

PROGRESS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1900.

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REFUSES THE IMPLEMENT.

Capt. "Jim" Day of Long Reach Says He Has Been "Fooled" in Buying a Seeder.

There is an agricultural implement known as a seeder lying over in the steamer "Hamstead," warehouse at Indiantown which will be the object of legal controversy in the courts about July the fourth. To whom the seeder belongs will be settled no doubt at that time, although at present there are three parties who want no part of the ownership of it.

Capt. Jas. Day of Day's Landing, foot of the Long Reach, purchased the seeder from Messrs. Clark, the German street agents, but made his purchase from a catalogue engraving, not seeing the machine itself. After it had been put aboard the steamer "Hamstead" and was half way to its destination Capt. Day, who happened to be on board, was struck with the idea that the seeder about to be landed and the seeder he selected in the catalogue were greatly different implements, and in a fever of righteous indignation refused to accept the freight and ordered it to not be put off at his place.

This put Capt. Mabey of the steamer in a quandary, and no attempt was made to land the implement, so boisterous was the well known river resident in his resentment of his purchase. Well for fully three weeks as regularly as the trim little steamer left Indiantown in the afternoons and Wickham, in the mornings this seeding machine sailed too. It became part and parcel of the boat apparently and was fast accumulating a big freight bill for somebody.

Capt. Mabey notified the Clark agency of Capt. Day's refusal of the seeder, but they were equally indignant and refused to accept it back again. They said Capt. Day had purchased it from a picture catalogue and that the implement delivered was the very one he selected. Furthermore they did not intend to refund him his fifty dollars, and would take no responsibility in the matter whatever.

Capt. Day vows he has had a machine he did not select foisted upon him and adheres strongly to his repudiation of the purchase, but there's one sure thing about Capt. Mabey of the steamer has no use for the seeder, which as before stated is lying in the "Hamstead" warehouse.

HARKINS BROUGHT HIM HERE.

Actor Joseph Kilgour Well-Known in St. John has a Funny Dream.

The following clipping from a New York paper will be read with interest by the theatre-going people of this city, as the subject of the article is well remembered, as leading man with Harkins some years ago when "Too Much Johnson" and other plays were put on by the company of that year.

Joseph Kilgour, the leading man of the Criterion Stock Company at the Star Theatre, Buffalo, had a dream, which like Byron's, turned out to be not all a dream. When it was proposed to put on a production of "Jim the Pea-man," Mr. Kilgour was selected for the title role. His part was in his possession for study. One night he retired early and the dream came to him.

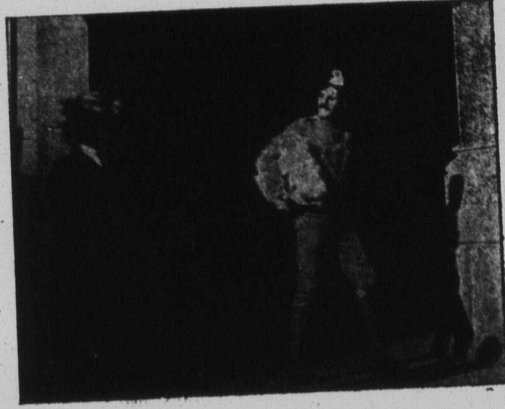
He was on the stage playing the part of Jim. Suddenly, he glanced toward a box, and, to his surprise, there sat a prominent playwright, giving strict attention to Kilgour's acting. When the performance was finished it was borne to Kilgour's ears that the playwright came to Buffalo with the intention of engaging him for the leading role in a prominent production which is to be made next year. The part proposed called for a deal of many love making. It was partly on this account that Kilgour had been considered favorably for the piece.

But Kilgour's love making as Jim was not all the kind wanted, and the playwright left immediately, first announcing that Kilgour would not do. Then Kilgour was a silent witness to his own downfall, and just as he advanced upon the Saloman stage to indulge in the heroic called for from the leading man of a "ten, twenty and thirty" company of which he was a member, he woke up and found himself bathed in perspiration produced by mental suffering.

The next day when Kilgour met Manager Maguire he declined to play the part

of Jim under any consideration. He commanded the role of Louis Percival. Maguire was amazed. It was the first time in his experience that a leading man insisted upon accepting a minor part. Then a sudden light came to him.

He recalled that Kilgour had developed into a matinee girl's idol—a regular O-



FIRST PAARDEBERG HERO HOME.

Private Frodeham of Fredericton as he stepped off of the Union Depot last Tuesday, with his sweetheart, who met him at the train. He was shot through the groin at the Cronj's capture engagement that eventful early morning.

cott—and thought he might fear to depart from the role of a lover lest he fall in the estimation of the fair patrons of the afternoon performances. Mr. Kilgour modestly admitted that he was the recipient of innumerable prettily scented communications from impressionable maidens, but stated that they had nothing to do with the thing. Then he unfolded the details of his dream.

Seeing his evident distress of mind, Maguire consented to the change and on Monday night Kilgour made love after his own torrid manner. It was then that a part of his dream came true. The strange part of it is that when the curtain rolled up on Monday night Kilgour, to his amazement, discovered Leo Dietrichstein, the well known actor and playwright, seated in a box.

After the performance Dietrichstein was introduced to Kilgour, and later the two discussed a starring tour for the latter in a role in which his love making would stand in excellent stead. Now Kilgour attributes the whole thing to his dream, as without it he would have played Jim, and he, believes, would never have been considered for the new production.

Hallifax Took the "Tip".
"A meeting of the Exhibition special attractions committee was held yesterday, but as the programme of fireworks in connection with the Paardeberg display was not to hand, the committee adjourned until the programme is received."—Hallifax paper.

PROGRESS said a few issues ago if the suggestion about capturing Cronj over again by our returned hero boys at the St. John Exhibition was not given some thought, that Halifax or some other show city would take it up. The above has proved the assertion, but even if Halifax does put on a Paardeberg spectacle there is lots of room for St. John to produce a better one. It would be the star attraction of the whole Fair sure.

A Frowler Who is Wasted.

Mount Pleasant Avenue is all right and it appears to be growing in favor each day, especially by a certain well dressed young man well known about the city, and who of late makes it his business to be on hand almost every, but particularly Saturday evenings for the sole purpose of gazing in the windows of the residences in the vicinity of this locality. This individual though putting on lots of style, etc. is, "like the old saying" "you will sell a book by its cover," no gentleman and his outward appearances only seem to display more vividly the smallest that lies within his "starved bosom." How long this thing is to be continued is hard to say but if the young lady's brother happens to catch the marauder his stay in the vicinity will be very short and he will be able to solace himself with the thought that "man's in-

humanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," and can count on himself as being one of the mourners.

An Informal Reception.

Noble Blizard, who is "one of the boys" about Indiantown joined the long line of beneficiaries one day this week and for a honeymoon trip he and his bride went up among relatives at Hamstead on the river. Apparently word of the wedding had reached that village long before the bridal party arrived, for a regular regiment of noise makers were on the wharf as the steamer swung in. Guns were discharged, tin pans banged and in almost every conceivable manner an uproar was made. It was the bride's "shiveree" reception by

ISAAC OLTS' LOGIC.

He Tells "Progress" Why He Don't Spend His Money—An Interesting Interview.

Isaac Olts, the North End hermit and reputed miser, paid the city proper a visit on Tuesday last, which with the aged citizen of renown is a very rare happening indeed. Few persons living in the big end of town are familiar enough with his physical makeup to notice him as he ambles by, but a PROGRESS representative having some years since made the acquaintance of the lonely dweller and having religiously fostered that acquaintance, at once spotted him while he was strolling along down Church street from German. Knowing of Mr. Olts' impaired hearing he tapped him gently on the shoulder which had the desired effect of bringing the stooped figure to a full stop.

"Good day Mr. Olts, what brings you so far from home today? You're a pretty old man are you not, to be travelling so far on foot?"

"Well no," replied the reputed miser in his hardly audible way, "I'm quite an old man but am good for a brisk walk yet while I hope. Why, this is the second time I've been to town this year!"

For the sake of further conversation the reporter allowed the old man's second visit within a twelvemonth was really remarkable. Then drawing him out on the question of his age it was learned the miser was in his 84th year, although to look at him one would suppose him to be several years this side of the four score mark. Mr. Olts said he had been living in North End in his Douglas Avenue dwelling for over forty years, during which time he has been bothered more or less by the authorities.

"They say I have a dirty house," he said, "and try to have me driven out of my own place, but I only look upon them as officious chaps who have to peck at somebody in order to earn their pay, so their warnings are only puffs of wind to me."

"Aren't you afraid to live all alone as you do?" asked the scribe, "do you not fear robbers coming after the money you are said to have stowed away?"

This question was sort of an electric shock to the old man, for he looked suspiciously into the face of the speaker but mildly answered, with eyes sparkling, "No, they couldn't find it."

"It's a wonder," continued the prying paper pellow, as pleasantly as possible

and every cent of it will do evil, bringing extra sins upon your soul."

"But that does not follow in every case Mr. Olts" the PROGRESS paragrapher argued, "what about sweet charity and aiding religion with your worldly goods?"

"It's all the same! all the same!" sharply returned the miser, striking his long cane or rather pole, against the curbstone, "I tell you all these charities are false, and bad can be traced from money put into churches as much as it were spent otherwise. Money begets sin at all times and the best thing a man can do is to keep it, keep it, keep it!"

By this time the reporter thought he had a pretty good story provided it could be worked into any kind of readable shape, and was patting himself on the back for holding the old miser up.

"And so you think a man who spends his money becomes responsible in a measure for all the evil the same 'money may cause'?" he continued hoping to prolong the talk for some new pointers on the philosophy of hoarding shakels.

"That's it," was the brief affirmative.

"Then Mr. Olts we can all put you down as a devotedly religious man, can we?" queried the reporter in an "unsarcastic" way as possible.

"What's the time of day?" broke in the miser.

"Four thirty, Mr. Olts."

"I must be off home before dark, so long"—and he hobbled away.

AN ANNOYED YOUNG LADY.

Who Objects to the "Rubber Necking" of King Square Dandies.

The fact that the fountain on King Square is idle and a disgrace in appearance to one of the most beautiful and public spots in the city does not prevent many tired people from enjoying the cool and restful place during the evening. But there is one drawback for ladies that PROGRESS has noticed frequently. That is the ogling of many young men who fancy that they can "pick up" anything they see. No public complaint has been made as yet but one young lady has summoned up courage enough to write what she thinks about it. PROGRESS prints her letter with pleasure. If it does not have the desired effect somebody who is thus annoyed should make an example of an offender. Then the gallantry would cease.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Seeing in recent issues of the daily papers so much concerning a man in the Park and his unseemly conduct, I thought it a good time to speak of city annoyances. Young ladies do not have to go to Rockwood to be insulted. Our squares, especially King Square, is fast becoming such a parade for young men out on a pick up, that a young lady cannot sit even for a short time with comfort of an evening, without being troubled by the attentions of these apologetic for gentlemen who, while so conscious of themselves seem to think a girl cannot find any enjoyment in life unless she has a gentleman to talk to. Those seats as we judge, are for tired persons or the comfort of the public generally, still if the bench you are occupying is filled by persons and their conversation addressed too or at one is not of the choicest, your only plan is to leave your bench or stay and listen to talk that would corrupt the morals of a saint. There these same persons will tell their friends that they were "rubber" by so and so. Knowing that the writer likes fun as well as other young people, I do not wish too to be exact in the matter of conduct, but this "rubbering" has got to be a perfect nuisance and often spoils the pleasure of an evening for many a young lady who has no choice but to bear the slight cast upon them by these self-struck dandies.

ANNOTED.

June 18th, 1900.

Shore Line Office Removed.

The freight and ticket offices of the Shore Line Railway have been removed to 58 Water street next door to the Post office, where Mr. E. S. Roxborough has charge. The accountant, Mr. E. T. Wetmore has also removed his office from the Barnhill building to 58 Water street.

PROGRESS

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TODAY.

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PAGE 5.—Poetry.

PAGE 6, 7 and 8.—Items of social interest from every place of importance in the maritime provinces.

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A Freak River Craft.

A Cat-Ridden Locality.

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A Busy Little Steamer.

Novo Scotia Doctors Angry.

That Prophesied Fire in North End.

The Verastile River.

PAGE 10 and 11.—Conclusion of that pleasing serial "The Gentlemen Banker."

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Births deaths and marriages of the week in the maritime provinces.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, Re-arranged, Reprinted from 17 Waterloo



WHAT IS IT?

This looks the distorted face of a man—but it is not. View it carefully and it will not be difficult to discover the trick in the picture and at the same time a very favorite animal.

"that you would not devote a little of your means Mr. Olts, to some personal comforts, an electric ride to and from your home for instance."

"You don't understand young man, your not thoughtful enough yet," was the somewhat sarcastic reply to this perhaps impertinent interrogation.

"Well, I only wish I had half the amount you're reported to have in cold cash, I tell you I'd enjoy life a little," said the reporter.

"Perhaps you would," Mr. Olts knowingly replied, "but you wouldn't know how to spend it. You'd go and let your money slip through your hands like a fool