

# PROGRESS.

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## EDWARD TO THE FRONT.

### THE BOSS WARE POLITICIAN OF KINGS AS FERRY CHAIRMAN.

Mr. Lantulum Doesn't Wait for Orders to Fill the Ferry Coal Sheds—He Fills Them, and the City is In for the Hills—A Profitable Transaction.

Mr. Edward Lantulum, the senior alderman for Kings ward, is commanding the respect and admiration and exciting the envy of all his brethren at the board.

Mr. Lantulum is no fool. In fact he is the liveliest kind of a hustler in whatever he goes at, except—and exceptions prove the rule—raising sunken harbor wrecks.

Mr. Lantulum makes it a rule never to get left, and to his credit be it said, the weather is very frigid when anything of that nature occurs.

He is not very particular what turns up for him so long as the dollars in it are honest and numerous. In fact this policy has paid Mr. Lantulum so well that at the present time there are few city fathers whose check is worth more than the boss ward politician of Kings.

Mr. Lantulum is an alderman. There's not much money in the position itself, but then it don't take much of his time. There is a very prevalent idea, however, that he makes the position pay him fairly well.

He has, after a career of several years at the board, been appointed to the honorable position of chairman of the ferry committee. This in itself is not much but it placed Mr. Lantulum in a position where that and that could be utilized and a handsome thing made out of the transaction.

For example, early in the summer of the chairman's feet—for Mr. Lantulum is a shipper as well—arrived at a neighboring coal port in ballast.

Now, ballast is a very useful commodity but there is no money in it. It would be much more profitable, thought Mr. Lantulum, should the *Maggie M.* bring 500 or 600 tons of coal to this port. Consequently as chairman of the ferry committee he concluded that sometime before Christmas, that very useful and expensive arm of the city service, the ferry, would want fuel. The *Maggie M.* might just as well bring it as not. The *Maggie M.* did bring a large cargo which was duly emptied in the ferry coal bin.

This same ferry coal bin is quite large, but not being empty when such a large accession to the fuel supply arrived it was very full when the discharge was completed.

It was quite a bold action to fill the ferry bin so full, especially when the ferry cash-chest was so empty. Mr. Lantulum didn't mind this, for though the bill for that cargo has not been rendered yet his freight amounting to some \$970 was paid at once.

One would have thought that one act of this nature was sufficient. Many of the aldermen thought so, and did not hesitate to express their opinion, though not at the board. The affair blew over with the merest ripple.

But now the dormant dignity of the body of the ferry committee is aroused. A second cargo of coal is coming in the *Maggie M.* for the ferry bin. Somebody must have ordered it. The ferry committees minutes make no mention of such an order having passed, and the only assumption is that Chairman Lantulum has ordered it again on his own responsibility.

Good for you, Edward. The *Maggie M.* is staunch and tight, and all their ravings won't sink her. If there's any boodle in the chairmanship of the ferry committee, Mr. Lantulum may be trusted to find out that fact. And yet Edward is Liberal.

### No Luck in Guessing.

The readers of PROGRESS had some fun guessing for the league winners in the correct order. Not one of them hit the correct combination. Boston was their darling, while New York wasn't thought of in the same hour. The *Advertiser*, of Portland, Me., speaking of these guesses, says that out of 8,778 people who sent in guesses for the \$100 prize offered by the Philadelphia Press for the person naming the order of the League Base Ball clubs at the finish only 814 named New York for first place, and not a single one named the list correctly. In 8,203 guesses on the Association clubs for a similar prize one person got the clubs right and won the prize. This was Miss Florence A. Ford of Philadelphia. It is an odd fact that this young lady never saw an Association ball game in her life, and only filled out the guess, as she put it, "for a joke." The "joke" brought her in \$100 in cash. A number of Portland people guessed for these prizes. A number of guesses were also made by people in this city for prizes of \$50 each, to be given by the New York Press to the person naming correctly the first ten batsmen in the League and Association; also the nine leading fielders, in the respective positions, in the League and Association. The winners of the last named prizes have not yet been announced.

### Children's Hop, on great variety at McArthur's.

## THE MAN WHO MADE TROUBLE.

### Some Description of the Baltimore Capitalist, Mr. W. H. Harrison.

Considerable interest centres in Mr. Walter H. Harrison, who claims association with Messrs. Collier and Cruikshank in the negotiation of the N. & W. railway bonds.

Mr. Harrison's portly figure is becoming well known on the streets of St. John. He is registered at the Royal and spends a few hours each day and evening smoking huge and fragrant Havanas, in the comfortable office of that hostelry.

He is a large man standing fully six feet in height, and tipping the scales at not less than 225 pounds. He wears a full black beard, slightly gray in places.

Mr. Harrison carries himself like a gentleman of wealth and leisure. There isn't much reason to doubt that he possesses both. Though a keen speculator he has provided against fortune's chances by permanent investments which yield him between \$10,000 and \$15,000 every year.

He is a typical American. Virginia owes him birth and his education is English. General Ben. Harrison, the republican candidate for President of the United States is a cousin of his, or it might be more proper to say that he is a cousin of the General's.

This might be some distinction if the candidate had any chance to become the ruler of 60,000,000 rusers, but he hasn't.

An interesting rumor to the effect that a compromise of \$60,000 would be offered Mr. Harrison, was about this week, and there are many reasons to think there is some truth in it, but Mr. Harrison doesn't look like the kind who recede much from a position, especially when the retreat means giving up the chances of getting another \$60,000.

### They Have Captured the Town.

The Wizard Oil Concert Company has captured Carleton. Crowded houses greet every concert. There's a fascination about the company which doesn't allow any one who attends once to stay away very long.

As PROGRESS said last week, every member of the company is an artist. The people have found it out, and are enjoying the treat. Each evening's entertainment is different and all are equally entertaining.

One evening in Fredericton, Dr. Ellis, the manager, astonished his audience by announcing that children would be charged double the admission fee for adults. He reversed the usual order, and the result paid him. The adults obtained seats and the children remained at home.

The company is registered at the Victoria. It opens in the Mechanics' Institute, Wednesday evening, November 7th, and will remain as long as the people patronize them. They remained thirteen weeks in Ottawa, giving new songs every night, and then left crowded houses behind them. Yarmouth solicited them a second time and thronged the hall.

Of course the elegant gifts are another attraction and a great one. A splendid gold watch was given away in Carleton, Thursday evening. The owner possesses a valuable ticker and is happy.

### Mr. Fisher and His Pavement.

If the story Mr. John W. Fisher tells PROGRESS has no other side, he has had considerable fun, much difficulty and little credit in the part he played in the construction of the Union and Charlotte streets pavement.

Mr. Fisher's story is long, too long for one edition, but it is quite interesting, especially to the interested parties. During the progress of the work, which was begun July 3rd, the contractor came in contact with a good many people in an official capacity and judging from his caustic remarks his affection for them is not of a deep and lasting nature.

Mr. Fisher may be eccentric. He probably is. Notwithstanding this trait he has put down that pavement at a figure nearly \$2,000 less than the tender which was favored at first.

### He Sought Health and Found a Wife.

Mr. Chas. K. Short dropped into town this week and greeted his friends for a day or two in his usual cheery fashion. Charley is married and appears to be enjoying a pretty good time. This piece of news somewhat astonished his friends who thought the Jeffreys' Hill druggist was seeking health rather than a life companion. The lucky lady is from New Jersey. Charley says he is in for a fortune; another piece of news which he explained by the statement that there was a very rich mine in his Dispepticure.

### Calais and St. Stephen With Us.

About 125 St. Stephen and Calais people called upon St. John, Thursday. There was a fine day for them, and silk hats and fair maidens took in the towns for the day. Calais Yankees are thorough Maine Yankees. They look like them, act like them and talk like them. And the fact that they are rubbers stands right out. The lady members of the party enjoyed themselves immensely, and all hands returned, yesterday.

### New Novels at McArthur's, 80 King St.

## SCARLET FEVER'S WORK.

### CHILDREN DYING FROM IT IN THE POORER DISTRICTS.

Three in a Brussels Street House Succumb—Eria Street and Lower Cove Contribute Their Victims—Its Effect on Two Boys—Spreading in the Schools.

Scarlet fever is carrying death to the little ones of Brussels, Erin and St. Andrew's streets. In one home last Sunday three fever-stricken children lay dead. A day or two later two bright little boys were buried from an Erin street home, and about the same time a similar occurrence was reported in Lower Cove.

The disease has been prevalent all summer, but of late it has broken out afresh and appears to be of a more malignant nature. Many people say that its spread is due to the opening of the schools, and this is no doubt a fact.

In conversation with Dr. Inches a day or two ago PROGRESS learned that the disease has been more prevalent and of a severer type than for several years.

Scarlet fever is one of the very infectious diseases and is caught easily. Many of the deaths are from secondary causes. Several cases have been instanced where young children who have apparently recovered from the fever have been sent to school, taken cold and died in less than a week from the effects.

Two handsome boys, sons of English parents who arrived in this city a short time ago, were attending the Leinster street school. They caught the fever from some of their school mates and were ill at home for some time. Both recovered, sufficiently their parents thought, to attend school again. They did so. Both caught cold. One died two days later and the other will be deaf the remainder of his days.

Another sad case, which is referred to elsewhere, is that in the Murphy family. Young Murphy was a PROGRESS newsboy and carrier. He was around, agile and well Saturday before last. Last Saturday he was in his coffin and in a few hours two others of the family were dead. Scarlet fever is not supposed to be affected much by surroundings—not so much as other types of fever, but it is a significant fact that the worst and fatal cases have been in such localities as Brussels, St. Andrews, and Erin streets. These spots are rich plots for the growth of any disease. They need looking after.

It is said that the cases have been reported to the Board of Health and yet nothing has been done to carry out the law and isolate the locality as far as possible. What is the Board of Health for, if not to look after such cases? It does not encourage physicians to report infectious diseases, when no attention is paid to their reports.

There is a very general impression that some measures should be taken to isolate the disease. In every school in the city, the fever has made its appearance. The school authorities are of course doing their best to prevent children who have had the fever lately, or are in contact with it, from attending school, but their efforts are unsuccessful.

It is through the schools that the disease is spreading, notwithstanding these efforts. If parents whose children have or have had the fever would pursue a proper course there would be no necessity for alarm. Let them keep their children at home until they are entirely free from the disease and unable to spread it.

Idle attempts have been made to scare the 900 children out of the Victoria school by spreading the report that the janitor's family was ill with the fever. There is no truth in the rumor. The board of trustees had disinfectants scattered through the basement, and this led to the groundless story.

### A Parting Presentation.

Chatham lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F., presented their chaplain, Rev. E. W. Waits, with a chaplain's jewel and the following address, on his departure for Owen Sound, to assume the pastorate of Knox church, of that place:

Dear Brother Waits: We present you with this chaplain jewel, as a parting token of regard we feel at the departure of a brother we esteem so highly. You have given us your precious time, cheerfully placed your talents as preacher and lecturer at our service, shared in our lodge work and adorned our demonstrations. You have been foremost in every good work in this community, not only willing, but eager to labor day and night for the promotion of every good cause. You have done all you could to foster fraternal feeling, to promote charity of thought and deed to lift men's minds from the material creeds to the one Christ.

You have left the impress of your broad-minded Christianity not only on your own congregation, but on the whole community, and we are sure that all our citizens share in the sorrow we feel at your departure.

If we may never meet again in a lodge-room, may we meet where your white badge of office shall have become shining raiment, and this silver badge a golden crown. Signed on behalf of Chatham lodge, No. 45, I. O. O. F.

J. I. STEWART, P. G. M., Committee.  
A. D. SMITH, E. G.  
C. W. McCULLY, E. G.

After the address and the presentation, Mr. Waits replied in a very feeling manner.

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## MR. DIGGS MADE A MISTAKE.

### In the Heat of Debate He Used the Wrong End of His Little Hatchet.

Mr. Diggs was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary on Thursday, and all because he made a mistake. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he was clumsy. He was charged with assaulting a colored brother, named Bree, with a hatchet. The blade of the weapon gashed the flesh of Mr. Bree's head, but as he had a remarkably thick skull, no bones were broken. Mr. Diggs was convicted of assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm. Before being sentenced, he pleaded in mitigation, that he had only intended to hammer his friend's head with the back of the hatchet, and that his using the blade was an inadvertence due to the heat of the argument.

The pounding of Bree's head with a blunt iron would have been a harmless diversion, as Mr. Diggs views matters. Mr. Bree would not have minded it. Looked at in this light, it seems unfortunate that a slight change of position of the wrist should have deprived the community of the services of citizen Diggs for the next five years.

Too much care cannot be exercised in playing with dangerous weapons. Mr. Diggs will be more careful the next time.

### Labor Unions Waking Up.

The Carpenters and Joiners' union has not been in existence a year, yet it is one of the healthiest of the local labor unions. Its members include some active spirits who have more interest in labor matters than St. John people are accustomed to manifest. The union was formed by Mr. John Armstrong, one of the Labor Commission, last winter and has now 74 members in good standing. A lively interest is taken in its welfare, and at its meetings schemes are suggested and talked over for the improvement and benefit of the working class.

The union proposes holding a grand public labor meeting in a few weeks, at which addresses on labor questions will be delivered by members of the carpenters' and typographical unions and the sail-makers society. Members of other labor organizations in the city will also speak. The arrangements for the meeting are being made with an efficient and interested committee. It will probably awaken a lively interest in labor affairs.

### They Will Welcome Their Friends.

The ladies of the sewing circle of St. Andrews church have been very busy of late. Next Thursday their friends will find out what they have been about. On that day a sale of fancy articles will begin in the afternoon and a high tea will be given from 6 to 8. In the evening there will be music and a good time generally. Among the attractive features will be an art gallery of real merit. The ladies in charge of the affair are Mrs. W. W. McLaughlin, president; Mrs. L. G. McNeil, vice-president, and Miss Elsie Nisbet, secretary.

### Auction of Books.

Attention is directed to an important sale of books by Mr. Hanington, commencing this afternoon and evening at 2.30 and 7.30. The collection is one of the best ever sold in St. John, and includes the finest etchings and works of art, including Hogarth and Gilray's great work, original editions, plates engraved by artists themselves, and cost £50 each.—Addt.

### Fourteen Wet Saturdays.

"You made an error last Saturday, PROGRESS," said a merchant yesterday. "Instead of nine wet Saturdays there have been fourteen, and there's my cash book to show it. Out of sixteen Saturdays, fourteen have been rainy. A rainy Saturday makes a difference in the sales, and that's why I kept the tally."

### Enjoying Life in Denver.

Mr. Thomas McMillan is in Denver Col. Recent letters from him state that the weather is beautiful—regular California atmosphere. Mr. McMillan takes a lively interest in things about him and from his letters evidently finds plenty to occupy his time in the lively Western town.

### A Queer Notion.

"Change, man! Why, I've a ton of it. Now, if I wanted change you wouldn't have a five cent piece or a copper. But where does all the silver come from lately?" And then the speaker propounded the query whether plenty of change did not indicate bad times.

### Go and Look at Them.

Mr. A. O. Skinner is announcing late importations of curtains which he says cannot be surpassed. His stock is large and the variety of his patterns immense. Every lady who has eyes for the tasteful and beautiful should call and inspect the stock.

### The Field is Large Enough.

"I like PROGRESS," writes a New York gentleman who had sent for a sample copy. "It is bright and cheerful, pointed and pithy. I wish you had a wider field. Please add my name to your subscription list."

## SIR LEONARD TILLEY.

### THE DRUGGIST BOY WHO ROSE TO BE THE GOVERNOR.

A Glimpse of Him as He is Seen by Impartial Eyes—Some Reason why He Succeeded and Why His Name is Honored and Will be Honored Hereafter.

The story of Sir Leonard Tilley's life is a long chapter in the political history of New Brunswick. For more than a third of a century he was identified with all the vital measures of a stirring period. In most of them he was the leading spirit and central figure. In none of them was he a passive actor.

It is three years since Sir Leonard wrote a reluctant farewell to active political life. His heart was as young and his brain as clear as in the past, but he had reached an age when he needed, rather than desired rest. He welcomed the less exacting duties which would devolve on him as governor of his native province. He had before, in 1878, accepted the same position, but no one imagined that at that time



his retirement was permanent. Now, however, his increasing years demand for him well earned rest. Hale and vigorous as he is today, it is but just that he should conserve that vigor and live apart from the bitterness of political strife.

He has had all that is worth having in politics. His successive years since 1850 have been crowned with victory after victory. He has seen his most cherished measures bear abundant fruit, and he has the assurance that his name will live when he has ceased to live—that his memory will be honored by the generations yet to come.

Not that he has always been right, or a true prophet. Not that he has always been consistent in his course. Only a bigot can claim that much for him. Sir Leonard has made his mistakes, as have equally able men in all parties. For the sake of party he has done what he might not have done as an unbiased individual. So have others done, and so will the best of politicians do to the end of time.

But there is this to be said: That in all the years of his career he has been honest as a man, earnest as a politician and true as a friend. He has respected himself and held the respect of others. He has not been a trickster, nor has his course been marked by scandals. He has been open in his dealings and true in his faith with those who have supported him.

No man has had more sincere friends. His name has been and is a tower of strength. There is a magnetism about the man which enlists enthusiasm, and those who have rallied under his standard have fought him as a labor of love.

Those who remember the old provincial elections can recall the popular enthusiasm when Sir Leonard was before the people. It was a sight worthy of remembrance to see him on the court house steps, while a vast multitude listened to his far ringing tones. Clear cut and keen his sentences fell like quick blows, as without a pause or a falter he sent argument after argument into the ranks of his opponents. No one ever wearied of hearing him. He held his hearers from first to last converting men against their will and impressing even his most determined foes. It was no wonder that at the close men threw their hats in the air and carried away their champion amid wild hurrahs. No man since those days has evoked such enthusiasm. Judging by the men who are available in the party at present, no man is likely to do so.

Sir Leonard laid the foundations of his own greatness and laid them well. He had no advantages of family, fortune or education. There were probably many others among his friends in the old debating society who had as much natural ability as he had, if not more. He had a determination, a fixity of purpose, an ambition to succeed. And he succeeded.

The highest honors which Sir Leonard years ago those which he won for himself. They are written in the annals of his country. The titles bestowed upon him have added not one whit to his stature, nor one jot to his fame. As many old-time Liberals view things, he would have done a graceful

act by declining an order of knighthood. There was more in the name of S. L. Tilley to stir the pulse of the people than there ever was or ever can be in the name of Sir Leonard. The Windsor uniform is a poor exchange for the familiar frock coat flung open in the heat of debate.

There are some able men in both parties who may need all the titles they can get to make them more respected by the people. This is not the case with Governor Tilley. He has honesty, as well as ability. Apart from the prejudice of faction, he is a man who can be honored for his worth. He is a good citizen. His life may be quoted as an example to the young. The ladder by which he has climbed to success is one which may be pointed to as a safe one for others.

No man was ever more worthy to be governor than Sir Leonard. There is no one who would be more acceptable to the people. Whether the bond with Canada be looked upon as fortunate or unfortunate for New Brunswick, there is much in Sir Leonard's life which entitles him to honor now and remembrance hereafter. The long path from the Market square drug store to the government house abounds with memorials of solid worth.

### Why He Didn't Show Up.

"Do you want a carrier boy?" asked an active little, pale-faced fellow of PROGRESS about two months ago. A carrier boy was wanted, and little Johnnie Murphy started out the next Saturday morning with his bundle of papers for delivery. It was his first work, and almost before daylight Saturday he was on hand, enthusiastic and ready.

So many people stopped him on his round wanting to buy papers from him, that Murphy soon got a fine list of customers, and no fewer than 100 papers found buyers from him.

Last Saturday he didn't show up. His papers waited for him until 9 o'clock, and the subscribers waited. Murphy didn't come. Another boy took his place and the papers.

About the same hour, in a little house on Brussels street, the carrier boy was dying, and while his customers waited for him he died.

### An Infant Pickpocket.

"What are you doing there, Sisie?" She was a toddling mite, not more than five years old, bright and intelligent, and fearless enough to venture in the dense crowd around the auctioneer on Market square. Taking advantage of the fixed attention of the crowd, she had approached a lady and was stealthily opening her hand-satchel when startled by the voice of constable Hayes. Starting away, she stopped a few steps distant and looked upon the venerable appearing official with a look of distrust and something of disappointment. Hayes asked her a few questions, but the infant—for she was nothing else—could just lip her christian name, and no more.

### Why Not at Its Best?

What an absurd idea prevails throughout the city regarding American silver. St. John merchants take American paper at the face and are glad to get it, but when a United States coin is laid on their counter they demand a discount of 20 per cent! In Fredericton, in St. Stephen, in Woodstock, a Yankee coin is as good as a Canadian bit, but in St. John, unless it is at the hotels or the Canada News Company or D. McArthur's, and a few other places, American silver does not go at its face. It occurs to PROGRESS that the merchant who takes American silver at its face deserves an advantage and there can be no doubt that he secures it.

### Go Right Along, Gentlemen.

The last Royal Gazette contained the notice of the proposed incorporation of the St. John Opera House company. It is time. No hours have been lost in putting the excavation contractor at work. Mr. D. Connell, who has the contract, began operations Thursday and proposes to go right along with the job. In the meantime the first call is being paid promptly and more stock subscribed daily. The indications are that the masonry will be complete this fall and ready for the brick work in early spring.

### A Good Place to Live.

Kingston, the old shiretown of Kings Co., is a remarkably healthy village, if the number of golden weddings celebrated there recently is any indication. Four of the late date can be recalled—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Flewelling, Mr. and Mrs. J. Edmond, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Morse, and Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Whelpley. The anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Whelpley was on the 17th inst. A number of their friends were present, among whom were Mrs. W. P. Flewelling and Mrs. E. S. Wetmore, sisters of Mrs. Whelpley, who were present at her marriage. Mrs. Whelpley counted a fine gold-headed cane among his gifts. It was a remembrance of his daughter now residing in Boston.

### British American for sale at McArthur's.