

PROGRESS.

VOL. III., NO. 128.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

Board of Milk

THEY ARE IN FOR CASH.

THE ALDERMEN PRINTERS WHO SERVE THEIR CITY.

The amounts distributed by the City among the City Printing Offices—where the Aldermen get the "Budge" on their Competitors.

Among the unconsidered trifles of "patronage" in the gift of the city of St. John, the matter of printing and advertising attracts little public attention. It is certain that a certain amount of it must be done, and in the first year after the union act that amount was necessarily a large sum. New books, new blank forms, new forms of every kind were required, and as a matter of course were ordered. From time to time extra printing was required, and as a matter of course it was ordered. From whom?

From the printers, of course, but who are the printers? There are a number of them in St. John. Some of them do very good work indeed, and some of them have been so diligent in business that the citizens have appreciated their worth and sent them to the common council.

The city accounts for 1889 show that in the year 1889 there were three members of the council interested in the job printing business. Their names were T. Nisbet Robertson, of Ellis, Robertson & Co., R. Radford Barnes, of Barnes & Co., and George A. Knodell. Mr. Knodell is not now a member of the council. The others are.

It appears by the city accounts for 1889 that something over \$2,500 was expended for printing, and nearly \$900 for advertising. How far this was distributed among the printers who are merely taxpayers, and how far it was grabbed by the aldermen interested in printing offices will appear by a very superficial analysis.

If Barnes & Co. balanced their books at the end of the year, Ald. Barnes found that something over \$1,075 had been scooped in the way of job printing. It is no wonder that the alderman has discarded his Wild West slouch hat to sport a plug now a days.

Ald. Robertson does not wear a plug hat, except on state occasions. His firm got something less than \$700 out of the city, and about \$400 was for advertising in the *Globe*. Nobody can complain of the latter item, because of all the daily papers, the *Globe* has by all odds the largest city circulation. There is no charge for this ad.

The dispensers of patronage gave the other papers something, just to keep on the good side of them. The *Telegraph* was very grateful for a total of a little over \$200, which came in small but acceptable slices when Accountant Boyd had "a heavy day." The *Sun*, too, despite its abundance of Ottawa patronage, found that \$145 or so of city patronage helped a little sometimes when there were five Saturdays in the month. Progress modestly admits that it got about \$50 of the balance, though, if some of the aldermen could have had their way a cipher, instead of the figure 5 would appear after the dollar mark today.

Ald. Barnes having come under the wire in the job printing and stationery race with a \$1,075 record. Ald. Knodell came in second with a trifle less than \$450. But just here it may be remarked that all the school printing appears to be included in the brief items of maintenance, furnishings and incidentals, while in the slaughter house account printing is summed up with other expenses in a \$140 item. It is therefore quite possible that the record of all the aldermanic printers is better than the accounts appear to show.

The other job printers and stationers had to be thankful for small mercies. McMillan did the best for he got about \$200, while Heans, the binder, got \$92. Geo. W. Day came third with \$65, while the others were distanced as follows: G. E. Day, \$27.60, E. A. Powers, \$10.50, A. Morrissey, \$5.50, *Telegraph* job office, \$3.50, E. G. Nelson, \$1.75. It is not surprising that Mr. Nelson was a candidate for Prince ward at the last election.

It seems to be a happy coincidence when a man is an alderman and job printer or stationer at one and the same time.

Painting Par Excellence.
The readers of PROGRESS are well acquainted with the name of that first-class painter and decorator, A. G. Staples, who during the season is a liberal and successful advertiser in this paper. His work in the exhibition appeared in connection with another exhibit, the Peters organ. The splendid polish and harmonious blending of coloring on the pipes was the work of Mr. Staples who makes a specialty of painting of this character. Aside from the merits of the organ, people were attracted by his handsome appearance. Mr. Staples is the kind of a man who can always duplicate a piece of good work. Some of his house decorations have already been described in PROGRESS, and the general verdict of those who have employed him is, that they have been more than satisfied.

JUST ABOUT AN EVEN THING.

An Answer to a Question Frequently Asked This Week.

"How did you make out with your daily?" is a question that has been asked PROGRESS very frequently this week.

"Better than we expected. We did not make any money, and the chances are that we did not lose. The expenses are not as apt to shrink as the estimated receipts."

That is about the only reply that can be given at the present date. Something might be added, however. PROGRESS got a splendid free advertisement; such an advertisement as it could not have received by spending \$100 in any other way. Thousands, yes, tens of thousands saw the press and printing office—how many for the first time—and that fact will always remain with them. The benefit of that is already seen. Subscriptions from places and people unknown to PROGRESS before have put in an appearance this week, and what is best of all, in goodly numbers too.

Such advertising as this does good in other ways too; it increases the business as well as the circulation of a paper and the problem that is staring the publisher in the face now is how to find room for the rapidly increasing advertising patronage. A larger paper seems to be the only solution—whether twelve or sixteen pages is for future consideration. Aside from this PROGRESS is vain enough to think that its success will give pleasure to its readers and friends. That alone is sufficient reward for all the additional work, worry and expense.

The Chinamen Are Modest.

One of the points of interest in the North End is the Chinese laundry on Portland bridge. Two large red and white signs say that Sam Wah is the proprietor and that he conducts a laundry. There are two Chinamen connected with the concern and many people are at loss to know whether Sam Wah is one or both of them. They appear to be doing a good business, but they are very modest. Since they first made their appearance they have been objects of interest to people passing along the street, and at times there were crowds around the windows that blockaded the sidewalk, and put the ticket office windows of the Exhibition association to shame. The Chinamen either found that so much advertising gave them more business than they could attend to without importing more of their countrymen to assist them, or found themselves getting rattled under the gaze of the public, and unable to give the work the attention necessary in building up a reputation, for they have made repeated efforts to shut out the public gaze. But the people wanted to see the Chinamen at work and nothing would stop them until the celestials had the windows whitened so far up that even the tallest man in town cannot see over it.

More Elegant Than Ever.

Mine host Edwards, of the Queen hotel, Fredericton, never seems to be weary of refitting, repainting and decorating his house. This is exceedingly noticeable at present. The office alterations give it a more commodious appearance, and afford much convenience to the guests and others. The gentlemen's parlor has been decorated in elegant style, and easily takes the first place of any room of the kind in the province. In fact, it is no exaggeration, but simple justice to Mr. Edwards, to say that, at this day, the interior appearance and comfort of the Queen hotel cannot be equalled by any house in this province. The apartments of the Bishop Coadjutor, so long a resident at the Queen, have been converted into a spacious and elegant suite, and give much more room for the accommodation of guests. Just now, during the court season, and no doubt through this month, when the exhibition will take place, the house is crowded. It was necessary to put up thirteen cots Wednesday night to accommodate the run.

They Did Too Well.

Although the Exhibition Association only allowed 2 per cent. to persons selling tickets outside of the regular ticket offices, Messrs. McKinney and McGonagle made money out of it. They opened windows in an old building on Sidney street, near St. James, and did a rushing business. Friday night the windows were closed, and in the evening the large transparency over them was not illuminated. They didn't make enough money to retire from business, altogether, but the committee had an idea that while the branch offices were going the regular ticket sellers who were further down the street would not be kept busy enough. So the branch office couldn't get any more tickets to sell, and had to close up.

This is a Musical Town.

The Citizens band is a reality. It made a good appearance yesterday, with new instruments and plug hats. With eight brass bands the city should have plenty of music this winter.

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

HENS WERE THE CAUSE.

McQUADE CAPTURED THEM, BUT BYRNE WAS LOCKED UP.

His First Experience in a "Drunkard's Cell"—He Could Get Plenty of Hall, but the Case was Serious and the Court Wouldn't Accept It.

Mr. Thos. L. Byrne, of the Marsh road, called on PROGRESS last week, in company with a friend, and gave a graphic description of what he termed his "first experience in a drunkard's cell," which his friend repeatedly remarked would make an excellent article under the head of "Law versus Justice."

Mr. Byrne claimed that he had been doubly wronged, the court imposing a penalty on him of \$20 for an assault of which he thought he had proved himself innocent, while a city newspaper gave out to the world the fact that he had stolen chickens from one Edward McQuade, whereas he claims that McQuade had stolen his chickens on several occasions.

All this took place as early as the 9th of September, but Mr. Byrne was unable to give the time necessary in having himself set right before the public until last week, when he called on PROGRESS. He did not want to have anything to do with the law, if he could help it. What little experience he did have cost him over \$40, and was, besides, very unsatisfactory.

According to Mr. Byrne, the hens were the cause of the whole trouble. The hens belonged to Mr. Byrne. The McQuade family persisted in housing them up in their barn and keeping them there until the hens got so accustomed to the place that they would not keep out of it. This made it necessary for Mr. Byrne to drive them into his own yard. He was doing this when the McQuades interfered, and as he claims, struck him, whereupon he struck back and a general assault was begun on all sides. No lives were lost.

That night Mr. Byrne received a call from several police officers, and was asked to accompany them with his two sons. They arrived at the police station at about ten o'clock, where the trio were informed that they would have to wait until morning to answer a charge of assault made against them by one Edward McQuade.

It was at this point in the narrative that Mr. Byrne grew most eloquent. He had never been in prison in his life, and the thought of being placed there by such a person as Edward McQuade made him very indignant, indeed. Nor was there anybody present to accept bail. Mr. Byrne could get security for any amount, but it was no use, down among the whitewashed bricks and iron bars he and his two sons had to go, on a charge made by one Edward McQuade.

They stayed there all night. When the time for the trial came in the morning the McQuades could not be found. So the Byrnes had to go down stairs again. The magistrate looked very wise, and thought it was a serious case, while Mr. Byrne was indignant and thought it was no case at all, and there were several in the court who were inclined to agree with him. No bail would be accepted, although the prisoners had plenty of it on hand. It was finally agreed, however, to release the prisoners, on bail of \$60.

When the McQuades were hunted up by the officers the trial came on, and the witnesses for the prosecution, who were principally McQuades, made charges against all the prisoners, claiming that they were present and committed the assault.

It was proved, however, by the evidence of responsible persons, that Mr. Byrne's two sons were at work in the city at the time, and that Byrne himself acted more in self-defence than otherwise. Yet on the evidence of the same witnesses who swore that the Byrne boys were present at the time, Byrne, Sr., was found guilty and fined \$20. His sons were discharged.

During his visit Mr. Byrne produced a number of recommendations from people with whom he had been employed previous to accepting his present position in the Rural Cemetery and said that this was the first experience of the kind he had ever had during a residence of 40 years in New Brunswick. On the other hand he claimed that the McQuades were well versed in the deings of the police court, and he objected to be placed on a level with them.

Several persons to whom PROGRESS mentioned the case said they were surprised at the magistrate's decision.

Doesn't Like Notoriety.

One of the aldermen who wore his Sunday clothes when Lord Stanley arrived did not appear pleased at the compliments PROGRESS paid him. Two newspaper men looked in his store door Saturday morning and one of them asked him where his white tie was. "Get to Gehenna out of this, the pair of you!" was his wrathful ejaculation, as he turned his broad back and walked to the rear. And he used the word Gehenna in the Anglicised form.

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

HIS POSITION NOT A HAPPY ONE.

The Public Art Critic Has a Hard Time of It and is Not to be Envied.

There has been a good deal of talk about the art collection at the exhibition. Some people are inclined to write it "art," but they are not as charitable as they might be. PROGRESS has talked with some of the members of the committee that was first appointed and resigned, and learns that they are a trifle indignant that strangers should come and go from St. John with the impression that the ability of these collections of Canada was represented on those walls. "Why our real artists were not represented at all," exclaimed one gentleman in an indignant tone.

"Whose fault was that?" was asked.

"To go back a few months when the art committee was appointed in the first place last spring, the members went to the buildings, looked over the space that would probably be allotted to them, and then considered how they could collect a creditable exhibit. They proposed to cover the walls with a deep crimson, and prepare the space in a suitable manner to show the pictures they could get.

The famous artists of America were then to be invited to contribute one, two or three—not more than three—of their best available pictures. Some of these geniuses lived in Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, New York, Boston and our own Ward and Myles, etc., etc., etc., were to be included in the invitation.

Such was the outlined plan. It was never filled in for the Exhibition association found it would cost from \$1,500 to \$2,000, and some said even as high as \$3,000. That was enough cold water to kill it. The art committee received no encouragement and they resigned.

The St. John art critics, and there are only a few people who are entitled to be called art critics, do not seem to appreciate Mr. Edgecombe's work in the same degree as those from such critical centres as Toronto and New York, where two or three of his pictures have gone at a good figure. Fredericton residents are inclined to think their ambitious townsman has been hardly treated, and some revive the old saying that "a Frederictonian never could get a square show in St. John."

A Special "Cop" With the Law.

Some of the very fresh recruits for the special police will probably never handle a baton again. One of them in particular who hovered about the outside of the building after four o'clock was full of boyish frolics. A gentleman who left his horse standing at the door found the "cop" busy tying the wheels of his carriage together. When he looked up and saw the owner looking at him he had the ready wit to ask for a knife to cut the things remarking at the same time that "it is hard to watch these boys."

"These boys should not wear policemen's uniform then" was the reply.

"Do you mean to say I did it. If you do, I'll arrest you. I have the law with me, remember that" and as he brandished his baton wildly the gentleman laughed and said "Oh go away and grow into your clothes"—That was the last straw and the "special" rushed forward with the law in the shape of his baton. He forgot that his coat was too long for it tripped him ere he had gone three steps and the arrest was not made.

Two Errors Corrected.

That eminently respectable paper, the St. Thomas, Ont., *Daily Times* says that the exhibition number of PROGRESS was "illustrated by portraits of the officers of the exhibition held in St. Johns." The *Times* is away off. PROGRESS did not have pictures of the "officers," such as Lt. Col. J. Russell Armstrong, Adjutant J. Fred Langan and the other swells, but it did give the portraits of several men who ought to be officers. Mr. C. A. Everett, for instance, if photographed in his how-I-will-look-when-I-make-my-speech attitude might very easily be mistaken for a field marshal, while the same misunderstanding might arise in regard to other committee-men who do not wear sheet brass on a cloth of blue or red. Then, too, the St. Thomas man should not add an "s" to the third city in Canada, as regards importance and population.

The Police Couldn't Get In.

There was a "wake" in Portland recently, and it was apparently largely attended. The policemen doing duty on Main street on that particular night were strongly of the opinion that there must have been a great lack of refreshments. Connell's bar-room was near at hand and the hinges on the side door were in no danger getting rusty when the small hours of the morning came around. The police watched the proceedings for a time, and then decided to take part, but when they reached the door it was quickly closed, and the officers could not open it or induce anybody inside to do so. They made information against Connell for refusing to allow them to enter his bar, and that was the last heard of it.

HOW WILL IT COME OUT.

WILL THE EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION HAVE A DEFICIT.

The Sum Total of the Receipts—Some Decrease in the Estimated Expenditure—The Amount Paid in Prizes—Talk About Next Year's Exhibition.

There is a good deal of curious speculation concerning the financial sheet of the Exhibition association. Those who subscribed stock are wondering whether they will be called upon to receive a dividend or to put their hands in their pockets and make up a deficit. Others who gave the association credit are not anxious about their bills, for they know they will be paid in any event, but they are a trite interested, and would like to know, just for the sake of knowing, whether they will be paid in quarter dollars or in the good provincial money which makes up the \$3,000 guarantee of the local government.

The bills have come in slowly. Notwithstanding the notice asking for them and the general readiness of every man to get his money it is a strange fact that the backwardness of the accounts may postpone the regular meeting of the association, Monday afternoon.

President Everett has made a rough calculation on paper and finds that the total receipts from gates, and privileges and \$6000 in subsidies add up about \$22,000. In the event of the expenses going beyond that the association can call upon its stock, some \$5,000 and if they exceed \$2,700 the course is open to call upon the civic and provincial guarantees of \$3,000 each.

But this is something that is not likely to happen. The agricultural society, however, can smile and point to its bank account swelled by about \$1,200 clear profit. They found that races were a drawing card and as they had the grounds for four afternoons out of the six they were open the association's receipts will not amount too much.

There were \$12,000 offered in prizes. When the entries came in the association found that if the prizes were awarded they would not call more than \$6,000. They were not all awarded and the sum total of the prizes is about \$3,800. Here is a very considerable margin in itself which must be deducted from the estimated expenditure.

This has been a week of reaction. All those who were actively engaged in the work of the exhibition found the strain growing greater and greater every day. Saturday was moving day, and that final effort proved too much for many of those in the building.

Secretary Cornwall held out through the rush and confusion only to sink beneath the tension this week and stay at home for a rest. If Superintendent W. F. Burditt, was not of iron constitution, he would have shared the same fate. Mr. T. C. Everett, mechanical superintendent, was under the weather the last night and went home ill. Everybody, however, is around again and ready, if necessary, for another siege.

There can be but one opinion of the fair among the directors, the exhibitors, and the people. The show was a great success, but if it had to be gone over again it could be made fifty per cent. better. Every exhibitor sees where he could have made improvements. He has new ideas, and next year, will show the people what he can do.

The officers have had an opportunity to do what they could and they have come to the conclusion that there could be an immense saving next year. One gentleman closely connected with the finances, assures PROGRESS that his estimate of the expenses next year would be fully forty per cent. less than this.

Already there is plenty of talk about another exhibition next year. That is the right spirit and the only way to make the association permanent, but the directors will bear in mind that the show must excel that, that there must be new features, new attractions to bring the same people to St. John again.

The Title, Not the Man.

As one of the large rockets which burst into what looked like scores of little snakes, was coming down last Friday night, a shrill, childlike voice piped out above the murmur of applause, "Well, but were they meant for pollywogs?"

When the brilliant star with "Stanley" across its face revealed itself to the admiring crowd, a young lady, who evidently was a believer in the principle that every man is entitled to a handle to his name, exclaimed in a tone of deepest scorn: "Stanley! Why couldn't they put 'Lord Stanley'! Verily, even in Canada there are people who worship the title, not the man."

The Fountain Distinguishes Itself.

A new use has been found for the fountain at the head of King street. This week it attracted some attention by being the support of a brilliantly painted advertisement. Its appearance was greatly improved.

OLD TIME HONESTY.

A Five Pound Debt Paid after Many Years—St. John An Indian Camp.

Fifty years ago two young men living in a small town in the North of Ireland became very intimate. In other words, they were chums. One of them, named McFarlane got slightly in difficulties and borrowed £5 from his friend, who soon after sailed for America. On his arrival he settled in St. John and raised a family, but probably forgot all about the £5, for he never mentioned the matter to anyone. He has been dead some time, but his family reside on Pitt Street, near Elliot Row.

They had never heard of McFarlane, and were somewhat surprised, some months ago to receive a letter from him referring to the debt, and saying that since his friend had left Ireland he had been unable to find any trace of him.

A letter was sent to McFarlane telling him of their father's death, and saying that the £5 would be quite acceptable to them. Sometime afterwards another letter was received saying that he had gone to the post office, with the intention of sending a post-office order for the amount, but the postmaster had informed him that he could not make out an order payable at St. John. This official described New Brunswick as a place populated with Indians, and thought that St. John contained but a few huts, occupied by white men who made their living by hunting and such occupations. According to the Irish postmaster there was no post-office in St. John or anything that gave evidence of civilization.

The next letter that was sent to Ireland contained a vast amount of information about New Brunswick and its metropolis. Indeed it gave such an account of the resources and population of the province that McFarlane must have thought Ireland a very insignificant corner of the earth.

An answer to the letter came soon afterwards, and enclosed was a post-office order for the amount of the debt.

Mr. Little To Lecture Again.

The rector of Sussex, the Rev. Henry W. Little, will lecture at the Mechanics' Institute, on October 16th, at 8 p. m., under the auspices of the Mission Church Men's Club. The subject chosen by Mr. Little is "The History of African Exploration and Discovery from the earliest times to the present day." The discourse will deal with the labours of the most eminent Anglo-Africans, including Bruce on the Blue Nile and in Abyssinia, Park on the Niger, Burton, Speke, Grant, Cameron, and Baker in the equatorial lake regions, and the recent observations of Lieut. Stairs and others. The lecture will be illustrated by a large chart of the great sun continent.

Two Ways of Going About It.

The opera house directors seem to have awakened to the fact that they should have a roof on the opera house before snow flies, and that the cash must be had to put it there. A meeting of the stockholders is called to consider and ratify the means adopted to that end. A mortgage is not to be coveted, but perhaps, a building with a mortgage is better than walls without a roof. This method of raising money possesses one decided advantage over the proposed mixed entertainment. It is a business way of going about it. The good sense of the stockholders and the directorate will not permit any show of a dime variety character to be carried on with the avowed object of aiding the opera house.

Dogs and Poultry an Undoubted Attraction.

The dog and poultry shows in connection with the great fair recently held at Toronto, Ottawa, and London have been very successful, and are considered a very interesting drawing card. Dogs from all over the United States were exhibited at all of them. The exhibition association will, perhaps, issue a more liberal prize list for their next meeting. The American Stock-keeper states that Messrs. P. & H. Smith, of St. Stephen, N. B., carried off second prize at London with their slye terrier "Toodles," beating three others of the same class sent from Buffalo, N. Y. "Sir Stafford" who took first, also won first at New York and Boston shows last winter, and is owned in Philadelphia.

The Fakirs Fared Well.

The fakirs who run their shows opposite the exhibition buildings, are all in favor of annual exhibitions. The man who runs the McGinty family is said to have made enough money to keep him all winter, and the others were apparently satisfied with their receipts.

For Boston and New York.

One of the best excursions trips ever arranged to run out of St. John is that of the International Steamship Company, by which both Boston and New York can be visited for \$7. A great feature of this excursion is the trip to New York by the floating palaces of the famous Fall River Line.

Long, Selected Chair Cases is Used in all their Seating by Duval, 242 Union street.