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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

READY FOR THE FIGHT.

BOTH LIBERALS AND CONSERVATIVES HAVE CANDIDATES.

Some of the inside workings of the Nominations—Mr. McKeown vs. Mr. Baird—The Offer Refused by "Dr. Dan"—Mr. Gillmor Went to the Wrong House.

The campaign has begun; the generals are chosen, and the work of assembling veterans and enlisting recruits is going on. In three weeks, or less time, all will be over; the victors will be rewarded and the wounded cared for. Until then you must either hum "God Save the Queen" or keep your mouth shut, just according to whether you are a Conservative or a Liberal.

The wind blew from several quarters from Friday noon until a late hour last Saturday, and all that time it fanned the smiling countenance of Mr. McKeown. The boys were in favor of pushing their "boy candidate" into the breach again and carrying him forward to a seat at Ottawa.

But the wires began to get in their fine work, and the wind shifted in another direction.

To go back a little further: when the Conservatives managers came together to prepare for the fight they came to the decision that the local candidates should have a chance. They had shown such popularity in the last contest that they should be consulted! Besides it was a neat piece of policy to flatter Messrs. Alward, Stockton, McKeown, and others to ask them to name one man on the ticket. These gentlemen took time to consult and came to the conclusion that Mr. Howard D. Troop was good enough for them.

Mr. Troop is a man with large business interest and he could not jump at such an offer without thinking about it. Perhaps, at the same time, it crossed his mind that he had only been asked for his consent and cash—one is as necessary as the other in these days—by the seceders and that the delegation was not really one from the old Conservative party.

Mr. Baird was to be the choice of the convention, and that with him was a contribution of \$10,000!

Al! it was a pity that did not come to pass. It would have been a battle royal between Ellis and Baird. No two public men in this city have said such hard things about each other. No two have pursued each other with such fierceness and animosity.

The last chapter of the Queens county story would have had St. John for its scene and the end would surely have been dramatic. At any rate Mr. Baird was willing to put up \$10,000 to make his part of the show a success.

To digress a little here: Mr. Baird is about tired of politics in Queens. He had two of the hardest and most expensive fights ever given to a politician and was not inclined to go through the bitterness and expense of another campaign. He has said as much as this to Progress when he talked about it from the rational standpoint of a business man and not as a party follower.

This is how matters stood Saturday. That was the day the wind changed after the meeting of the local opposition candidates. In solemn caucus they decided that Mr. McKeown must not run as the candidate of the Liberal-Conservatives. Not in those words, but that it was not advisable to open the local constituency at the present time.

That shut Mr. McKeown out, and Mr. Hazen's friends came boldly to the front and forced his claims. Monday, however, the great chief of the party in this province, Finance Minister Foster, arrived in town, and called a council of war. The checker-board was altered, some important moves were made and future ones ordered. The longest conference and the hardest discussion was with Mr. Baird. He had made up his mind to stay away from Queens, and avoid the discomforts of a winter campaign, as well as the expenditure of a goodly amount of cash. When Mr. Foster got through with him he had reluctantly consented to push through the snow banks of Queens—provided the cash was furnished.

This was not known until the ward representatives of the Conservatives were in meeting delegated to select candidates. Mr. Baird's name was the favorite for the

city until his letter was read stating that he was going to Queens. Then there was a rush for McKeown and 29 votes piled up for the "boy candidate." Most of these came, no doubt, from the twenty-two representatives of the young Conservatives, but they were all solid. Mr. Rourke got a few and so did Mr. Shaw. One speaker got up and said McKeown wouldn't run, and then his friends wanted a delegation sent to him right away. That idea was scouted and Mr. Rourke explained that, according to a resolution that bound all of them, not one of the local members could consent to run. Mr. McLeod was fought over after that, but he came up trumps in the end. There appeared to be no difference in regard to Mr. Skinner. He always gets there.

The ratification meeting might have been more enthusiastic. That was, doubtless, Mr. Skinner's private opinion. Mr. Hazen labored under several disadvantages, but bore up well against all of them, and pleased the crowd by his eloquence. Progress thinks it will have to print his portrait to show the electors what at home what he looks like. Mr. McLeod makes the third lawyer on the ticket. The fact that he is a good legal man will not have much weight in the fight.

There was considerable hustling all this time among the Liberals for a third man. Real good material was scarce. The best lieutenants were too wise to risk their business interests by consenting to join the fight, and all the persuasion that could be brought to bear failed to induce such an excellent choice as Mr. George McAvity to come forward. Hope ran high in the camp while there was chance of inducing that gentleman to come to the front, but it fell again with a thud when it was learned that his business connection prevented his acceptance. Mr. Henry Hilyard had given his negative ultimatum, and the choice eventually fell upon Mr. Thos. A. Rankine, a prominent Liberal of long standing, a successful manufacturer and a representative citizen. Mr. Ellis is admitted by his warmest supporters to have lost some of the strength that put him where he is, but the same men do not think he requires so many votes to win. He is the best talker on the ticket, but he also has a finger in the campaign literature and what he has and has not said on various occasions is apt to be used with some effect against him.

Mr. Weldon's most bitter political opponents will admit that he has been a good representative, as representatives go, and he comes forward again with few sins of omission or commission.

The young Liberal club while of recent origin will still be a factor in the fight. There are good fighters among them and some promising talkers as well. They are, however, fewer in number than the young Conservatives and not so well organized.

The Berryman hall meeting was a roof-raising frolic. The lung power of the crowd was amazing—almost equal to the good opinion that the candidates had of each other. If the electors think as much of the ticket collectively as the members of it do of one another, there won't be much doubt of the result.

Both parties appear to be on the alert to secure good committee rooms. It is authoritatively stated that the Conservatives offered Dr. D. E. Berryman \$500 for the use of the old camping ground of the Liberals, Berryman's hall. The offer was a tempting one and, looked at from a purely business standpoint, should have made any landlord happy. But Dr. Dan is a grit from Gritville and a check for \$500 could not buy the use of the hall. He refused the offer because, as he said, he would not only lose, but the party also without the old wigwam.

The government party must have plenty of the needful, if they can afford to pay \$500 for their rooms. It might strike an independent onlooker like Progress, that it is about time to cluster around their old principles, haunts and people too, for that matter. They have painted a reciprocity shingle, secured an ex-grit for chief clerk, and they tried to get a grit shop. They are in a great measure on their native heath in Foster's corner building, although they fought and won last winter's fight from King's square. The Liberals have captured the institute for election day. They should have a supply of both craze and bunting on hand for fear of accidents.

One of the funniest stories of the campaign is that told about "the two Kellys," John and James. They butt against each other on every occasion, except a dominion election, and it was on motion of James that John was elected as a delegate to represent his ward. No wonder the boys asked "How long have you been going together?"

The dramatic Silas and the incisive Alfred Augustus will not prance upon the boards in Berryman's hall this month. They are getting their throats in good trim for the Fredericton season and, acting under good advice, are not venturing out into the night air. The dusty perora-

tion and the rusty oil can and lemon squeezer are also on the shelf.

Rather a rich story comes from St. Stephen showing the fickleness of political support. The old war horse, Gillmor, is again to the front and the Beacon says, in a fair way to win. All the same there was a little friction in the camp at the start. Some of the oldest and heartiest Liberals could not find time to attend the convention. That was, no doubt, the reason they stayed away. At least say so now and "get together," as Charles A. Dana says to the United States Democrats, both Conservatives and Liberals, get together and fight it out.

There appears to be some doubt also whether that excellent citizen, Nehemiah Marks, will vote or not this year, since Mr. Gillmor on his return trip from the Island inadvertently took dinner at the Windsor hotel instead of the Queen in which Mr. Marks is interested. Mr. Gillmor has been a long while in politics, but it is quite evident that he has some points to pick up yet.

Some Campaign Literature.

One of the latest things in campaign literature, is a lithographed reproduction of Reed's famous picture "Mortgaging the Homestead," which represents a farmhouse scene. The farmer is just signing the mortgage, while his son gazes moodily with his hands to his head, and elbows on the table. His wife looks troubled and sorrowful as she rocks her infant, while his aged father and mother sit in a despairing attitude to one side. The sharp lawyer has the only cheerful face in the room. The picture is a good one, and it is a pity it should be reproduced for political purposes. The Liberals have surrounded it with the following catch lines and sentences, and have thrown them broadcast.

THE EFFECT OF THE "NATIONAL POLICY."

(A PICTURE FROM REAL LIFE.)

The original of this picture, called "Mortgaging the Homestead," is a painting by the celebrated Canadian artist, G. A. Reid, and is now in the Art Gallery at Ottawa.

The figures to the right represent the old couple, who, as pioneers, cleared the farm from the bush while the son has failed to make "both ends meet," signing the mortgage deed of the "Old Homestead." The picture of the old folks is one of hopeless resignation, while that of the young wife is expressive of fierce anger at the sad ending of her husband's labors.

Farmers and farmers' wives, look at this picture: Men, vote for your own welfare—Reform, Unrestricted Reciprocity and Farmers' Rights.

Attend to This Before March 13th.

The out of town subscribers of PROGRESS will notice that for the past two weeks something else beside their names appears on their paper. It is the date of the expiration of their subscription. We have had their names in type for a long time, but, owing to great pressure of work in this department, were not able to catch up and supply the dates of expiration. Every subscriber should take a look at his date and see what it looks like. At the same time, he should remember the generous offer extended to him, viz., if his subscription expired before February 1st, he can renew it for one year from the date of expiration for the old price—one dollar. It would also be well to observe that the offer is only open until the first day of March. After that, PROGRESS will be two dollars a year to everyone.

Information Wanted of Old Settlers.

The following letter was received recently by Mr. Robert J. Boyd, postmaster of Penfield, Charlotte county. The letter explains itself. Perhaps some of Progress' numerous readers will supply the information:

Dear Sir: Will you kindly inform me if there are any of the descendants of the U. S. Loyalists who removed from this County of Monmouth at the close of the American Revolution, to Penfield, living there at the present time. A Capt. Lippincott, of the Queen's Rangers, and whose company were citizens of Shrewsbury, in this county, surrendered at Yorktown with Cornwallis. They embarked on transports for St. John, N. B. Lippincott went to Penfield, where he resided until 1794, when he removed to Canada, and became Private Secretary to Lord Simcoe, who was the Colonel of the Queen's Rangers, who surrendered at Yorktown. It appeared to me more than probable, as Lippincott was a very prominent man, that many of his companions would naturally be guided by him in selecting their future home, and as he settled at Penfield, others of his companions must have preferred to do so also. I append a partial list of their names: Wm. Price, Robert Morris, Peter Vanotte, James Price, Jno. Merford Taylor, John Hankinson, Timothy Scooby, Wm. Lawrence, Peter Wardell, Oliver Tallman, Richard Lippincott, Josiah White, Tobias Riker, Daniel Lafetra, Benj. Woods, Ebenezer Wardell, Robt. Stout, Nathaniel Baker. If without putting yourself to any trouble, you could give me the name of any gentlemen who are posted concerning the history of these Loyalists, I would take it as a great favor. I had written to Judge Adam Botsford, of Dorchester, but learned of his death before posting my letter.

Wm. L. McDONALD.
Eatontown, N. Y., Sept. 20th, 1890.

Try a Cup.
A pleasant drink has been given away at Geo. Robertson's grocery this week—not for sweet charity's sake, but for the sake of advertising. Armour's extract of beef is the beverage. It is a good thing—good enough to be tried.

Has your Subscription expired? Read the notice at the head of the Editorial column. Then look at the Dictionary Inducement on page 16.

HIGH JINKS AT FREDERICTON.

A Correspondent Objects to the Word Placid as Applied to the Celestial.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 10.—When I read in your bright paper, Mr. Heddlytor, the brother day brother Bildad's remarkable article yept ye champion provocator. I thought your brother was a little hot in coupling the adjective "placid" with the nominative "celestial." Never in the history of this ere liberal conservative city have so many high jinks been jinked as have been jinked during the past fortnight. It is quite true our post hofis steps have not as yet been repaired. It is also a fact the roadmaster as't turn up those blooming plank crossings yet by border of the gown tunicl, and it also true that the reporters were minus their complimentaries for a sartin entertainment this week but wot of that. We live move and ave our being in spite of the Scott act, and when I tell you that Fredericton is hemimently remarkable for women, lovely women, you may bet your bottom dollar that "placid" is not the word to hally to the capital.

Take last Saturday's proceedings on the hie. Early that day hexicted crowds of sportsmen meandered on the noble St. John to witness the friendly base-ball contest harranged between the blooming band and the stiel as a poker set-em-up A company. Youth, beauty and the customs 'ouse were hall there, and the festive sled halternated with the trip-hup snow shoe. The game commenced with two balls and a strike, and as the striker let the sportive bat fly among the crowd, there was a stampede. One married bystander received a hawful crack in the jaw, but as his wife remarked it served him right, matters passed off verry pleasantly. The bat was restored, and the striker scored a hit, bif he went for his base, but before he got 'alf way, his snow shoes hipped him and he fell. Up and away, great chunks of snow flying at heavy step, and when he at last reached his base, hevybody was hasking where the ball was.

It was a merry farce, men got to their bases hunder remarkable hoids, and the players rolled and over one hanothor continually. The score was in favour of the company by 17 to 3.

While hall this was a going on, the Queen street flyers were cutting the wind. Sporter is a remarkable pacer, but this horse is nothing compared with the way some of our merchants raised the wind on Saturday.

If you really want something placid, you want to ear one of those university men dilate upon the halcoholic tendencies of the hage. Brother Bildad, placid is not the word to happily to our hambitious capital. Why, we had no less than six runaways in one day, and the Gleaner came out with a harticle on the dredging of the river, which is chock full of saurian mud. Placid, pah! Let brother Bildad attend the liberal convention at the City hall this week, and hear the defenders of York vociferate. But there they will choose a candidate some day, and the upper house will tremble. The young man with the Gladstone forehead will make a peroration, and the hawful platitudes of the down town lawyers will shake the assembled multitude. Placid, indeed, no more of this brother Bildad. S. A.

HE WAS AFTER BURGLARS.

A St. John Man who Got the Chills on His own Doorstep.

Standing on a front doorstep with little more clothing than a pair of slippers, on a cold night, is not a very pleasant way of putting in a quarter of an hour. Yet this was the experience of a Charlotte street merchant, and it was the result of his being courageous enough to go on a hunt after burglars.

He was lying in bed when a noise was heard in the parlor down stairs. Both the merchant and his wife heard it, and the latter, of course, thought of burglars the first thing. Contrary to the usual custom the merchant did not put his head further under the clothes. He got up, and putting on his slippers, went down stairs. All was quiet until he reached the parlor, when he again heard the noise, but was somewhat relieved when he discovered that the culprit was a strange cat, which seemed to be making itself thoroughly acquainted with its surroundings.

The merchant opened the front door, and then endeavored to get behind the stranger and drive her into the street, and at last succeeded. But he wanted to make sure that he would not be disturbed again, and thought that perhaps the cat might have crowded into a corner of the vestibule. So he stepped outside a moment to see if he could discern its profile against the snow. At that moment a gust of wind closed the door with a bang, and the spring lock held it fast. As the merchant did not carry his latch key in his night dress, he was in a pretty bad fix, and instantly began an assault on the door, in the hope of getting someone to open it. But his wife, who was probably further convinced of the presence of burglars, was slow to respond to his calls, and the merchant was anything but warm, before he got into the house again.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 243 Union street.

SCARED BY THE REPORT.

THE PUBLIC SAFETY'S ACTION AFFECTS MR. CLARKE'S PEACE.

The Surgeon and the Magistrate Fixed the Chief and he Fixed Jenkins—Did it Contrary to Instructions—Something Will Drop Soon—Wait and Hear it Fall.

There has been a good deal of anxiety in the vicinity of the police building since the Board of Safety made out its report. The anxiety was preceded by great excitement last week, when the report was made public, and at roll call on Thursday evening there was an exhibition that was more astonishing to the men than the feats of the strong man at the Bijou.

The chief was excited. So was Capt. Rawlings; and it was hard to decide which showed it the most. The captain, however, probably carried off the palm, as he had just come from the North End. He was particularly anxious that the men should "brace up," and gave his orders in such a loud tone that it was only with difficulty that the chief could manipulate the telephone.

The chief had important business in that corner of the guard room. He was connecting himself with the local rooms of the morning papers, having decided to take this step after reading the report of the safety meeting in the evening journals. He was in a rush and came with such impetus that many of the policemen thought must break the column made by the "finest" drawn up on parade, into something less than divisions. But he took a quick turn to the right and brought up at the telephone. All knew what he intended to do there. It had been reported that he wanted John Weatherhead's pay reduced, and the chief denied this statement so many times, in the presence of the force, and with so much vigor, that the most sceptical among them must have been convinced of its falseness. But he wasn't satisfied, and denied it to the morning papers through the telephone, while the captain roared as though the "finest" were on line on the top story instead of in front of him, longing for the quietness and cool air of King street east. After that he went into his "private office," and expressed his determination to "down Weatherhead, or his name wasn't Rawlings," loud enough to be heard in the chief's office.

The chief was very indignant over the statement that Dr. Dan. Berryman had any influence with him, and was the means of securing the appointment of Officer Jenkins to the captaincy of the northern division. He says that Weatherhead was not reinstated because he had commented on Officer Gilson's age.

This explanation will probably relieve the minds of a number of public men who thought they should have had something to say in the matter, and to whom the appointment was a complete surprise. On the other hand, it was a source of wonder to Dr. Dan. Berryman that the chief did not appoint Officer Jenkins to the position before. The doctor had been urging the appointment along, with fair success, and when he succeeded in enlisting the services of the police magistrate he thought it would be clear sailing. But it wasn't. The chief had received contrary instructions from others with more influence, and although both the magistrate and police surgeon urged him individually they were not successful. The doctor wondered why he held back. But still was hopeful. He felt sure that if he could get the magistrate, chief and himself into one sleigh on the Marsh Road, the matter would be settled to his satisfaction. This idea flashed upon him one Saturday a few weeks ago, and he instantly utilized the telephone.

Calling up the central police station, he invited the magistrate for a drive out the road, that afternoon, and asked him to extend the invitation to the chief. Both accepted. Officer Jenkins' appointment to the captaincy of the Northern division was announced the next day.

HE BOUGHT GERMAN MUSTARD.

Some Reasons Why the Truthful Captain Patronizes Bar-Rooms.

Mr. Jacob Whitebone got quite a surprise a short time ago, and he didn't have to pay \$20 for it either. He had a visit from Captain Rawlings. The captain came into the store as if in a hurry to get off the street as soon as possible. Indeed he went so fast that nothing but the opposite wall would have stopped him under ordinary circumstances. But the sight of a number of ex-police-men was more effectively looked puzzled, and finally asked the proprietor if he had any bottled mustard. Jacob's German mustard has quite a reputation, and as he has always a good supply on hand the question was almost unnecessary. The captain thought he would take a bottle, paid for it, and went out. The proprietor of Tivoli Hall looked surprised, and the rest of the party smiled. "Does he always buy his mustard here?"

was asked. "It was the first doime he ever bought some from me," said Jacob. "I guess he comes in for some things else."

The captain has curious reasons for some things he does, but he always has a reason of some sort or other. He was in a Sidney street saloon with Sergt. Corvay, some time ago, and they both "had something." But they were apparently unaware of other occupants of the bar until this interesting proceeding had terminated. Then they looked about them, and explained that they had taken a dead man to the morgue, and the taste was hard to get rid of.

They Should Be Treated Respectfully.

Mr. C. P. Blatt should be treated with respect wherever he goes. His general appearance would not indicate that he was any more entitled to courtesy than any other man but appearances are very deceitful sometimes. Sullivan is a baby beside him. Blatt carries genuine horseshoes around and breaks them—"just for fun" and perhaps \$100 or so a week. But he breaks them for fun for the newspaper men and others privileged enough to secure private exhibitions. It is worth a good silver half dollar to pass your hands about the man's arms and chest. No one can imagine muscle development until he has felt the immense doubleiceps of Blatt. They measure 17 inches around and seem as hard as iron. He would be a very nasty man in a foot ball or in fact any kind of a scrimmage. Mrs. Blatt is also in the ring. She lifts 135 pounds with one hand as easily and gracefully as another woman would her muff.

A Word To Those Who Help Us.

PROGRESS faithful and hard-working correspondents have outdone themselves this week. See Halifax, Moncton, and a score of small places—it would be difficult to name all—and note their interesting work. It was a little too much for our staff, large as it is this week, so some carving had to be done. A list of 500 invited guests to the university had to be omitted and a very interesting letter from Truro to be held for another week. A bright letter on Lent shared the same fate, while many good things were omitted. There is a good deal of extra work in the first issue of such a large paper and that must be an excuse for omissions and mistakes.

It Pays to be a Magistrate.

Mr. Justice Olive of Fairville and Municipal Council notoriety, dispenses justice (?) in Fairville with the speed of a New York Tammany judge. He is just about as particular as to its quality too. Nature appears to have given him eminent qualifications how to size up a man—to tell whether he or his sollicitous friends are worth \$10, \$20 or \$30. Their offence seems to turn out in proportion to their wealth. They tell some very funny stories across the bridge of the justice's court. PROGRESS has not time to give them this week, but they illustrate as plainly as need be how an ingenious magistrate can make a good thing.

This is How They Go.

"We have only eight dictionaries left, sir," was the greeting the publisher of PROGRESS received as he entered the office, Thursday afternoon. There had evidently been a great run on the dictionaries, and no wonder, for the exclamation of every person who sees the book is, "How can such a well bound, handsome volume as that be got up for \$1.75?" for that is what they cost the subscriber to PROGRESS. There are 500 of the books coming; will probably be here in a day or two, and every person who wants one can obtain it by sending \$3.75, which entitles him to PROGRESS for one year as well.

Mr. McDougall is a Unitarian.

PROGRESS printed an interview with Rev. Mr. McDougall some time ago, in which he hinted that he might join the Unitarian church. In the light of that, the following paragraph is of especial interest:

Rev. Archibald McDougall, of St. John, N. B., formerly a minister of the Presbyterian church, having asked to be admitted to Unitarian fellowship, and having furnished satisfactory proof that he is well fitted to do good service in our ministry, and is eminently worthy of our recognition, he is hereby cordially commended to the confidence of our churches and the fellowship of our ministers. D. W. Monchouse, S. H. Camp, George L. Cary, committee on fellowship for the Middle States and Canada.—Boston Christian Register (official organ Unitarian denomination), Feb. 5.

Mr. Lyell's Memory is Defective.

Mr. W. H. Lyell left something behind him in Halifax—an unrecipited hotel bill at the Halifax hotel for \$85, which, however, arrived the next day or so. It did not come to Lyell but to a lawyer in the city, who at once looked for the man with such a bad memory. He wanted to give him the bill and a writ with it, and was wondering whether 7.45 p. m. would not be about the time to do the trick. This does not seem to coincide very well with the "immense benefit" of Monday night in Halifax.

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