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VOL. II., NO. 60. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1889. PRICE THREE CENTS

GETTING READY FOR IT.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.

The Old Exhibition Building Unfit For Use—The New One Repaired and Held Together With Iron Rods—Glass-Breakers Halt in Their Fun.

Extensive preparations are now going on at the exhibition buildings for the electrical exhibition. The old building is almost too rickety to trouble with, and will not be used. In wet weather it leaks like a sieve, and one hasn't to look out the windows to see the sky.

The roof of the new building in which the exhibition will be held is in fair condition, and can be easily made to keep out the water. The foundations of this wing have been greatly strengthened and a large number of iron rods across the interior from wall to wall, makes the danger of it falling apart very much less. When the workmen tightened these rods it was found that they had drawn the walls together about two inches.

Preparations for the electrical exhibition itself are going along slowly, as it is not likely that any of the electrical exhibits will arrive until a week or so before the carnival opens. The engines and dynamos to furnish the light will all be on the lower floor, the exhibits being shown on the second floor and galleries. Messrs. Leonard & Co., of London, Ont., will furnish five engines of 45 and 80-horse power. Several of their Leonard Ball automatic engines have been placed in position.

A great feature of the exhibition will be two or three electric fountains. One of these is now being built at the eastern end near the entrance to the old building. The water will flow from a trough placed directly under the gallery, down over an artificial hill, covered with spruce. Behind the water four electric lights will throw out all the colors of the rainbow. This, with other attractions, promises to make the electric exhibition something worth going to see.

CAUTION.—II. Vic., Chap. 12: "Any person who shall wilfully break, or cause to be broken, any lamp or lamps, window or windows, or who shall throw any stone, snow ball, or any other missile, at any lamp or lamps, window or windows, on any public street, thoroughfare, alley, road or bye-road, shall be liable to a penalty of $20." A reward of $5 will be paid to any person or persons giving such information as will lead to the conviction of any one guilty of offence under the above act.

THOS. D. CORNWALL,
Secretary Exhibition Association.

A poster bearing the above, liberally distributed about Lower cove, has done wonders for the exhibition building. A short time ago there was hardly a whole pane of glass in the entire structure. As fast they were put in, the boys in that locality shied stones at them, and, it seems, seldom missed their mark, until Mr. Cornwall became secretary of the exhibition association and thoughtfully posted up the notice. Glass has since been put in every part of the new building, and nobody seems anxious to break any of it. If somebody had thought of this before it would have saved money.

MR. HARRISON HAS VANISHED.

He Got Clear of Giving Security for Costs, Then Disappeared.

There is considerable speculation concerning the whereabouts of William Henry Harrison, the gentleman who has figured quite prominently in legal circles in this city in the past year. His suit against Messrs. Collier and others will be quite readily remembered. A short time ago an application was made by the defendant to get security for costs in the suit, and Mr. Harrison was at some pains then to prove that he was a resident of St. John and intended to reside here. He convinced the judge and the application was dismissed. Mr. Harrison wasn't but he has gone all the same, and there is some doubts as to his whereabouts. Some say he has returned to Baltimore and is living there as usual. If this is so it is quite evident that he has changed his intentions in regard to St. John as a permanent residence.

Mr. Collier has filed his answers to solve the bill in the Equity court, and it is said that they are quite interesting and readable.

He Returned the Compliment.

The Fusilier's band mourns the loss of two clarionettes and a player. His name was Gibson, and he was a sufferer by the Howe's Wild West show disaster. The band took him in and helped him along, and were rewarded by his taking them in and carrying the instruments along, when he disappeared, last week. He might have taken a few more instruments and compelled the band to get new ones if he need them.

Would Like to See a Green Horse.

Mrs. Brown—"How are you going to spend the first of July, Mrs. White?"

Mrs. White—"Oh! we haven't decided yet, but I *would* like to see the races at Fredericton. I have seen red and white spotted horses some years ago at a circus, but I never saw a green horse, and I believe they are going to have a race especially for them."

MRS. GODARD ON THE STAGE.

The Micawber Club Objected to Her Being Given Prominence in the Company.

Mrs. Hautry Godard, who left St. John some time ago to study for the stage in New York, has returned to the city, and is one of the Lansdowne Theatre company, under Mr. McDowell's management. PROGRESS learns from those who should know that she has made good use of the time spent in New York, and will do credit to the company.

It is said that it was the intention of the manager to give Mrs. Godard considerable prominence in her native city, but the Micawber club objected strenously. The person or persons who compose that unique organization had not seen Mrs. Godard on the stage, and judging her present performances from her past amateur trials in St. John, were not sufficiently prepossessed in her favor to allow her to be "starred."

In consequence the notices in the press, inspired or compiled by the Micawber club, have not given Mrs. Godard any prominence. She does not even appear on the house bill under her own name. It is asserted by one daily that Miss Mary Hampton is the St. John lady, by another that Miss Alice Greenes is the St. John amateur. Then the special organ of the club denies that Miss Mary Hampton is a St. John lady, but that she has been on the regular stage for several seasons. All of which is very mysterious and quite amusing. Manager McDowell will find before he is very far along in his season that the less the Micawber club has to say about his part of the show, the greater will his chances of success be.

PROGRESS will give fair and honest criticism of every performance, notwithstanding the absence of the courtesies usually extended to the press.

FLIES ON HIS SHOOTING.

A Supreme Court Judge Who Used To Be a Great Shot.

A good story is told at the expense of a certain member of the supreme court bench, well known for his erudition, his many fine qualities of heart, and also for his bushy eyebrows. In the earlier part of his life he practised law in Westmorland county, and devoted a good deal of his time to sport with rod and gun. One day, it is said, he was out in the woods with a friend, looking for whatever game might offer itself. Game was scarce, however, and the huntsmen were becoming discouraged, when the embryo judge glancing at a tall tree, saw some strange creature moving about at the top. It was within easy range, and the judge, not waiting to notice particularly the nature of the beast, or whether it was lawful game, raised his gun and fired. The branches were not disturbed by any falling object, and looking again at the tree, he saw the animal apparently in the same position as before. The judge rather flattered himself on his skill as a marksman, and such a miss was most humiliating. He took more careful aim, and fired again. Still the animal refused to come down, and the judge began to lose his temper, and, at the same time, his faith in himself as a marksman. He moved around to the other side of the tree, and, looking up, discovered that his intended prey had accommodatingly shifted its position also, and offered an even better mark than before. The judge prepared to try again. This time he did what he would have scorned to do five minutes before. He got down on one knee and rested his elbow on the other, to afford a firm support to the gun. Again he took scrupulous aim, and with the same result as before. This was getting to be too much of a good thing, and the few scattered remains of his good temper rapidly vanished. He was about to climb the tree and assassinate the game, when his companion, who had been hunting some little distance away, attracted by the firing, came hurrying up, anxious to share in the slaughter. He was astonished to find the judge with his coat off, about to begin the ascent of the tree. However, the situation was explained to him, and together they backed out to where the top of the tree could be seen. "There it is" said the judge, pointing out the animal which still retained, for him, its old position. The other carefully examined the tree, but could see nothing. Looking back at the judge in amazement he made a discovery. "You've got it," he said, reaching forward and taking a black fly from his companions right eyebrow.

FAGIN.

He Thinks Only of Business.

Chief Kerr never thinks of his personal appearance when at a fire. He wore a light overcoat and silk hat Wednesday, while working in all the smoke and water, at the fire in Troop & McLaughlin's store.

A Good Place to Visit.

Ice-cream soda water is a popular drink this summer, and one of the best places in town to get it is at Crockett's drug store, at the corner of Princess and Sydney street. It is only a short distance from King square, and is a good place to visit on hand nights.

BRASS BUTTONS AGAIN.

A NEW WAY INTRODUCED TO LOOK AFTER OLD DEBTS.

The Men Who Do Not and Will Not Pay Will Be Called Upon By a Man With a Badge, "Collector of Bad Debts"—He Will Worry the Bums.

Every retail merchant has an interesting page or two in his books, containing the names of all the individuals who have succeeded in getting credit from him and neglected or refused to pay. In conversation with some of the largest, PROGRESS learns that St. John has not the best name in the world in this respect, that there are too many persons, young and otherwise, who make a practice of gulling the merchants, whose only care is to get the goods and never think of paying for them. They are the life-worry of the collectors, who know them so well that they can tell you exactly what they will have to say in excuse. It matters not how often the collector calls, or how persistent his demands, whether he threatens or implores, the debtors are hardened and apologize, but don't pay.

Only Thursday PROGRESS met a well-known gentleman, who appeared to be laughing heartily over something. Laughter looked out of his eyes, distorted his cheeks and shook his whole frame-work. Such disturbance was unusual for him, and he explained:

"I have found what I have looked for for years. There are a set of bums in this town who have made me and a hundred other merchants trying to make an honest dollar a laughing stock. They have refused to pay their debts again and again, though they live in style, move in the best circles, wear better clothes than I can, hire horses and cut a dash generally. I am not referring to any one in particular, but you can count a hundred that answer to that description, if you take the time. They simply ignore an ordinary collector and won't pay.

"But my find—here it is, the New World Uniform Collecting Co. I subscribe $10 and become a member of that concern, and thus obtain the privilege of their novel mode of collecting debts. I send out a notice to all my friends on my "B D" list, and inform them that unless the bill is paid a uniformed collector will call upon them. If no attention is paid to that the account is handed to the manager of the collecting company, who sends out the uniformed collector. The collector wears a blue uniform glistening with brass buttons, and if he fails to get the money the first time, he promises to appear again. After three calls he comes before the deliniquent with a badge upon his hat reading:

COLLECTOR OF BAD DEBTS.

This generally brings the money. If it does not he calls daily and demands payment. These calls attract the attention of the neighbors, and Madam Grundy takes it up and there is music in the air in case the debtor persists in his refusal to pay. The creditor pays from 10 to 15 per cent. of the amount collected. The company does not make it a business to prosecute sick or distressed people, who by reason of their afflictions are unable to pay promptly, but those who are confirmed "dead beats" and who abound in every locality. Sometimes the irate dead beat goes in for a fight, and the collector may be bouneed. In that case another and larger collector takes up the case.

"That's what I'm laughing at. Don't you think I'm going to have satisfaction or my money. Well, I guess so, and the gentlemen who have gulled me will soon have a regular caller in a man with a uniform."

New Novels at McArthurs Book Store.

A Chance to Make a Dollar.

St. John will be crowded with visitors during carnival week. The hotels will be unable to accommodate all the strangers, and many of them will have to board at private houses. Persons who want to entertain some of the visitors can find no better way of making their intentions known than by inserting an advertisement in PROGRESS' "Carnival Accommodation" column. It will cost only 50 cents for ten lines, and will be sure to pay you. PROGRESS is just as popular in the country as it is in the city. It is read everywhere by the best of people, and an advertisement will bring lots of answers.

St. Andrews to be Illustrated.

The Algonquin hotel, at St. Andrews, will be opened next Friday evening by a grand ball, to which a large number has been invited. PROGRESS will have a splendid account of the opening, and will give a large number of good illustrations of the summer resort. The illustrations are certainly fine, and they will make a good appearance on the finished paper upon which PROGRESS is printed. There will also be a good descriptive article of the place.

German Accordeons at McArthurs Book store.

MR. WATTS' CHAMPIONS.

St. John and Moncton on G. E. F.'s Comments on the Clergy's Action.

G. E. F.'s article in last week's issue seems to have acted on the disciples of Charles Watts like a red rag to a bull. Two of their letters follow. When PROGRESS obtained G. E. F.'s bright anecdotal article there was no intention of opening a discussion on the subject, and the secularists must be content with what they have in this issue:

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I think it is hardly right or fair for the writer who signs "G. E. F." to compare Mr. Watts with the man who attempted to build a suspension bridge on a plan of his own, who lectures on astronomy, etc., and finally left the city, leaving a number of unpaid bills behind him. This comparison comes, I think, with bad grace from one who professes to be a meek and lowly follower of Jesus—who taught us that we "should not bear false witness against our neighbor." It is of little use for "G. E. F." to misrepresent or belittle Mr. Watts' society, the fact remains that he is one of the cleverest platform orators and one of the ablest debaters in the world today, and I think "G. E. F." would perhaps feel more inclined to acknowledge this if he had ever listened to him. The fact that he has held debates with some of the cleverest advocates of Christianity, among whom I might mention Rev. Dr. Sexton, Rev. Brewin Grant and Rev. William Dillon, shows that he is a worthy opponent. The ministers know this, too, and consequently they feel their inability to stand up and defend on the public platform the doctrines they preach from their pulpits. It is all very well to ridicule and sneer at a person when he is out of reach and cannot reply to them, but I think it would be more manly and courageous to come forward, as Christ did when he disputed with the doctors in the temple, and give the person attacked an opportunity to defend himself.

B.

St. John, N. B., June 15.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: "G. E. F.," who writes so objectionably regarding those who differ from him on matters of belief, instead of relating anecdotes which have little bearing on the subject, might endeavor to enlighten his less intellectual friends by telling them through your valuable columns how much more he knows about God, the Creation, the Fall, the Immaculate Conception and the Resurrection than they. To appellate the person, non-intellectual or non-discriminating, who chances to hold views at variance with one's own, savors somewhat of bigotry and exhibits, we think, a narrow conception. Again, satire cannot take the place of argument any more than faith can embrace all knowledge. If the world had accepted as conclusive the biblical story of the Creation, etc., all scientific investigation would have ended many centuries ago; but thanks to our Darwins, our Haeckels, our Spencers, our Huxleys, our Tyndalls, the light of science and reason goes marching on, dispelling the mists of superstition, mythology and *faith*. Thanks to free thought, no prison walls or martyrdom await the honest thinker or investigator today. Thanks to the brave advocates of mental freedom, thought is not now considered a crime. Even Rome, from which perhaps least is expected, is feeling the impulse of the advanced thought of the nineteenth century. In that city, last week, occurred an event of remarkable interest to the civilized world. Despite the protestations of the ecclesiastical authority, *but by the permission of the city council*, a statue of that fearless champion of mental liberty, Giordana Bruno, was unveiled in the presence of 30,000 people, on the spot where he was martyred. Three centuries ago Bruno was burned for expressing views antagonistic to the church, but today he is recognized as a hero and his memory is honored by descendants of those who murdered him. The ninth of June was a great day for free thought in Rome. This is only one of many illustrations that could be given to show the enlightened tendency of the age; but we have no desire to go further at this time. In our humble opinion that man only is intellectual and discriminating who concedes to every one the right of free speech and free thought on matters unknowable.

G.

Joggins Coal Mines.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: A communication appeared in the *Globe* of last evening, signed "One of the 104 Joggins Unfortunates," who I take to be one of the parties for selling out "under false pretences." As I learn that PROGRESS goes to press on Friday morning, I shall not have time to deal with this writer until next week, when I hope you will afford me space enough to relate the history of this Joggins business, for the information of the stockholders generally, all of whom shall receive a copy.

A STOCKHOLDER.

St. John, June 20.

They All Want the Position.

The deputy clerkship of the market has formerly been an appointment made by the mayor, but under the new order of things it will be made by the council. Several persons have been mentioned as having designs on this position, among them being B. J. Case and Thomas Seeds. The former, rumor says, was very anxious for the clerkship but has now given up the idea. The latest aspirant for the position is said to be Frank McCafferty, but it does not seem to be the intention of the council to displace Mr. Lynam, the present incumbent, who has done good work about the market.

"Jeremiah" and the Backsliders.

Among the features of next week's issue will be a bright article by "Jeremiah Fodder," on the temperance demonstration in Fredericton. He alludes to those prominent in the cause in Banks McKenzie's time and his several original comments upon their absence from the recent temperance demonstration. "Jeremiah" appears to know all the backsliders.

A Saving of $1500.

The report of the city engineer on the street work done during the year showed that about $1500 had been saved in the laying of asphalt sidewalks, which was done by the city under the supervision of Street Inspector Martin, compared with the sum paid formerly by having the sidewalks laid by contract.

RAKING UP OLD TIMES.

"AN OLD ATLANTA" RECALLS THEIR STONING IN ST. JOHN.

The Present Ball Players Knew Nothing of the Affair—Tom Bell Says He Was Crawling Under Fences in 1875 and Mr. Skinner Wasn't a Ball Enthusiast Then.

Since last Saturday, when PROGRESS told the Halifax people why the two clubs could not meet, quoting president Skinner remark that the ball tossers of the Scotia town owed the St. John club $100, there has been merry war in the wooden town. The newspapers have united in their denial and abuse. They claim that it was not the Socials, but the Atlantas, who played the Nationals, while, as a matter of fact, it was a picked team from both clubs. The funniest thing in the collection, however, is a letter from "An Old Atlanta," which will be worth a genuine laugh. He writes:

As a rule, a thoroughbred St. Johner talks to such an extent that none other than a fellow-citizen would believe one-tenth of his statements. To a biased New Brunswicker, Mr. Skinner's statement may appear correct, but to a disinterested, impartial observer, his blatant opinions is sheer buncomb.

Granting, for argument's sake, that the Socials had refused to play. I wish to acquaint Mr. Skinner with the fact (his memory may be defective) that he would have only been receiving "a Roland for an Oliver." He figured, not many years ago, in an event that was not only discreditable to him, but to the rest of the gentlemanly ball players, as they style themselves. In August, 1875, the Atlantas went to St. John to play the Mutuals, for which they were to receive $75. On arriving at St. John they were marched from the depot to the hotel. There were lots of baronches around; wasn't Mr. Skinner economical! The Mutuals received a drubbing, 22 to 9, and it had such an effect on the would-be gentlemen that, notwithstanding the fact that the Atlantas were stoned on the ground and in the bus, Mr. Skinner's gentlemanly contingent left the team to their fate. Moreover, the Atlantas left Fogtown without their money. Mr. Skipner surely will admit this, and that the Mutuals had about 1000 spectators on the Barrack green that day. After waiting patiently for about a fortnight the Atlantas sent the late lamented Dr. Ryan (one of the Atlantas) over, and after dogging for some time the money was forthwithcoming.

President Skinner read the above with considerable interest. Abuse is something he is not used to, but he took it with remarkable good humor. "I never was in the old Mutuals," said he, "when they played against the Atlantas. Base ball was at that time second to cricket with me, but I remember being a backstop in Bangor for one club, and that was one of the few times I played the game. But I know nothing of the game this fellow speaks of."

Captain Tom Bell was asked what he knew about it. Tom was indignant. "Why, man, in 1875, I was looking for for the best hole in the fence around the barracks. The policemen were the only fellows I was bound to beat there. This is the first time I have heard of such a game."

PROGRESS can assure an "An Old Atlanta" that he is not on his own base and further, if the Atlantas who visited St. John on that occasion were anything like the opponents of the boys last season, that it is a wonder they escaped from the town alive.

THE MAGISTRATE WAS FOOLED.

Mr. Rogers and the Liquor Owned by a Boarder.

John Rogers was before police magistrate Ritchie, Monday. Officers Baxter and Jenkins had paid a visit to Mr. Rogers' place, on Sheffield street, the Saturday night previous, and found a room that looked very much like a bar, and from which they brought to the police station a quantity of liquor. The magistrate asked Mr. Rogers, who is a colored man, what he had to say to the charge, and soon learned that that gentleman had considerable to say. He was very sorry that the officers found the liquor, but was glad that he was there when they did so, because they might have imagined that he had it for sale. He, of course, wouldn't do such a thing, as he thought too much of himself to deliberately break the law. The liquor had been left there Saturday by one of his boarders, who was to take it away again later in the afternoon. He could produce the boarder to prove that he (the boarder) owned the liquor.

The boarder didn't appear, however, and after hearing all the defendant had to say Magistrate Ritchie dismissed the case. He didn't ask the policemen to tell their side of the story. If he had, they might have told him that the defendant was before the court on a similar charge some time previous, and was found guilty and fined; also that the boarder was employed in a city restaurant, and that he hadn't been outside the establishment from early Saturday morning until late on Saturday night. But Mr. Ritchie did not seem aware of the presence of the officers, who were there to state the case for the crown, and prove that they were justified in making the seizure. Mr. Rogers evidently thinks Mr. Ritchie a very nice man.

Clothiers Becoming Matrimony.

There appears to be a matrimonial boom among the clothiers. One King street gentleman in Messrs. A. F. DeForest & Co.'s has been rash enough to marry this week, and another on the same street is to follow his good example in a few weeks

THE MONCTON WAG AGAIN.

Another Correspondent Tells of a Good Practical Joke.

That very good story in last week's PROGRESS of a Moncton wag, reminds me of another equally good, in which the same individual figures. Some years ago I chanced to be visiting in a town where the wag then resided. It was an exceedingly pious town, a very stronghold of good Methodists, and it so happened that during my stay a number of the young bachelors of the town, who were not good Methodists, decided to give a bachelors' ball, in order to return some of the hospitality that had been extended to them, and which they had no other way of acknowledging.

Now a ball of any kind was bad enough in the eyes of the elders of the church, but when it came to a bachelors' ball, a public dance, given in a public hall, why it was an abomination in the land, and the ladies, who so far forgot themselves as to allow their names to appear on the committee, should be publicly censured. It was awful, and there were absolutely posters in the principal shops announcing the ball in the most shameless fashion! One good deacon made himself especially active in denouncing the approaching festivity, and, knowing that the wag was a member of the committee, he considered it a Christian duty to call at his place of business and remonstrate with him. He was received with elaborate courtesy, and succeeded in convincing the youthful sinner of the error of his ways in general and of that ball in particular; the young convert's only regret being that it was then too late to do anything but lament over his error—the ball would have to go on. A few moments later he excused himself for a moment, and went out hurriedly to catch the deacon's horse, which showed symptoms of running away for the first time in its life, and the deacon conversed with the clerk until his return. Shortly afterward he took his departure. It seemed to him that he was attracting a good deal of attention on his way home, which was through the principal streets of the town. Numbers of people looked after him, and a good many smiled, but he thought it might only be his own imagination and drove serenely on till he reached his own gate, and alighted to open it for his horse. The sagacious animal walked slowly through, and then waited for his master to catch up to him. And there clear before the deacon's horrified eyes was a large green handbill tacked securely on the back of the wagon, with the words "Bachelors' Ball," standing out in bold relief at the top. The ingenious youth's time had been well employed while he was "catching the horse." I will draw a merciful veil over the deacon's feelings but it is sufficent to say that he and his young convert don't speak as they pass by, now.

* * *

The Boys Break the Record.

The newsboys had a great day last Saturday. They were on hand long before 5 o'clock and thronged the sidewalk in front of PROGRESS office. It was fully an hour and a half before the last boy of that clamoring crowd could be served, and when he left the office there were more than 2000 PROGRESS on the streets, in the hands of newsboys alone—and this before most people were out of bed. Then boys who were not so early risers flocked in, and the first-comers returned for another supply, until at 7 o'clock, when the last papers were sold, the boys had succeeded in running up a grand total of street sales larger than ever before in the history of the paper.

Offices at a Premium.

"There seems to be a great scarcity of desirable offices in St. John just now," said a dentist who intends opening up on his own account, to PROGRESS. "There are plenty of them on Union street and in that vicinity but they are all occupied. I have been looking all day for a place to rent and my success has been of the worst kind."

Sheraton & Selfridge's Signs.

Messrs. Sheraton & Selfridge have a set of the handsomest signs on King street. They make a fine appearance and cannot fail to attract attention. The business of this firm has had a somewhat phenomenal growth since its start, and the interior of the store looks as prosperous as the exterior.

A Great Ear for Music.

"I tell you that fellow knows how to handle the fiddle," said a laborer who was listening to a schooner man murdering a programme of country dancing tunes, in Market slip, Monday night. "He's good I tell you—I could hear him at the head of King street."

The Children's Shopping Day.

"We had an awful rush of business this morning," said a north-end stationer, Monday, "but our sales were small. It's examination day at the schools, you know, and I guess every youngster in Portland has been in here for foolscap.

Pocket Books, New styles, at McArthurs Book store.