

If You Have Houses To Let Advertise in Progress.

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PROGRESS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1890.

If You Want Engraving Done GET FIGURES FROM "PROGRESS" ENGRAVING BUREAU.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

LEARY AND THE DOCK.

THE ALDERMEN HAVE PUT ON THEIR THINKING CAPS.

And the More They Think, the More They Find They do not Know a Great Deal About It—They Want Information and Intend to Get It—Some Rumors.

Mr. Leary has not started to build his dock yet and there is some doubt, a good deal, in fact, whether it will go ahead as fast as the people were led to believe at the outset.

Mr. Leary is ready enough to start. He would begin next week if the council would say so, but the more conservative members of the council are not in such a hurry to have him begin.

They want to understand just how and where he intends to end. They have had time to think over the matter and have discovered that there is nothing very evident or definite about the matter, except that Mr. Leary wants to clinch the \$10,000 subsidy.

He has not got it yet. The members of the council claim that everything the city has promised so far is conditional, and that they are not bound to anything until Mr. Leary satisfies some reasonable doubts which after mature reflection, they have begun to entertain.

They want a delivery of the goods, or an assurance of such delivery, with a guarantee that the goods will be as represented. The unbounded confidence, which at the outset would have led them to do almost anything Mr. Leary asked, has grown into a distrust, for which there may be no foundation, but which even Mr. Leary's magnetism is not strong enough to banish.

They want to know, in the first place, what kind of a dock they are likely to have—whether it is to be made from piling from one of Mr. Leary's big rafts, of concrete, of granite or of mud. So far, they have not been able to learn a great deal about this somewhat essential point.

They want better "specifications" than those contained on a half-sheet of foolscap. They want plans which mean something, and are more than pretty pictures.

They want to know more about Mr. Leary and what he knows about docks. They want to locate the six docks which he is reported to have built in the United States, and find out what sort of things they are.

There is a dock in the New York court house—a dry dock—which once held the notorious Jacob Sharpe, for whom, it is understood, Mr. Leary was bondsman. This isn't the kind of a dock the aldermen are enquiring about.

They want to know, assuming that Mr. Leary can do the work, if he will do it, as was the understanding, or if he intends to farm it out to Simpson, or some other man.

They want to know who besides Mr. Leary is interested in having this particular scheme rushed to a point from which there is no back-out. What hidden hand is at work, in or out of the city government?

They have reason to believe that there is such a hidden hand, which has been doing a good deal of active work. Some one appears to have been particularly interested in securing, on the city's behalf, an engineer who had no practical knowledge of docks. They want to know who telegraphed for Mr. Holt, a railroad engineer, to come from St. George at the critical moment.

They want to know who it was that telegraphed the Minister of Public Works to forbid John C. Allison, of his department, from acting as engineer. The alderman had agreed on Mr. Allison as a thoroughly practical man whose ability, and integrity were above suspicion. They asked him to act, and he consented. In the meantime, somebody telegraphed to Ottawa to have this intention frustrated. And that somebody had influence enough with Sir Hector Langevin to carry the point.

Who is this influential individual who is so anxious to prevent the choice of an engineer who would act in the best interests of the city? What axe has he to grind at the expense of the citizens?

They want to know if there is really "hoodle" to be distributed, who is the distributor, and what is his motive. No one suspects the genial Mr. Leary of attempting to do this thing. It may be some public spirited citizen who believes the dock would do so much good to the city that he is willing to disburse a part of his fortune in securing its completion. At all events, there is a rumor of hoodle, and even the available amount is named. This is said to be no less than \$50,000.

Of this amount, it is reported that one man is to get \$20,000, two others \$10,000 each, and a third, who would not be of much account to anybody if he were out of the council, the comparatively small sum of \$3,000. The aldermen want to know if this is true, and if so, whether the remaining \$7,000 is to be divided among them.

They want to know who it was that suggested to this alderman or that the fact

that a good deal of this material or that which he manufactured or sold would be needed for the dock. They want to know if they are all to be approached, and how.

They want to know why when Engineer Holt drove from the train to the city hall it was necessary to have two aldermen and Mr. Leary to keep him company.

They want to know the exact position of Mr. Hurd Peters in this dock matter. Why, when Mr. Holt was closeted with him, did he tell a caller that he did not know whether Mr. Holt had gone to St. George or not? What was the need of secrecy at that time?

They want to know if in addition to the \$10,000 a year subsidy they ought to give Mr. Leary South Rodney wharf which now yields the city a revenue of \$1,800 a year. They want to know at the outset if Mr. Leary wants anything more while he is about it.

In short they want more information about the whole affair than they have yet received or there seems any immediate prospect of getting. Until they get it, some of them say, they do not know.

And they assert that they are committed to nothing, save upon conditions which it is for Mr. Leary to fulfil. If he fails to give more satisfactory evidence than he has given, they claim that the city can borrow the money and build for itself a dock which will suit its needs.

So there is a good deal of thinking being done in the matter even though the council did vote first and begin to consider afterwards.

THIRTY-SIX YEARS AGO.

The Round-Robin of the Opposition which Led to the Government's Overthrow.

A correspondent who is an old politician, compares the present standing in the legislature with that of the house in 1854, when the first Liberal government was formed in New Brunswick. He sends a copy of the round-robin signed by the opposition members at that time, which will be read with interest now. It says:

That it is the opinion of the subscribers that the course heretofore pursued by the executive government does not entitle them to the confidence of the people, and with a view to the accomplishment of the best interests of the country, the government should be reorganized and placed in the hands of those who will heartily co-operate in the maintenance and success of correct principles, and that we will unite one with the other for the attainment of the desired end, and for the accomplishment of which will support a direct vote of want of confidence, if deemed advisable, in the present government.

Fredericton, 19th Oct., 1854.

Of the 41 members of the house, 17 signed the above, and in less than eight days after the government was defeated, by a vote of 27 to 12, followed by formation of first Liberal government in New Brunswick.

This copy of the round-robin is believed to be the only one in existence.

Candid, if Not Critical.

A farmer along the line of the New Brunswick railway purchased a cabinet organ for his daughter, not long ago. The other day a young man from St. John, who rather prides himself on his taste for music, called at the house, sat down at the instrument and sang one of his favorite airs in his most finished style. At its conclusion the farmer sat grim and impassive, and the young man, assuming that his poetic sympathies had been aroused by the charm of music, ventured to remark that it was a beautiful song.

"Yaas," returned the farmer in a meditative tone, "I dar-say its a very bootiful sort of a thing when its decently sung."

The young man changed the conversation by a remark about the weather. When he is asked about the incident now, he says the farmer was a very ignorant man.

Who Sells It?

A correspondent wants to know how it is that there are frequent reports of Indians being arrested for drunkenness in St. John, and that no one is fined for selling them liquor. He further asks what the two police inspectors and the detective are for, if not to search out and report such violations of the law. As his language is rather strong, PROGRESS gives only the substance of his letter. Who sells the liquor to the Indians?

For an Idle Hour.

McMillan's are having a good run on W. Clark Russell's latest story, An Ocean Tragedy. It is published in cheap form, by the National Publishing Company. Alfred Morrissey has in Harper's paper series the translation of that great novel, The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard by Anatole France. Price 50 cents.

Post It In the Lobby.

Did it ever occur to the postmaster of St. John that the lobby of the post office is a good place in which to post his monthly guide, showing the time of arrival and departure of mails? A good many people who are not box-holders are apt to want information on the subject and the post office is the place they naturally look for it.

THE FAKIR'S PARADISE.

HOW SOME CITIZENS OF ST. JOHN ENCOURAGE THE STRANGER.

They Welcome Him, Hand Him Their Money and Bid Him Depart in Peace—The City Merchants Grin and Bear It, and also Bear the Burden of Taxes.

St. John is the fakir's paradise. He likes it, he comes often, and whenever he goes he promises to come again, with a "tra-la-la. See you later."

No wonder he likes it. The people treat him well. No matter what he has, they want it, and are willing to pay their money for it like men. One of our own citizens might starve to death in trying to sell the same kinds of goods, but "everything goes" when a stranger offers it with the glare and glitter of novelty attached.

Sometimes he descends with a carload or two of worse than worthless articles which he dignifies by the title of oil paintings. That there is "oil" about them is evident, but the painting part is a wild and weird fancy of the fakir and his victims. They are miserable daubs, the best of which are oil chromos touched up, the next best in quality being those done with a stencil and turned out at the factory at the rate of a gross or two a day. Around these fearful and taste destroying objects are placed the cheapest frames which bronze and stucco can produce, of huge dimensions and barbaric splendor. Then the fakir "sacrifices" the stock at auction, and sends the taste corrupting and soul-demoralizing caricatures broadcast over the city.

True, there must be two parties to the bargain. If no one bought, the fakir would not make a second visit. Oh, yes, the generous public will encourage the fakir every time. Some men, who would never think of buying the work of a skilled native artist, will invest twice what a good picture would cost for a pile of the fakir's disfigured canvases, which is not worth the cost of its cartage from the auction room. If such pictures are finally sold as junk, they are apt to bring less than a similar weight of rags.

Then there is the book fakir, who brings down a carload or so of publications which appear to sell at ruinously low prices. Don't you worry about that, my christian philanthropist, the fakir "gets there," just the same. The books are those on which there is no copyright, they are printed from old stereotype plates, and bound in quantities after a style that no St. John binder would permit to go from his hands. There are exceptions to this, of course, for book-buyers at auction are a more intelligent class than the buyers of re-touched chromos, and it is necessary to have the stock a little better assorted. Taken as a rule, however, the books cost only the paper and ink, with a trifle for binding, in the first instance. They are dead stock in some big city, in the second instance, and if they sell for enough to cover freight and commissions the fakir is not out of pocket. They usually bring a good deal more than that, and average a good round profit.

It is true a book, even if badly printed, does some good. It does not corrupt and demoralize like a colored daub, but the point is that people buy more than they need, of a class that they would not choose at private sale, and spend money which would have been laid out to decidedly better advantage if time were taken to select. Books are cheap everywhere, and any man who wants to read, study, or gather a library to suit his tastes, can do better almost anywhere than at a fakir's cheap sale.

Then there are jewellery fakirs, who sell gold watches at less than the price of ordinary silver ones, and diamond rings for less than their weight in nine-carat gold—and there are fakirs who sell almost everything under the sun, but usually something that the buyers do not need and would not buy from a legitimate local dealer.

In the meantime, the said local dealer is wondering how he will stand next May, after he has paid his rent, insurance, taxes and a host of other charges which do not trouble the heart of the agile and fleeing fakir. When the latter has scooped all the money he can carry out of the country, he has no use for the city or its institutions. St. John is his oyster, and he disposes of it "with promptitude and despatch."

Within the last week a concern has established itself temporarily in St. John with the object of selling tea to the citizens, giving to the purchaser of each can a chance for the present of a "diamond" ring, "solid" gold jewellery, etc. A good many people who "tried their luck" did not take the tea, and some of them did not take anything else in exchange for their money. It finally dawned on somebody that the lottery act had some reference to operations of this kind, and complaint was made at the police office. The matter may be investigated by the court before PROGRESS reaches its readers, and in the

meantime comment would be out of place. If the concern is not violating the law, it will probably continue to sell tea for a dollar a can and "give away" diamonds, etc., as before. If it is simply a lottery, as some assert, it will either have to change its methods or seek new fields for its enterprise.

THE WORST YET.

A Blasphemous Salvation Army Tune that will make Good People Shudder.

Talk about profanity! shade of Cicero! writes a Moncton correspondent. Just come to Moncton, not in June particularly, but any time at all, and listen to the ear as well as the soul piercing strains of the Salvation Army, and if they don't use more profanity and blasphemy more vigorously than any street gamin that imperils the lives of harmless pedestrians with his murderous sled and skates—well, I'll enter into bonds with any two respectable fellow citizens to lynch off this statement as soon as it is printed.

And to prove that my language has not been too strong, here is a specimen of the very latest acquisition in hymns possessed by that humble minded and retiring body. Unfortunately the author's name does not seem to have been preserved to fame, probably he was conscientious enough to be ashamed of it, and well he might, for this is what respectable people are forced to hear yelled out, roared out, squealed out any night of the week on Main street to the accompaniment of brass instruments "jangled out of tune and harsh":

"There's flies on you and there's flies on me, But there ain't no flies on Jesus."

Frightful! is it not, and the grammar alone would set one's teeth on edge, even if they chanced to be tooth teeth.

REAL ESTATE BOOMING QUIETLY.

Three of the Houses on the Old Victoria Site Disposed Of.

Real estate is having a quiet little boom in and about the city. Two of the handsome residences on Germain street, on the site of the old Victoria hotel, built since last year by W. L. Prince, have been disposed of to Mr. W. C. Pitfield and Mr. T. William Bell, the former gentleman securing the residence next St. Andrew's kirk, and Mr. Bell the one next the handsome corner residence of Mr. Spurr. It is understood that the prices for the three houses ranged from \$13,000 to \$7,500. They will be ready for the owners by April 1.

John McCoy, of St. Mary's, has bought the Jardine property, Marsh Road, of about 23 acres, for \$5,000. The impression is that McCoy got a great bargain. It will be an excellent stand for him, and when he complies with the National Association rules there will be a very creditable addition to the speed of this section. McCoy owns some fast horses and knows how to handle them. Sir Charles and Maggie T. are among his list of valuable trotting stock.

HOW THE DEAL ENDED.

NORTHUMBERLAND WAS PULLED OVER THE FENCE EASILY.

Mr. Blair Found Mr. Tweedie a Very Willing Captive, Who was Glad to be Rescued from the Opposition—Mr. Thad. Stevens Explains His Position.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 7.—PROGRESS is being congratulated as being the first newspaper in the province to get onto the big Northumberland "deal." The job was done on Friday, and PROGRESS had in when it went to press, Friday noon. "Deal" is an appropriate word to express the compact with the Northern loggers isn't it?

Mr. Tweedie has been sworn in Sveyor-General, and is smoking an extra good brand of cigar in that fine new office, whose voluptuous fittings he condemned last winter. Those who know Lemuel, know that he appreciates a good thing when he gets it. He is a racy and effective speaker, and will fill a want that would be otherwise much felt in the speaking talent of the government by the loss of Emmerson and McInerney. Mr. Robinson, who was Mr. Tweedie's leading colleague on the ticket, has been here as sponsor to Lemuel, and there would seem no cause for doubt that the entire Northumberland delegation is captured. I wonder what will become now of that little claim for \$15,000 that Mr. O'Brien wants for extras on the Nelson bridge?

Premier Blair reached Chatham just in the nick of time last Friday it is said. Ezekiel McLeod, Q. C., had been there. Mr. George McLeod had been there. The valise with which Thaddeus Stevens has been scouting like a comet over the face of nature the past ten days had been there. Even Mr. Tweedie's dark blue eyes were beginning to roll with opposition frenzy, it is said. When the opposition caucus, the night before, at Mr. Adams' house, decided to accept no overtures from the government, "Then out they go in six weeks," the gentle Lemuel is reported to have declared.

But even while he spoke an express train was thundering across the caribou plains from Fredericton to Newcastle with the great Andrew G. on board. Well might the virtuous soul of the noble Thaddeus dread the wily machinations of the man of York. In one short hour all was lost. One lightning shuffle of the cards, and the Premier held four of a kind—four "knaves," as Thaddeus said when Andrew scooped the pile.

It is believed in government circles that Mr. Tweedie's re-election will not be opposed. Four out of the five portfolios in the executive, it is worthy of remark, are now held by Conservatives.

Mr. Mitchell having taken charge of the provincial secretary's office, it is evident that no further effort is to be made—if any really ever was made—to find a seat for Mr. McLellan. But this does not mean that Mr. McLellan's services are to be lost to the country. If all reports are to be believed, the scenic attractions of the legislative council are to be enhanced by David's classic features this winter. This will make it necessary that Mr. Harrison should retire from the government.

Rumors of further reconstruction would seem to be baseless. Not but that there are plenty of aspirants among the rank and file. But the premier evidently feels that he is master of the situation, and that no further change is needed.

Mr. Perley, the Sunbury war-horse, shares with Mr. Hanington, the Westmorland lion, the honor of being classed as "uncertain." He was perched away up in the political raters, at last accounts, ready to jump upon the biggest pile of straw. As for Mr. Hanington, there is no doubt the speakership is his if he wants it. Whether the judicial serenity of that eminence has any charms for Daniel's fiery soul remains to be seen. SANCHO.

MR. STEVENS EXPLAINS.

He Does Not Carry a Yellow Valise and Did Not Make an Ass of Himself.

Mr. H. Thaddeus Stevens said he was a good deal surprised when he read PROGRESS last Saturday. "That lying cuss," as he termed the Fredericton correspondent, had taken a good many liberties with him, for which, according to Mr. Stevens, there was little or no authority.

It will be remembered that a good deal of stress was laid upon the statement that a yellow valise had been circulating around the province in company with the journalist and statesman. Mr. Stevens was grieved at this. He does not carry a yellow valise, he said, but a plain, everyday black one. He once had a yellow dog, but he drew the line there in selecting that color for his accessories and surroundings. Yellow does not agree with his complexion. It makes him look as jaundiced and bilious as if he ran the other Moncton paper instead of the Times, and he doesn't want any man to labor under that impression. He doesn't

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