

Carpet Warerooms,  
G STREET.

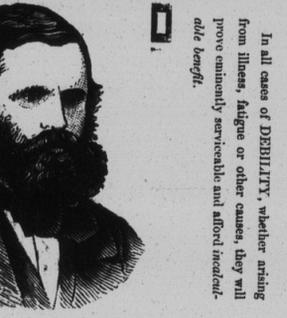
of Handsome Carpets,  
leums, or House Furnish-  
select from the Largest  
Provinces.

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

A. O. SKINNER.

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ERS have been long found to be the most  
ESTION, DISEASE OF THE LIVER  
RITABILITY OF THE BOWELS.



170 City Road, St. John, N. B.

B. BARKER & SONS, Wholesale Agents.

To the Electors of QUEEN'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I again offer  
myself as a Candidate for the office of

ALDERMAN.

Should you honor me with a majority of votes, I  
will, as heretofore, give my best attention to the  
duties of that office.

Yours faithfully,  
J. R. WOODBURN.

To the Electors of DUKE'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—On TUESDAY  
next, the 4th of June, I shall again be a  
Candidate for the office of

ALDERMAN.

Respectfully soliciting a renewal of your confidence  
and support.

I am, yours,  
SAMUEL TUFTS.

A. & J. HAY,

DEALERS IN—

Diamonds, Fine Jewellery, American Watches,  
French Clocks, Optical Goods, Etc.

JEWELRY MADE TO ORDER AND REPAIRED.

76 KING STREET.

LADIES

WISHING LESSONS IN ENGLISH LITER-  
ATURE, can hear of a competent Teacher  
by addressing P. O. Box 474. Classes formed for  
young ladies who have left school and are desirous  
of cultivating a taste for good Reading. Also,  
strictly private lessons given to backward pupils.  
Poetry, etiquette, social hints and society notes a  
specialty. Lessons given morning, afternoon and  
evening.

FOUND.

FOUND, AT 21 SYDNEY STREET, A PLACE  
to have your Corns extracted without pain.  
PROF. SEYMOUR, Chiroprapist, opposite Old  
Burial Ground.

WANTED—200 LADIES AND GENTLEMEN  
to have their Corns extracted without pain,  
by PROF. SEYMOUR, 21 Sydney street, opposite  
Old Burial Ground.

BOARDING.

SELECT BOARDING can be had by Gentlemen or  
S Ladies, at No. 4 Wellington Row, Front  
rooms, large and pleasant.

WANTED.

WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN, a position  
as Salesman or Bookkeeper. Best of refer-  
ences given.  
Address, "M. N. S.,"  
Fenfield, F. B.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—The pleasantly situated House, 134  
E. Britain, corner Sydney street, containing nine  
rooms, W. C., etc. Terms easy. For particulars  
apply to H. J. FITZ, 179 Union street.

TO LET.

TO LET—A COTTAGE, five minutes' walk  
from station, containing eight rooms, with pan-  
tries. As a summer residence, the location is de-  
lightful. An acre of ground, with fruit and orna-  
mental trees, is attached. Apply at Newmarket,  
St. J. D. M. KEATON.

J. & A. McMILLAN,

Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers,

88 and 100 PRINCE WM. STREET.

ALWAYS IN STOCK—

A Complete Stock of Office  
Requisites,

Such as Copying Presses, Bill Files, Clips,  
Waste Baskets, Rulers, Sponge Cups,  
Inkstands, Paper Fasteners,  
Seals, etc., etc.

The early advertiser catches the  
Summer Breeze.  
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.

# PROGRESS.

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.

VOL. II, NO. 58.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## THE EX-MAYOR DOWNED.

MR. JOHN A. CHESELEY REFUSES TO  
PRIVATELY SETTLE HIS CLAIMS.

The Boss Takes a Head in a Deal and  
Escapes the Votes of the People—Mr. Vin-  
cent Kells Himself for Future Contests by  
an Unholy Alliance Against Mr. Millidge.

Ex-Mayor and Ex-Union Commissioner  
Chealey is now a private citizen. The  
electors followed Progress' advice and  
bounced him from all part in the city gov-  
ernment. They did right.

Redoubtable John Murphy, who voted  
twice at the union election, and made him-  
self generally obnoxious to good citizens  
by his conduct at the board, also remains  
at home to keep the former mayor com-  
pany.

Mr. Wallace, Mr. Hayes and Mr. Hazel-  
hurst, other prominent members of the old  
ring that misruled Portland, found that it  
was of no use to offer for the new council,  
and are attending to their own business.

PROGRESS' worst wish for them is that they  
may manage it better than they did that of  
the old city.

Those of the ring who squirmed in with  
and without opposition, were "Boss"  
Chealey and Ald. Vincent. They will bear  
considerable watching. "Boss" Chealey is  
a keener, shrewder ward politician than  
many in his ward thought him. He never  
intended to have the electors vote on his  
past acts if he could help it. He did help  
it by a scheme worthy only of a Tammany  
ward politician, and there was no election.

Therefore he is safe for another year.

Behind him, ready to assist, stood his  
"repeating voter" and ally, John Murphy  
and Brother-in-law Purdy. The "boss"  
had stood by them in many a scheme in the  
past, and they would not desert him. Mur-  
phy remembered not a few jobs that his  
"boss" had piloted him on to and  
Brother-in-law Purdy thought of the cur-  
rent price of oats last year and subtracted  
it from what the city paid him. The re-  
sult made him the friend of the ex-fre  
chairman for all time.

So when Ald. John Connor met the  
wire-pullers in Mr. Purdy's grocery, the  
following arrangement was arrived at. If  
Mr. Purdy will not throw his influence  
against the old aldermen of Stanley ward,  
they would use their best efforts to aid  
Alonso and John Chealey to the new  
board. It was a case of the lion and the  
lamb, and all was peace.

Mr. Murphy retired at the last moment  
from the contest, and having effectually  
scared another good man, Mr. Coll, from  
the field, the "boss" and Dr. Christie were  
returned unopposed.

But an unexpected opposition in the per-  
son of Robert Craig popped up in Stanley,  
and Aldermen Connor and McGoldrick  
thought their scalps were in danger. They  
could not leave their stamping ground to  
help their brethren in distress, Messrs.  
John Chealey and Edward Lantulum, and  
the former lost their active support and  
the latter their two votes. Mr. Craig's  
work was consequently of great value to  
the community.

There were some warm scenes in Stanley  
ward, and enough personation to jail  
a score of men. One man, whose nation-  
ality could not be questioned—it was as  
plain as the nose on his face—went to the  
polling booth.

"Your name?" said the officer.  
"Hans Petersen" was the prompt re-  
ply.

Hans Petersen's name was there and he  
voted but, no sooner had he done so, than  
Mr. Craig, suspecting something was  
wrong, pounced on him.

"What is your name?" he demanded.  
"It's none of your business, but it's Hans  
Petersen."

"It is not," and Mr. Craig told him in a  
straight fashion that he was lying.  
"It is—for today," said the man.  
"It is not. Your name is Quinn," said  
Mr. Craig.

## THE TRUTH WILL OUT.

THE STORY OF MRS. "BLACK'S"  
FRIENDS TOLD.

One Account Brings Out Another—How a  
Trap Was Laid for an Unsuspecting  
Clerk, Who Gets Caught in a Prepared  
To Back Their Story by the Best Evidence.

The friends of Mrs. "Black" have come  
to her rescue, and ask that Progress, with  
its usual fairness, publish the facts of the  
real trustee and assignment story, that was  
printed in the last issue, as they appear to  
them. While they do not deny the state-  
ment, they hold that the construction  
placed upon them is not a fair one, and  
ask that the unvarnished truth be brought  
out. As the unvarnished truth is quite in-  
teresting enough to fill Progress' space, it  
is given.

Mrs. "Black" was unfortunate in business  
some time ago and made an assignment,  
preferring certain creditors and settling  
with others for between 20 and 30 cents on  
the dollar. Her upper Canadian creditors  
were paid their share and with the help of  
some life insurance money she succeeded in  
getting clear of all her debts except one or  
two. The larger amount was owing to a  
gentleman of this city, from whom she still  
continued to buy goods. He was a trustee,  
but with practically all of her liabilities  
liquidated, Mrs. "Black" felt that to a certain  
degree she was her own mistress and owned  
a large portion of her stock.

She was supposed to keep a record of  
goods sold, and had an allowance of twelve  
dollars per week.

But Mrs. "Black," thinking that she  
could buy perhaps to better advantage than  
from her trustee was in the habit of draw-  
ing from the cash to buy goods from other  
parties, and allowing the proceeds to go  
into the cash drawer. Further than this  
she says that while they always tried to  
keep a correct record of the sales, on Sat-  
urdays it was next to impossible to do so.

Stock was taken and comparisons made  
frequently, and after a time she began to  
suspect that some one was cheating her.  
She told her legal adviser who inquired into  
the habits of her clerk, and concluded that  
for a young man on seven dollars a week  
he was having a very good time. Other  
facts regarding his company seemed to  
bear out this conclusion, and he was  
watched pretty sharply.

One day he was caught. A man was  
sent in with five single dollar bills, each  
of them marked, and told to buy \$4.80 worth  
of goods. He did so. Two of the marked  
bills found their way into the cash drawer  
and that was all.

Mrs. "Black" and her lawyer were in  
the building, and the latter interviewed the  
clerk, who it was discovered had entered  
the sale at \$1.80. He was asked many  
questions, and finally taxed with purloin-  
ing money from the drawer. He denied it  
until confronted with the evidence of his  
guilt. Then he acknowledged it. To  
save arrest, he offered to give up all he  
had stolen. When asked how much that  
was, he said he did not know, but he offered  
his savings bank book, and offered to  
give it up if nothing was said about the  
affair. The lawyer refused to accept the  
book unless he said that all the money de-  
posited in his name there had been taken  
from Mrs. "Black," and he refused to  
make any promise of secrecy.

Upon examination, it was found that  
over \$60 had been deposited within a few  
weeks, which appeared strange, when the  
fact of the clerk's \$7 weekly salary was  
considered. At first he persisted that all  
of the money was not Mrs. "Black's," and  
the book was then refused, and he was told  
that the affair would be investigated. Then  
he said that the money was Mrs. "Black's,"  
and gave an order for the amount. It was  
drawn from the bank and handed over to  
his employer. He then left her employ,  
and it is said has since been engaged in  
another store in the city.

Then the story got around that Mrs.  
"Black" was not recording all the sales  
and drew money from the receipts of the  
store. It was also stated that the clerk  
was wrongfully accused of stealing in order  
to get rid of him, and to capture his sav-  
ings. Mrs. "Black's" friends claim that  
hers has been an entirely honorable course  
and that her only fault has been leniency  
for her clerk. They claim that the above  
is the unvarnished truth, which they are  
prepared to back by the best evidence.

As any prosecution does not seem prob-  
able, Progress withholds the real name of  
the clerk's employer and calls her Mrs.  
"Black." If the clerk's name was pub-  
lished it would be a difficult matter, indeed,  
for him to get employment in any city  
where this story might fall him. So Pro-  
gress gives him the same chance that his  
late employer did—to get out of town and  
begin again elsewhere.

Dinner at the National.  
Business gentlemen who live out of town  
should go to the "National" and try the  
great dinners they are giving there. Lots  
of style and the best in the market on the  
table.

Leaves your orders for Carpet Cleaning at  
Earle's (Gibber's), 54 King street.

## SUCH A SHOCKING PROPHECY!

Two Men Who Indulged in Vigorous Lan-  
guage on Different Occasions.

The most profane persons are usually  
quite careful of their language in the  
presence of ministers. The latter would  
probably greet this fact with the assertion  
that One greater than them always hears  
them when they swear, but the reverence  
of such men ends with their sight. Two  
stories bearing on this point have drifted  
on Progress' beach. They are quite fresh,  
lively and good enough to print.

Some time ago a mechanic was summoned  
to the Palace to have a look at the boiler  
that supplied the steam for heating. The  
boiler maker who went found plenty to do  
and in a short time was hammering away  
at bolts and rivets within the iron tube. He  
couldn't see outside, and had no idea that  
any one was around save some assistant of  
the house. So when he heard a voice at  
the end of the boiler asking questions he  
paid no attention to the personality of the  
querist, and had no idea that he was a  
respectable priest.

"What was wrong with the boiler. Is  
it in a very bad state?" asked the priest  
between the sharp clips of the hammer.

"Bad!" was the exclamatory reply.

"It's so bad that the only wonder is you  
weren't all-blown to h—l long ago."

"Oh, my, my," was the only remark of the  
priest as he beat a hasty retreat.

Rev. Mr. Blank, rector of a city parish,  
was in the office of a merchant not long  
after the latter had secured a telephone.

Even to this day there are many people  
who have never used this modern in-  
strument, and the clergyman was curious.  
Making some remark about the convenience  
of the instrument, the merchant learned  
that he had never spoken through one.

The clerk had just ended a conversation  
with the railway freight-shed, where there  
is a man driven almost crazy by day, and  
haunted by night by the sound of the tele-  
phone. When a business man talks to  
him he wastes no time or words. It can  
readily be imagined then that it was a very  
rash proceeding to venture to ring this  
individual up again, just to let a parson try  
the machine.

But the rector was in position and  
"central" had called the freight man again.  
"What will I say?" nervously asked the  
parson of the merchant.

"Oh, anything," was the ready response.  
"Hello! what do you want?" asked the  
freight agent.

"It's a fine day," timidly responded the  
parson.

"Go to h—l, d—n you. Do you think  
I've got nothing else to do —?"

That was the end. The parson had too  
much of the telephone, and nobody knew  
for a long time why he dropped it so sud-  
denly and moved away, as though all the  
electricity in the battery had got on to  
him.

## THE CHIEF AND THE FLOUR BAG.

The Effervescent Small Boy Makes Him  
"Whiter Than Snow."

The chief of the St. John police force is  
a very old man, but he is very active. He  
appointed two inspectors to control the  
two divisions of the police and act as sort  
of minor chiefs. This was not done with  
the idea of making less work for the great  
head of the department, for the chief is  
thoroughly aware of the fact that there is  
a class of police duty in St. John that can  
only be done by him. Such as "shooting"  
the crowds off the corners on Charlotte  
street, clubbing little boys and putting out  
bonfires.

There was a bonfire near the corner of  
Duke and Charlotte streets last Monday  
night. It was not disturbed by the police,  
because the police did not see it. Chief  
Marshall came along, and endeavored to  
break up the crowd and put out the fire.  
When the chief moved away the crowd  
gathered again, and he returned with blood  
in his eye. The boys were ready for him.  
The most thoughtful of them were prob-  
ably of the idea that the chief had spent  
the first part of the evening in the Queen  
Square Methodist church, singing that good  
old Methodist hymn, "Wash me and I shall  
be whiter than snow." They knew they  
couldn't wash him, so they dropped a bag  
of flour on his head and made him "whiter  
than snow." He looked like a snow man.  
The street was crowded and the crowd was  
thoroughly amused. The chief wasn't.  
He looked for and inquired after the cul-  
prit but all his efforts were in vain. It was  
an awful blow to the dignity of the chief.  
He realized it, and stole away—stole away  
into Mr. Regan's barroom on Duke street  
and got the flour brushed off.

## THERE IS NO RETREAT.

THE FRIENDS OF MR. EVERETT  
HAVE A HEAVY BURDEN.

The Chances are Largely in Favor of Mr.  
Barker, Who Has the Workers Behind  
Him—Mr. Everett Will be Sweared Under  
in Carleton and Portland.

Mr. W. H. Thorne, president of the Sun  
Publishing company and head of the Liber-  
al-Conservative association in this city has,  
it is said, wagered \$200 with Mr. Enoch  
Colwell that Mr. Charles A. Everett will be  
elected mayor. Next Tuesday evening one  
of the gentlemen will be \$200 richer.

"Ah, me," said a quaint old Irishman to  
Mr. W. A. Lockhart, chairman of the  
Everett general committee, "O'm sorry  
for Mister Thorne. O'm told he's bet two  
hundred dollars on Mister Everett, an'  
Dunnivan of Carleton tells me that Mister  
Barker will get three thirds of the vote be-  
yond the water."

"Two-thirds, you mean," said Mr. Lock-  
hart.

"No, I don't, Mister Dunnivan said three  
thirds, and that's what he means. Sure,  
an' o'm sorry for Mister Thorne."

And so the fight goes on. There is no  
playing now. Every worker knows what  
he is to do and is doing it. Mr. Everett  
has the hardest election of his life ahead of  
him, and he knows it. Nearly all of his  
best workers of former days are against  
him, and the grade he has to climb is very  
steep. His supporters are realizing the  
burden they have assumed and are groan-  
ing under it. But there is no retreat now.

The people are not wholly satisfied with  
the candidates, but there is no mistaking  
the feeling abroad in every quarter of the  
city, from Indiantown to Reed's point, from  
Courtney bay to Lancaster,—Mr. Barker  
before Mr. Everett.

Whatever can be said of George Barker  
as one who has been known as "one of the  
boys" no man can deny his frankness, his  
honesty and reputation for square dealing.  
He does not pretend to be competent to  
join any angelic band just yet, and he is  
well aware that the people know that fact.  
He is what he is, and the voters like him  
all the better for it.

But the highest office in the gift of the  
citizens is to be filled and there are two  
candidates. One of them must be chosen,  
and Progress is with the great majority in  
preferring Mr. Barker.

It is alleged now by Mr. Everett's friends  
that Mr. Barker was not a warm supporter  
of him in days past, and that at one time he  
refused to take an active position on his  
committee. If that be true many people  
will have a higher regard for the man who  
refused to swallow his conscience for the  
sake of his party. Progress has a better  
opinion of Mr. Barker for that act of  
independence.

Now what are the chances?  
Take the city proper, on the south end  
as it is now called, and all the best work-  
ers of the wards will be found pledged to  
support and work for the candidate who  
offered months ago. They are more ready  
to stand by him now than then. It is  
claimed that the largest merchants in the  
city are with Mr. Everett. This is a great  
mistake. Mr. W. W. Turnbull supports him  
and so do some other excellent and in-  
nocent gentlemen of the same stamp, who  
will cast their own votes and wish him suc-  
cess and that is all. There are other mer-  
chants who have grown with the town, who  
know every hole and corner in it, who do  
not have to be told whether a man is tem-  
perate or intemperate, for they have been  
around, who prefer the sins of daylight to  
the iniquities of twilight and darkness—they  
will not support Mr. Everett. And if they  
are asked why, there language is quite  
 terse, quite plain and to the point.

Take the west end, or Carleton, and  
seven-eighths of the voters there will smile  
and smile, and say, "Wait till Tuesday.  
Then we will get our chance at Mr.  
Everett." For, right or wrong, Carleton  
people imagine the union scheme wasn't  
fair to them, and are down on ex-commis-  
sioner Everett. They say further, and  
truly, "We will not vote to put a man in  
the mayor's chair whose influence will be  
used every time against any amendment of  
his own union scheme. Let some other  
man sit in Portland on it."

Then in judgment the feeling is quite in-  
tense in favor of Mr. Barker, who is so  
well known there. The support of certain  
ward politicians, not in the best odor, will  
not help Mr. Everett. The chances are  
strong for Barker there.

Rev. W. W. Brewer met Mr. Barker on  
the street, a few days ago, and in his im-  
pulsive fashion offered him his vote. Mr.  
Barker, no doubt, was glad to get it, but  
the amusing sequel to the incident is the  
gentle remonstrances made to Mr. Brewer  
by some of his congregation against declar-  
ing himself in so public a fashion for any  
candidate. Why he should not has not  
been told, but thinking people who know  
both candidates will give the reverend  
gentleman credit for considerable discernment.

All New Novels, Papers and Magazines on  
loan, on sale at McArthur's Book store,  
King street.

## THE PEOPLE AND THE BRIDGE.

Persons Who Walk Over the Railway  
Trestle Should Be Careful.

The trestle work of the St. John Bridge  
and Railway company is very convenient  
for a large number of people living in Port-  
land. They can reach home from the city  
by this means in about half the time it  
takes to go around by Main street. Of  
late, however, frantic efforts have been  
made to deprive the people of this short  
cut and possible way to a rapid entrance  
into the next world. The bridge company  
put up a large sign, stating that any person  
walking over the trestle would be subject  
to arrest on view, and a fine of \$40. No  
body seemed to pay any attention to the  
notice. Foot travel continued to be large  
in that direction. The company viewed  
this fact with alarm and daily awaited to  
hear the report of fatal accidents on the  
road. Then a bright idea struck those in-  
terested in the trestle. They would move  
the warning notice in nearer to the street  
where everybody could see it. There was  
also talk at paying a man to call the atten-  
tion of the public to the notice. All these  
precautions availed nothing.

When the two cities were united and  
John R. Marshall took command of the  
police force, he became aware of this great  
disregard of danger and the bridge com-  
pany's notice. Mr. Marshall thought foot  
travel over the bridge could be stopped,  
and he was the man to stop it. Sergt. Kil-  
patrick was selected to work this great  
change. He stood on Mill street all day  
some weeks ago, and told every person who  
started to walk over the trestle work that  
it was against the law, and that they were  
subject to arrest and a fine. Every body  
spoken to walked around Main street—for  
that day only. When the police left Mill  
street, the people went over the bridge.

Mr. Marshall wasn't discouraged at this  
failure to stop the flood of travel over the  
trestle. Work that was too much for  
subordinates should be done by the head of  
the police, he thought. This was evidently  
the idea of the chief when he appeared on  
Mill street one day this week and took  
the names of persons he saw walking over the  
trestle work.

At last accounts foot travel over the  
trestle work was increasing.

## MONCTON EXCITED AGAIN.

A "Grave Devil" in the Cemetery is the  
Cause of the Trouble.

Moncton people are agitated at present  
over a "grave devil" of a decidedly unique  
description, which has recently been erected  
in the rural cemetery, and which Moncton-  
ians are only just beginning to find out  
about. It consists of a marble block,  
standing near the entrance, on which is  
carved the figure of a dog, with the follow-  
ing inexplicable words clearly traced be-  
neath: "Faithful watch, oh, my mother."

The stone was erected by a resident of  
Moncton, in memory of his wife, who died  
last winter. Now, the question to the  
thinking mind is, from what brain eman-  
ated so extraordinary a device? and how  
did it come to be admitted into the sacred  
precincts of God's acre? At the first  
glance—taking its position, near the gate,  
into consideration—one is naturally in-  
clined to suppose that some one has erected  
a monument in memory of a favorite dog,  
and the discovery that it is a tribute from a  
sorrowing husband to his departed wife,  
causes a shock of most unpleasant surprise.  
The utter grotesqueness of the thing is so  
striking, that the matter has been reported  
to the directors of the cemetery. Mean-  
while, even the Sunday excursion excite-  
ment has paled and faded into insignificance  
beside this new interest.

## A New and Handsome Corner.

There are few persons who do not stand  
to look at the new corner of Union and  
Waterloo streets and comment on the great  
change there since last year. Plate glass  
makes any front look well, but when there  
is an abundance of it and new brick build-  
ings above and about it the effect is cer-  
tainly very fine. Mr. W. A. Porter can be  
congratulated upon his grand grocery stand  
in the corner building. It certainly cannot  
be beaten in this city.

## Very Appropriate, Indeed.

There is a merchant doing business in  
the north end who does not open his store  
very early in the morning. Sometimes it  
is well on towards noon before the blinds  
are raised. Somebody in that vicinity  
noticed this fact, and attributing this  
tardiness to over-fondness for slumber,  
placed the following notice on the door one  
morning last week, where it was read by  
nearly every person who passed: "Not  
dead, but sleeping!"

## The Excursion Days of the "Clifton."

Captain Earle, of the Clifton, is prepar-  
ing for big excursions every week on and  
after the 15th. The Clifton has a  
fine reputation for grand scenery and  
pretty, hospitable villages, and is such a  
favorite resort with tourists that Thurs-  
days have always been favorite days with  
pleasure parties. The Clifton is a pleasant  
and good boat, with a courteous and  
obliging captain.