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HEALTH!

Perfect satisfaction by its
daily use: for all purposes.
Hands soft and white; no
chapped or cut up hands with
"Surprise."
Used Everywhere.

SURPRISE
INDEED,

Joy and Smiles instead of
tired looks; work quickly,
easily and perfectly done by
this

SOAP,

SURPRISE possesses wonder-
ful lathering and cleansing
properties. Clothes sweet,
clean and perfectly white on
WASH DAY.

AM
AP,

Bath Toilet and Fine
dry. A Pure White
possessing all the
desirable qualities
properties of the best
Soap, and also hav-
ing advantage that IT
FLOAT.

swick.

VOL. II, NO. 72

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889

PRICE THREE CENTS

REPENTING AT LEISURE.

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH COLLINS
WILL OBTAIN A DIVORCE.

The Story of a Romantic Fredericton Marriage and What Followed and Followed—Collins as a Journalist, His Subsequent Canadian and American Career.

A couple well known in New Brunswick, some time residents of Fredericton, St. John, Halifax, Boston and New York, have agreed to try the efficacy of the divorce law of that state and begin life again apart from each other's companionship.

There are very few of Progress' readers who are not interested in the news that Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Collins have come to this decision.

Their marriage was somewhat romantic and afforded the good people of Fredericton a splendid opportunity for what they dearly love—a nine-days' talk. Collins was a newspaper man and a good one at that. He never failed to make a story interesting, but his great fault was a spirit of exaggeration that he never attempted to, or, at least, did not restrain. He was thoroughly fearless and no man knew when the *Evening Star* came out whether he would figure in its columns as a pillar of the church and a good Christian, or a forger, a wife-beater, or anything else that was bad. Collins' fearlessness was his strong point, but he usually lacked the facts. He was never sure when he loitered on his evening stroll whether some insulted pugilistic citizen would not take it into his head to measure him on the sidewalk and decorate his countenance with the latest ink-blot of black and white. Horse whips he cared nothing for, and to do him justice, he was quite incontinent to knock. The *Star* sold better the next night for the fringes of the previous evening and the editor was tough wearing, however, of repeated assaults.

Collins bought a six-shooter, which he located in his pants pocket, and one day when Mr. Sullivan's brawny fists became acquainted with his physiognomy, Mr. Collins prevented a recurrence of the assault by looking calmly into the eyes of Mr. Sullivan over the sight of his shooting iron. This supposed hostility for a time, but the fracas was confined later in the police court, where Collins charged Sullivan with assault, and Sullivan laid information against him for carrying firearms. The magistrate found an opportunity to add to the revenue of the department of justice from both parties.

This, though by the way, goes to show what kind of a figure Collins cut in Fredericton, where he became acquainted with Mrs. Collins. Society folded the fearless journalist in her arms. He had the entrée to all the best houses, danced and flirted with all the prettiest girls, and ended by marrying one of the most beautiful of them.

The gossips had, with their usual insight, given Collins to another girl, to whom they said he was engaged, and the present Mrs. Collins had not the full and free permission of her legal guardians to further enthrall the susceptible journalist. She, however, was not a girl easily stopped, and with the assistance of a friend old enough to give her better counsel, she left the parental roof in a fit of anger, and found shelter at a friend's, a few miles from the city. Collins found out where she was, and followed her. The days spent at Springhill were quite eventful, inasmuch as there the rash and youthful pair concluded to stem all opposition and get married. Mrs. Collins was a Protestant and Collins a Catholic, but what mattered that when they loved each other! She rejected the faith of her ancestors and joined the church of her lover, and one dark night the pair drove into the capital and were made man and wife in St. Dunstan's chapel. They returned to the country, and Collins told the people in the *Star*, the next day, that he was married.

Society was shocked. The aristocrats wrapped themselves in their mantles and disclaimed any knowledge of the affair. Condolences poured in upon the bride's relatives and Collins—well, he was too bad for any mention.

Social ostracism did not trouble the young couple and Collins continued to say what he pleased and take the results. He was as bright as a dollar, a good companion, liked even by those who disapproved of his course and, when a short time later he left Fredericton, having failed to make the *Star* a financial success, he left many regretful friends and was accompanied not only by a beautiful wife but plenty of good wishes. He went to Chatham and after a rather uneventful sojourn on a paper there—the *North Star*—he proceeded to upper Canada, resolved to try what he could do in a larger field. Mrs. Collins accompanied him. Perhaps his greatest hit was his *Life of Sir John A. Macdonald*—a work which possessed considerable merit and sold so well that the author and publisher found profit and satisfaction in it.

After a varied career in Toronto, he resolved to try a still wider field and more

WHEN JANUARY COMES.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT WILL FACE THE PEOPLE.

No Lack of Candidates—Some of the Names With Which Rumor is Busy—Dr. Berryman is Sure to Resign if W. W. Clarke is Not Appointed Chief of Police.

The elections for the local legislature will take place in January.

This is about as certain as anything not officially announced can be. They will not be any earlier, and it would be inconvenient for all concerned for them to be any later.

In bringing on an election of any kind, it is always well to consult the opinion of the people, and the local government deserves much credit for its action, in lack of action, in this respect. The summer carnival and electric exhibition gave the people of St. John enough to think about up to the first of August, and after it was over, a month at least was needed for rest.

Then the matter of the harbor commission engrossed the public mind, and no sooner is it over than the Moncton exhibition comes to the front. October is a harvest month. In November the weather is disagreeable, and in December people will be preparing for Christmas. It will not be until after the holiday season that there will be a really good chance for the test of popular feeling in regard to the local government.

Besides, in June last there was some strong feeling about one thing and another. It was not considered advisable to go to the polls while a community was excited and disposed to act rashly. The great head of the public will be cooler in January.

Candidates will not be lacking on either side. To begin with that of the government, the name of Mr. Henry J. Thorne is favorably mentioned as a representative for the city. Mr. Thorne, during his term of service as mayor, did nothing to offend the most bellicose of his opponents, and his standing as a moral citizen and prudent business man is beyond reproach. The names so far mentioned for the county, in addition to Messrs. McLellan and Quinlan, are those of Mr. H. A. McKean, a young lawyer with future prospects; in his, John L. Carleton, another lawyer, and W. B. Carville, who came within an ace of being a candidate for mayor, in June last.

Opposed to these and "agin the government" first and last, are Messrs. Alward and Stockton, James Rouzke, and either John A. Olesley or David Tapley. Mr. Rouzke might have joined either side, for it is understood the government gave him a cordial invitation to mount the ladder of fame under their auspices, but he was not in sympathy with their acts.

Where is Dr. Berryman? He was seen driving furiously along Charlotte street about bedtime Thursday night. Some people thought he had an urgent professional call, while others averred that he was simply relieving his pent-up rage because W. W. Clarke was not appointed chief of police. Mr. Clarke expected the office, and so far prepared for it at carnival time as to add an "e" to his name, as none of the other Clarks of Carleton had ever done.

This is Dr. Berryman's platform: I will resign if W. W. Clarke is not appointed, but as he sets no limit to the time, it is presumed he is willing to wait until Chief Marshall assigns, or dies, or until the house is dissolved and a new election ordered. It is certain, however, that sometimes or other, if Mr. Clarke be not appointed, the government will cease to have the support of Dr. John Berryman, M. P. P.

And the elections will take place in January.

PEN AND PRESS.

A Turin man, Mr. Charles A. McCully, with a fancy for horses, has struck a soft and lucrative snap in New York, writing for Harper's publications.

W. D. Taunton, the former bright and capable editor of the *New Glasgow Enterprise*, has started the *Indictory*, a strong Protestant paper. If he can get the same interest in his new venture that he succeeded in doing to the *Enterprise*, success is waiting on the corner for him.

The *Moncton Times* is advancing with the town and will soon have a new and improved press from across the line. The *Times* must be prospering, as it deserves. This is the second new outfit for Moncton this year, the *Chronicle* being the first to have been hit. "Nothing beats" as well for a place as Moncton, prospering and thriving newspapers. For a town of its size, Moncton gives an unexampled support to two good daily papers.

James Kelly, who is sometimes heard of in Orange circles, says the *Indictory*, Mr. Taunton's paper, published in New Glasgow, suits him just as well as the *Chronicle* suits his customers. This is a strong opinion from Kelly, but he backed it up by getting a number of subscriptions for the *Indictory*.

HOW THE EDITION WENT OFF.

More "Progress" Could Have Been Sold—A Great Success.

There were more than 3500 additional Progresses sold last Saturday. They went everywhere. From Halifax to Calais, from Moncton to Indiantown, the demands for private parties unable to secure their supply from newsdealers are sending in yet for single copies of the illustrated edition, and the only regret is that it could not be filled. Saturday afternoon's mail brought an additional large order from a St. Stephen newsdealer, but as the edition was exhausted at 8 o'clock in the morning, it could not be filled. If there had been 500 more papers there would have been no trouble in getting rid of them. As it was more than 2200 papers went to St. Stephen alone and yet the demand was not satisfied. Calais and Milltown took a similar interest in the proceedings to order more than three times their usual number.

Progress has published many good engravings since it started, but none have been so accurate or so true as those included in the St. Stephen illustrated edition. The street scenes, the buildings and portraits were all good, and reflect great credit on the photographer, Mr. Edwards, and Progress' engravers, the Electric Light Engraving Co., of New York.

THEY ARE EASILY ABUSED.

Now the Nova Scotia Railway Pass Their Leisure Hours.

If a man keeps his eyes open he can see some very amusing sights from the car window as the train rolls along through snug little villages, stopping every 15 miles, or so, at some small station. The Nova Scotia militia are in camp at Aldershot now, and as the train slowed up to drop a mail bag at one of the stations, near the encampment, two defenders of their fatherland were observed standing by a telegraph pole, absorbed in exhibiting to each other the contents of their pockets. One watched with the keenest of interest while the other pulled out a mouth-organ and a brand-new clay pipe. The spectator from the window was thinking how delightful it was that these two warriors, with all their bloody determinations and unflinching courage—these who would think nothing of running a bayonet through a dead enemy—could so free their minds from abominable warfare, and become so childishly and genuinely charmed with such toys as a mouth organ and bubble-pipe, when his fellow traveller broke his reverie with "Dear, dear, I do hope some one will hide those! If the United States saw them they'd take it as an invitation to an immediate war." It is true, they were rather young and rather loosely built, but they belonged to the infantry, and probably they will grow.

Polly Asks a Question.

It is a generally conceded fact that a parrot who cannot swear just a little is seldom either a useful or amusing member of society. His inability to use strong language when occasion calls for it seems to argue a lack of moral force in his nature. If he can do so he is sure to possess a sufficient share of nerve to carry him through life.

A Moncton boot and shoe firm—Mitchell Bros.—have lately added to the attractions of their handsome shop, a small parrot, who looks as though he might be suffering from some hidden grief but who takes a lively interest in all current events, and whose store of language is truly surprising. A day or two ago a lady entered the shop, and after examining a number of boots and albes failed to find any to suit her. The polite shopman expressed his regret and the lady withdrew. Just as she crossed the threshold a derisive voice shrieked out, "What the—did she want, anyway?" And the indignant customer has not yet decided which of the clerks it was who made the offensive remarks, never suspecting the poor little green-bird who was munching peanuts with all the innocence of a barn-door fowl. Mitchell Bros. are wondering whether Polly is going to be an unequalled success as an advertisement.

The great stallion race at Beacon Park, Boston, is exciting much interest in this city and indeed, among horsemen throughout the province. Nelson is a strong favorite in St. John, notwithstanding his recent defeat. There will be a strong sporting delegation who will take advantage of the excursion offered by the New Brunswick Railway to Boston, and return on Saturday and remain in Boston until September 23rd.

The Bangor and the Gloucester steamers on the latter's grounds, and after a well-contested game, were to be seen there in a debate that there would have been some difference result if the Gloucester had not been so reckless in their bargaining.

WHAT MR. TAYLOR SAYS.

THE HARBOUR MASTER TALKS ON PORT IMPROVEMENTS.

POINT TO BE MADE TO THE CITY COUNCIL IT WILL TAKE FROM \$200,000 TO \$300,000 TO REPAIR THE HARBOUR FRONT—HE SAYS THE REQUIREMENTS OF CALAIS, AND NOW THAT THE CITY OF ST. JOHN HAS DECIDED BEYOND ALL DOUBT THAT SHE SHALL HOLD HER OWN HARBOUR IN HER OWN HANDS, AND SINCE THERE MUST BE SOMETHING DONE TO REPAIR THE HARBOUR ADEQUATE, THE QUESTION ARISES: "WHAT IS THE BEST MEANS OF SATISFACTORILY IMPROVING IT?"

To answer this question Progress called on Mr. Charles S. Taylor, harbor master, and asked his opinion. He says that, in the first place, from Pettengill's wharf all around the head of the harbor must be dredged. Then a wharf should be built according to Perley's plan from Reed's Point down to the pier. That is, there should be a wharf running down the harbor between the points named, such that ocean steamers could lie on either side—could either come on the inside on entering the harbor or keep on the outside.

And on the Carleton side, wharves should also be built for the accommodation of ocean steamers, but the government owns the front, from Sand Point down the bar 1,600 feet, and thirteen acres of the Carleton flats by Blue Rock. The corporation would not be likely to choose this as a site for their wharves.

To dredge the harbor as it should be dredged, and to build wharves that would in every way meet the demand, would cost the city somewhere between \$300,000 and \$500,000. St. John has kept its harbor, and now will she develop it, and make it worth its keep?

MR. BENNETT'S DESIRE.

He Has Been Here Before, and Drops a Hint to His Old Pupils, Captain Bell.

Here is a voice from Kamloops, from an old St. John man, who writes of the boys and the friends he left behind. "He will pardon Progress for publishing his letter as well as the programme," he says.

Seeing that a vigorous interest is taken in St. John this year in base ball, I thought I would contribute a few lines to the *Progress* in regard to our annual base ball tournament. My first base ball experience and play was on the Bar-track Ground in your city, or about 1900, as I still call it, with the old Mutual base ball club. I've afraid the old members of that team are pretty well scattered. However, I know you still have some there in the persons of Harry Sandell and Charlie Olive, of the captain, besides. These were the days of the underhand pitch, and very good games we had.

I have at times in the past met some of the old boys. Ned Bennett, formerly of the Bank of N. B., now of the H. B. company's land office, Winnipeg, was first baseman for one season; and by the way, I was strike out of the Junos for of the Winnipeg Bowling club, who were so victorious in their recent contests through the western states. Will Sprague, brother of the Rev. Dr. Sprague, was second baseman. He is now a conductor on the Pacific Division C. P. R., and yet often play our old games over when we meet. I was third baseman and my brother, who was catcher, previous to his departure for Scotland, still resides there. I believe the first baseman of the amalgamated Mutual and St. John teams is still in St. John. I refer to Mr. C. MacMichael.

I remember seeing in Progress, some time since, a so-called account of a game of ball said to have been played between the Halifax club and the Mutuals in 1875, and also Mr. Skinner's denial of the same. In it the Halifax team spoke of being stoned in their bus while being driven from the play grounds. This certainly is entirely untrue. In 1875 I was playing with the Mutuals, as were also Charlie Olive, Charlie MacMichael, Will Sandell and others. Briggs was catcher and Crandall pitcher, and we did not lose a game the whole season, and no team came from Halifax that year or the year before, or succeeding. I think there was a game between the two clubs in 1874, but I was not engaged in it. I can plainly see that the old rivalry between the two maritime cities is not by any means extinct, and wish that Tom Bell, who, by the way, was a former pupil of mine in the grammar school, would take his club to Halifax and give the Socials such a drubbing as perhaps would keep them still for a season. Well, well, how reminiscences will run away with the pen. I intended to send you a circular, and here send almost a letter as well. I wishing you all success in your paper and sports.

JOHN S. BENNETT.

Here is the prize list, spoken of in the letter: *Grand total of \$1000 cash.*

Second prize, \$500 cash.

For the championship of British Columbia and Northwest Territories; open to all clubs from above places.

First trophy cup, value \$50, and 1st prize \$200 cash.

Second trophy cup, value \$25, and 2nd prize \$100 cash.

Special prizes will also be given to contesting clubs.

The annual picnic for the Pacific Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway will be held in Kamloops on the same date, at which awards of \$500 will be given in prizes for athletic competitions, lacrosse, cricket, etc. "Hockey" will be "based" on the G. B. R. all night long this season.

S. A. Tremblay, Jr. (former St. John), and S. A. Tremblay, Sr. (former St. John), are the only ones who have won the title of champion of the Maritime Provinces in the 100 yard race.

A garden party and picnic concert will be held at the residence of S. H. Hamilton, Hampton village, Tuesday afternoon and evening, and the proceeds to be used for building a new hall for the St. John Baptist church.

The village of St. John, and the surrounding country, will be the scene of a grand excursion on the railway.

TRANSFER OF THE WATER SYSTEM.

The Necessary Books and Documents to Be Obtained and Forwarded to the City Council.

The city takes the water system off the hands of the commissioners today, and henceforth the water as well as the civic taxes will be collected from the chamberlain's office. September 15 was the day fixed by the act for the filing of the books, but that being Sunday the transfer takes place a day earlier. Progress understands from a commissioner that there is a strong feeling that the citizens will not take kindly to having all their tax bills presented to them about the same time. Some men who own any considerable amount of property will find it difficult to pay all their taxes about the same time. The council has it in its power to have the bills presented at any time it pleases, and it is likely the matter will receive its consideration.

TRY ANOTHER PLAN.

How a Weekly Paper May be Made Readable Despite the Opposition of Dailies.

The St. Andrews Beacon is not only sad at heart, but rises to a position of lofty indignation. The cause of its wrath is an enterprising correspondent of some daily paper, who secures all the local items and sends them to St. John, where they are published in advance of the *Beacon's* appearance. As a consequence, when the local paper comes out, its readers have second-hand news served to them. Editor Armstrong sadly says that he cannot undertake to compete with a paper published every day, and wants the correspondent to use more judgment in discriminating between purely local and other news.

How would it do for the *Beacon* to pay no attention to the correspondent, but give its own news in such a way that it is sure to be readable? Progress is only a weekly, but it sometimes competes very successfully with all its daily contemporaries, on their own ground, and "gets there" with both feet.

Why It Failed.

I am under the impression that the failure of the Harbor Commission scheme was largely due to popular suspicion. It is the opinion of a citizen who does not place much faith in either political party. "The people had an idea that there was too much 'bossism' in the matter, and distrusted some of the advocates of the scheme. Besides, the suggested personnel of the commission, whether correct or not, did much to hurt it. If composed as predicted, it would not suit the rank and file of even the Conservative party. Some of the names mentioned were beyond cavil, but others were enough to hurt any cause, whatever its merits.

Mr. Kelly and His Voter.

Ald. John Kelly is always having more or less fun out of elections. Tuesday he had a few leisure moments, and hearing that a woman voter had not been to the polls, he called upon her, and gently insinuated that he would be delighted if she would go down and vote for commission. He got a warm reception.

"Is it me birthright you would have me sell away out of my sight," and the good and indignant lady retired, after, it is said, threatening to exercise her muscle as well as her tongue.

They Swelled the Majority.

It is believed that about 292 "No" ballots were added to the vote against the harbor commission by a quantity of scurrilous posters and dodgers placed around the city the morning of the election. A good many people who did not care much about the commission, one way or the other, were indignant at the epithets of "cranks" etc., applied to men who ventured to oppose the scheme. Good judgment is better than a ready pen on election days.

The "Mutual" is the Favorite.

Progress takes considerable pleasure in calling attention to the splendid advertisement of the Mutual Life Insurance company in this issue. "This corporation has worked up an enormous business in the provinces within the last few years. Its success at the present time is somewhat phenomenal. The general agent and his assistants in this city are full of enterprise; they know how to advertise and where to do it. In a quiet London street, you would find a man who would tell you that he was a member of the Mutual Life Insurance company."

Mr. Collier's letter to the editor of the *Progress* is a splendid specimen of the usual "editorial" that you see in every issue of the paper. "I don't know," answered Mr. Collier, "I don't know," and was one of the "advocates" of the harbor commission. He is a man of high standing in the community, and his opinion is of great value.

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