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ST. JOHN, N. B.

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Resident Secretary.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

PROGRESS.

TO 25,000 READERS.

VOL. I., NO. 35.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

COL. JAMES DOMVILLE.

HERE IS SOMETHING MORE TO
PASTE IN YOUR SCRAP BOOK.

Don't be Afraid to Read It—It Ought to be
Rough on You, but It is Not—"Progress"
Continues to Keep Its Temper, and Vol-
unteers Some Advice Worth Heeding.

The compliments of the season to you,
Col. James Domville.

You didn't spend a very merry Christ-
mas, but that was your own fault.

Progress treated you very well last
week. It tried to deal with you as a
gentleman, so far as it could consistently
with a knowledge of your record.

It did not say that you were one, because
it was hampered by facts. It did not say
you were not one, because it believed the
public could judge for itself.

You know as well as anybody how much
it left unsaid which it might have said. If
you do not, almost any middle-aged citizen
of St. John can tell you.

Most men in your place would have felt
profoundly grateful. They would have had
enough to know when they were well
off. You, apparently, had not.

You had committed a treacherous and
unjustified assault on a man who had no
ill-will against you and had not intended to
do you any wrong. You were vain enough
to think that you had done something
smart. You believed some people who
told you so. Progress did not descend to
your level by resorting to abuse. You were
treated as leniently as circumstances would
permit.

It was hoped that the matter would end
there. It did not. You wanted more
blood, and you got it.

It came from your own nose. Samples
of it, dried and admirably preserved, can
be seen at the railway news stand.

Did you ever read *Vathek*?

Probably not, but it is a very good
story, and might have a moral for you. It
shows how a man can be so infatuated that
he persists in rushing to his own destruc-
tion.

You were not thinking of *Vathek* last
Monday afternoon.

If you had been, you would have made
a more presentable appearance on Christ-
mas day.

Do you remember what happened? As
you seemed somewhat dazed when the by-
standers rescued you, perhaps you do not
remember what happened.

You entered the news-room, where Mr.
Carter was. He was leaning over the
counter, writing. He did not see you, and
you knew it. You thought you would
sneak up behind him and hit him.

Don't you think that was a nice thing for
a man who calls himself colonel?

But you did not succeed. Mr. Carter
happened to turn just as you attempted
your valiant and prodigious feat. He was
surprised and pained. You were equally
surprised and much more pained when he
avoided your blow and hit you on the nose.
Your nose bled, colonel, and bled freely.

You did not like it. You can hardly be
blamed for that, but you should have
known when you had enough, and gone
away.

Xenophon, who was a military man, be-
came famous by a retreat. You might
have done likewise.

Instead of that you returned to the
charge. You tried to demolish Mr. Carter,
but you even failed to hit him. In the
meantime he landed another blow on your
face.

Finding that your tactics did not avail
you at arms-length, you prepared for a
catch-as-catch-can wrestle. You made a
wild and injudicious rush.

In doing so, you inserted your throat in
Mr. Carter's grasp and he ran you back-
ward until the show case checked your
motion. Then he bent your head downward
and backward until your body assumed the
form of a segment of a circle. Then he hit
you again.

While you were doubtless wishing for
night or Blucher, you were rescued by some
men who were near at hand. After that,
probably, you were conveyed to the rear
by an improvised ambulance corps.

You did not cover yourself with glory.
But you covered some valuable stationery
with blood, and broke the glass of a show
case. The news agent says the damage is
\$25.

You had better pay him for it.

Now, colonel, what do you think of your-
self? Don't you think we have had about
enough of this fooling?

What's it all about, anyway?

Progress, in aiming a blow at a public
misdoer, happened to mention your name.
You got mad about it. You objected to
the publicity given to your affairs.

You have helped the matter a great deal,
haven't you?

Don't you know that if you had kept
quiet only the readers of the original para-
graph would have known anything about
it? Don't you know that most of them
would have forgotten about it by this
time?

You are not now a person of such impor-
tance that the public cares to remember
your affairs.

But here is what you have done. You
have given yourself more notoriety than has
been given any St. John man since Pro-
gress was started. Your friends who lied
about the affair in the daily papers have
telegraphed accounts, less flattering to you,
all over Canada.

Everywhere that your name has gone,
it has been linked with the bucket shop.

That's how you've mended matters, and
you haven't scared Progress worth a cent.
You never will.

You whine about meddling with your
private affairs. Do you know what you
are talking about? Apparently not.

Do you suppose that our boys and girls are
private affairs are worth a straw to Progress,
except so far as they have a bearing on
matters of public interest. Do you sup-
pose that, if they were, Progress has not
material enough to dissect you morally in
a way in which you never yet have been
shown up? If you don't know this, your
friends, such as are left you, ought to tell
you of it.

But you are getting to be a little of a
nuisance when you become a brawler and
disorderly person. You must try to be-
have yourself a little better in public.

This is a law-abiding country, and the
publisher of Progress does not intend to
be worried and interrupted by you, even
if he does get the best of you.

It is time that you subside. The public
have had enough of you, and you have had
enough of Progress.

D. McArthur, 80 King Street, will con-
tinue the marked down sale.

ONCE MORE, FOR THE CIGARS.

Rich Rewards For Those Who Can Knock
Down the *Fahr's* Babbler.

Every evening, for this last week or so,
a very pronounced smell as of burning
straw has filled the air in the vicinity of the
north-side of King square. Many people
passing there have thought that some of
the livery stables were on fire; but they
were wrong. A "babble on the block"
show is in operation in that part of the
town. It is run on the "knock 'em down
once you get one cigar" plan. Hence the
smell. The place is generally well filled,
mostly with small boys, and everybody
smokes. The operator is called a fakir,
because his patrons don't know anything
else to call him. Yet the show is no fake.
Everybody has a chance to smell the cigars
before he "pays his money and throws
the balls." It is not a game of chance for
the operator. He gives three shots for
five cents and if one knocked down five
men with the three balls, and got a cigar
for every man, he couldn't possibly get
more than three cents' worth.

Every juvenile base ball club in town
has brought its pitcher forward to blaze at
the babies. The club usually goes home
sick. If the non-success of the pitcher
doesn't make it so, the cigars do.

All the nationalities are represented on
the "block," from a ghost to a negro. A
very small specimen of the latter race, left
his companions outside the door, the other
evening, while he went in to try his hand
to the extent of five cents. Somebody
told him to hit the nigger." The diminutive
African did so, and the crowd cheered
itself hoarse. He knocked over another
baby, and then went out and shared the
cigars with his young friends. Then they
all went away and got seasick. And he is
only one of many.

Largest assortment of New Year Cards
ever offered, at lowest prices. McArthur's
Bookstore, King Street.

Terror in the Country.

No city resident can form any idea of
the fear in the country of Thompson, the
Brintree murderer. The report that he
was loose in Kings county seemed to have
reached every household, and women and
children's faces blanched with fear at the
mention of his name. An old lady and her
grown up daughters, who had lived for
years in an out of the way place, near
Clifton, left their home and wouldn't re-
turn on any consideration. Children re-
fused to move outside the house after
nightfall in certain sections, and when they
did it was only upon the assurance that
some one would meet them on their return.
A representative of Progress, driving to
the city a few days ago, overtook a lady
who said she had promised to meet her son,
who feared meeting Thompson.

It is not unlikely that the Brintree
assassin would be more scared than flattered
by the sensation he created if he ever
visited that vicinity.

Politics and Penitence.

The local politicians will spend Lent in
Fredericton's next year. The assembly
opens on the Thursday after Ash Wednes-
day and it is not likely the legislators will
make the session last until Easter which
falls on April 21.

D. McArthur, Bookstore, 80 King
Street, continues the marked down sale of
Books, Fine Goods, Bibles, Albums, New
Year Cards, etc.

A VERY ODD BARGAIN.

A CHATHAM GIRL GIVES HERSELF
FOR A CANARY.

The Letter of a Twelve Year Old Boy—A
New Form of Grace—An Old Lady Who
Knows When to Buy Christmas Presents
—Odd and Curious Things.

This is a rapid age. We live, love, get
rich and die faster than our grandfathers
did and some of our boys and girls are
ahead of their parents. Here is a letter—
copied verbatim—written a few days ago
by a young St. John man who has attained
the mature age of twelve years, to a young
lady aged ten:

My dear ---: I was deeply grieved last
evening upon calling at your house, to hear
of your sudden illness, and to see by your
mother's face that it was of so serious a
nature.

I have been unable to close my eyes
all night thinking of your suffering and try-
ing to devise some means for your relief.
I wish I were a physician, love, for then
you would have the most devoted profes-
sional attendance. Are you better today?
I trust you are, and that you will soon be
quite well again.

Every hour is a year while we are separ-
ated, and I know that you are ill.

I am sure that you have every care and
attention, yet I long to be of some use.
Cannot I get you something, darling?

Will they let you have fruit, flowers,
books, anything? Command me, and let
me feel that I am of some use to you.
Longing to see you again.

I am most lovingly ever
T. G. H.

How Trinity Clock Kept Christmas.

It got drunk and became disorderly.

A long series of disreputable adventures
cultivated in a general "hurrah" and tear-
up, Monday night. When it ended, with
the barrel empty, the hands shook. They
should have been shaken long ago.

The clock didn't know Christmas had
come until the sexton happened along and
told it. On one side it indicated 25 min-
utes before 2; on another, 10 minutes past
6; on a third, 12 minutes after 3, and on
the fourth, half-past 10.

The clock will have to turn over a new
leaf and settle down to business, or it will
get itself dished. No man can rely on
what any one set of hands tells him, and
after he has consulted the four sides he
doesn't know whether it is his dinner hour
or time to go to bed.

Experiences Doct.

The landlady gave a china cup to the
parlor boarder's little girl, yesterday noon.
She set it on the mantel when she came in,
and after she had called the boarder's at-
tention and the two women had admired it
for a few minutes, the talk drifted into a
general discussion of Christmas gifts.

"I'll tell you the best way to buy," said
the landlady, confidentially. "Wait till a
day or two after Christmas, and you can
find lots of pretty things, a little broken or
soiled, that you can get for half-price."

Then the landlady took her departure,
and the favorite boarder, a prey to dark
suspicion, went over to the mantel and
lifted the china cup. There was a hole in
the bottom!

An Odd Bargain.

A Chatham gentleman who prides himself
upon being somewhat eccentric capped the
climax recently. He was to be married
and the girl was esteemed lucky as he is
the reputed owner of thousands in five
figures. One of his possessions was a
beautiful canary which couldn't be bought
for money. Another young girl of the
town walked into his place of business a
few days ago and took occasion to praise
the bird. This pleased its owner and he
said, "Now, what will you give me for the
bird?"

"Myself," was the ready reply.

"It's a bargain," was his answer.

They will be married January 9th.

A New Form of Grace.

An Episcopal clergyman not more than
20 miles from this city is credited with a
novel and original grace. At a children's
festival he was called upon to ask a blessing.
Standing at the head of the long table he
looked at two score bowed heads and after
a moment's silence said:

"Fire away and eat all you can."

Some of the staid matrons were scandal-
ized by the innovation but no formal com-
plaint has been made.

Horse, Her, It, Beast—Which?

John McGinn's horse, with short cart
attached, this afternoon backed over the
wharf and fell into Lovitt's slip. The tide
was nearly out at the time. As quickly as
possible the horse was untied and towed to
Lower Cove slip, where the beast was
taken ashore. The men had quite a time
towing her down, and when off Pettingall's
wharf, the horse turned over on its side.
The beast received no injury.—*St. John
Globe, Thursday.*

Sixty Nine News Boys.

As Progress news boys rushed for their
supply of papers last Saturday, their names
were taken for the use of those who propose
to give them a dinner New Years. There
were just 69 of them. But that's nothing.
To hear the King street merchants talk
about the number of calls they have every
Saturday, one would think there were
1069.

DON'T YOU THINK — ?

Words to Some of the St. Journalists Who
Are Not Newspaper Men.

Don't you think you are a pretty lot?
Don't you feel proud of the bright and
racy style in which you present the news
of the day—when you find it?

Don't you think you are worth just about
the salaries you get?

Don't you know as much about "journal-
ism" as you ever will know?

Don't you think that you are journalists,
in fact, and that in this country there are
more journalists than newspaper men?

Don't you feel proud of some of your
number? Don't you think that the man
who calls himself "the best all round jour-
nalist" is a beauty?

Don't you think that he ought to be glad
whenever a newspaper man is assaulted?
Don't you know he doesn't want to feel
lonely?

Don't you know that he once ran a
blackmailing sheet, which decent citizens
dared not take home to their families?

Don't you know that he used to threaten
with exposure men and women whose initials
alone he printed? Don't you think he
was a sneaking, contemptible blackguard,
when he did this?

Don't you know that he once assailed
the moral character of a man's wife in his
blackmailing sheet, and that he was sound-
ly and publicly horsewhipped by the in-
censed husband?

Don't you know that though he was a
good deal bigger than his assailant, he
showed himself as big a coward as he was
a blackguard? Don't you know that he
had not the pluck to defend himself, but
took his whipping as a dog would take it?

Don't you know that the universal ver-
dict was, "Served him right?"

Don't you know that finally some decent
citizens emptied the miserable contents of
his office in the street, and that they would
have pitched him out too, if he had not
kept out of their way?

Don't you think he is a fine addition to
your ranks?

Some of you can lie pretty near as well
as he can, but you have your masters,
and have not the control of a stock of type
which has never been paid for? Don't you
wish you were free?

Don't you think, before you aspire to be
journalists, you had better put your heads
in soap, and learn how to write a news
item according to facts? Don't you think
it would pay you, whether you are a hired
police reporter or a hired editorial writer
who never had the experience of a news-
paper man?

Try this, also.

Don't you think that you have all got a
good deal to learn, and that your educa-
tion will be hastened after you rid your-
selves of childish jealousy of Progress.

If you don't think so, Progress does.
So does the level-headed public.

Bargains in every line of New Year Cards,
Booklets, etc., at McArthur's, 80 King
Street.

Hail, Hail, the Happy Day.

Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsum. The happy day has
come.

Rejoinder. He has finished his seven-mile
long rejoinder. The last of his copy has
been in type in the *Globe* office for several
days, waiting for a chance to be shoved in-
to the form.

Father Davenport will reply, but not at
such remarkable length; but that will not
end the light.

Mr. Ogilby has claimed the right to re-
ply and will get it. But he must confine
himself to one column of type.

Then Father Davenport will be allowed
just one column for his reply. There, the
Globe and the public hope, the matter will
end.

This is good news. It is great news.
Some people have thought the fight was to
continue forever.

Hail, happy day—when it comes.

Among the prettiest calendars received
this year are those sent out by the St.
Croix Soap company, of St. Stephen. The
lithographed portions are really works of
art.

The Temperance and General Life Insur-
ance company distributes a calendar through
its agent, Mr. E. R. Machum.

The Royal Insurance company, repre-
sented by Mr. J. Sidney Kaye, takes much
pains with its advertising literature and
the result is a handsome and convenient
calendar and an almanac, which should be
a welcome visitor anywhere.

Wide Awake's pocket calendar wishing
that 1889 may be a Happy New Year, is
convenient for reference and quite unique
in its way.

Don't Get Left.

The winter arrangement of the New
Brunswick railway goes into effect on Mon-
day, the 1st inst. The principal changes
in the time were first noted in Saturday's
Progress. Travellers should look out,
especially for the change in the departure
time of the afternoon express for Frederic-
ton and local points. It leaves at 4.10
local time, or one hour and ten minutes
earlier than the present arrangement.

WARDEN FOSTER'S WAY.

IT SEEMS TO BE ONE CAPABLE OF
SOME IMPROVEMENT.

A Big and Expensive Institution of Which
the Public Know Nothing, but Suspects
Much—Mysteries Not Yet Explained—
Some Facts About the Fire.

What is the matter with the Maritime
Penitentiary?

Nothing, perhaps, but there is an air of
mystery about it which is apt to give rise
to suspicion. The people would like more
light on the subject. They pay for it.

But they can't get the information.
When John B. Foster became warden he
informed the employees that the first man
that told an outsider a word of what went
on in the prison would be at once dis-
charged. All the political friends he had
wouldn't save him, added the warden.

Considering that Mr. Foster was himself
appointed purely through Nova Scotia in-
fluence, and not because he had either ex-
perience or special fitness, the latter part
of his remarks was in exceedingly bad
taste.

His words had their effect, however. It
is hard to find out what goes on within the
enclosure. Even former employees who
are no longer under the warden's control
refuse to talk. Even John E. Turnbull,
who was treated rather shabbily, and who
ought to come forward and explain, refuses
to be interviewed by Progress.

Only, once in a while, something happens
which nobody understands and which is
never explained.

Once in a while a prisoner escapes.
This may happen in any prison, and it
happens fairly often at Dorchester. Some-
times they catch the runaway. Sometimes
they don't.

They never caught Bell, the burglar, who
got away a year or so ago, nor has it ever
been explained why he got away. The
circumstances of his flight are rather inter-
esting.

The warden, with a view of pleasing
some of his friends at Dorchester corner,
had devised a grand amateur variety show,
in which the prisoners were to be the per-
formers. Costumes were made for them
in the prison tailor shop, and these cos-
tumes, with other material, were kept in
an unlocked cell. There was also a quan-
tity of stout jean or duck, to which a
prisoner so disposed could have access.

Bell was so disposed, and he took enough
to make a belt twelve feet long. This he
wound round his body, where its flatness
prevented detection by any superficial ex-
amination. In his intervals of spare time,
while he and others had the liberty of the
corridors, he investigated the lock of the
tank-room door, on the fourth story, and
made a key to fit it. Bell, though known
to be skilful at a "break," had time and
opportunity to do all this. He was so care-
less about it that it became known he had
a key, and the warden was told of it. Never-
theless, the key was not found, nor does
Bell appear to have been more closely
watched.

One night, after rehearsal of the amateur
minstrel troupe, Bell quietly walked up to
the tank-room, unlocked the door with the
key he had made, raised the window,
descended from story to story by the belt
he had carried, and escaped. All this
must have taken time, but every other
prisoner was locked in the cells before
Bell