

PROGRESS.

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THE ANNUAL HUSTLE.

THE TOWN IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE, AND A CHRISTMAS RUSH.

The Weather Unfavorable for Our Ideal Holiday Week, but the Post Office Clerks and Expressmen had to Hustle all the Same—Seeing the Sights.

What did Santa Claus bring? That's the question. It was asked yesterday in innumerable homes, and today it will be repeated in the work shops and the busy marts of men. For everybody got something, or else the crowds that thronged the streets all week and made St. John look like a full grown metropolis, didn't count for anything. The town looked lively, and was just as lively as it looked. Nobody realized this more than the clerks in the postoffice, the express men, and the employes of all the transportation companies. The lobby of the postoffice was crowded all the week, the mails that arrived in the morning were not sorted until people were tired waiting for them; every thing was topsy-turvy, and those who were more anxious to get their letters and parcels than they were before, had to wait until the clerks caught up with the procession.

The P. O. customs department was one of the busiest places in town. It was crowded all day with a different lot of people than one usually sees there, for at other times the man with the card generally knows what he is after, even if he is a bit anxious about giving the exact price of it in order to pay the full duty. The number of people who did not know what their parcels contained or how much they were worth, or anything else about them, was large enough to try the patience of less experienced men than the genial "Frank."

The customs department of the post office is an interesting place at all times. People who go there are either ignorant of the value of the goods they are after, or have the most remarkable ideas as to the cost of things in general; and if goods could be bought at the price usually suggested by the man with the card in the customs department, nobody would have reason to complain, and even the poorest could have very pretty and suitable Christmas presents at a remarkably low price.

The clerks get a glimpse of everything, however, and during the day see a more varied assortment than any other persons in town. But they have no time to admire the beauty, or point out the defects of anything. Parcels are snapped open, looked at, speculated upon, valued, signed for, and carried off with wonderful despatch. Occasionally there are some disputes, for many of the things that come through the post office are not worth the amount imposed for duty—or so the owners say. But the duty must be collected just the same. Sometimes the parcel is left in the post office. In such a case the man who owns it is usually telling the truth about its value.

But duty is often paid on parcels that are of no use whatever to the person to whom they are addressed. It is an aggravating experience, however, and will do more toward making converts to the liberal policy than all the orators from here to Ottawa. United States railroads and other concerns send guide books and circulars to people in the provinces who are in no way interested in anything they contain. The books are nicely printed, they are works of art in fact, but the man who holds the customs card in his post office box sees little in them to admire, yet he will pay the duty and take the stuff simply because it is addressed to him, when the chances are that he will carry it to the office and throw it in the waste basket.

Queer things happen in the customs department. Some people who go there in response to a post office card, after numerous enquiries have to be initiated into the mysteries of the department. Once in awhile they forget that Canada has a protective tariff and find their way to the street the minute the parcel is placed upon the counter. But they never get very far.

"A few more weeks like this and the asylums would be full," was the remark of one of the customs men, as he hunted for one of the parcels. "Look at those shelves, they haven't been in that condition since they were put up." It was in the morning, and the office had been opened an hour, but the parcels that came in yesterday's mails, still claimed all the attention. Bags of mail matter that had arrived that morning were still unopened, and the clerks had no idea when their contents would be delivered. So the people who were expecting Christmas presents, had to wait.

In the express office it was about the same. A boy who was sent with a parcel to one of the companies, returned without a receipt for employer, with the surprising message that the men in the express office hadn't time to make one out, and he would have to wait his turn. That explained everything.

Up town there was every evidence of

A CALL FROM THE CHIEF.

AND HE WANTS TO KNOW, YOU KNOW.

Says That he has Done his Best—"Not that Kind of a Man"—Would Like to have the Name of the Man but will Wait until Monday.

PROGRESS did hope to be printed this week of enjoyment and good will without any reference to the chief of police and his official troubles. Even that may be done yet, but it would not do to mention the call of Mr. Clarke on Thursday evening and the object of it.

The chief came in full uniform with a body guard in attendance. He is not looked as well as usual, but the weather is trying and the doctors report much sickness throughout the city.

He came after information about the violation of the liquor law, and remarked that as PROGRESS seemed to know a good deal about it, the editor might come as a witness. He was told that the editor would, of course, obey any summons, but he might not prove a very good witness, since he had no personal knowledge of the case in question.

The chief suggested that all the staff should be summoned. They might know something about it. "So they might," was the reply, "but, curiously enough, it happens that none of them drink."

"But as a citizen," said the chief, "you ought to render what assistance you can to inquire into this matter. You want to see the law enforced?"

"Yes, we want to see the law enforced, but we do not think a newspaper's duty lies beyond pointing out the fact that the law is being broken; it has no business prosecuting."

The chief went on to say that his officers were all known and could not discover anything wrong with the bar rooms. He had tried hard to discover illegal sales, but could not do so. There were some people, he said, who accused him of winking at the breaking of the law, but, he continued, "the chief is not that kind of a man."

Before he left Mr. Clark intimated that the name of the person who gave PROGRESS the information would be acceptable. As the reply he received did not appear satisfactory, he said he would wait until Monday for the answer.

He omitted to wish the office "A Merry Christmas," and took his leave.

A Race for the Registry Office.

Two men with two leases, one older than the other, but both unrecorded, came to town a few days ago and interviewed the same lawyer by chance. He sent one of them to a legal gentleman in the same building and attended to the other himself. Both leases were of equal value until they were recorded, and the lawyers watched each other closely to see that no move was made to go to the registry office. Not quite satisfied with such a state of siege, one of them sent his client out quietly to take his lease to the registry office. He happened to secure a team, and reached there about the time the lawyer of his rival started for King street east. His own lawyer was on his way there too to see that everything went on all right, and had considerable fun watching the junior M. P. P. in his hustling mood take the short cut through the court house to the registrar's office, only to find the other lease filed. And it was a curious fact that the second lease that was given was the one recorded.

Are You Studying Volapuk?

Mr. H. C. Creed, of Fredericton, calls PROGRESS' attention to the advance of Volapuk, and the interest taken in it by many people. Mr. Creed is enthusiastic over the novel language, and loses no opportunity to make it known in the maritime provinces, where, since October 10, a series of newspaper lessons have been published every week. If the promoters adopt this method of bringing it before the people, they can hardly fail to obtain a very wide acquaintance with the new language. Those who wish to study it can easily procure books and assistance. In noting the progress of Volapuk, a Boston paper says three Massachusetts towns have arranged for lectures on the subject, and that the interest all over the country is similarly manifested. Those students who follow the newspaper lessons write out the exercises and send them to convenient points, as designated, for annotation. Immense numbers of young and old of both sexes are following the lessons.

An Upper Province Idea.

Since the St. John letter carriers were organized and became a branch of the Canadian Letter Carriers Association, they have become a very active lot of men, and have adopted many of the ideas of the Toronto and other large cities, it is customary for the carriers to present the men they call on daily, with New Year cards, and this year the St. John carriers have decided to adopt the idea. The card issued shows a picture of the post office in the centre of a very pretty design.

Look Out for Him.

A stout, hearty-looking fellow, with but one leg—a stranger in the city—has been working on the sympathy of tender-hearted citizens recently. His story ran that he was on his way to Moncton and had got a lift from Fredericton Junction and was trying to collect enough for a second-class passage. Many a quarter dropped into his palm and he went on his way rejoicing and to rejoice. Usually there was a boon companion or two awaiting him on the sidewalk, and the nearest tavern owned the quarter dollar in a few minutes. PROGRESS saw the party in a fuddled condition Tuesday after several successful calls at different stores. This is the time of the year to give, but be careful to whom you give—money.

Three Sides to This Story.

According to the worthy *Telegraph*, there is another side—a third one—to the McNeill-Clarke telegram. PROGRESS published a letter from McNeill last week, in which he stated he was willing to swear that the telegram he received read: "Not caring; don't know. Brother has charge." The chief of police told a *Globe* reporter that the correct copy of the telegram read: "Don't know; sufferer's brother has charge." Now the *Telegraph* comes to the front, says the original telegram is in its possession, and reads: "Don't know; suppose brother has charge." Pay your money and take your choice.

Sunday Music at the Mission.

The music at the Mission Church for the Sunday after Christmas will be as follows:— 11 a. m. Choral Celebration; Processional hymn 66; Introit, "Bethlehem," (Goswold); *Sanctus*; *Benedictus*; *Cantata*; *Berwald*; *Te Deum*; *Hymn* 62 and 69; 1.30 p. m., *Evening*; *Processional Hymn* 54; *Service*, *Cantata* in A; *Antiphon*; *Zion* that brings good tidings; *Stainer*. After the service the choir will sing a selection of carols.

TUMULT AND DISCORD.

An Official of the Westmorland Shirelevy Insulted at Petitcodiac.

While peace and good will are supposed to permeate all hearts during this good Christmas-tide, the even tenor of the way of some citizens was ruffled recently in secluded Petitcodiac.

An officer of the law, who can be called Rolande, visited Petitcodiac, his home being some distance away, and tied his noble sled near the mansard hostelry, wrapping him snugly over with his robes as a kind-hearted man would do.

Likewise it happened that a well known character named Neil Taylor came from the woods to make some purchases and also to test the qualities of the mineral water of which he had heard much lately.

Rolande also tested the mineral water at frequent intervals, mingled with some Scott Act syrups, and pronounced the same good. It happened that Taylor had paroled too freely of the mineral water libations and became drowsy. Evidence is lacking to prove whether Neil took the robes from Rolande's steed or picked them up from the bosom of mother earth, whence they had fallen; but wrapping himself snugly therein he sought repose on the sidewalk near the Mansard house, and left the steed to shiver in the winds.

Rolande having discovered the fact proceeded to rudely disturb Neil's slumbers, and angry words followed. Within the precincts of the Mansard the row waxed warmer and blows resounded. The burly Taylor was aroused and on the war path and Rolande was evidently coming off best. Thereupon an overpowering desire came to him to vindicate the majesty of the law and summarily arrest the said Neil for assault on one of her majesty's officials.

Frantically and dramatically he called upon the lookers on to assist him in his laudable design, but no man responded. Finally the whirlwind was calmed and the genial host of the Mansard extinguished his electric light and pushed the disturbers away from his premises.

But an adjournment to a neighboring establishment caused a renewal of hostilities, and despite the efforts of the landlady the war broke forth again. This time the officer of the law in his might and power produced his "shooting iron," and had it not been for the heroic efforts of the landlady, which sent one of the bullets flying into the plaster of the wall dire trouble might have ensued and a coroner's inquest a necessity. Consternation and fear were on all faces, and after several ineffectual attempts to discharge his weapon the melee was quelled.

The gallant officer, whose blood was now up to boiling heat, proceeded to duly telegraph the sheriff of the county of the malicious and murderous assault made upon him by the notorious Taylor. Ere he had sent his winged messenger word came that his steed had been loosed, and had made tracks for home. The night was cold, the distance far, and Rolande not being anxious to walk, as the walking was bad, forgot the murderous assault, forgot his desire to telegraph for an armed posse, but rushed out in the dark and lonely night to hunt up his steed, and shook the dust of Petitcodiac from off his feet.

Bags of Candy at St. Peter's.

Five or six hundred children were made happy at St. Peter's church yesterday. It was the annual Christmas distribution of candy, apples, nuts and raisins. Every boy and girl who attended Sunday school last Sunday received a ticket, and when they presented them yesterday a good-sized bag took their place in the affections of the children. Last year the number of young folks who claimed to be members of St. Peter's Sunday school surprised the superintendent and all the teachers. It was like the Sunday before the picnic usually is, so far as attendance is concerned, in every Sunday school. Boys and girls put in an appearance who had not been near the church for months. This year the tickets were given in order to find out who attended regularly, and why the others did not; but all who promised to come on Sunday received a bag of sweets. It took considerable to go round, and the making up of the bags kept the teachers busy the best part of the week. It took 500 pounds of candy, several barrels of apples, 3 boxes of raisins and 300 pounds of nuts, to satisfy the children.

Mr. Gillis Wants to Know Why.

Mr. Gillis of Digby, found trouble in own about the 16th of this month, and on the 17th made the acquaintance of the jail. He was not their very long, before word was sent to some friends and the money was sent up the next morning for his release. Instead of depositing the cash and getting a permit for the man's release, the money was left in the police station. This was the 18th. As Gillis was not released until the next day he wants to know why. If he succeeds, he will make a record as a detective. But he could have saved himself all the trouble by keeping out of the police court in the first place.

THE SEASON FOR GOOD.

HOW LITTLE GIRLS HELPED THE BLIND MAN.

Over \$100 Presented to Him on Christmas Eve—Two Permanent Monuments: The Victoria Hospital and The Home Erected by the Suggestion and Help of a Woman.

For the second time in the two years Mr. Campbell, the blind man, has been in the city, kind-hearted people have made his Christmas eve a joyous one.

Losing his sight accidentally when advanced in years, he is not able to help himself as many others similarly afflicted. Since he came to the city his three children died of diphtheria, and but for the kindness of people his condition would have been destitute indeed.

Last year a number of ladies and children representing different denominations met together and devised a plan to raise money and other assistance for Mr. Campbell. They were so successful that they raised over \$90 in cash and enough goods to bring the amount above \$100.

This year they did even better, and \$93 in cash and \$9 in goods were placed in Campbell's hands Christmas eve.

Much credit is due the children for the part they took in raising the funds. A number of them would meet at the different houses every Saturday afternoon and work on their fancy articles for the bazaar. Others sold tickets for the concert, which was held in the Y. M. C. rooms, donated for the occasion. In this way the money was raised. Among those who interested themselves in the work were: Mrs. S. C. Black, Mrs. Quinton, Mrs. Mahoney, Mrs. Thomas Youngclaus and Mrs. H. Kirkpatrick. The young people, to whose energetic efforts much is due, are: Dora Kirkpatrick, Bessie Strayhorn, Edith Youngclaus, Ella Pearis, Coneth Robinson, George Foster, Maud Golding, Lillian Strange, Margaret Black, Maud Sinclair, Pauline Baird, Blossom Baird, Nellie Macmichael, Alice Smalley, Grace Calhoun, Minnie Kirkpatrick and Edith Foster.

Permanent Monuments.

The first issue PROGRESS—not quite four years ago—contained an engraving of the Victoria hospital, then just about completed. Everyone knows who the originator was, who urged the work forward, added to the building, and has been instrumental in securing much assistance for it since. The same lady has been instrumental in erecting a nurses home in this city—an addition to the hospital—which was handed over to the commissioners of that institution, Tuesday evening. The city may almost regard it as a Christmas gift from Lady Tilley and the ladies who so energetically assisted her. Such work as this is for the good of the people, and will be permanent monuments to her through whose suggestion and efforts they were erected.

Dinner at Doaktown.

A slight injustice was done Senator Snowball last week, when it was stated that, under his management, no opportunity was allowed for passengers over the Canada Eastern to get anything to eat. Had PROGRESS gone to press on Wednesday instead of Friday the stricture would have been perfectly just. But on Thursday, December 17th, the Senator issued a new time-table, by which it appears that a stop of 15 minutes is made at Doaktown, by the eastern as well as the western train, no doubt in the interest of the passengers aforesaid. It is also pointed out that the Senator in his new time-table that "passengers with through tickets to points on the Intercolonial Railway, can go into Chatham and return to meet next train free of charge." It would seem, therefore, that not only do passengers have bodies, but corporations may have souls. Amid the greetings of the festive season, PROGRESS ventures to add a fervent hope for the health and wealth of the Senator.

There Was Not Room.

A very good story is going the rounds of the efforts of a much talked about official to locate himself for the winter in a comfortable boarding house. Some persons are quite particular about where they go and expect a hotel menu in a private house, to say nothing of the list of privileges they have at the ends of their fingers. The official's efforts were not so successful as they might have been had he not wanted to know so much about who would be his companion boarders at the house; what they did and where they worked; where the fish and fowl and meat came from, &c., &c., &c. The catalogue of queries might be continued, but it is not worth while. He could not be accommodated.

What They Think of "Progress."

A large number of people in St. John read PROGRESS every Saturday and then send it to their friends. Nothing is more welcome to anyone away from home than a newspaper, and it is remarkable how many will think it worth their while to comment on the paper in their letters. Mr. Frank Gallagher, of the post office, who has been

SENDING ST. JOHN PAPERS TO FRIENDS IN SCOTLAND.

was rather surprised the other day to find a large part of the letter he received devoted to an enumeration of the many excellencies of PROGRESS, and saying that in general make-up, typographically, and mechanically it was ahead of anything produced in Scotland in the way of newspapers.

No More Endowment for Them.

A good many people would have had more cash for Christmas presents if they had kept out of the fake endowment societies. A good many hard things were said about PROGRESS when it exposed the scheme to fleece the people, but what it said has proved correct in every particular. Here is a suggestion from a Boston newspaper, reprinted for the benefit of those in this city whose faith will last as long, if not longer, than their dollars:

The selection of special features for the Chicago exposition having been suggested, it is strange that some one does not propose that some of the late lamented short term endowment companies be resurrected for exhibition. As swindlers, they would command the admiration of "Hungry Joe" or any other condition man, while nothing could be more colossal or stupendous than the impudence of the organizers, who paid themselves \$5000 a year as long as they could find people foolish enough to be fleeced without complaining.

Municipal Politics in the "Celestial."

The name of Mr. J. Frank Vanbuskirk, managing book-keeper of the Edgecombe Carriage firm, is again coming into prominence for civic honors, now that the annual elections are at hand for the Fredericton board of aldermen. It appears that the voters of Carleton ward have not hitherto succeeded in inducing Mr. Vanbuskirk to take the field, but it is probable that he may be one of the two representatives for that ward in '92. In the event of the retirement of one of the present aldermen for Carleton, (which is rumored), it is not likely that any opposition will be offered to Mr. Vanbuskirk.

Mr. Webber in Town.

A good natured cyclone struck the town this week in the form of H. Price Webber, printer, actor, author and manager. He came again yesterday and delighted many people at the institute. He should be in the Opera House, but as Webber puts it, "he did not propose to enable the O. H. company start a bank in one week." The Boston Comedy Company will be here for two weeks and should do a good business.

Little Gold Dollars.

Having to pay \$1.50 for one dollar, strikes most people as ridiculous; but they would see nothing wrong in paying \$1.50 for goods that could be bought for \$1 a few months ago. In most cases the buyer does not know much about the value of the purchase, but gold dollars bear their value on their face. And gold dollars were in great demand all week. They sold for \$1.50, and found plenty of purchasers.

Is It For Campaign Use?

The speech delivered by Minister of Finance Foster in this city is to be published by the conservative papers in the provinces. The *Pictou Standard*, which thrives exulting in a new building and larger quarters, also notes the fact that its next issue will contain the speech of Mr. Foster and that it will issue 3,000 copies. This looks like business.

Conductor Rannie Remembered.

One man well known to the public, Conductor R. A. Rannie of the I. C. R., was remembered by his fellows Thursday with an address and presentation. Among the names attached to the document were those of A. Robertson, J. J. Irvine, W. S. Spears, Geo. Worden, H. G. Trueman, H. Lascells and James Coles.

This Is Christmas Week.

Christmas coming on Friday this year made it awkward for PROGRESS' employees, and quite impossible to handle the usual amount of correspondence, some of which, city and country, arrived even later than usual. Those who look in vain for their letters will know the reason.

A Gallery of Lithographic Art.

Calendars from the four points of the compass are included in PROGRESS' calendar gallery up to date, and still they come. They make a handsome show already. When completed the wall of the counting room will be worth looking at.

Capturing the West.

Mr. C. H. Eaton's wonderful horse "Linus" is attracting much attention in the West. A recent issue of the *Scientific American* contains a splendid engraving of the horse as he stands on exhibition.

Advice for Followmen.

"At this time," said the chief of police to his force at roll call one evening last week, "you cannot be too careful of the newspapers. Do not give them any information about police affairs."

A Portrait of Mr. Irvine.

The genial features of John E. Irvine look out from the first page of the December *Young Men's Herald*, published by the Y. M. C. Association, of which Mr. Irvine was so long president.