernment Party

BE HELD

IN THE

'S INSTITUTE,

ON

EVENING,

7th inst.

beside the candidates,

Y G. BLAIR will be

Enterprising Business Men  
Always have attractive advertisements.  
Illustrate your announcements  
And catch the public eye.  
"Progress" Cuts are Sure to Suit You.

# PROGRESS.

Illustrate Your "Ads."  
Making them attractive will increase  
their value. Judicious advertising  
always pays. Get "Progress"  
prices for cuts.  
The Best Work of the Best Artists.

VOL. II., NO. 90.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

## YOUR CHOICE OF THE LOT

SOME OF THE COMBINATIONS OF THE RIVAL TICKETS.

Well-known Election Hustlers Who Will Come to the Front—"All Right Thinking Men," as Understood in Political Contests—A Piece of Sound Advice.  
Six shall be taken, and six shall be left. Did you ever get left?  
Face the election contest as best we may only six men can be elected to go to Fredricton, and draw \$800 for a session of hard labor in the interests of their constituents, their relatives and themselves. The other six will be elected to stay at home, mind their business and reflect that the crop that never fails is that of the blooming and perennial election liar.

Progress has a very good idea how the names will stand at the close of the poll on Monday, but as it arrived at the result only after prolonged reflection, introspection and extrapsection, it will keep the secret until it sees it verified by the figures from the polling places. In the meantime, however, it predicts that the out-parishes will show all kinds of balloons, out of which various mystic warnings may be spelled. Take, for instance, a combination like this:

- John H. Parks,
- A. A. Stockton,
- W. Shaw,
- D. McLellan,
- A. C. Smith,
- S. Alward,
- H. J. Thorne,
- W. A. Quinton,
- W. B. Carvill,
- Jam E. S. Rourke,
- H. L. Sturdee.

This would be a very extraordinary succession of names, and it is safe to say that it will not be the one shown by the returns. A very pertinent question is asked by the following combination:

- Silas Alward,
- Wm. S. H. Alward,
- James R. O. Urke,
- W. A. Quinton,
- J. H. Park S.,
- David McLellan,
- W. B. Carvill,
- Alfred Augustus Stockton,
- A. C. Smith,
- H. A. McKeown,
- H. L. Sturdee,
- Henry J. Thorne.

This sentence is purely sarcastic:  
James R. O. Urke,  
H. A. McKeown,  
W. Shaw,  
H. L. Sturdee,  
W. A. Quinton,  
A. A. Stockton,  
A. C. Smith,  
W. B. Carvill,  
H. J. Thorne,  
J. O. H. Parks,  
S. Alward,  
D. McLellan.

It will be readily seen that the list might be prolonged indefinitely, and politics make strange bed-fellows indeed in the choice of man. If PROGRESS were espousing either side this story might be made a good deal more interesting in the way of such alphabetical arrangements. Some pertinent truths might be told against the other side. The old-time groups of "all right thinking men" will probably vote as usual. By this phrase is always understood the editor of the paper which makes the remark, and the candidates whom he supports. "All right-thinking men" do more work before election day than they do after the polls are opened. They are pretty evenly distributed on both sides of politics. In fact "all right-thinking people" are very diverse views. One day they loudly condemn the government for its action in the magistrate question, and the next day they denounce Messrs. Alward and Stockton for resigning. They appear very hard to suit for more than a day at a time, but each side claims that it will get their entire vote.

The "free and independent voters, un-awed by affluence and unbribed by gain," are another important body in elections. Both sides claim their solid vote, and as there are enough of them to turn the balance in a tight election, their support is considered well worth having. Both sides are willing to offer liberal inducements to secure them.

But by far the most valuable material for the committeemen in this election is the young man who votes for the first time, and is not bigotted in favor of either side. He is so flattered when his aid and support are sought that in three cases out of five the first canvasser gets him. It is a very important thing to get a young man's first vote. It causes him to adopt a side, to which, under ordinary circumstances, he usually sticks for the rest of his life. The committeemen on both sides have realized this fact, and the standing of every new name on the list is pretty definitely settled by this time. Will there be a large vote? If there isn't there never will be in this

constituency. Everything favors a full marshalling of the forces. The lists are new, and have a very small proportion of dead and absent men on them. Indeed, it may be found on Monday that there are practically none, when the lists are checked off. Then both sides are enthusiastic not only in voting but in working. There will be a big rounding up of electors before the polls close.

There is one piece of advice which cannot be too often repeated. Vote early. It not only relieves your party's committeemen from anxiety but it prevents anybody else getting there in your name, ahead of you. It is always safe to vote early, whether it be safe to vote often or not.

### NOMINATION DAY.

The Scene at the Court House and the Ways of the Crowd.  
And now comes the great day—the day when both parties meet on common ground—that rivals the election day itself. Here the two parties mingle their enthusiasm, cheer their own men and groan at their

with the genial face held forth. How he jerked out what he had to say; and how he got up into the high notes, when he "had them solid"; and how the stout gentleman did shut his eyes and shake his fist at the gentlemen below him; and what a picture it was to see him adjusting his spectacles and hear "another county heard from"; and the water he drank, and the papers he couldn't find, and what he was going to say; and what he'd like to say, and what he'd like the throng to say, was all interesting. What a picture the candidates presented! All anxious and excited, with careworn faces, with the road to Simonds and St. Martin's drawn out on each; and the different expressions—smiles, thoughtfulness, "I'll knock that" and "a god there"—that came and went as they sat there and listened, and prompted and questioned.

And there sat the sheriff in the judge's chair, all at rest; his work done, he lets them all at it, while he sits at ease—the only man in his vicinity who wears an unconcerned look. Not so with the chairman.

### SCARCELY WORTH A NOTICE.

But This is Given Because Advertising Cannot Help It Now.

The man whose name does not appear as editor of the *Evening Gazeo*, but who acts as assistant to the "brilliant" "all-round journalist" whose name does appear, is unkind enough to say that the life of the editor of PROGRESS has been a failure. Perhaps it has. A good deal depends upon what people consider success. The hired man of the *Gazeo* has been about a third of a century in climbing to the dizzy height he now occupies, and should make some allowance for his juniors. If they live, and have as little principle as he has, they may in time hold the same place that he does in the hearts of the public. The editorship of PROGRESS may not be as honorable or lucrative a position as that of the editor of a Yankee undertaker's bulletin or the *Farrsboro Weekly Leader*, but we humbly protest that it is preferable to playing second fiddle in conducting the obsequies of the *Gazeo*. PROGRESS has other aims than to enter into personalities in regard to Mr. Bowes or his

### DIFFERENCE OF DIAGNOSIS.

The Medical Profession Not a Unit in Regard to Infectious Diseases.

There appears to be a diversity of opinion in regard to the prevalence of diphtheria in St. John. A week or two ago, PROGRESS instanced the case of an unusually cautious physician, who pronounced a temporary sore throat to be the dreaded disease and quarantined a house for two weeks when the attack, whatever it was, had only lasted two days.

It was then suggested that a doctor ought to make sure of his diagnosis, and not to be afraid to own up when he made a mistake. A story told by a reader of PROGRESS adds force to this remark, though in the case he quotes the error was not on the side of caution.

A doctor in this city was called to attend a child suffering from what appeared to be diphtheria. He denied that such disease was present, but the parents called in another doctor whose diagnosis was just the reverse of that made made by the first doctor. In this conflict of medical opinion,

## ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

ARE WANTED BY THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

All Their Appeals to the Citizens from the Pulpit, Through the Press and by Letter Have Only Brought Them Five Dollars—A Member's Generous Offer.

The rather grave difficulty that confronted the Young Men's Christian Association at the end of its financial year has not yet been removed. It exists in the somewhat wide margin of \$1,000 between receipts and expenses, the latter exceeding the former by that sum. Many readers of PROGRESS will remember having their attention called to this fact about Christmas and New Year's, when the average man's pocket is supposed to be as full of cash as his heart is of benevolence. The ministers of the churches proclaimed the fact from the pulpit, and kept within the bounds of propriety and truth in stating the excellence of such an institution, and of the good it might be to the community. The press of the city had an appealing half column from the managing committee, who were driven to their wits' end to face the difficulty, and in addition to all this, the mails carried beautifully printed leaflets conveying this information to every probable donor in the city.

They wanted \$1000. They got \$5 which came from a not too rich lady who was benevolent even beyond her means.

This gave the committee something to think about, and PROGRESS thinks that such a result may well set the people thinking.

No one will dispute for a moment but that the institution is useful; that it has done much good, and that it should be so popular as to be nearly if not quite self-supporting.

The men who have been in charge have been earnest and energetic, but it would seem that they have not been successful. They have lacked popular backing to an unusual degree, and the reason for that is not worth while inquiring into since the managing secretary has entered another field of labor.

But it may be worth while inquiring whether the general management of the institution is calculated to make it popular among the young men of the city. Do they expect to find a pleasant place to spend their evenings and to introduce a friend or to be introduced into a prayer meeting, which, while well enough in its time and place, cannot exactly be called entertaining?

Without decrying the religious portion of the programme, which has been so closely associated with this institution, it may be asked if it is not possible that there has been too much of class, gospel and prayer meetings for the popular taste in the splendid building on Charlotte street. It is a regrettable fact that many young men who have had their tickets for the year presented to them by their employers have never gone near the institution. Others patronize it for its excellent gymnasium, and derive much physical and other benefits from the association.

It occurred to PROGRESS that the one question that the managing committee, or, indeed, all the members, can put to themselves, with perhaps a good deal of puzzling interest is, Is there not something lacking in our association?—something that is needed to make it more popular, to bring it to the front, to make it pay its way, and cease from being a burden to the citizens.

It must be with a feeling of shame that old members of the Y. M. C. A. find it before the people year after year as a mendicant, always on the ragged edge, always asking for help, and getting less as the years go by. The generous people tire by-and-by—their generosity flows in other channels, when the thought crosses them that they have given to the association for so long a time.

The association has some members who have been its main spring. Without them it would have gone to the wall long ago. In this present crisis one of them offers to give \$400 if the other \$600 is raised. Even under the stimulus of this generous offer the result has not been as marked as might have been hoped. It is time to think, gentlemen, and to act.

### The Grand Patriarch's Predicament.

An amusing incident occurred in a Brussels street saloon this week, when Messrs. H. J. Thorne and John H. Parks were canvassing. These gentlemen happened to collide with a number of independent electors near the door of a saloon, and there was an immediate smacking of lips at the elegant prospect. The Grand Worthy Patriarch was in a predicament and nudging Mr. Parks he indicated that he would vanish while the dry throats became moistened. These are some of the difficulties of a candidate.

### Under Consideration.

Several poems have been received and are held for consideration. Among them may be mentioned "A Hundred Days to Come" and "The Mad Man's Sacrifice."



JOHN H. PARKS.



DAVID M'LELLAN.



H. L. STURDEE.



A. A. STOCKTON.



WM. A. QUINTON.



H. A. M'KEOWN.



W. B. CARVILL.



JAMES ROURKE.



HENRY J. THORNE.



SILAS ALWARD.



ALBERT C. SMITH.

opponents; here the bitter pills are swallowed and successes enjoyed; for it is nomination day. What cares the crowd for the scenes which those walls of justice have enclosed, of sorrow, of joy perhaps, of awful suspense; of the men who have heard their doom pronounced there, and have left the room knowing they must also soon leave the world—what cares the crowd for this? Nothing. That restless, cheering, sweltering crowd, thought of naught but what the speakers said, and stood ready to support its man. And a great crowd it was—a patient, appreciative and enthusiastic crowd. All day, and far into the night, it came and went; surged toward the speakers and poured towards the doors; clung to the window sashes, and spread itself over the constables' boxes in the most audacious manner; took possession of the reporters' box and crowded in on the reporters; it knew no forbidden places, but shunned the stoves; it knew no grand jury, and got lost in the judges' entrance way; in fact it swarmed the building, yet all was orderly as was expected. All the afternoon the stout gentleman

He is not at ease. He would evidently like to make a speech himself; for when the hoodlums get in their work, he starts off, and is in a fair way to favor the audience, when the audience protests, and the chairman turns his attention to the frescoing on the ceiling. One speaker gives place to another. The man who a few minutes before, was as black, in political sins, as the ace of spades, takes the floor, gradually dawns a robe of white, and is soon on a footing almost with the angels: then sits down, to go through the retransformation, while the next speaker robes in white. And thus it goes on to the end, punctuated with cheers and hisses, and reminders that we are Britons and free to speak our minds. And at last, when another day has been ushered in, a crowd that left home in a rain storm returns to it under shining stars.

Why He Does Not Appear.  
Mr. William Shaw is a retiring, modest man—so much so that he has no portrait of himself, and PROGRESS is obliged on that account to leave him out of the group today.

man. The public who are interested know enough about them already. They are a very nice pair, well matched and kind in harness, though they did kick over the traces in the bolt for the government fodder.

As to the *Gazeo* itself, that Pariah, which the decent daily papers refuse to recognize, and which decent people are sending back refused, the least that is said about it the better. Such support as it has received in the past, has been obtained by false pretences. It abused the local government, ostensibly as a friend to the opposition, but in reality with a view to blackmailing it into the payment of a subsidy. This was the system followed in the *Penny Dip*, for which the present editor of the *Gazeo* was publicly and deservedly horsewhipped. Even the silence of the *Gazeo*, at times, has been for revenue. It deserted the Conservative, Mr. Jones, when he was a candidate for mayor, and refrained from opposing the Grit, Mr. Lockhart, because it wanted his advertising, and obtained that advertising as soon as Mr. Lockhart was elected. That is the way the *Gazeo* has done business. It is a very dirty concern. No one will be sorry when it dies.

a third doctor was called, and he agreed with the second that it was not only diphtheria, but a very malignant case of it. Then the child died.

The informant of PROGRESS, who is a prominent business man, declines to give the names in the case. He thinks, and most people will agree with him, that the public have some rights in such cases. But the great and abiding difficulty seems to be that the doctors are not a unit in their ideas of what constitutes infectious disease, nor in regard to the expediency of reporting them. The system now in vogue does not seem to work smoothly.

### Mr. J. D. Leary in Brooklyn.

Under the heading "Mr. J. D. Leary—How he came, and saw, and conquered in St. John, New Brunswick" the *Brooklyn Daily Times* prints the following introduction to PROGRESS' sketch of Mr. Leary in St. John:

PROGRESS, of St. John, New Brunswick prints the following sketch of the enterprises of Mr. J. D. Leary, the well-known lumber merchant, so long and intimately identified with the business and social life in Brooklyn: