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VOL. II., NO. 88.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

HE PATTED THEIR BUMPS

LEARY'S ADDRESS TO THE COUNCIL
AS REPORTED BY BILDAD.

How they Compared With Leading American Statesmen—And how Mr. Leary Scooped the Boodle—It only Cost him a Photograph, a Bandana and a Benediction.

Mr. Leary is invited to come within the rail and address the council. His rising to speak is the signal for great applause.

Gentlemen of the Common Council:

"This is the most stupendous aggregation of brain and genius it has ever been my lot to gaze upon. (Applause.) This moment is the proudest and yet the humblest of my life. I feel as Bonaparte must have felt under the shadows of the Pyramids. (Cheers.) Never has the hopeless sense of inferiority weighed upon me with such crushing force as now. It has raised a lump on my back bigger than the sins of Bunyan's Pilgrim. (Laughter.)

"You may well laugh, gentlemen. It is the province of greatness to laugh at littleness. (Cries of No, no!) But, I say Yes, yes. Let me assure you, gentlemen, that President Harrison compares with your august mayor as a Saint Andrews smelt does with a Greenland whale. (Loud cheers.) Congress alongside of this council is a fly-speck on the map of the world. It is a billy-goat on Fort Howe, a yaller dog in the Bay of Fundy. (Great applause.)

"Gentlemen, I am a Democrat in State and a Republican in Federal politics. It is well to have your bread buttered on both sides. (Hear, hear.)

"Gentlemen, I have seen the Yosemite Valley without losing a pound of flesh. I have gazed upon Niagara in all its grandeur without emotion. It did not cost me a meals vittles that I had paid for myself. But I shed tears when I stood on the Suspension bridge, the other day, and watched your noble Falls fall up-hill. (Tremendous cheers.)

"Gentlemen, we have no such men over the line as your Common Clerk. George Washington was the first and, if my memory serves me, the last. He has the nose of Adams and the eyes of Jefferson. (Applause.) Your Alderman Connor is the Napoleon of oratory, the Mirabeau of invective, the Burke of argument. (Hear, hear.) Alderman Kelly is the man we want to take the chair of Tammany. It awaits him. It awaits him with pride and apprehension. (Cheers.)

"Gentlemen, during the recent inauguration at Washington, I occupied a suite of rooms at the hotel next to Harrison himself. They cost me \$50 a day. Those who did not know me took me for a little god, but I knew better. (Cries of No, no!)

"Gentlemen, you have a pearl of great price in Alderman Baskin. He could not in my humble judgment step over the line five minutes before the people would rise in their might and make him secretary of our great, our glorious, our unique and awful navy. (Hear, hear.) I was offered the secretaryship myself by Harrison. I never was known to refuse anything, but I refused that. (Cries of No, no!) The salary was too small to pay expenses. (Cries of O!)

"Gentlemen, in the presence of Alderman Barnes, the best looking man at your Board, Jim Blaine is a pigmy—a pimple on the moon—a patent advertisement on the Rocky Mountains. (Wild cheering.) Alderman Robertson is the living image of General Grant. (Applause.) Alderman Blackadar has the chin and ears of Wannamaker. (Hear, hear.) I asked Wannamaker not to bounce a poor postmaster I used to know in Georgia and he let him alone like a man. (Cheering.) The pants of Cleveland would fit Alderman Busby like a charm. (Deafening cheers.)

"Gentlemen, I am glad to have lived long enough to be permitted to pay you this tribute. You are all great men, big men, I never saw such bumps in my life. In their rugged grandeur they remind me of the Alps viewed from Lake Lucerne. (Loud applause.) But, gentlemen, I am a poor man; I am obliged to pass the hat." His Worship the Mayor—"Let a cheque issue to Mr. Leary at once for \$200,000." (Great excitement, hear-hears, cheers and tears.)

Mr. Leary—"I accept this slight token of your affection. I accept it in the spirit with which it is offered, namely—without reservation. (Applause.) Your benevolence if possible exceeds your sagacity. (Cries of No, no!) You are right, gentlemen. I take that back. Gentlemen, I shall never part with this gift. I will keep it all. In fact I will use it as collateral right away to raise bonds upon. To raise bonds, gentlemen, I might casually remark, to build a dry dock in this city. (Cheers and cries of O, this is too much; never mind about the dock!) Yes, I will mind about the dock. Perhaps I should have said I was going to build a dock before, but it escaped my mind as no doubt did yours. I have not got the plans of the dock. But, gentlemen, here are some photographs of my wife. Take them and

bless you my children. (Applause and weeping.)

"Gentlemen, I am stopping at the Royal. I keep a good brand of cigars. Come and try 'em." (Loud and long continued cheering. Mr. Leary presents Alderman Kelly with his tear-stained bandana and departs from the room.) BILDAD.

A QUESTION OF FUNCTIONS.

Were Certain Words Used by a Coroner Officially or as a Citizen?

A resident of Lancaster called at Progress office the other day to complain that Coroner Robinson called a certain man "Dick Dead-Eye." When informed that this was wholly a private matter with which the paper had nothing to do, he took the ground that the coroner was acting in a quasi-judicial capacity. It seems that at the time the words were spoken the coroner was standing on the ground where Magee is buried in the well, waiting to secure the body for an inquest, and was therefore more than a private citizen. This seems to be a point for the courts to settle. An inquest does not begin until the body is found, though Coroner Robinson is undoubtedly justified in keeping guard, lest in his absence the remains might be discovered just as Coroner Berryman was driving by. However, the objectionable expression was undoubtedly used in a Pickwickian sense, for the official is too good-natured to mean anything very bad, either as coroner, justice of the peace or private citizen.

FROM ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

A Reader of "Progress" on the Pacific Coast Secures a Prize.

The advertisement in Progress' Chinese department has at last been correctly translated, not, however, by a fellow citizen, or even a fellow countryman, but by a subscriber who pays taxes and votes for president away out in Port Townsend, Wash. The name of this only successful wrestler of the Chinese is Peter Turner. His translation of the hieroglyphics reads as follows: "T. William Bell, wholesale dealer in finest China Teas, St. John." This striking advertisement proves a number of things. First of all, it shows that St. John merchants know how and where to advertise in a way that tells. It proves that Progress is read beyond the boundaries of Germain street, and even beyond the boundaries of Canada. Moreover it proves that St. John city has no use for Chinese labor and that her citizens, although unable to get a translation of our Chinese advertisement thrown in with their washing, are willing to support a couple of first class steam laundries.

Two Ways of Doing It.

For several years a street lamp on the sidewalk next to the Old Burial Ground has cast a modest light on the diagonal crossing from the gate to the corner of Elliott row. Some of the citizens complained that it did not light the steps and the crossing sufficiently, and to remedy matters it has been placed on the corner, where the crossing ends. Unfortunately the alderman who had the matter at heart has not made a study of light and shade, and the lamp now stands so that the shadow made by the ironwork of the frame falls on the crossing and wholly obscures it. The rest of the street, where nobody walks in muddy weather, is light enough, but the crossing itself and the dangerous steps at the gate are in even greater darkness than before the change was made. The residents of Elliott row are not half as thankful as it was expected they would be.

Amusing the Public.

Without Humphrey Price Webber and his company this would have been a dull week for amusement loving people. There have been four good houses and two rousing ones so far this week—which it is safe to say Webber alone could have drawn. No man on the road can talk more people into the house than Webber, and he gives them good value for their money. He appears in Fredericton Monday night, and does the Western part of the province afterward. Miss Lulu Warrenton, a splendid reader and elocutionist—so report says—appears in the institute Monday evening.

Successful Abroad.

The many friends of Mr. Fred. Fenety, formerly of this city, will read the following extract from the Herald, of Boston, with pleasure:

F. M. Fenety has opened his studio, 23 Studio building, for the exhibition of his paintings of roses. The artist has evidently made a special study of this queen of flowers, if we may judge from the large number of canvases upon which it is presented with regal isolation. Mr. Fenety loves the perfect rose of cultivation, and he paints it with appropriate refinement of style, richness of coloring and decorative effect.

Don't Know Him.

A resident of Dorchester, and judging by the handwriting, a lawyer, sends a communication abusing the Windsor & Annapolis railway. He does not send his name, and that is the end of the matter.

SIX OF THEM WILL WIN.

BUT WHICH SIX IS WHAT NO FELLOW CAN FIND OUT.

Candidates for the Legislature from the City and County of St. John—Some of the Men who Want the Nomination, and Some who Will Get It.

Are you ready? Go!

Six substantial ratepayers of the city and county of St. John will go to bed happy, if they go to bed at all, on the night of the 20th of January. They will wear, or be entitled to wear M. P. P., after their names. Each of them is likely to feel as big as Billy be D., and as independent as a hog on ice.

Who are the six?

That is just what nobody can guess with any degree of certainty just now. It is not even certain who will be put to the front, though the opposition will have shown its hand before Progress reaches the public, and the government will follow suit on Monday night. Some of the candidates are sure enough of a nomination, and at this writing several others are trying to make themselves solid with the nominating committee. For instance:

Taking the government side, there is no doubt that Dr. John Berryman will be one of the candidates for the city. He does not want to be, and has said so, but he has also said that if the party feels that it needs him, he will consent to come. He may be put down as number one.

It has not been supposed that H. J. Thorne would come to the front, but he appears to think that he can judge for himself as well as some of his friends can judge for him, and that his business interests will not suffer by his attention to politics. He took an active part at the committee meeting, Thursday night, and it was distinctly asserted by members of the party that he would mate Dr. Berryman in the city contest.

In the county, the Provincial Secretary and Mr. Quinton are, of course, to the front, but there is no certainty as to the other two men. One of these must be a Catholic, and it has been understood that Edward Lantulum has asserted that he must be the man. A good many still believe that he will be, or that if he is not nominated he will be a candidate on his own account.

On the other hand, the name of W. B. Carvill has been mentioned in this connection even longer than that of Mr. Lantulum. His nomination would, however, provoke the friends of John L. Carleton, who might be disposed to accept Mr. Lantulum as a compromise. Some of the Catholic members of the party claim that they should have two candidates on the ticket as the denomination composes two-thirds of the Liberal party in St. John.

The selection of a fourth candidate is a question requiring some thought. H. Lawrence Sturdee's friends say that he is the man, while others would like to see James C. Robertson. If Mr. Robertson were selected it would make a mixed ticket, whereas with Mr. Sturdee it would be wholly made up of Liberals.

The name of Gilbert R. Pugsley has also been mentioned. Mr. James G. Forbes is also quite willing to accept a nomination on the government side. So are several others, but they are not likely to get it.

The opposition will have Dr. Alward as a city candidate, and the name of Ald. A. C. Smith is suggested as his colleague. The name of Dr. Walker has been frequently mentioned, and he would be a strong city candidate—a wonderful improvement over Ald. Smith—if he would consent to stand. So far, however, he has not seen his way clear to consent to take a position which is not wholly in accordance with his tastes, and would somewhat interfere with his professional duties.

Messrs Stockton and Rourke are certainly to the front as candidates for the county. Probably H. A. McKeown is the third and Alderman Shaw the fourth man. The friends of John A. Chesley assert that he should be taken instead of Ald. Shaw, thus giving Portland a representation.

Squire David Tapely is in the field in his own account. He is said to be hustling and has great hopes of success.

The fight has fairly begun. The curtain has been rung up, and the first scene shown. There will be no long waits between the acts.

Whether the performance will end with a roaring farce, depends on which side wins and how people look at it.

Sure Enough.

The St. John, N. B., Progress advocates the appointment of an inspector of whisky, to see that no bad liquor is sold. Were this done, and barrooms abolished, the amount of misery caused by liquor would be reduced to a minimum. With bar-rooms abolished, the senseless custom of treating would disappear, and that is the cause of probably 99 per cent. of the cases of drunkenness.—Toronto World.

DISCOVERED TOO LATE.

The Singular Story of How an Innocent Stranger Was Convicted.

A curious story of a blunder of the law is told by an old member of the St. John police force. It happened a good many years ago, but the point is as plain as if it had happened yesterday.

A man went into a second-hand clothing store on Water street with an umbrella, which he stood against the counter unnoticed by the proprietor. While he was looking at some clothing, this umbrella fell so that it lay hidden from view behind a box. When the man went to leave, he looked around for his umbrella, and seeing another one, which he supposed was it, started away with it. Scarcely had he gone when the storekeeper missed the umbrella, and suspecting his visitor of stealing it, gave chase to him, overtook him with the missing article in his possession, and gave him in charge of the police.

On the principle that a man who dresses poorly is likely to be a liar well as a thief, the story of the man that he took an umbrella of his own into the shop was wholly disbelieved, and being convicted, he was sentenced to three months in the penitentiary.

Scarcely had the prisoner been lodged "across the flats," when the accusing shopkeeper, in looking about his premises, found the stranger's umbrella. Conscience-stricken at what he had done, he rushed to the magistrate and besought him to liberate the innocent victim of circumstances.

The magistrate heard the story and shook his head. He could do nothing. The man had been proven guilty after a fair trial, and the court had given its sentence. The only way to get the man out of prison was by an expensive and slow process—so slow that his sentence would expire before the machinery of justice could liberate him. The simplest way was to let him stay where he was, and nobody would ever know the difference.

So the man served out his three months, and came back to the world, with the brand of a criminal. It is not even probable that those who wronged him had the decency to return him his own umbrella.

Who Knows About It.

A resident of the West End has called at Progress office to complain of what he alleges is a gambling establishment on one of the principal streets of that part of the city. According to his statement, the proprietor rents his tables, at the rate of \$2 each, to men and boys of all ages, who gamble with "chips," until all hours of the night and morning. The principal complaint is from parents whose sons are kept out when they ought to be in bed. It is said that, not long ago, a policeman entered the place, apparently with a view to dispersing the frequenters of what the law would consider a disorderly place, but seeing that one of the players was an alderman, he contented himself with an admonition, and retired. Others claim that the place is respectable enough, is not frequented by boys, and that the games are such as any party of friends are accustomed to play at their homes and in respectable clubs. There appears to be a difference of opinion among those who are not "in the crowd." If the latter claim be correct, the public have no concern with the matter. Who knows?

The Messiah—January 28.

Encouraged by the success of Samson, and with the wish to give the citizens as much good music as possible, the Oratorio society has determined to give practically the whole of Handel's popular oratorio, the Messiah, in Mechanic's Institute, on Tuesday, Jan. 28. It will be presented by local talent alone, the soloists being Mrs. W. S. Carter, Miss Hea, Rev. J. M. Davenport, and Mr. Mayes. The Philharmonic club will constitute the orchestra, with Miss Bowden as pianist. Mr. Morley will conduct the performance, and Mr. Ford, the new organist of the Stone church, accompany the choruses.

Depends on the Animal.

Agent Wetmore, of the S. P. C. A., is looking for the young men who celebrated the New Year by capturing a goat, taking it round to the various bars and getting it full. He claims that producing intoxication comes under the head of cruelty to animals. That depends very much on the animal. Man is an animal, and a good many take very kindly to that kind of cruelty when practised on themselves. The goat, probably, has different sentiments on the subject.

There is Too Much Buzzing.

A man's ear-pan has to be pretty sensitive to make much out of a five minute talk over the telephone between here and Fredericton, and if he attempts to chin while the electric lights of both cities are on he imagines there are several buzz saws hung on the wires somewhere. Can it be remedied?

Crumbs.

Your letter reached Progress Friday noon, a day too late. Sorry.

SO THEY INITIATED HIM.

FORMS AND CEREMONIES PECULIAR TO "THE CABINET."

A Young Man About Town Attends a Meeting Through Curiosity—His Curiosity is Satisfied to the Tune of "Down Goes McGinty to the Bottom of the Sea."

Do you know anything about "The Cabinet?"

It is an organization in the nature of a secret society that has come into existence within the last year. It is so secret that even the ordinary members do not know its object, or much about it, save that it exists and flourishes. Its affairs are believed to be managed after the fashion of the Clan-na-Gael, by a Triangle or some other angle, and its meetings take place in a lively stable in the centre of the city. It claims to be non-political, non-sectarian and non-committal, and that is all the general public is supposed to know about it. No initiation fee is charged, nor are there any dues. When funds are required to supply the beer, a collection is taken up, and no surplus is allowed to remain in the treasury.

The ceremonies of initiation are said to be modelled after those of the Sons of Malta, in which candidates were pulled through sections of iron pipes and slid down inclined planes into tanks of cool and refreshing water, but the complete apparatus not having been procured, only a portion of the work is exemplified at present. The "properties" consist of a live goat, several long ulsters with hoods to conceal the heads and faces of the members, an assortment of pitchforks, a hay-cutter, a carriage hose attached to the faucet, several lanterns, a bull dog and a large tub filled with water.

An exemplification of the work was given on New Year's eve, the candidates being two gentlemen of color, who awaited the ordeal with undisguised apprehension. The prescribed mode of initiation is as follows:

The candidate is placed in a dark room where he is confronted by two members cloaked and hooded, each having a pitchfork in one hand and a lantern in the other, leading the goat between them. He is placed with his hand in the hay-cutter, where it is held so that the blades may catch his fingers should he prove contumacious while the regular pledges of fidelity to the cause are exacted from him. He is then led to where he faces the watering tub and is asked certain questions. One of these is, "Do you like butter?"

On his replying, "yes," the command is given: "Let her butt!"

Whereupon the goat behind him makes a rear attack which sends him head first into the trough. Should he attempt to escape, the hose is brought in play and the bull dog unchained.

On the night in question a young man, well known about town, was admitted as a spectator, but in consequence of some remarks he made after part of the ceremony had been performed, it was determined to make him a candidate instead of the second of the colored applicants. As he objected to this, the ritual was varied by four able-bodied members seizing him and launching him head-first into the trough. On emerging he violently protested against being dipped in the same water as the colored neophyte, seized a lantern and broke it over one of the member's heads.

The constitution provides that any member making a disturbance shall again undergo the ceremonies of initiation. Under this section the newly made and moist brother was again seized and immersed, first at the feet, and then at the portion of the body which naturally sagged down when he was carried by the shoulders and heels. At each immersion the members solemnly sang, "Down goes McGinty to the bottom of the sea." The meeting then adjourned for refreshments, while the newly made brother sought a place in which to dry himself. He has since been trying to identify the hooded men who gave him his degrees, but neglected to teach him any mode of recognition.

Lest this description should deter any ambitious citizen from making application for membership, it may be stated that when a candidate proves docile, and is willing to treat, he gets off easy. The member initiated at the previous meeting was one of this kind. He was allowed the privilege of coming in contact with the water by simply sitting down in the tub with his feet outside. He liked it so well that he "set-'em-up" royally.

A Good Spread.

The members of the X. L. N. T., who dined at "The Delmonico" this week are not done praising the menu yet. It must have been good, for the oldest hotel man in the city declares he never saw its equal for the money.

Short, Sweet and Just.

St. John Progress, always a model of typography and intensely interesting, outdoes all previous efforts in its special edition.—Windsor Tribune.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

The Reports of the Prevalence of Diphtheria Appear to be Exaggerated.

There appears to be a good deal of unnecessary talk about the prevalence of diphtheria in St. John, and it is probable that in many families an alarm is felt which is wholly unjustified by the facts.

During the month of December a dozen cases or so were reported reported to the board of health. It may be that many cases were not reported, simply because the physicians did not deem it necessary to take such a course. The diphtheria, if it could be called such, was of such a mild type that there could be no possible danger of infection. There are different types of diphtheria, according as a doctor views matters. In the eyes of some a sore throat, not uncommon with children, is pronounced the dreaded disease, and is so treated and reported. Others require the regular old-fashioned symptoms before proceeding to place the house and family under the ban of quarantine.

Progress knows of at least one house where the objectionable green card has been put at the door, on the report of a leading physician, and has remained for the last two weeks for what appeared to be a temporarily sore throat. The patient, a girl of 14, had at the outset two very small white spots on her throat, which disappeared after being treated twice, so that three days after the first symptoms she seemed as well as ever, so far as any tokens of diphtheria were concerned. She has not been confined to bed, has had no sickness, except from eating too many good things Christmas week, has been able to talk, sing and generally enjoy herself. At the outset, the doctor pronounced it diphtheria of a mild form, and conscientiously reported it to the board of health. As a consequence, the house, in which there are boarders, has been placarded ever since, to the great inconvenience of all concerned. The doctor admitted, as much as ten days ago, that there was no danger of infection, and yet, because in his anxiety to be on the safe side, he reported the case, red tape says the sign shall remain long enough to give the imaginary danger-time in which to disappear.

Another physician had about the same time a case of even more pronounced type, on the same street. He did not report it, despite the fact that he is one of the most careful of men in reporting cases where he believes there is any danger of infection. In this case he was unwilling to make so much trouble for his patrons when, in his judgment, there was a necessity for it. This is how doctors differ in their views.

Both of the physicians in question are recognized and looked upon as skilled and conscientious exponents of their profession. They have different ways of looking at things.

Progress believes that in every case of disease where there is any danger of infection, the law should be obeyed. It is better to err on the safe side. But is there any need of a house being kept under the ban when there is no danger, simply because if there were danger the placard should remain two weeks or more?

This, of course, rests with the attending physician, who can give his certificate for the removal of the placard at any time. In the case—let us say—of a very young doctor, there might be a mistake in the first instance. In his fear of diphtheria he might mistake some simple throat affection for it. In such a case, would it not be better for him to admit his error and have the placard removed at once rather than to stand on his dignity, and keep it up for two or three weeks to bolster up his mistaken diagnosis?

It is a point worth the consideration of young physicians—and of some old ones.

COMPLIMENTED THEM TOO SOON.

Brother Hartley Had Occasion to Change His Opinion of His Audience.

The watch-night services at Temperance hall were attended by a large and interested audience. Rev. H. A. S. Hartley beamed with good nature as he addressed his hearers, complimenting them on their intelligence and good looks, referring to the presence of brother Beamish and the pastor of the Marsh Bridge mission.

A little later in the proceedings the audience became so demonstrative that Bro. Beamish declared that a number of them needed to sign the pledge pretty bad. This was ascertained to be correct so far as regarded the noise makers. Rev. Bro. Hartley then took back the compliments he had passed at the outset, and declared that he would not expect to see such a crowd outside of the jungles of India. If physical force were necessary to keep order, he would not hesitate to use his arms to fire the disturbers out of the hall.

This awful threat had the desired effect. The disorderly visitors went out to get another drink, and neglected to come back. The new year was ushered in with solemn and appropriate services.

New Year's—\$3,000—at Mr. Arthur's Bookstore, 80 King street.