

Board of Works

THE MOST POPULAR PLAYER IN THE St. Johns and Shamrocks HAS FIFTY DOLLARS WAITING FOR HIM.

PROGRESS.

WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE? Drop a Ballot in the Box, and help to Make Him Happy. "Progress" Popular Vote.

VOL. III., NO. 122.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS

PRINTED ON THE SPOT.

"PROGRESS" DAILY EDITION IN MACHINERY HALL.

How the Special Edition is Getting Along—A Twelve Thousand Pound Shipment of Paper—No Trouble to Get Advertisements for Such an Edition.

It would hardly be possible for any newspaper to meet with greater success in seeking patronage for a special edition than PROGRESS has this past week.

The general opinion among merchants and all others who have understood the plan as proposed by PROGRESS is that the idea is well conceived and they have sufficient confidence in the paper to depend that it will be carried out all right.

It is a strange fact that it is far easier to get and obtain orders for advertisements than it is to procure the copy for the same.

The same prejudice against writing advertisements extends to all classes. The merchant who does not object to paying \$100 for a page advertisement will look worried to death when asked for the copy. There is one way this can be arranged without much trouble and promptness and good work will be then assured. There are two or three people around PROGRESS office who understand the arrangement of type, phrases and all that goes to make an attractive announcement, who will be glad to assist any patron of PROGRESS in such a difficulty.

The assistance costs nothing and will perhaps be more satisfactory to the business man in the end. There seems to be a decided inclination to contract for large spaces and all the energies of PROGRESS Engraving Bureau are being taxed to draw and engrave the portraits and building work in time for the edition. Those who wish photographs and engravings of buildings cannot delay any longer for dull weather sometimes prevents cameras from working and engravings cannot be had conveniently without photographs.

Something else is needed for the immense edition. That is paper. To supply the demand a shipment of twelve thousand pounds of special white paper made especially for PROGRESS is already on the rail and perchance has arrived here before this is printed.

In the list of chairmen of committees—whose portraits will appear in PROGRESS—which was printed last week, the name of Mr. James Estey was accidentally omitted, and Mr. H. J. Thorne was made chairman of the geology committee instead of the Educational exhibit. Since that time Messrs. W. M. Jarvis and A. L. Law, who were not seen before, have been added to the list.

Advertisers and all others should bear this fact in mind that orders for papers cannot be in too soon. Upon application printed wrappers will be furnished them for addressing purposes and expert boys in this office will, if they please, save them the trouble and work of wrapping up the papers. The paper will be printed on Friday, the 19th, and as many as possible, if not all, sent away that day and evening so that the people through New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and the island may read every article and advertisement between Saturday morning and the following Wednesday. The advantage of such a paper for advertisers, published and circulated at such a time and filled with splendid illustrations of the exhibition building, the interior and exterior, and particularly of the exhibition chairmen, with a bird's eye view of the city, as well as interesting and suggestive letter press, cannot be overestimated.

PROGRESS' sole aim will be to deserve the generous patronage of the merchants, and to that end no means or expense will be spared. Some additions to the list of advertisers in the special edition are printed today. They will all be well represented in the paper.

- J. & A. McMillan. Manchester, Robertson & Allison. W. C. Pitfield & Co. C. F. and Sons. James Robertson. Victoria Hotel. John E. Storey. R. W. W. Frink. Kerr's Business College. C. E. L. Jarvis. Dom. Paper Bag Co. C. H. Peniston. A. O. Skinner. Harold Gilbert. John Mackay. Clarke, Kerr & Thorne. W. H. Thorne & Co. F. Beverly. Wm. Seavie. Cowie & Edwards. Alfred Morrissey. Mutual Life Insurance Co. Confederation Life Insurance Co. North American Life Insurance Co. Ontario Mutual Life Insurance Co. Wm. J. Fraser. W. H. Bell. James Kelly. A. Armstrong. C. Schmidt. J. B. Cameron.

The preparations for the daily PROGRESS to be printed in the machinery hall of the exhibition building are going forward splendidly. Mr. Cranston writes us that

he will do all in his power to make the exhibit a complete success. It is quite possible that the press can be placed upon the cars at the manufactory and run right into the machinery hall, within 10 feet of where it will be running during exhibition week.

Our idea is to print two editions daily in the machinery hall. One in the afternoon and one in the evening. A complete newspaper printing office will be placed in our space with a Cranston press and a folder that will be attached to the press, take the papers as they are printed and fold and cut them ready for the people in the building where they can be sold by permission of the directors. The edition is certain to be a good one since a majority of the visitors will not leave without such a memento of their visit to the exhibition.

There have been many applications already for space and nearly two pages of contract advertisements for 10 days have been made. The rate is \$3 an inch for the time the exhibition is open—10 days.

OLD "BRUNSWICK NUMBER ONE."

The Fire Engine which is the Chief Decoration of Mr. Lantulum's Junk Yard.

In the Free Museum of Mechanical Arts, otherwise known as Lantulum's junk yard, on the corporation wharf below the Custom House, is an old fire engine. Exposed as it has been to wind and weather for so long there is nothing very attractive about it to the younger generation, but some of the old-timers from the North End lean over Pettungell's rails now and then, to talk of the days when they were young and frisky and "ran with the machine." One of the pieces of tarnished brass of which the engine has not been stripped, bears the word "Brunswick." It is old No. 1, of the Portland department.

It was a handsome engine in its day with its polished piano box and burnished brasses. The polish is off the wood now, the lion couchant no longer ornaments the air vessel and everything which the hands of the volunteers delighted to keep shining is dull, tarnished, and battered.

"Brunswick No. 1" was a presentation engine from the people of what was then the parish of Portland, to the volunteer company. It was built by H. H. Jones of St. John, and was the first engine in Portland. Before that there had been a hose company.

The new engine was presented to the company in March, 1853, and the firemen had a parade in honor of the occasion. The engine house was in the old market building which stood on the spot now occupied by the Mission church. The programme included an elaborate supper to be served in the evening, in the big room up stairs. The company returned to the house at dusk, and had just housed the new engine when one of the men looked out of a back window and saw a bright light.

"Hello, boys, there's a big fire on Pond street," he shouted, and away went the crowd and the new engine, with a rush. It was a big fire, and a hot one, for it was the night that Heber's sausage factory and another building were burned. Cora Linn, No. 3, had its quarters on Union street, a little above Dock, and there was a race between it and No. 1 to get "first water," and win the five pounds cash which the corporation allowed as a prize. No. 3 had its hose stretched first, but No. 1 "got there" by uncoupling it and taking advantage of the resulting delay.

It was a bitterly cold night, which the old timers remember to this day, when the water froze as fast as it fell. The supper spread for No. 1, with its abundance of hot coffee, did duty in a far different way from that expected.

And such was the beginning of the long and useful career of "Brunswick No. 1."

The Fall Sports. The Amateur Athletic Club's fall sports come off September 16th. They are always the event of the year among the athletes, of whom a large number are in training. There are 16 events on the programme, and enough good athletes in the provinces to make every one of them worth seeing. The sports always draw a large crowd, and the increasing number of athletes and athletic clubs make them of greater interest every year.

A Close Bit of Figuring. The financial antics of a table boarder of a popular city house has caused considerable amusement this week. During the week his family were rusticated he arranged for table board by the week and at the end of the time deducted the meals he missed and tried to settle the account in that way. Hence these tears!

Change of Time and Agents. The Weymouth S. S. Company has changed the hour of the sailing of its steamers which now departs from the Custom House wharf. Owing to the latter change it was not convenient for Messrs. Baird and Peters to act as agents any longer and Mr. Frank Rowan has been appointed in their stead.

All the New Novels at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King St.

FIVE OF THEM WILL GO.

THE FIRE COMMITTEE DECIDE TO HAVE THE JUNKET.

And the City will Foot the Bills—The Motion Sailed Through Secret Session, with Boss Chesley as a Pilot—A Suggestion for the Aldermen.

The public safety department have decided that the junketing party must go. Five of the city aldermen can pack their grips at any moment now and start for Boston and suburbs at the expense of the taxpayer.

That is the conclusion arrived at on motion of Alderman Chesley in a secret session of the public safety committee this week.

The idea of the junket was exposed in PROGRESS some time ago but the open disapproval of the people prevented them from carrying the plan into execution. The council threw the whole weight of the matter upon the safety committee. They had not the nerve to vote it down for fear that some of them might be in a position similar to that of the fire committee now, and be retaliated upon. So absolute power to deal with the question was given to the safety committee and they have shown their regard for the interests of the city by voting for a free holiday trip.

Not all of them, however, but a majority and that was all that was wanted. There was a discussion too warm for a hot summer day on the motion of "Boss" Chesley, but it was carried in the end. The fire committee are the chosen few—five of them to see about a fire alarm system. Not one of them as PROGRESS has pointed out has any practical knowledge of the business they are sent on. Their report if it is ever made will be interesting reading.

The methods of old Portland are gradually creeping into the present united city. This junketing trip is a sample of them, and its origin in the fertile brain of Ald. Chesley seems to be perfectly appropriate. This gentleman seems to have lost none of those generous qualities which so distinguished him when he was head and tail of the civic government of misgoverned Portland. He delighted there to show the taxpayers how perfectly familiar he was with funds and some of his warm supporters and friends were also pleased with his financing. He distributed contracts with perfect freedom and gave them to whom he pleased.

This vacation trip of the fire committee can easily cost the city \$500. The aldermen will no doubt wait the cooler weather and take all the enjoyment out of the junket possible. They say that September is a perfect month in Boston, the month for excursion parties of all kinds. Our junketing firemen had better then postpone their trip for a time—it would be better to postpone it forever—and be in the fashion.

If the aldermen want to have some idea of how the people like to have these additional and unnecessary expenditures forced upon them, especially when the assessments are so large as at present, they could easily get permission to deliver the tax bills of their constituents. They would probably hear something to their advantage, and before the job was done find it necessary to have policemen accompany them on their rounds. "Every little helps" to make the tax bills larger, and it will be generally conceded that if they keep on growing they will be too large for most people to handle.

The line should be drawn somewhere. Fun that All Did Not Enjoy. There were indications of a frolic on Jeffrey's hill Tuesday night. Most of the doorways along the street were strewn with hay, and two large boxes were suspended from the railing at the corner of Sewell street. Early in the evening they were in front of a grocery filled with hay. What happened at some time of the night was quite apparent.

On the River. A large number of people are taking advantage of the excursion rates offered by the managers of the river steamers this summer, and among the most popular boats on the river is the May Queen. The sail up the river is always delightful and there is no better way to escape the bustle and excitement of the city, and get genuine rest.

Too Much Mud for Anyone. A citizen writes about the absence of the crossings at the junction of Germain and Wellington Row. PROGRESS should have a kickers' column. But, seriously, the street superintendent should remember that two crossings up at the same time inconvenience people.

The Odd Fellows Walk. Next? It was the Odd Fellows' turn to have a parade this week, and they made a fine showing. The new uniforms of Canton La Tour looked very fine, and the music of the visitors band was of a very high order.

School Books of all kinds; lowest prices. McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King St.

FUN IN THE EVENING.

The Crowds of People who go to see the Ingenious Japs.

The Japanese village seems to be growing in popularity. Every evening sees a large crowd of visitors, and other attractions in the city seems to have no effect on the number who attend. There is considerable to see, from the potter to the candy man. There are always eager and interested crowds at every booth, and indeed such workmanship as is done by the Jap who cuts out all the silver or gold from a coin, leaving simply the head and lettering, or the painter who with one brush and many different colored paints, makes the most beautiful designs on satin, is quite a revelation to ordinary people. But there are only a few of the things one sees "done while you wait." The lettering on glass is well done, and any visitor can have a drawing of himself made, if he likes to believe it resembles him. Excellent lemonade and egg shakes can be had at one corner of the village, and people who are smart enough and have a habit of looking well ahead of them, can see and hear a first-class stage performance; for past experience has shown that the "reserved seats" are too few and if one don't get there early he cannot get within hearing distance. The Shaffers are first-class artists, good musicians and Mr. Shaffer an excellent ventriloquist. The Punch and Judy show is far ahead of the ordinary entertainment of that time, and has not that antiquated appearance so common to many of them.

The Japanese Village is a grand bazaar with all the objectionable (?) features of the local entertainment left out—hosts of pretty and persuasive girls who will make one buy innumerable things that has no earthly use for.

WHAT MR. ELLIS SAW.

The Small Boys who Had a New Club Room Escape.

Mr. Ellis, of the Gas company learned, last week, that a number of boys were making a club room out of the old electric light station on Paradise Row, and reported the matter to the chief of police. A searching party was organized, Saturday, composed of Mr. Ellis, Mr. Mount, the electrician, Officer Baxter and Captain Rawlings, the latter in command. When the station was reached, the captain placed Mr. Ellis on duty at the gate, with instructions to capture the offenders if they tried to escape in that direction, and Mr. Ellis, like a good soldier, obeyed orders, stayed at his post and kept his eyes open. And he saw something. First a pair of legs appeared out of a window, followed by a boyish body. Then another, and another dropped to the ground, and disappeared around the building. But Mr. Ellis, believing that all points were as well guarded as the gate, never left his post and awaited developments. At last he got tired waiting, and entering the building he walked up stairs. There he found the two police officers and the electrician holding a consultation. They had all entered the building together to effect the arrest, and when Mr. Ellis had seen them escaping from the window, the gallant captain wanted to know why in—he didn't arrest them.

Mr. Ellis was puzzled to know what the others intended doing.

A QUICK WITTED NOVA SCOTIAN.

His Ready Interpretation of Three Suspicious Initials.

Some time ago one of the principal dealers in the apple districts of Nova Scotia sailed, and among his creditors were a few St. John wholesale houses who did not relish being left in the lurch. They suspected, too, that there was some crooked business in the suspension, and kept a sharp lookout for their debtor. This same debtor had a parent who was as shrewd as Nova Scotians usually are, and more quick witted than the majority of them. His son, still in the way of business, shipped a large quantity of apples to St. John with his initials A. W. P. on the barrels, and his father came along to handle the shipment. The creditors in this city learning of the shipment sent a constable to get at the facts and if possible make a seizure.

The constable met the old gentleman in charge and asked if Mr. So and So did not own those apples. "Oh no, these apples belong to me," was the prompt response. "How does it happen then that his initials A. W. P. are marked on the barrels?" "His initials! God bless you those don't stand for any name. A. W. P. means All Wallopin Pippins."

Can't Help Seeing Them. The new letter boxes present a very imposing appearance, and if they are kept as attractively painted as at present, the collector who will skip them and yet retains a clear conscience, is entirely unfit for service. Every box has on it the time at which the mail will be taken out.

Good Note Paper and Envelopes 5 cents a quire. McArthur's, 80 King street.

THE WINNER?

Now for a Great Finish for the Favorite.

PUSHOR AND DONOVAN IN IT.

The St. Johns' Backstop Increases His Lead.

FREDERICTON HOLDS VOTES FOR CAPTAIN DONOVAN.

The Last Ballot Printed Today—Voting Closes at Sharp Four Next Thursday—Orders Taken until Tuesday Morning at Ten O'clock.

Now for the finish. The last ballot is printed in today's PROGRESS and the ballot boxes close at sharp four o'clock next Thursday.

The vote today shows a gain for Pushor of about 300 votes. Donovan is making the race most exciting, however, and many believe has a reserve strength that will surprise the friends of the St. John's man.

A Fredericton letter to PROGRESS gives some interesting pointers on this subject. It would seem that the Celestials are holding their ballots. If they had not, the result might have been a good deal closer.

But it is close enough to satisfy anybody.

PROGRESS has inquiries from many places about the latest hour orders will be taken for papers. Send them in as early as possible and not later than Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock. Orders from a distance should be wired.

Captain Donovan appears to have lost some ground in certain quarters and gained in others. It is possible that the very same cause that changed the opinion of some people had a contrary effect upon others.

How the Vote Stands.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Votes. Includes William Pushor (8,613), William Donovan (8,298), James Kennedy (2,444), Frank White (1,474), George Whitehead (449), Charles Keams (296), Sullivan (Joseph) (89), McGrath (75), Priest (56), Howe (54), Sullivan (James) (47), Small (42), O'Brien (38), Parsons (20), Lezotte (11), Sexton (5), Merritt (5).

The tellers, Messrs. Ferguson, Jennings and Moran were very weary before they finished counting the ballots Thursday. They began early and ended late, the only excitement to vary the monotony being the closeness of the vote. Counting the total vote polled and allowing a liberal discount for ballots that will never be polled there must be a tremendous reserve vote some where. For whom it is held will be known next week.

The most surprising result is the intense increasing interest manifested in the contest throughout the province. In places where base ball is merely the echo of the game, the orders for extra papers are surprising. This is no fictitious sale either. The agents report new customers, and in the majority of cases they will always remain customers. Thus the circulation will have a permanent and gratifying boom.

There was at any time a doubt of the success and popularity of the vote for the favorite ball player it was thoroughly dispelled last week. Long before the paper went to press the orders for extra papers from newsdealers far exceeded any previous demands.

This warranted the printing of thousands of extra copies and it was evident before the office closed Friday evening that even the liberal supply would not be sufficient for the demand. The press and folder of PROGRESS were steadily at work from noon Friday until midnight and but for the perfect order of the machinery and the uninterrupted run a large part of the edition would have been delayed until Saturday morning. Telegrams began to arrive early in the evening from Fredericton ordering papers by the three and four hundreds until when the last bundle was marked more than 1000 copies had gone to the capital alone.

But the newsboys made the great demand Saturday, and they were splendidly backed up by the city newsdealers. Notwithstanding the driving rain storm the papers were gone before 8 o'clock in the morning, and the press began its work again, continuing until noon, when a grand total of 13,000 copies had been printed and sold.

A large number of ballots came in envelopes to the editor. Some of them could

not be traced aside from the post mark on the envelope, but all were alike placed in the heap of votes.

DEAR FRIEND PROGRESS: I send you one-half dozen votes for Billy Donovan, as I think he is the best and most gentlemanly catcher and all-round player in the provinces, and I hope he will win. I see by your paper that there have been no votes sent from Maine yet, but I sent you one last week, and I hope you will acknowledge this half-dozen. There is a great admirer of Pushor working for him in this town, but as the papers are limited every week we can't do a great pile, but every one counts.

Houlton, Maine, August 18, '90. DALTON.

DEAR SIR: Will you please to hand to the tellers the enclosed votes (9), to be placed to the credit of Capt. Frank White, the local shucker, and much obliged. Sackville, Aug. 18th.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Kindly deposit the enclosed for me. Sorry I can't send more, but only had the paper sent by me. White is the man to win. W. R., (a St. John Boy.) Cambridgeport, Mass., August 21st.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: You will please find enclosed a small quantity of ballots for Wm. Donovan, which you will be good enough to hand to committee, and oblige. W. S. Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 25, '90.

DEAR SIR: Would you please hand in these votes (for Billy Pushor) (15) to the tellers and much obliged. AN ADMIRER OF BILLY PUSHOR. Sackville, N. B., Aug. 25th.

EDITOR PROGRESS: I enclose a few ballots for Pushor. Will have more Monday or before poll closes. Welford Station, Aug. 27.

PUBLISHER OF PROGRESS: Enclosed please find four votes for Billy Pushor, with my best wishes that he will win. W. A. P. Boston, Aug. 27.

EDITOR PROGRESS: Please find enclosed several ballots for W. Pushor. Frank White is our favorite but as he appears to be out of the fight we would like to see Pushor win. We wrote two for White which you can credit him with—Yours to a cinder, Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 23, 1890. WASHINGTON.

TO EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Please find enclosed two ballots for Wm. Pushor. I am a New Brunswick boy and receive your paper every week; I enjoy it very much. Here's luck to Pushor. W. C. STEVENS. Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 19, 1890.

EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Please place these to the credit of Frank White to aid him in getting the \$50 he deserves if he only sticks to his crowd through the season.

ONE OF HIS ST. STEPHEN ADMIRERS. St. Stephen, Aug. 16, '90.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Enclosed please find 43 votes for William Pushor of the St. John. A. A. Association base ball side. Please place these to his credit and let us know through your paper that you have received them.

TWO OF HIS HALIFAX ADMIRERS. P. S. He has lots more here. Halifax, Aug. 26.

NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

A Little Event which Drew a Big Crowd of Orangemen.

The local Orangemen gave their upper province brethren a generous send off from Minister Bowell down to the delegate from Muskoka, but not one of them could have felt much happier than Alderman Bell, of Toronto, the mover of the famous Bell resolutions at the Grand Lodge last year.

Those who read PROGRESS know that some of the shining examples of good and perfect Orangemen in this town were not in sympathy with Mr. Bell's resolution and spent some time later explaining why they were not in favor of it. Still there were a large number of good members of the order who disagreed with them and were quite certain of their course. These independent spirits could not see Ald. Bell come and go from the city without giving some expression of their views, and they surprised themselves as well as him by the goodly gathering that assembled in the market building. They presented a gold-headed cane to their equal rights leader, and talked until the air was blue. The New Brunswick grand master was not present—perhaps it was just as well, for the little presentation was not on the programme, nor indeed would he have cared to hear local grievances aired so freely and fearlessly.

Party politics and Orange politicians received righteous send offs before the crowd adjourned, but Ald. Bell received the heartiest send off of all when he boarded the C. P. R. train for home. Where He Should Have Gone. Mr. Adam Brown, M. P., is reported to have said that St. John was the cleanest city he ever saw. It is quite evident that Mr. Brown did not take a car to Portland, stand on the rear platform and imagine what would happen if he was unfortunate enough to fall off anywhere on Portland bridge or Paradise row. If he did, Mr. Brown must have visited some very interesting cities.

They Surprised the Audience. There was a little excitement among the crowd who were listening to the Odd Fellows' band at the rink Thursday evening, when they were playing the Comic Tattoo. When the drum major reconstrued with the musicians, which is a part of the piece, many in the audience did not know what to make of it, and rushed in on the band. The incident caused considerable amusement.

School Book, Novels and Pleasé Prices in great variety, at Portland News Depot.