

# PROGRESS.

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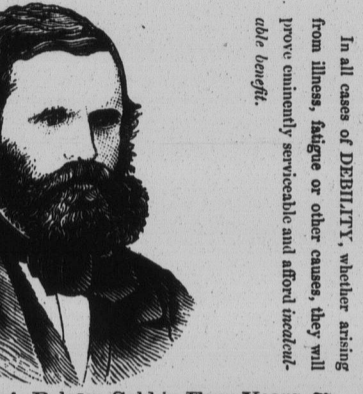
PRICE THREE CENTS.

Portraits of several prominent members of the A. A. club base ball nine, a full account of next Friday's games will be a feature of the next number of Progress.

Are you a "crank" or a "fan," or a "bleaching-boarder"? Because if you are, and consequently devoted to base ball, next Saturday's Progress will find you where you live.

Carpet Warerooms,  
G STREET.  
Want of Handsome Carpets,  
Curtains, or House Furnish-  
ings select from the Largest  
Stock in the Provinces.  
Low PRICES!  
\$1.00 per yard.

A. O. SKINNER.  
Tonic Bitters!  
Sufferers have long found to be the most  
effective, DISEASE OF THE LIVER  
IRRITABILITY OF THE BOWELS.



170 City Road, St. John, N. B.  
T. B. BARKER & SONS, Wholesale Agents.

TYPE WRITER  
40 WORDS PER MINUTE.

Wall Paper!  
VARIETY OF  
DESIGNS and COLORINGS.

ROLLER BLINDS.  
Blinds this year is that they are  
the NEW SHADE FASTENERS.

A. EVERETT,  
90 King Street.

WATCHES,  
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SOLID SILVER  
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PLATED GOODS,  
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JAPANESE GOODS,  
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DELICATE,  
GOLD and SILVER  
GIFTS and usual Summer  
and Spectacles, together  
with assortment of DIA-  
mond precious GEMS,  
Reset for Birthday,  
Wedding and Engage-  
ment Tokens.  
JEWELRY and GIFTS as specialties.  
W. GARD, 81 King Street.  
St. John, N. B.

FRAMING  
SPECIALTY.  
171 Union Street.

PURE CLEAN WATER  
IS ENSURED BY USING  
Handsome Nickel Water Filter!

J. HORNCASTLE & CO.,  
INDIAN TOWN.

## MISTER MURPHY IS MAD

AND SO ARE MRS. MURPHY AND THE POOR GIRLS.

A Bad Man Named Hugh Morris Did Him Out of Thirty-three Dollars' Worth of Males an' Looches and Capt. Rawlings Took Morris' Part.

Mr. John Murphy, white-haired, sweet-faced and gentle-voiced, and Mrs. John Murphy, fat, fair and fifty—both of Portland—came into Progress' office, Tuesday, and asked to see the editor.

"Yez had me name twice," said Mr. Murphy plaintively, "an' I want yez to say something to go agin it."

Pressed to explain himself, Mr. Murphy said that he alluded to an item which appeared in Progress some weeks ago to the effect that a certain Portlander proposed to sue a saloon-keeper for meals to the amount of \$16. He, Mr. Murphy, was the man who supplied the victuals. The saloon-keeper's name was Hugh Morris.

"Ah, the thafe!" interjected Mrs. Murphy.

"But it's \$35 I'll be after makin' it now," said Mr. Murphy, vivaciously. "Put it down: To 100 males—lame me alone now, Mrs. Murphy, it's me that's tellin' it—to 100 males at 25 cents, \$25; to 80 loaches at tin cents, \$8—\$33. Phwat's the tottle—\$33? Well, thin, \$33. I sint the bill for a joke, but I'll have it out av him now av it costs me me pinion!"

"It was this way," Mr. Murphy proceeded. "Hugh Morris is a bad man. He was driven off Main street an' he didn't know phwere he'd be after goin'. So phwat does he do but get a man full an' make him lase two buildin's to me, bein' a respectable man, an' thin he lases one of 'em from me. His house was away."

Mrs. Murphy gave an indefinite wave of the hand—"an' he did be comin' in to me house for males, sittin' to the table, orderin' me girls to wait on him. But I, thought he was a noice man, an' I pitied him—an' I let him go on."

"Well, sor," Mr. Murphy continued, impressively, "divil a cint cud I git! Put that down. It kem to th' foorst av May, an' at 12 o'clock I took me chair mil his shop, an' I sat in it to prove me rights. Phwat does he be after doin' but send for Capt. Rawlings to put me out! (Go an' now I says he. 'I will not!' says me. Thin he twisht me girls out to be the arrum, an' he caught hold on Mrs. Murphy—strip up yer shlahve an' show him the place—an' thin shevin av him comes for me."

"Who were they?"

"Wan av them was the young felly next dure," broke in Mrs. Murphy malevolently. "Him that's all ears an' no face."

"Th' Tillygraft reporter she manes," Mr. Murphy explained. "Stivin av them come for me," he continued. "They used me shameful. I'm an old man, 57, but they kicked me in the shonk. I dunno as I'll ever git over it. Me bein' a respectable man an' livin' in Halifax."

"Sure he don't want to put that in?" Mrs. Murphy interrupted.

"Lave me alone, now! I'm tellin' it!—An' havin' an honorable discharge with a pension! An' I want yez to put it in the paper agin the shory yez had afore, an' if yez do it right I'll send some papers to Halifax. An' don't yez furgit to give Capt. Rawlings a touch!"

"The woman-bater!" Mrs. Murphy remarked, with the deepest expression of scorn and contempt.

"But what are you going to do about it?" Progress inquired.

"I sint him a lawyer's letter for \$200!" said Mr. Murphy, proudly.

He is Well Rid of Her.

As cruel and unwomanly an act as Progress has heard of for a long time, happened in town recently. A young gentleman in a fairly good and lucrative position, was engaged to be married to a young lady. His plans were made with her knowledge and approval for the event, which would not be delayed many months. One evening he called upon her as usual, carelessly content in anticipation of a pleasant evening. What was his surprise when, after a short stay, his fiancée told him she was to be married to a fortnight to another man! He could not believe her until the period that she was in earnest beyond doubt by naming that man and date. Then he left her, perhaps not so careless and gay, not so completely trustful, but bitter and cynical. And she married the other man!

The Interest in Him Lives.

Notwithstanding the fact that the historic court house and jail where the famous Henry Moore Smith was tried, convicted and imprisoned was burned down some years ago, and a village school house now stands on its site, the sale of the little pamphlet, reciting his wonderful adventures and crimes, still continues to be large. Orders from the country are constantly coming in, and the chances are well for a long time to come.

Room paper from New cents roll at McArthur's bookstore, Main Street, Portland, opposite Bell Tower.

Smokers will not fail to try the "National" Havana Cigars, and Virginia Tobaccos. The best in town.

## IT WILL BE A GREAT DAY.

THE ILLUSTRATED BASE BALL EDITOR OF "PROGRESS."

Will Appear Next Saturday—How to Spend the 24th of May—The Base Ball Season Opens—Excursions and Horse Races—Read All About It.

Next Friday and Saturday will be gala days in and out of town. The boys and girls of St. John always count on plenty of fun on the Queen's birthday and the older folk, remembering the weaknesses of their youth, never deny them healthful pleasure. Already the toddlers of the household are lisping that old fashioned nursery and school house rhyme:

The 24th of May  
Is the Queen's birthday,  
If we don't get a holiday  
We'll all run away.

But the holiday will be on hand and all the running away will be done by either the ball cranks who will perch on the grand stand and hang about the ropes at the A. A. grounds, howling with delight, at the opening game of the season, or the good sailors who can down *mal de mer*, or the men and women who prefer Moosepath to any spot on earth on a holiday.

The rest of the people will remain at home and Progress thinks a good many houses will be empty.

Just a word about the ball games: No one knows yet who will pitch the game. The committee will act on the purest business principles and sentiment will take a back seat. If a man shows on trial that his balls are easily found by our boys, the chances are that he won't be in the box. Nor will he want to be. But it is certain that if the weather is fine there will be two games Friday—one in the morning and one in the afternoon—and one Saturday afternoon. Judging from the "air fanning" the St. John boys have done since South Portland town Wednesday, the South Portland may not find him as easily as they wish to.

Moosepath programme can be found on the sporting page of Progress. It will be found attractive and enticing. Plenty of good people would lose their dinner and spend 50 cents to see a horse race. They enjoy life better for the temporary excitement, the anticipation, the doubt and the joy and sorrow of seeing a favorite win or lose.

Then there is Digby, the favorite Nova Scotia resort of St. John people. All that is wanted is a good boat, an excursion fare and a fine day to make scores of rest-hunters happy.

And what will Progress do? Get up at 5 o'clock next Saturday morning and see. Scud around the corner and whistle for a newboy. If you can find him he is happy and give him five cent piece. The paper will only cost three but if you can get one you should not grumble for the rest of the day.

Progress will be on time as usual, and run the finest account of the ball games you ever read. And, best of all, it will be illustrated! Almost every man who throws and catches a ball may expect to see his ugly countenance in Progress, next day. There are Small and Parsons and Rogers and White and Kennedy and Whitecort and Bell, and it's hard to tell how many more, or whether there will be any more. But above and beneath them will be their good and bad deeds, and all around them will be the flashing, brilliant account of the ball game.

Progress usually goes to press Friday noon, but next week will be an exception. It won't be put on the press until evening, and when it does come off it will be a "regular liner," red hot; catch on the fly or there will be one error scored against you, right in the first of the season.

The fact is that Progress dare not go to the country, Saturday, without a full account of those ball games. It would never do. And consequently outside news dealers and subscribers will please note the fact that, next week only, Progress won't be on hand early Saturday morning, but will arrive at the same time as the St. John morning papers. But it is only for a week, and nobody will be sorry when they see the paper.

There will be something else, almost forgotten. Next Saturday will be nomination day in Kings county, and the new solicitor-general, Hon. William Pugsley, will appear in Progress, clad in the speaker's robes. There will also be a sketch of his life. Kings county people will be pleased, and will swell the list of persons to be made happy next Saturday.

It will be a great day for everybody, Progress and its newboys included.

Kelly and the "Nationals."

There is a sympathetic bond between Kelly, the tailor, and the ball tossers of the A. A. club. He made their new uniforms. He should have made them for nothing for the advertisement, but there's no evidence of that fact.

Best and most accurate foreign and local ball news at the "National," the ball tosser's retreat.

## A CITY OF BARROOMS.

WHERE RUN, BLOT AND FIGHTING ARE THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

Wild Scenes in Portland Last Saturday and Tuesday Nights—Some Changes the Portland Division Will Experience, and Localities That Were Changed.

Portland! The union cannot come too soon. The people are anxiously waiting the time when the grand amalgamation will take place, when law and order will take the place of recklessness, blackguardism and ring rule.

Drinking, fighting, shouting, biting! That was the programme on Portland's leading thoroughfare between 9 and 10 o'clock last Saturday evening. A scuffle, struggling men spread over the sidewalk, a rush to the spot, and then the combatants, picked up beaten and bleeding were rushed into dark alleyways.

Young men and boys took part in the disgusting spectacle. The crowd of sight-seers who tried to keep the run of the different fights had a hard time. When the drunks on the front street looked as if they were going to be peaceable, word arrived of a big fight on "the back road."

There are seven liquor stores within 100 yards of each other on Portland bridge. They all seem to do a good business. Saturday nights they are crowded, and the majority of the crowd are generally "full."

They are hustled out among the throng of people who travel between St. John and Portland every Saturday night, and are anything but good company. Many of these liquor stores have entrances from what has been sarcastically called "Bond avenue"—a dark, uneven road, without any lights whatever, running back of the buildings facing on Portland bridge. This place comes very handy to hustle the drunken pugilists into, and here they can have their fight out or crawl into one of the numerous barrooms.

Surely such a settlement of bar-rooms as this, with double the number within a few hundred yards, needs the strictest supervision of the police. Indeed, one would think two policemen none too many to keep anything like order in such a place.

Yet last Saturday night the wildest disorders prevailed. Men were beaten, shutters knocked down, decent people were unable to get near their own doors, and a grocer had to exert himself to get his barrels in off the sidewalk before they were toppled over into the gutter by the drunken rowdies.

And so it is all over Portland. There seems to have been a mania for starting run shops. As soon as a store became vacant, the landlord would instantly receive applications for the rental of it "to start a barroom." Hitherto quiet and respectable streets have been made the scenes of disgraceful rowdyism by means of these barrooms, many of them being open at all hours of the night.

Tuesday, about midnight, people living near one of these places, recently started, which has become pretty well known by reason of its "sign"—were awakened by fighting and shouting. The genial proprietor, a Mr. Wilson, was amusing himself with some of his customers, one of whom was wishing at the top of his voice that the very ordinary blood with which his hands were covered was somebody's heart's blood.

Who is to blame?

In a city rightly governed the police would be to blame. In Portland they have more than they can do. In keeping order they are afraid of offending those in whose power it is to cause their dismissal.

But a change must come. It must be a wonderful change—almost too great a one for an old man like Chief Marshall to undertake. The strictest discipline will have to be exercised with the Portland division. It will be quite a change for them if they have to do duty like their St. John brethren. No more sitting round the barroom stoves, no more showing inexperienced "budgers" where they can get a drink, late at night or early in the morning, and they will have to make a few more mistakes like they made last Sunday, and report some barrooms for doing business after hours.

Let the work of purification begin at once.

Read Hunter, Hamilton & McKay's Advertisement, first column, last page.

Give It a Rest.

A curious report has been industriously circulated among the Catholics of the city, crediting two prominent Protestant citizens with saying, "We don't want the Irish; when we want them we can buy them."

and "one Catholic judge is enough for this city." We have the best authority for saying that there is not a word of truth in the report. So give it a rest.

Machine Oil and Needles at the Portland News Depot.

One Hundred Points to the Dollar.

The owners of Maritime bank notes ought to be happy in the possession of 100 cents to the dollar.

The "National" Dining rooms are the best in town. Dinners from 12 to 2. Choice lunches at all hours.

## DOGS IN THE MANGER.

The "Other" Newspapers and the Programme Committee.

The programme committee of the summer carnival are in a box. They don't quite understand what they are doing or have done, and they are sadly in need of what Rev. Mr. Botterill calls "backbone."

When the carnival executive was organized, Mr. Cornwall thought there was something to be done in the way of an official programme. He gave his idea freedom in conversation with a firm of publishers of the city, who listened and then offered to undertake the publication.

At the next meeting of the executive Mr. Cornwall spoke of the composition and publication of the programme and named the two gentlemen he had spoken with and himself as a carnival programme committee. As it was understood that the published programme would be well fortified with advertisements, one of the executive thought there was a "snap" in the official publication for the three gentlemen of the committee.

The arrangement seemed too neat and complete to suit him and, upon his motion, the privilege of exclusive publication was opened to tender. The man or firm who was willing to pay the most for it was to get it.

Progress offered \$100 for the privilege. This was the only tender from a newspaper and the only bona fide written tender handed in. The executive turned the matter over to the programme committee and those gentlemen have griped it very hard since. They say now that they do not think they will sell the right to publish the official programme since the other newspapers object.

"The other newspapers" appear to be model dogs in the manger. They would not give anything for the official programme and object to Progress giving \$100 and getting it.

The hope may fairly be expressed that the general business of the carnival will be conducted on firmer and better principles.

The Portland Fire Department.

Boss Chesley and the Portland fire committee are preparing for the union. They have increased the number of firemen by five. Three of them are said to be very good men. The fourth, a young man, was coaxed to accept the position, and then the boss came along with Chesley, jr., aged about 17, and he doesn't look a day older.

Chesley, jr., is a son of Boss Chesley's. He is young, but may turn out better than some old men now on the department who are hardly able to walk, much less run to a fire.

A number of Portland people, among them persons directly interested, would like to have the investigation into the management of the Rolling mill fire continued. But the committee think it isn't worth while investigating the matter, when the amalgamation is so near. They came to this conclusion, when they found that the blame did not rest on the person on whom they expected it would.

Isn't this union a good thing for some people, anyhow, since it made it "not worth while" to hold these investigations?

The Tale of a Sign—Part II.

It wasn't the printer's fault that the public was not informed that the story entitled, "The Tale of a Sign," commenced in last week's Progress, would be "continued in our next." When the paper went to press, Friday, this story of real life, of the joys and sorrows and the trials and triumphs of a mug of ale, were not at an end. The reader left the hero, after he had come through one of his sorest trials, only to find that the cloud had a silver lining. The sign's working hours had been shortened, and it spent its nights indoors like other people, and commenced work at the same hour as it's owned. But the hero has again been separated from those to him so dear. People who, in their daily walks, had come to know him looked in vain for the familiar mug, Saturday morning. It was out bright and early, but did not "come to stay."

The frothing ale no longer tries to obscure the glass. It has vanished. The sign is gone. Somebody stole it.

The First Maritime Weekly.

We are happy to place on our exchange list the St. John Progress. Last week this valuable paper celebrated its birthday anniversary by publishing an enlarged number. Not only from the choice of its reading matter but in its typographical appearance also it is the first weekly in the provinces. It is indeed a paper of remarkable progress during its first year. We wish it every success. Progress may be found on sale at A. E. Alexander's store Campbellton, every Saturday morning.—Restigouche Pioneer.

"How Long, Oh Lord, How Long!"

The government has met and adjourned, and still editor McCreedy is without that legislative council seat.—Farmer.

Back again and prepared to give satisfaction to my old patrons in cleaning and repairing Clocks. All orders by mail will be attended to.

I shall visit Charlottetown weekly, and orders left with Mr. John Digby will receive attention. R. B. Jackson, 20 Peters Street, St. John.

## SUMMER RESORTS IN "PROGRESS."

The Myrtle of Digby and Inch-Arran at Dalhousie—Notes and News.

Mr. Morrison, of the Myrtle house, of Digby, has faith that Progress goes to lots of people who go to Digby for the summer, and in today's issue he tells them something of his hostelry. In a private letter, he says that "with the present efficient bay service, there cannot be any doubt of Digby's popularity as a summer resort increasing."

Writing of Digby, Rev. Dr. Ambrose, the rector, says:

Toilers with brain or hand, lovers of nature, who seek relaxation and complete change of scene and circumstances, beyond the worry of sweltering cities, find the beauty, quiet and restfulness of Digby the very fulfilment of their imaginings.

"Far from the maddening noise of ignoble strife, yet most easy of access—not as yet invaded by those who carry and excite city extravagances, and earn free from those who make a prey of the fashionable, and destroy the charm of nature's choicest spots, it is no marvel that people of true refinement, be they rich or poor, look upon Digby as one of the choicest watering places of the maritime provinces."

The card of the Inch Arran hotel at Dalhousie, is also printed this week. Capt. C. C. Clapham is manager of the Inch Arran this season. He is well and favorably known in the upper provinces, and the former guests will be glad to learn that he returns this year with them.

Mr. Geo. D. Fuchs, the manager of last year, finds plenty to do looking after the Brunswick in Moncton.

Manager E. E. Phair of "The Beaches," has no idle hours on his hands at present, the preparation for guests by June 10 being carried on rapidly. In so short a time "The Beaches" has become wonderfully popular, in both lower and upper Canada, and a large number of city people will not fail to flock there. Progress will have an authoritative announcement next week, and ladies and gentlemen on the lookout for resting places in the warm weather, should get all the information they can of Richibucto and "The Beaches."

Progress is arranging for notes and news from all the summer resorts of the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the proprietors of the hotels will find it greatly to their interest to let the people know what they are doing and propose to do. Plans are being made abroad for the summer, and as the people who read Progress include all those who spend their vacation out of town, the proprietors of summer resort hotels will find it to their advantage to be in the "Summer resort column" of the paper. The arrivals of guests at such hotels will find a place in Progress' columns.

It Was Economically Managed.

The City Road Kill Time society met as usual this week, Perry Doxey in the chair.

Brother I. Samm, the kicker of the club, made his usual kicks. He believed the society was being mismanaged, and asked President Doxey if he had caught on to any crooked business.

President Doxey replied that the only crooked business he had "caught on" to was curve pitching when he played backstop for the Guzzlers.

Treasurer Huaks proposed that the name of the society be changed to "Chicago club," because they had the champion kicker in it.

Brother Samm said he didn't care whether they called him a kicker or not; he wanted information. He would like Treasurer Huaks to state how much money had been expended for coal, the past winter.

Treasurer Huaks said the club had been very economical in its expenditures. To save the price of cartage some of the members had carried the coal themselves, lumpy by lumpy. As to the price of the coal he referred kicker Samm to the I. C. R. company.

A vote of confidence was unanimously carried and after transacting some routine business the club adjourned.

PORTLAND.

A Delightful Trip Contemplated.

There is a strong probability that several of the lady teachers of the Victoria school will accompany Mr. and Mrs. George Hay to the Paris exposition. Among the names mentioned Progress hears those of Miss Bartlett, Miss Narraway, Miss Powers, Miss Edith Clarke and Miss Paddington, of St. Stephen. The trip would be a delightful one, and if some unexpected difficulties which have arisen over the steamer's dates of sailing can be arranged, the party will no doubt sail from New York in the early part of the vacation.

The Newboy and the Squire.

One of Progress' newboys thinks Squire Tapley a very funny man with no conception of business, whatever. The boy tried to sell the squire a Progress, but it was no use.

"I'm sorry for you, my boy," said the squire, "but I would like to see you better employed."

The boy has been looking for a better paying business ever since, but can't find it.

New patterns of Room Paper and Paper Blinds, very cheap, at Portland News Depot and branch store, Sydney Street.