

# PROGRESS.

VOL. IV., NO. 166.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

**RAILWAYS.**  
**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**  
THE ALL RAIL LINE  
PORTLAND, BOSTON, NEW YORK, ETC.  
THE SHORT LINE  
Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto,  
and all points in Canada, the Western States, and Pacific Coast.

**SHORE LINE RAILWAY.**  
FAST EXPRESS  
ST. JOHN TO ST. STEPHEN  
in 3 hours and 15 minutes.

**NEW PASSENGER CARS.** After June 15th, trains will run as follows:  
Leave St. John—Express, east side by ferry, 7:14 a.m.; west, 7:30. Arrive St. Stephen, 10:45 a.m.  
Accommodation, east side by ferry, 1:04 p.m.; west, 1:20. Arrive St. Stephen, 6:06 p.m.  
Leave St. Stephen—Express 2:45 p.m.; arrive St. John, 6 p.m. Accommodation, 7:30 a.m.; arrive St. John, 12:15 p.m.

**Intercolonial Railway.**  
1891—Summer Arrangement—1891  
ON and after MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:  
**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN**  
Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton, 7:10 a.m.  
Fast Express for Point St. Charles, 11:00 a.m.  
Fast Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago, 12:45 p.m.  
Night Express for Halifax, 12:50 p.m.  
A Pullman Car runs each way on Express train leaving St. John at 7:00 o'clock and Halifax at 11:45 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec, Montreal and Chicago take Sleeping Car at 10:35 o'clock, and take Sleeping Car at Montreal.  
Sleeping Cars are attached to through Night Express trains between St. John and Halifax.  
**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN**  
Night Express from Halifax (Monday excepted) 10:10 a.m.  
Fast Express from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec, 12:30 p.m.  
Day Express from Halifax, 12:50 p.m.  
Fast Express from Halifax, 12:50 p.m.  
The Train due to arrive at St. John from Halifax at 6:10 o'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning until 8:30 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago, Montreal and Quebec.  
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity and hauled by steam from the locomotive.  
D. KOTLINGER,  
Chief Superintendent.

**For ONE MONTH Only.**  
A great reduction will be made in **Hair Switches** AT THE **HAIR STORE** 113 Charlotte St. Opp. Dufferin Hotel Ladies and Gents. FINE **WIGS**, at the **AMERICAN HAIR STORE**, CHARLOTTE STREET. Up one flight. **FURNITURE.** BEDROOM Suits, Parlor Suits, Lounges, Bed Lounges, Tables, Chairs, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Springs, Baby Carriages, etc. Prices low as any and on easy payment if desired.  
**F. A. JONES, : 34 Dock Street.**

Our Parlors are now open for **Ice Cream Lovers.**  
Favorite Flavors always on hand. Large Orders filled promptly.  
**HUGH P. KERR,**  
KING STREET.

## UNITED THEY STAND.

THE MILLMEN FIGHTING TO RETAIN THEIR NINE HOURS.

Fifteen Hundred Men Out of Employment—Four Mill Owners Refused to Sign the Circular—How the Men Received the News and Their Determination.

The millmen have struck, and struck hard. More than 1500 of them have left their post, and the great industry of the city is idle.

This has been no sudden step. Those who have lived in the life of the workers, who know their troubles and their grievances have seen the storm brewing for some time. Groups of workmen, who had first inkling of the proposed demand of the millowners, could be seen and heard discussing the situation for the last fortnight on the street corners or as they loitered slowly along.

Progress learned at that time from the workmen that they feared the owners would try and force them to return to the long day, but they had heard nothing definite then. The definite word came Monday morning when in eleven of the mills the notice was posted that after July 13 a day's work would mean ten instead of nine hours. The story of how the news was received and what the men thought of the action is told in another part of this article. The story of the meeting in Berryman's hall has already been dwelt upon in the daily press.

Perhaps no action on the part of the laborers has ever been attended with such effects as this. Perhaps no action has been so united, so moderate or so just. The laborers are not on strike because any demand of theirs has been refused, but they are on strike because they object to surrendering a privilege that they have fought for and won. No person blames them—no person can blame them.

What the effect of the labor struggle will be is hard to foretell. If the owners come to terms and work along on the same lines as before, the men will return to work at any moment—if they hold out and say that ten hours will constitute a day's work, more than 7,500 people—some say 10,000—will suffer great privations.

There are about 2,000 men employed in and about all the mills. About 1,500 of them are on strike. Their families and those depending upon them are forced to bear the real brunt, the real privations of the struggle. Those who have families are in a great measure forced to remain where they are and await the issue. Those who have no relations depending upon them can look for work in other places and PROGRESS understands that a number have done so.

One of the phases of the trouble will be the necessary demand for credit at the provision stores. Just one instance may be cited to show how those important factors, the grocers, look upon the matter. It appears that one grocery store, influenced to a certain extent by the capital side of the question, made the assertion that he proposed to refuse credit to any workman who did not agree to the ten hours. The word spread and it was not long before he noticed a call for a number of small accounts that he held against the men. They were paid and he was informed that the man who took sides against them would not get their trade. Another large grocery in the same section espoused the cause of the men so warmly, and was so ready to proffer any assistance that it is sure not to lose in the long run.

There is no use denying the fact that the merchants have a very close connection with the workers in the mills. The latter gave them a large portion of their trade in the spring and summer season, and a week without Saturday night would indeed be a dull one all over the city.

Notwithstanding these considerations, the merchants are not slow to express their opinion in favor of the working men. They are not fighting for a demand, but for a principle, and every honest thinking citizen will back them up.

While the workers are as one in this business, the mill owners are in a great measure divided. Four of them refused to have anything to do with the circular, and when they have work for the men will run on the old system. One of the four, it is said, was very indignant at the move, and told the committee he had been a worker with the men, and knew just how hard their labor was. He would be the last man to attempt to grind them down.

## FAKE TOWN IS BETTER.

THE SYSTEMATIC ATTEMPT TO BOOM A SAND BANK.

Literature for the Unsuspecting—Glowing Accounts of What Might Happen on the Coast of Canso—A City on Paper—There Are Millions in It.

There is a great deal of systematic booming going on just now of an imaginary town called Terminal City on the east coast of Nova Scotia, and if all that is before the writer's eyes at this moment is true in any degree, it must indeed be a wonderful place.

Some people may consider it a pity to speak out against the "booming" of any place, and nothing pleases PROGRESS better than a continual boom, but it must be an honest one. So far as information can be obtained from reliable sources, the booming of "Terminal City" is a carefully laid plan to draw the dollars from the pockets of unsuspecting people who will believe all or nearly all that is put on paper. There has been so much money made in real estate in the States that companies purporting to own large tracts of desirable land have sprung up all over the country. They have been found ready at all times to foist their lands upon the people at an enormous profit.

It is quite evident that the Terminal city company is all ready to unload. Though it has a charter from the "parliament of Nova Scotia," there is not a maritime province man in the list of promoters, and but one upper Canadian. It was about a year ago that a select company of spirits, with spirits, rushed through this city in a special pullman car en route to Terminal city. "Where the deuce is Terminal city?" asked a local railroad man. No person knew and the jocular suggestion was then made that the party was going to the "jumping off place." The passengers included some railroad men and others representing Boston and New York papers.

One of the results of their trip is shown in another part of this article, where extracts are quoted from some leading papers of the union booming something—they know not what.

PROGRESS was curious enough to seek for all the information it could obtain, and wrote to the company's offices for the maps and pamphlets. They arrived in due season, and were even more startling in their character than the advertisements which appeared in the American papers. The descriptive pamphlet of Terminal City is a perfect gem in its way. Elegantly gotten up, the letter press is about as plausible and convincing a bit of composition as PROGRESS has ever seen. It cannot fail to impress those who know nothing about the place in the most favorable way, and unsuspecting capitalists will be apt to bite readily at so tempting a bait.

The fact that there is coal in Nova Scotia; that the so-called Terminal City is situated on the coast; that the government railway extends as far as Port Mulgrave, five miles distant, is made the very most of. The most minute calculations are gone into to show how much quicker a journey to Europe would be through Terminal City; that it can be reached by sail from New York in 24 hours; that with fast steamers the sea voyage across the Atlantic can be made in four days. The calculations are so fine that the gains in cattle shipments through the short time are estimated, because in the last two days of an ocean voyage a fat steer loses from 40 to 80 pounds!

But perhaps it is most interesting to note that this wonderful company has 500,000 shares of stock at a par value of \$10 each. It is also worth noting that there are 211,829 shares yet to dispose of. There are 643 city lots yet remaining unsold and also 380 acres in the city plot.

A portion of the boom literature is devoted to elegantly lithographed maps and plans of this phantom town. One of them shows the whole city divided into blocks and building lots. The streets are laid out with great exactness, and are called "avenues" with such sounding titles as "Nelson," "Chedabucto," "Wellington," "Main," "Guysborough," "Columbus," and "Canso." Then there are "Cedar," "Crescent," "Oak," and "Myrtle," to say nothing of 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th streets. One block is reserved for the hotel, another for the railway depot, and another for the public buildings.

The whole scheme has been carefully planned, and the literature is the work of experienced "boomers." The maritime public is not likely to be caught in the net though many others outside will, no doubt, grab at the chance to buy lots. Just at present a better name for it would be Fake Town.

**WHAT IS IN IT.**  
It Looks Like a Net for Gulls—Will They Be Caught.

A very promising and exceedingly generous advertisement is just now circulating in such expensive papers as the New York Sun and others of quite as large a circulation. If the Sun charges its regular

## ALL WENT OUT OF TOWN.

HOW THE CITY WAS DESERTED ON DOMINION DAY.

Thousands Sought the Country in All Directions, by Train, Boat, Carriage and Tally Ho—Hundreds Left Behind, But Not Enough to Give the City a Holiday Crowd.

There were very few late breakfasts Wednesday morning. Everyone was up bright and early, making preparations to leave the city, and until 8 o'clock the streets were lively enough. But at noon they were deserted. Every car that left the Union depot had as many passengers as it could hold, and each train was much too long to have both ends in the car shed at one time. Officers Collins and Stevens probably saw more "tickets at the gate" than they ever did in one day before, and ticket agent Hanington had his card out, "This is my busy day," and it was full of meaning.

But the railways did not carry all the exodians by any means. There was a grand scramble for standing room on board the *Monticello*, and when she sailed with between 700 and 800 excursionists, there were a large number on the wharf who had left home with the intention of spending the day in Nova Scotia.

There were not enough steamers on the river to carry all the people who wanted to go in that direction, and when a boatload left the wharf there was always a crowd of disappointed ones left behind. Every horse car going toward Indiantown had as many passengers as it could possibly hold, and one that was supposed to connect with the afternoon boats, found the load too great and left the track, with the result that those who were in it arrived at Indiantown in time to see the steamer midway between Pleasant Point and the Kennedy drinking fountain. But the victims of the street car accident were not alone. A hundred or so would-be excursionists, with their Sunday suits and white dresses, saw the boat sail off with the early birds, who occupied every available bit of standing room and left the wharf for those who came late.

And this was the case all day. People left the city in every direction. Even the ferry boat was deeper in the water than she usually is, and the crowd on the ladies' side of the steamer, sent the gentlemen's cabin up in the air in a way that alarmed the timid. Thousands travelled in the hot sun to the Bay shore and Duck cove, and he beaches were black with people. All along the shore little fires were burning, children scampered about and waded in the water, and so did some of the older children—young women in fact, who in the absence of bathing houses on the shore, sought the uncertain obscurity of the bushes on the bank to prepare for a plunge, while the ever present bore with the opera glasses amused himself from the hill. The Glass Shore is never free from bores of one kind or another, from the opera glass fiend to the tipsy individuals who make that particular spot their camping ground, and always have an eye on the picnic baskets. They are seldom ashamed to ask for something to eat, and when this is the case, the chances are that the picnicers will be the hungry ones if they do not keep a sharp lookout for the baskets.

There were no special attractions in the city—nothing that could not be seen any day of the week, and the few who remained behind had a lonesome time. It is many years since the city wore such a deserted look on a holiday, if ever it did before. (None of the city attractions had the crowds that are usually found on a holiday. At the ball games the grand stand was only about one-third full, while the theatres had only fair houses.)

The real city celebration began after dark, when the picnicers began to flock back to town. Then there was plenty of excitement. The depot was crowded all evening with passengers and those who went down there to see the trains come in. The Halifax express was over an hour late. And no wonder. When it did arrive one end of the train was up at "the gate," while the other was away out in the yard, somewhere in the vicinity of Dorchester street. Seventeen cars were crowded in such a manner that windows for breathing space were at a premium. There were two locomotives, two conductors, and in fact it was two long trains in one. Mill street lost its lonesome look about that time, and there was a scene to be remembered.

As the boats and trains began to arrive, the excitement increased. The Y. M. C. A.'s from the *Monticello* made King street ring with the association cries, and the omnibuses from Indiantown, crowded to the roofs, ran races on the pavements in a way that attracted more attention than a dog fight. On Charlotte street the tally ho with a load that was high enough in the air to see into all the second story windows enhanced that vicinity with "Old Lang Syne," and from every direction crowds flocked to town, laughing, singing, and making all the noise possible.

Down at the depot, hundreds awaited the

## NOT ENOUGH SALARY.

The Difference Between the Salaries of Principal and Teachers Too Great.

Those citizens who have taken a pride in the Victoria school will learn with keen regret that one of its very best teachers, Miss Kate Bartlett, is about to retire from the service. Talking with those interested in school work PROGRESS understands that the reason for Miss Bartlett's determination lies in the very poor pecuniary encouragement offered by the school trustees. There are some ladies who do not and cannot look after their interests with the same persistence as a man, and in the Victoria school at least, these seem to have fared very badly. Most people will be utterly surprised to learn that a lady so highly prized as a teacher as Miss Bartlett should, after teaching thirteen years in the Victoria school, only receive \$340 a year from the city. Her government allowance brings the amount up to \$440, but that amount is by no means a satisfactory one for a teacher in the Victoria school, standing second only to the principal, who, by the way, receives \$1,350 from the city and government.

PROGRESS thinks the difference is entirely too much. Both Miss Bartlett and Miss Narraway, the second teachers in the Victoria school, should receive at least \$600 each, the same amount as Miss Robertson received when she stood next to the lady principal.

It would be no encouragement at all for ladies of such ability as those mentioned above to remain in the city service, if, after 13 years of service, they were forced to seek more lucrative employment. The taxpayers will not grumble at decent living salaries, but they do object to devoting large sums to the schools only to find that the teachers are ground down while the money is diverted in other channels which PROGRESS has spoken of before. Let the trustees see that justice is done in this matter, and the people and the press will back them up.

## HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE POPULAR.

Rev. Mr. Burroughs, who has been officiating in St. Stephen's church during the absence of Rev. Dr. Macrae, has a quaint way of telling hard facts, that leave an impression on his hearers. Last Sunday evening during the course of his sermon he took occasion to offer some suggestions as to how a sermon should be composed. One of the most essential requisites was thought: a good sermon should have both thought and song. "But," said the speaker, "this is not always the case. Sermons, now-a-days are more of a descriptive character; they are all song and very little thought—in fact," said he, "the less thought a minister manages to get into his sermons, the more popular he will be."

## ALL TO ONE END.

In booming the exhibition—and it is being boomed very successfully—the association is working along the line of making the city better known in every way at the same time. The latest idea is a folder, upon one side of which is a huge railway map showing the position of this city as a commercial centre and sea port, with its lines of railway and navigation plainly outlined. On one side of the folder, when folded, is the exhibition announcement very attractively displayed, and when turned over St. John as a summer resort stares the reader in the face. Thus everything goes hand in hand all for the common benefit.

## CASH MAKES OPINIONS.

It has been a matter of speculation for some time among those who read the *Gleaner* newspaper of Fredericton, as to who writes the editorials. Making due allowance for the occasional excursions of the pen of Dr. Stockton and the happy contributions of the "42nd member," there still remained the bulk of the general and political work to be accounted for. PROGRESS learns on good authority that Historian Hannay, while editing an organ supporting the local government, has no objection to writing editorials for one that is in opposition.

## A CHANCE FOR SOME APPLICANTS.

PROGRESS understands that Mr. M. McDade, who has reported the house of assembly so acceptably for many years, has intimated that he will not fill that position again. Mr. McDade has no doubt found out that there is more money in other vocations than driving the quill. In the last year he has become an enterprising and most successful life insurance agent, the New York Mutual having secured his services. It is not necessary to tell those who know the gentleman that he has peculiar qualifications for the insurance business.

## NO FAULT OF HERS.

A very pitiable case has come to PROGRESS' notice by which an injustice has been done a bright young lady. When the examinations for matriculation in the university were being held in the Victoria school, Miss Laura Wilson was among those who started out to work the papers. Unfortunately for her the death of her mother prevented her from continuing the examination and gaining the coveted diploma. She had passed the McGill examinations, however, very successfully, as she thought. When the marks were received she learned that one of her papers had been lost by the local examiner in this city and had never been forwarded to the examiner in Montreal. She did well on the others, but the negligence of the official in this city lost her the McGill diploma. A great deal of sympathy is felt for the young lady by those who know just how hard it is to prepare for an examination, and the ordeal of passing it.

## GRIS AND BICYCLES.

Rev. Canon Brigstocke was in Windsor last week, attending the closing exercises of Kings college. While there he made a speech in which he expressed his opinion of one kind of exercise, in which the young ladies indulge, in a very forcible manner. He had noticed a young woman riding on a bicycle, and trusted that all the girls whom he was addressing would discountenance such proceedings.

## ST. MARTIN'S ON THE TWELFTH.

The orangemen will celebrate the twelfth this year by a grand excursion to St. Martins. Great preparations are being made for the event, and the crowd will be a big one. St. Martins is one of the best places in the province for an excursion, and with the orangemen conducting it, hundreds are looking forward to a great big day.

## THE MOST PROMISING ENTERPRISE NOW BEFORE THE COMMERCIAL WORLD.

(From the Boston Journal.)

"The building of Terminal City on the extreme eastern point of Nova Scotia means simply the gathering in of the harvest of transportation business made possible by the construction of trunk lines of railway across the continent. It is a commercial enterprise wholly worthy of these modern times. The rapid development of the wonderful mineral resources of Nova Scotia is quite certain to accompany its progress. A large and prolific field for the investment of capital, as sure to bring adequate returns as if it were made in Boston, New York or Chicago."

## UNLESS THE EXISTING COMPANY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE SITE FOR BUILDING TERMINAL CITY, IT IS NOW CERTAIN THAT SOME OTHER COMPANY WOULD, FOR THE IDEA ON WHICH IT RESTS AS ON A SOLID FOUNDATION IS ONE THAT CANNOT BE ERADICATED FROM THE COMMERCIAL MIND.

It is the natural outlet for the great western traffic that is to pour into and out of its spacious and deep harbor as the ocean tides pour through the neighboring Straits of Canso. That is enough to settle the question and disclose the destiny. There is no chance for blind guess work about Terminal City. The circle of the world's attention is waiting to widen to receive it as one of their queen sisters."

## THE NEW SEAPORT TO THE EAST, TERMINAL CITY, BRINGS EUROPE TWO DAYS NEARER TO US, AND TO JUST THAT EXTENT REVOLUTIONIZES INTERCOURSE BETWEEN THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

In this rapid transit epoch, the gain of that time shortens the passage of the fleetest ocean greyhounds one-third. Events are thus fulfilling prophecy. Nations are steadily forming themselves into a common neighborhood, and bringing into view the reality of a universal brotherhood. Two days nearer Europe is equivalent to the permanent bridging of one-third of the width of the Atlantic ocean."

## TERMINAL CITY IS A MODERN SOUNDING TITLE, AND IT REPRESENTS LATTER-DAY ENTERPRISE, BUT IT OCCUPIES HISTORIC GROUND AND A SITE FAMILIAR ON THE STRAITS OF CANADA, N. S.

At this point terminates the Intercolonial railway, which connects at Quebec with the Grand Trunk system, whose further end rests in Chicago, and whose branches and connections tap every part of the fertile country surrounded by the Great Lakes. Through this section run the branches of the Atlantic coast. The Atlantic will soon be bridged at this point by a line of fast vessels, and in all probability they will ply between Milford Haven in Wales and Terminal City."

## MONEY INVESTED IN STOCK AND LOTS SURE TO DOUBLE IN VALUE. SEND FOR PROSPECTUS, MAPS AND CHARTS.

Money invested in stock and lots sure to double in value. Send for prospectus, maps and charts.

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