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VOL. III., NO. 109.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

HOW JOURNALISTS WORK

A SAMPLE OF UPPER CANADIAN NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

Special Commissioners who have a Special Attitude for Working Off the Writings of Others as Original Matter—When Mr. Atkinson had a Soft Soap.

A "journalist" by the name of J. E. Atkinson visited St. John not long ago in the capacity of "special commissioner of the Toronto Globe." The result of his labors appear in last Saturday's issue of that paper, in the form of an illustrated article descriptive of this city and its surroundings. The St. John Sun of Tuesday speaks of this article in terms of warm praise as being interesting, timely, comprehensive, and "exceedingly well written." As a sample, it quotes this passage:

The splendid harbor of St. John is approached from the Atlantic by the Bay of Fundy, a stretch of water which, through ignorance and malice, has been grossly misrepresented, even of recent years. It is, in fact, one of the most secure havens in which a ship or steamer can find itself in any weather. The records of casualties in it are infinitesimal when compared with the enormous number of vessels which have traversed it in the last one hundred years. And of such disasters as there have been, the greater portion have been due to negligence, bad judgment, and other preventable causes. With plenty of sailing room, good soundings, simple tides, and an absence of rocks, reefs and shoals, it is as safely navigated as any bay of its size in the world. The fog is much less prevalent than strangers have been led to suppose, and any danger from that source is more than amply guarded against by the number of light-houses, steam whistles, automatic buoys, and other devices, which are found all along the coast.

"The writer is evidently in sympathy with his subject," says the Sun. He ought to be. The writer is a St. John man, born here, living here, and as he believes having an affectionate interest in the place and the people. But his name is not Atkinson nor has he any connection with any Toronto paper. The paragraph quoted will be found, word for word, on page 21 of the Summer Carnival Official Programme, issued last year, and written by W. K. Reynolds.

It might be supposed that it was the intention of special commissioner Atkinson to quote this paragraph, and that he accidentally omitted to do so. Some St. John editors occasionally run in half a column or more of a clipping as original editorial matter and by what is doubtless pure inadvertence neglect to credit it. Mr. Atkinson, however, can hardly plead this excuse, as his article from first to last abounds with similar instances of piracy. If he had attempted to quote all that he has appropriated the Globe composing room would doubtless have been had pushed for sorts, as he appears to have prepared his article with the book before him, and not only relied upon it for facts, as he had a right to do, but copied its sentences word for word to change those facts. Sometimes he has changed a word and possibly to advantage. In one place he has substituted "promise" for "solemn pact," which is better and should have been done by the original writer. At other times the improvement is not so apparent. Occasionally he has gone to an unnecessary trouble in re-writing and rearranging paragraphs. Here is an instance, where reference is made to the C. P. R.:

Programme, p. 9. It makes St. John, already so notable as a seaport, a great railway centre as well. As a terminus of the only road on the continent which stretches from ocean to ocean, it has brought new life to the West, and we were to the great markets of the West, and we are armed with new weapons for the prosecution of a great industrial warfare.

Programme, p. 13. The great cities of the West are nearer to us to day than was Halifax in the memory of hundreds who grew still in active business life.

Mr. Atkinson is, however, original at times; and special commissioner like, appears to have made an important discovery which is not even hinted at by the writer of the Programme. He found not only the hill called Fort Howe, but the fort itself. He says: The small wooden building which bears the name still stands, weather beaten and shaken. In front of it some old-fashioned guns crouch with their muzzles toward the harbor mouth.

If it were not for the fact that the "weather beaten" building was put there for an observatory, some 20 years ago, and that the guns, placed there since, are in use as the property of the Department of Militia, the picture of an antique fortification might be considered both pleasing and true.

Special Commissioner Atkinson is not the pioneer pirate of the upper province press in these waters. Another "journalist," with the suggestive name of Kribbs, was here last season on behalf of the Toronto Empire, and took so much out of the Official Programme that Atkinson has really been at a disadvantage in finding anything else to appropriate. There have

been others of lesser note who have ground out copy by the same easy system.

It might be well, in future, for the St. John papers to recognize at the outset any merit which a local sketch might possess, instead of waiting for a year or so to exhaust adjectives upon it as the supposed work of a stranger.

DID IT QUICKLY AND WELL.

Masonic Visitors Make a Flying Visit to Moncton and Enjoy Themselves.

Grand Master Walker and his suite covered a good distance and did considerable work between supper time Wednesday evening and breakfast Thursday morning. The programme was an official visit to Keith Lodge, No. 23, Moncton, an exemplification of the third degree, a banquet and a return to the city before most people were out of their beds. It was accomplished with neatness and despatch. The 180 miles were covered, the work performed and the banquet demolished, with the very able assistance of about 100 members of the craft hailing from Moncton, Sussex, Shediac and other places.

The Grand Lodge, at the visit, was composed of the Grand Master and the following officers: H. A. White, D. G. M.; W. A. Ewing as S. G. W.; F. W. Thomson as J. G. W.; Rev. J. H. Talbot as G. Chap.; F. W. Wisdom as G. Treas.; Jas. McNichol as G. Sec.; W. A. MacLaughlan as S. G. D.; W. K. Reynolds as J. G. D.; Joseph Knight as G. D. of C.; R. C. Farmer as G. Standard Bearer; A. McNichol as G. Pursuivant; R. W. W. Frink and Herman Sullivan as Stewards. The work was exemplified by these officers in the presence of a very large gathering, after which, on invitation of Worshipful Master J. E. Masters and the members of Keith Lodge, the "Knife and Fork Degree" was worked at a very excellent banquet in the Commercial hotel.

There was not much time for speech-making before the St. John visitors had to hurry away to take the 2 o'clock train, but what was said was worth hearing. Past Master T. V. Cooke, in responding to the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, made a speech full of good points and of rare humor. Grand Master Walker, P. G. M. McNichol and D. G. M. White, had barely time to say a few words when 2 o'clock came, but it is understood that there were some very good speeches after that.

Keith lodge is in a very flourishing condition, and if the Master and such members as Geo. M. Jarvis, Past D. G. M., and Harry B. Fleming, continue to be as zealous in Masonry as they were in caring for their visitors, the future of Keith lodge will be exceedingly bright.

THEY MEAN BUSINESS.

Preparations for Furnishing Incandescent Light to the Citizens.

The Calkin Electric Company appears to mean business in regard to furnishing the incandescent light to the citizens. A stock list which has been circulated recently shows a long list of first-class names, and the only thing that now remains is to get the plant in operation. Mr. Geo. T. Calkin who is now in the West, wires that he has completed the purchase of everything necessary for the purpose, and before the long evenings come again, the new illuminant will be seen in most of the leading places of business, as well as in a large number of private houses. The people of St. John tell in love with the incandescent system at the Electric Exhibition last fall, and they have been longing for its introduction ever since. They will have as much of it as they please pretty soon.

The preparations by the Calkin company for lighting the streets with the arc light, under the contract with the city are also well advanced. There will be about 100 lamps placed in such positions as to light the streets to the best advantage. Just how to arrange them so as to effect this result has been a matter requiring some nice calculation. The most obvious way to arrange them would be to place them at equal distances from each other on the various blocks, but as this plan would require about 200 lamps, some ingenuity must be exercised to get all the light required by a judicious arrangement of poles at corners so that one lamp will do the duty of several. The plan is not yet completed in all its details, but there seems little doubt that the city will be very well lighted under the new contract.

And the best part of it is that the lamps will burn all night, and every night of the year. No vacations on account of the moon.

Another Puzzle.

"Buttercup," Long Reach, was the first to send a solution of the Canning puzzle, given last week. The word is "cares." She also sends another puzzle: In ancient times, the scripture doth record, There lived one, who never knew the Lord, The truth he spoke, did never sin commit; Yet in Christ's kingdom he shall never sit.

WELCOME TO THE DUKE.

THE COMMON COUNCIL WILL BE GLAD TO MEET HIM.

It Will Present Him with an Address to which He May Make a Reply—Some Things That He May Feel Constrained to Say to those who Receive Him.

His Royal Highness, Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, is expected to arrive in St. John next Friday, and will be regaled with an address from the common council which he will be pleased to acknowledge. He has received a number of addresses already, and may expect to receive a number more, all of which are supposed to be carefully preserved by him to be reperused on wet Sundays in Merrie England or at night when he does not feel sleepy after he has retired to bed.

It is on this theory that the committee on royal literature, appointed at the last council, will unite their energies and combine their eloquence to make an address which all future generations will admire for its rhetorical effect. There are thirteen of them, and if each of that number is allowed to have a paragraph to suit himself the address will be a very remarkable one indeed. Assuming, however, that most of the committee will have nothing to say about it, and that the address will be faultless in design and execution, a warm interest will be felt as to what H. R. H. will have to say in reply.

Strictly speaking he will have little, if anything. There is a general suspicion that when men in his position do make a formal reply to such missives, they do so by proxy. That is, they are unfortunately compelled to stand and listen to them, but the advance copy has been read and the reply prepared by a gentleman who makes a specialty of such things. This useful functionary knows just what ought to be said and how to say it, and while he has never been otherwise than conventional, there is an abundant scope for him to present a most readable document in this instance.

For example, after the civic committee on royal literature had presented their well rounded plaudits, the reply of the equeyri might grasp the situation as follows: "Your Worship and Gentlemen of the Common Council:

"It is twenty-one years since I had the pleasure, if that be the term, of receiving an address from your august body, though in my memory serves me you have somewhat changed in appearance, and I think for the better. I do not now observe any frock coats with the skirts pinned back in imitation of swallow-tails, and while I don't think nature intended all of you to shine in full dress, with plug hats, yet I can only trust that you behave quite as well as you look on this occasion.

"I have to thank you most heartily for omitting many of the designs which you carried out at the time of my former visit in order to make me feel happy. I was inexperienced then in the ways of the people, and you were equally inexperienced in the ways of royalty. I am glad there is no ball at the skating rink this time, and I am not grieved that there are not 5,000 Sunday school children to sing in very bad tune and pelt my face and ears with several thousand missiles which they were pleased to term bouquets. I am also glad that it is not considered necessary to haul me around the streets to slow music after the manner of a rather dreary circus parade. I know that this is one way of showing hospitality, and it is doubtless a very nice way—once in a lifetime.

"I was given to understand, when in the West, that a gentleman by the name of Leary was at the head of affairs in this city, but I have not been able to hear even a mention of his name since my arrival. As near as I can learn the gentleman who assumes that position rejoices in the name of Smith.

"I regret that in the confusion attending my arrival I made some natural mistakes as to the identity of prominent men. The gentleman whom I supposed to be the governor is, I learn, the chief of police, while I must confess to a slight disappointment in realizing that one of the aldermen was not an intimate friend of mine in London from whom I derive my ideas of what is correct in dress. In the same way, I feel inclined to confound the chief engineer of your fire department with one of the royal equeyries, who has a title and a million a year in his own right. When the mayor approached with the address, I was under the impression that he was a professor bearing a Latin diploma conferring on me one of the honorary titles which I am glad to hear are never bestowed in this country unless the recipient is able to read and write and cipher as far as the rule of three. I was relieved to find that he is, as he tells me, only the owner of an art gallery and a collector of rare and valuable curiosities.

"As for some of the rest of the council, they need not be under the apprehension that I am likely to mistake them for anything but what they are.

"I am happy to congratulate you on the beautiful city which has taken the place of that which was destroyed in what we call the Great Fire, when it is referred to in my own family circle. I am told that if I had arrived here a year or two ago the greater portion of the address to me would have been devoted to the subject, but such later calamities as the Scott Act and summer carnival have nearly effaced the subject from your minds. It is, however, only too apparent that you have had a fire. I can see the traces of it. On the hill called Mount Pleasant I notice what appears to be the shattered foundation of what must have been a huge fortress, though you now with great humor refer to it as a boulevard. Then, too, is that sad spectacle of a battered stone gate post at the entrance to King square, and the yawning gaps in the ancient enclosure of the resting place of the Loyalists. I presume you intend to allow these things always to remain as the are, as memorials of the devastation wrought on that dreadful day.

HAS MADE A GOOD START

CHIEF OF POLICE CLARK HAS A VERY BUSY WEEK.

His Great Luck in Having a Murderer at the Outset—His First Experience as a Detective—Some Signs of Improvement in the Force Which Promise Well.

Mr. William Walker Clarke has been duly sworn in chief of police, according to programme, and has had a very busy week of it. Speaking strictly from a professional point of view he is a very lucky man, for he had not been in office 48 hours until there was a murder, the first in several years, and a few hours later the murderer was in custody. He would have been caught in any event, no doubt, as he appears to have made no attempt to run away, but if he had been so inclined it is probable that the chief's precautions would have caused his capture before he got outside of the city limits.

The crowning glory of the new chief's first week in office remained for Thursday when he appeared for the first time in the role of detective and bagged his game. A distracted father came to the city from New Bedford, looking for a fellow who had a wife and family of his own. Some of the force went out to look for the fugitive couple and succeeded in causing them to disappear from the place where they had been sheltered. The chief did not sit in his office and give orders, when he heard this, but started out on his own account, recognized the fugitives on a public square, by their photographs and returned in triumph with them to the station.

The chief has begun very well, and there is already a visible improvement in the appearance of the force. They move more promptly and look more like a disciplined body, but there is a good deal to be done yet. The first night, at roll call, the men assumed the free and easy attitude to which they had been accustomed, some leaning against the wall, some in the doorways, and some moving around as if at a promenade concert. Now they stand in a line and are told off in military fashion, the line growing straighter and the movements more regular after each practice.

The old custom of saluting superiors and members of the common council has been revived. The men have their coats buttoned in regulation fashion and wear their clubs in their belts. They move as if they expected to see the chief come in sight any moment, and they don't loaf on the corners or in doorways, in lazy attitudes as if waiting for some one to give them a job.

The chief has not started all these improvements on the inspiration of the moment. Ever since he was promised the position, a year and a half ago, he has been studying up the police manuals of all the leading cities of the United States, and he completed his curriculum by going to Boston and learning just how everything operated. He is loaded to the muzzle with all the latest ideas in the economy of police management.

But he is not happy yet, and won't be until the common council gives him what he wants to make the force what it should be. The first and most important requisite is more men. These he will probably get. Chief Marshall should have had them long ago, and it is only due to him to say that he tried his best to get them.

The chief intends to reside at the station, as soon as the council gives him the little bed, etc., which he requires for his comfort. He will probably date his private correspondence from "Tomview," the substitute for "Riverview," his late residence in Carleton.

The men who enter the chief's presence now do so with bared head and respectful mien. They don't consider that they have the same rights that he has in his private office, and they have cause to believe that he means what he says when he gives them orders. Besides, he has no privy council among the patrolmen. They all stand on the same footing, and have reason to believe that their merit will be recognized irrespective of what their names may be.

The chief has begun well, and PROGRESS will try to see that he keeps up to the standard that he has set for himself and the force. If he doesn't—well, it is time enough to speak when the time comes.

More Fun at the Border.

The members of St. Stephen Royal Arch Chapter are preparing to give a hearty welcome to a number of St. John men who will visit the border on Monday, the 9th of June, for the purpose of exemplifying the work of the R. A. degree. The chapter, like all the other Masonic bodies at the border, is in a very flourishing condition, and is likely to continue so as long as the present active workers take an interest in it.

It Pays to Advertise—in "Progress."

The American Rubber Store has handed PROGRESS a letter from a gentleman in British Columbia ordering one of their 50 cent fountain pens, which he says, he saw advertised in PROGRESS. This item may be objected to as "stale," because every merchant who does any mail order business and advertises in PROGRESS has the same experience frequently.

SEEN ON MONDAY MORNING.

Trousers Which Seem to Shrink When Left at Home on Sunday.

"Did you ever notice how ill-fitting some men's trousers look on Monday morning?" asked an observing lady the other day. "In most cases the bottoms of them are an inch or two further away from the ground than on any other day, but sometimes they are larger than on ordinary occasions. Now there is a well known professional man, for instance, who is particularly noticeable because usually his clothes fit him very well indeed. On Sunday his trousers are of just the right length, but on Monday he wears a pair that almost show his ankles. It is not the pair he wore to church, but it is the pair that looked well enough on him Saturday. They will look equally well on Tuesday, or possibly even Monday afternoon.

"There is a very simple cause for this. He uses the same pair of suspenders for garments of different cuts. That's the whole secret of it.

"When a man has garments made to one measurement, they will all be alike as to height of waistband, if the tailor follows his figures. Let the same tailor, however, measure the man again and there may be an inch or two of difference. When a man gets clothes from more than one tailor, there is sure to be a difference.

"Some men, however, think it a needless extravagance to have a pair of suspenders for each pair of trousers, and so make one do for all. On Sunday when they dress with special care they adjust the buckles so that all looks well, but on Monday morning, being less particular and more in a hurry, they simply change the 'braces,' as they call them, and without reflecting that they may vary an inch or two from the normal week day adjustment. Thus it is that they appear down town with either preternaturally long or ridiculously short coverings for their nether limbs. Sooner or later they 'tumble to' the fact and hasten to complete their toilet.

"The moral is that a gentleman should have a pair of suspenders for each pair of trousers. The person who is not a gentleman may get along with only one pair of 'braces' for each pair of 'pants.'"

NOBODY'S BUSINESS.

The Citizens Have a Right to Move Their Houses when and where they Please.

There appears to be a debatable ground in a good many things as to the functions of the board of public works and those of the board of public safety. During the last week a building in process of removal has been blocking up Union street to the stoppage of traffic, and in such a way as to make a very dangerous state of affairs in case of fire. A good many people thought the Director of Public Safety was the man to come to the rescue of the citizens in such an emergency, but he, after diligent enquiry, could find no authority to act, and placed the onus on the Board of Works. That body, apparently, considered it none of its business, while the Inspector of buildings was very positive that he had nothing to do in the matter. Enquiry was made as to what department had given a permit for the removal, and the reply was that there was no permit, nor had one ever been granted in such a case. When a man wishes to move a building he moves it, or tries to do it, and takes his own time and methods for accomplishing the result. There seems to be nobody who can stop him from beginning or regulate his occupancy of the thoroughfare after he does begin.

Under these circumstances, it is a cause for thankfulness that the desire to move buildings is not a general one among the citizens.

Everybody is Interested.

At this time when so much interest is taken in all that pertains to the Dark Continent, the announcement of a lecture on the subject will be hailed with pleasure. Rev. H. W. Little, of Sussex, has consented to occupy the platform in Berryman's Hall on Thursday, the 12th of June, taking for his subject, "Henry M. Stanley, His Life, Travels, Explorations and Discoveries." The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Men's Club of the Mission church, an organization which accomplishes much practical good in connection with that church. Mr. Little is a pleasing speaker and will undoubtedly deal with his topic in such a way as to interest and instruct all classes.

A Souvenir of the Prince's Visit.

There is a good deal of genuine interest under the surface in the visit of Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, next week, and by the time the city authorities are ready to greet him, the citizens will be prepared to give him and the princess a right loyal and royal welcome. The address will be a bore, but then it's the fashion, and fashion has a finger in most pies these days.

PROGRESS will print his portrait, a splendid quarter page plate representing the prince seated in full military dress; with head uncovered. The paper will be an excellent souvenir of the visit.

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