

WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE?

Drop a Ballot in the Box, and help to Make Him Happy.

"Progress" Popular Vote.

PROGRESS.

THE MOST POPULAR PLAYER IN THE St. Johns and Shamrocks HAS FIFTY DOLLARS WAITING FOR HIM.

VOL. III., NO. 121.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS

FOR THE EXHIBITION.

A SPECIAL NUMBER OF "PROGRESS" FOR SEPTEMBER 20.

What will Make It Interesting and Worth Buying—Portraits and Plans and Building Engravings—Read All About It—A Large Edition.

Nothing in the near future is receiving so much attention with the people of the provinces just now as the exhibition to be held in this city from September 24th to October 4th.

Everybody is going to make a show of some kind; many in the exhibition building, and some, who have not facilities or, perhaps, the inclination to go to that extra work, will do their level best to make their stores as attractive as possible.

That is the right way to go about it. If the whole business community attempted to occupy the exhibition building there might be a crush.

PROGRESS will be on deck with the rest, and without trying impossibilities proposes to show that as a newspaper it is just as enterprising as the merchant.

To that end we are making preparations to print a special exhibition edition on Saturday, September 20th. We have started in to make it a marked success, and to do that special and expensive features have been arranged for.

The fine book paper used by PROGRESS and the splendid press facilities at its command, will enable the use of the most popular style of engraving in the world today—the half-tone plates.

When PROGRESS' last large edition appeared there were a number who complained that they were not called upon. It is a hard matter to see everybody.

The list above includes the heaviest advertisers in the city and represent more than 36 columns of advertising. Not too bad for a start.

Secretary Cornwall has one opinion about the special number of PROGRESS, and he rubs his hands gleefully every time he thinks of it. It will be a great free advertisement for the exhibition.

James Reynolds, chairman of the grounds and building and police committee.

Thomas McAvity, chairman of economic minerals mining and mining machinery committee.

J. C. Robertson, chairman of manufactures, including machinery, committee.

Wm. Shaw, M. P. E., chairman of agricultural and horticultural committees.

John M. Johnson, chairman of live stock committee.

J. DeWolfe Spurr, chairman of fisheries and fishing apparatus committee.

W. C. Pittfield, chairman of lodging and refreshment committee.

Henry J. Thorne, chairman of natural history and zoology committees.

D. E. Berryman, M. D., chairman of poultry and beach show committee.

Geo. Robertson, chairman of finance and West India exhibits committees.

Secretary, Ira Cornwall.

General Superintendent, W. F. Burditt.

In addition to this, through the kindness of the space superintendent, Mr. W. F. Burditt, accurate and official drawings of the floor space and the interior of the exhibition buildings have been secured and engraved for the special use of PROGRESS.

A few proofs of these engravings will be distributed to applicants for space outside of St. John, but the engravings, which were procured at considerable expense by PROGRESS, will be used exclusively in its special edition.

The plans are complete, showing the floor space marked off in 354 divisions. Every division is numbered plainly in the engraved plan, and every space in the building will be designated by number there.

How is that for a journalistic idea? It beats the base ball vote all to pieces.

We have also in contemplation a large and splendid birds-eye view of St. John, as well as a comprehensive engraving of the exhibition buildings.

These features have already cost the paper more than \$200, but they are sure to make the edition interesting, and to guarantee a great sale for it.

Good Note Paper and Envelopes 5 cents a quire. McArthur's, 80 King street.

the paper that comes from a friend or from a business connection. The last special edition of PROGRESS brought hundreds of letters of this city thanking the merchants for their kindness in sending copies abroad.

To use a vulgarism: "It has caught on," and the prospects are that it will not be a question of, Can we fill our advertising space? but, Can we find space for those who want advertising? Here is a partial list of those who have already—and we have hardly begun—signified their intention of patronizing the special edition:

- Some of Its Patrons Already. J. & A. McMillan. Manchester, Robertson & Allison. W. C. Pittfield & Co. A. O. Sklper. Harold Gilbert. John Mackay. Clarke, Kerr & Thorne. W. H. Thorne & Co. F. Beverly. Wm. Scarle. Cowie & Edwards. Alfred Morrissey. Mutual Life Insurance Co. Confederation Life Insurance Co. North American Life Insurance Co. Ontario Mutual Life Insurance Co. Wm. J. Fraser. W. H. Bell. James Kelly. J. & J. D. Howe. A. Armstrong. C. Schmidt.

There are many others who are pleased with the plan and aim of the special number and are giving the advertising favorable consideration.

When PROGRESS' last large edition appeared there were a number who complained that they were not called upon. It is a hard matter to see everybody. If the paper's representative does not succeed in seeing you that is no reason you should not be in the special edition. The office is open all day.

The list above includes the heaviest advertisers in the city and represent more than 36 columns of advertising. Not too bad for a start.

Secretary Cornwall has one opinion about the special number of PROGRESS, and he rubs his hands gleefully every time he thinks of it. It will be a great free advertisement for the exhibition. It will be published just at the right time to get everywhere before the people start for the city, and the information it contains will be looked for eagerly.

Judge, Sheriff and Doctors. Dr. Thomas Walker is about as obstinate as Judge Palmer, when he takes the notion, and when the two collided in the equity court, last Monday, it looked as though the sheriff would have to settle the matter. The doctor was a witness in the fertilizer factory case, and when asked a question by Mr. Hazen, began to answer in his own way.

The judge stopped him and insisted on a categorical answer to a categorical question. The doctor insisted that if he answered at all, it must be in his own fashion: Then the judge informed him that he was at liberty to reply, "yes," "no," or "I do not know," but the doctor declined to do anything of the kind. The judge thereupon called for the sheriff to take the recalcitrant into custody, but as the sheriff was not present a messenger was sent after him. Before he arrived, Mr. Hazen compromised the matter by putting the question in a different form, whereupon the doctor gave an answer satisfactory to the court.

When Dr. John Berryman was on the stand, he was asked a question, to which he began to reply by saying, "I think —"

"Never mind what you think," was the rejoinder. "State what you know."

The question was put again, and again the doctor began with, "I think —"

"Where is the sheriff?" exclaimed the judge, looking around the room for a glimpse of that official. Then the doctor stopped thinking and began to tell what he knew.

So nobody was sent to jail, after all, though it looked very much like it at one time.

Will Have a Stockade. The street railway people are putting up their poles on both sides of the streets along the route. The poles are painted white and in other ways are less ugly than the other poles, but they won't add much to the appearance of Prince William street, for instance. In the North End, with what poles there are now and what will be added by the street railway people and the Calkin company, there will be a regular stockade in front of the houses.

It is not every city that allows a railway company to plant poles on both sides of the streets. A single line, with arms extending toward the track is made to do the work. But everything goes in St. John.

Good Note Paper and Envelopes 5 cents a quire. McArthur's, 80 King street.

WAS IT A STEAL OR NOT?

THE ST. JOHNS SAY YES. THE SHAMROCKS NO.

Opinions of the Managers—The St. Johns Retire from the League—What Umpire Connolly has to Say About the Balls and Strikes.

The St. Johns and Shamrocks have met and played against each other for the last time.

The attempt to play decent, quiet ball has been a failure, and the two local clubs have parted again.

Did Umpire Connolly steal Thursday's game? That appears to be the debated question, and men who believe one way or the other are willing to back their opinions with their strength.

There was trouble in the air when Connolly called play ball Thursday afternoon. Rumors of what could and would be done had been flying thick and fast, and no man knew what would turn up at any moment.

The St. Johns were there to win and the gallant Sexton went down before the sure, hard hitters of the team. The Shamrocks saw that the game was going against them; they knew that Howe was in his great form and quicker than a thunder clap pendemonium entered the contest and won.

When Connolly sent Donovan to his base on balls and the quiet Pushor turned in amazement and expostulated the friends of the home club opened their lungs. They yelled and shouted themselves hoarse. Led on again and again by the captain of the Shamrocks and the coaches, the scene cannot be described. Howe says he had no idea of how the game was going. He felt as cool as usual until he knew from the men going to their bases that Connolly was roasting him.

All this time, when men could not hear themselves speak or their neighbor's voice, Manager Keefe and the Shamrock management sat back on the bench and made no attempt to quiet the turmoil. When Sam. Milligan beckoned Keefe from his bench and asked him why he did not quiet the crowd Keefe replied that the Shamrocks got the same treatment on their grounds.

"When?" was the answer, flung back. Keefe did not reply.

King, one of the players, said, "This serves you just right for calling an illegal delivery on that man, Sexton."

"Oh it was all arranged was it," answered a member of the St. John's managing committee.

Billy Bushor notified President Skinner that he would never catch another game of ball with Connolly umpiring.

The answer he got was "That is all right. I don't blame you."

Further than this, Pushor had something to say to Umpire Connolly, when he called him the blindest thief that ever stood on a ball ground.

Some of the remarks from the grand stand were fearful, calling up all the differences of race and creed. They are not fit to be published.

President Skinner voices the statement of every member of the St. Johns club when he says that there will be no more games between the two clubs. The Shamrocks may win the pennant, if they can afford to win it by such means. He said that he never saw such an exhibition, and he never wished to again. Every person who was present must have felt disgraced.

"The one man who has fallen lowest in the estimation of the people is Captain Donovan. Before this he had the good opinion of not only his own club but of many of the St. John's admirers. He has lost the good opinion of the latter at any rate."

A score of St. John's men expressed the same opinion, and it would be mere repetition to print them.

What the Shamrocks Say. Umpire Connolly was standing at the foot of King street Thursday evening, surrounded by a crowd of enthusiasts who were discussing the game from all points of view, when PROGRESS came along. When asked what he thought of the game, Dan took a long whiff from his cigar, blew the smoke straight out in front of him, and said:

"I hardly know what to think of it, except that it was a poor game, played by eighteen rattled men. Yes, every man on the teams was rattled, and both pitchers lost their heads completely. After the fifth inning Howe could hardly get a ball over the plate at all. Of course he got an odd one over, but out of fourteen or fifteen balls pitched there were only a few strikes and four men got their bases on balls. I expect a roasting from the papers in the morning, but I'm ready to take my oath that I never umpired a fairer game in my life. The crowd seemed to be the cause of all the trouble. The friends of both sides howled for all they were worth, and the best ball players in the country couldn't keep their heads in such an uproar. Sure, the pitchers couldn't hear me giving decisions. I had to make signs to them. Howe seemed much the worst of the two. Nearly every ball he pitched went a couple

of feet off the plate, first one way and then the other, and Pushor saved him a good many wild pitches. Indeed if both men had not had great backstops there would have been a lot of wild pitches to tally, for Merritt did equally good work in this respect."

When asked what kind of a ball Howe pitched, Dan took another puff, and said: "After the cheering began, Howe pitched mostly a straight ball with an occasional drop, but, as I said before, it seemed he could not get it over the plate."

Umpire Connolly thinks the whole trouble began when Parsons made the two base hit and one of the St. Johns' friends proposed three cheers, and the rest of the crowd hissed. "But," said Dan with an expressive nod, "it's the same old story of the Nationals and Shamrocks. Too much feeling exists between the friends of the two teams and they should never come together. There's money in it, I know, but it isn't worth the money. When the players go on the field, every one of them, on both sides, is so anxious to win that they kick at everything, and the umpire has to suffer. Their friends are only able to see one side of every play and the umpire comes in for it. The Shamrocks kicked about some of my decisions today as well as the St. John's, and Merritt was continually questioning my calling of balls and strikes, as well as Pushor. I believe it is said around town that I won the game, but I cannot help it. I did my best."

"How about Sexton's illegal delivery?" was asked.

"It's all bosh," said Dan with a smile. "Sexton pitches as legal a ball as any pitcher on the diamond."

"Sexton has been pitching all over the states where more is known about base ball than people could think possible, and where high priced umpires judged his playing, and he never had an illegal ball called on him till he came down here, and had 'Bud' Wilkins do it."

At this juncture President Keefe, of the Shamrocks, came along and reminded Dan that he was going to Halifax that night. When asked what he thought of the squabble, President Keefe said:

"I only saw four innings and it was very rocky ball; but then in regard to the statements I hear around town to-night, it's the same old story. Just as soon as the St. Johns get whipped they blame the umpire. They always have done it and probably always will. It was the way when they played the old Shamrocks, the same in Halifax, the same in Bangor, in fact it has been the same story in every case where they have been beaten. The Shamrocks have been defeated more than once, but nobody ever heard them blame the umpire, and there have been times when everybody saw that we got roasted. And yet the Shamrocks have played with nearly every club that the St. Johns have met. I hear everywhere tonight that you won the game," said the president, turning to Dan, whereupon the latter smiled resignedly.

"How about future games?" was asked.

"Do you think the clubs will meet again after all the talk there has been tonight?"

"The Shamrocks are going to play all the games scheduled," was the very decided answer. "We've been up to time all along and will be in the future. If the St. Johns will not play—well, that will be considered." And President Keefe jumped on a street car going in the direction of Portland.

Secretary Jennings talked freely about the game, regretting that there was such a turmoil. He laid all the blame on the gangs off first and third bases, and said that in his opinion the players acted much the same—one team was as much to blame as the other. In regard to Connolly's umpiring, he said he was not in a position to judge whether it was square or not. He believed that the umpire should always give his own team the advantage in a close decision, but Connolly had not even done that. Nothing could have been worse than the conduct of the crowd. The grand stand and the ropes howled fearfully. In his mind that completely rattled Howe.

It is Worth Seeing. Few entertainments that have visited the city have become more popular in so short a time as the Japanese village opened in the St. Andrews rink this week. The building has been transformed into a grand bazaar, and the Japs are at work everywhere—painting, carving, engraving and making scores of little useful and fancy articles which sell very rapidly. Then there are lemonades, egg shakes and candies, and at every booth a crowd of curious visitors watched the proceedings.

The Cause of the Delay. The reason now assigned for the delay by the city in completing the electric light contract, in accordance with the Calkin tender, is that it desires to deal with the new company which Mr. Calkin has formed. That is all right, gentlemen, but hurry up and do something, if we are to have the lights in time for the exhibition.

TO THE FRONT

PUSHOR HAS A LEAD OF FIFTEEN VOTES.

CAPTAIN DONOVAN SECOND.

The Great Interest Felt as the Contest Goes On.

THE LEADERS WILL FIGHT IT OUT TO THE END NOW.

More Votes Polled than Ever—Kennedy Moves to Third Place, but is Away Behind the Leaders—Papers Going Off Hot—The Last Ballot Next Week.

There is music in the air and the friends of Pushor are making it. He has captured the lead in the vote for the favorite ball player and they are happy.

How long they will remain in this condition is simply a matter of pure conjecture. To listen to Donovan's friends talk and watch their confident smile would throw a doubt on the result.

The fun is drawing to a close—another week's Progress will contain the ballot and any votes secured must be cut from that.

The large vote of this week gives but a faint idea of the interest taken in the contest. A genuine rivalry has sprung up and it would seem now that the winner of the race must either be a St. John club man or the Shamrock captain.

The one who gets the most votes can call for his cash as soon as the result declared by the judges is announced in PROGRESS.

How the Vote Stands. The vote of this week has been larger—more than the two previous weeks combined. Pushor has made a great fight.

William Pushor.....3,778 James Kennedy.....1,914 Frank White.....1,404 George Whitehead.....444 Charles Kearns.....280 Sullivan (Joseph).....89 McGrath.....75 Priest.....56 Howe.....54 Sullivan (James).....47 Small.....42 O'Brien.....34 Parsons.....29 Lezotte.....11 Sexton.....5 Merritt.....5

How do you like it? The contest closes at 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon, September 4. If there are any votes abroad for any man they must be in by that time or else they will not be counted. This rule is positive. This will apply to votes received by mail. Ample time is given for them to reach this office before that hour and they must do so if the voters would have their count.

The interest in the result every week is provincial, and the sales of PROGRESS have increased wonderfully. People who never bought the paper before, in out-of-the-way places, have heard about the contest and inquire for it now. If they find it so readable that they keep on buying it after the vote closes the main end and aim of the contest will be accomplished. Thousands of extra papers have been printed, and yet, notwithstanding, that there were no copies to be had at this office Wednesday and orders began to be booked then for today's edition.

Another incentive in the city is the news dealers' competition for the prize of \$20 offered by PROGRESS to the city dealer selling the most papers in three months. The contest ends August 30, the same date as the last ballot appears in the paper.

It is a rare thing now to find a whole paper—no matter where it is seen. Those who preserve files find it difficult where others have access to their copies to preserve them intact. Orders for papers should always be sent through dealers. They handle the paper and it can be bought just as cheap from them as from the office of publication. Newsboys have, of course, a right to the wholesale rate, but a newsboy only buys papers Saturday morning.

They Tasted Salt Water. Some of the Orange delegates from Ontario, who visited Partridge Island on Tuesday drank salt water for the first time in their lives. Some of them had never even seen it before. There are men nearer home who don't know much about the taste of fresh water, but are quite willing to believe that a little of it is very good, once in a while.

All the New Novels at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King St.

WHO IS THE FERRY COMMITTEE?

The Chairman and Mr. Stackhouse Are Running Affairs.

The question of who constitute the actual ferry committee, and the functions of that body, is interesting some of the public at the present time. So far these functions appear to be limited to two things, the auditing of bills and the recommending of coal contracts. The rest of the business is done by Chairman Stackhouse.

During the long interruption to traffic, caused by the dredging of the east side ferry slip, the committee was censured by a good many people for the way in which it went about the matter. It now seems that it was wholly innocent of any exertions in the matter, and that Chairman Stackhouse did the business to suit himself. When it was decided that the work should be undertaken the idea was that the committee should call on the Department of Public Works to do the dredging. The committee expected to be called together to arrange how the work should be done so as to cause the least inconvenience to the public, but to their surprise the chairman took the matter into his own hands and went ahead on his own responsibility, while the committee had, apparently, nothing to say in the matter. He was a committee all by himself.

There is now a proposition to re-sink the west side floats, and probably the committee will wake up some fine morning to find the chairman and Superintendent Glasgow bossing the job.

One of the committee went to the west side the other day and found the superintendent building an extension to the coal shed. The committee had not been consulted about it, and this was the first intimation that the work had been ordered. But the chairman knew all about it, and that was enough. He was the boss.

The proposition now is to simplify the civic machinery by reducing the committee to the chairman, with the superintendent as his coadjutor.

Very little has been heard of the Leary wharf improvements of late, but it is understood that the Department of Public Works is busy with the plans. One of these contemplated the closing up of Sand Point slip and the building of a grain "conveyor" across the city property from the elevator to the harbor line. This is likely to be altered so that Mr. Leary will have to dredge the slip and have the steamers load alongside of the elevator.

A funny story is told of the way things are done. Mr. Holt was asked where he got certain data, and gave Chairman Baskin as his authority. When the chairman was interrogated, he replied that his authority was Mr. Leary. Mr. Leary can probably give Messrs. Holt and Baskin pointers on a good many other things.

How He Found It Out. W. Tremaine Gard has found out whether advertising in PROGRESS pays or not. "He went about it in his own way and he is satisfied. A small four inch announcement brought him up to Wednesday noon 200 direct inquiries. Some of them came from as far away as Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, while the depths of Kings and Queens counties contributed their share of missives. Perhaps President Harrison's "phiz" was never mutilated half so much as by those who tried to make out that puzzle. The winner is announced elsewhere in Mr. Gard's space. But the main question, do the people read advertisements in PROGRESS seems to have been answered to everybody's satisfaction. If the merchant can make them of sufficient interest he can be sure that the people will read them.

They Did It in Style. Chief Clarke and Capt. Rawlings cut quite a figure in the North End this week. They inspected the barrooms of the applicants for licences, and in the performance of this ceremony were arrayed in full regalia and had the valuable assistance of a horse and carriage. The chief inspected the bars in person, while Capt. Rawlings sat in the carriage, busily engaged in writing essays, probably on the desirability of having the saloons placed further apart so that the chief would not have to be jumping in and out of the carriage every minute, and give the horse a chance to stretch himself, instead of standing knee deep in mud.

Their Chopping Frolic. Ald. Kelly, Director Wisley, Chief Kerr and some others, had a "chopping frolic" on Saturday night, when they visited St. James street and cut down one of the poles of the street railway. As the education of some of them had been neglected as regards the felling of trees, they could not all take a hand, but there were enough of them to take turns until the incumbrance was removed. The pole interfered with the fire alarm wire, and there are some people who are unkind enough to wish that all the other poles did the same thing and would meet the same fate.

School Books of all kinds; lowest prices. McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King St.