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PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ROSES ARE CHAMPIONS.

UPS AND DOWNS OF THE NORTH ENDERS AND THE ALERTS.

Now Pitcher Kennedy is out of town without paying his board—Rose's Pitcher Averted Him—An Athletic Police Officer Carries his Vial.

With the exception of the short schedule of games to be played between the Roses and Fredericton Tartars for the championship of New Brunswick the baseball season in this part of the world is over. And what a season it has been surely!

Starting out in the usual unsensational hum-drum way it livened up to blood heat excitement, then lulled for a few weeks and finally finished with a flash in which the local champions redeem their laurels and take fresh hold on the prime position, when pretty nearly every body was contemplating their utter demoralization.

The unexpected thus happened once more and by a swift turn of capricious fortune and a little additional "starboring" on the part of the North End team, the brilliant coasted Alerts and their idol Kennedy were routed and victory perched once more on the banners of the lads from the northern end of town.

Peter Mahoney's silver cup will not adorn the headquarters of Manager Shaffer's players, but safe in the treasure house of the navy blues will it gracefully repose,—the result of the series of twenty games ending in the Rose's favor 10 to 4.

One other game should have been played, but the Alerts fully disheartened by the carelessness of some of their number in the 29 to 3 game threw up the sponge with disgust. And nobody blamed them for it.

It was a disgraceful game on their part and lucky was it for pitcher Kennedy that it was so near the close, for had he play "baby" baseball like that of the game in question earlier in the season he would certainly have received a dozen or more free tickets right back to his American home, and by his personal admirers too.

Catcher Harry Jope was not only a gentleman but a reliable baseballist and despite the fact that he was relegated to the benches for several weeks through a regretted accident he lost none of his popularity, and diamond game prestige.

The Alerts were greatly stimulated by him, and the same cannot be said of pitcher Kennedy. However this latter player's finale in St. John eradicated the good impressions he made and which in a measure affects the whole team.

Mr. Kennedy when he came to this town was looked upon as a veritable wonder, a passport to championship for the Alerts, who at that time were sliding fast on the slippery slope. He came, he saw the crowds, he heard their plaudits and for a time he conquered. Then the natural consequences of being lionized became apparent in him. His hat absolutely refused to encircle his massive brow and the gapings of the small open mouthed boy seemed to please him when he strode along the street.

He gave the Alerts a lot of new ideas, pitched good ball for a long while, made an unending list of heart conquests with fair bleacherites and had a good time generally. Of evenings not infrequently he would be with "the boys" and yet he hoped to keep in prime condition.

His coup de theatre was his game with the Portlands in which he pitched against the Montserratians and his coup de "hotel" was when he, assisted by pitcher Callahan of the Roses, extracted his valise from his King Square boarding house early last Sunday morning and got away Monday considerably in pocket through an unpaid board bill.

It was only twelve dollars, but for a \$65 a month man it was a small piece of business.

A funny thing occurred during the valise securing operation. A popular police officer whose beat includes King Square and who admired very much Mr. Kennedy and the razzle-dazzle of his curves, happened along. The "glad hand" was extended all round and the coveted valise was borne in a triendly spirit for quite a distance by the enthusiastic cop.

But Kennedy is a thing of the past in St. John for according to his own say he needs intends to play in a place like this again. Doubtless he meant St. John was too small for the proper appreciation of his

abilities, but yet another meaning, and a more fitting one too, can be taken from this remark. The Alerts are an honest-hearted and fair-playing team and next year will have the best in the market, yes even a better than Kennedy.

Drawing attention to the champions we find them also with their ups and downs, their "weird wonderful wanderings" and their "many merry mishaps"—Nid and Nod or the Evil Eve had nothing to do with it however. Early in the baseball year they annihilated their rivals the Alerts at almost every meeting. Then Kennedy came to buoy up the reds and McLeod left the Roses to try his fortunes in the west.

The Alerts procured Jope to catch and O'Neil went to the States and joined the Worcester League, leaving the Roses worse off than ever.

However, unequal warfare was waged gamely enough by the North Enders and the reds procured most of the plums.

But O'Neil came back and with the aid of pitcher Callahan of Maine the Roses sought to decide the championship question, which they did to their advantage, fully regaining their old time prestige and popularity.

It is the home boys are successful in their present contest with the Tartars a right royal testimonial is due them for their game-ness and perseverance.

All through the summer the people of St. John have been treated to baseball in all its phases—professional, amateur, good, bad and indifferent. The Montreal and Portland games were the rarest treats local diamond followers ever witnessed, the contests between local teams and Maine aggregations were also enlivening, while any matches with Tartars never failed to prove "big houses."

Manager "Dollar" Armstrong of the Victoria Grounds used his keen foresight to advantage when he leased the ball grounds on Marsh Bridge, and undoubtedly withdrew with a wad. The supplies saved well financially and certainly the members of the local teams are dressing unusually well, despite the fact that the imported man got pretty good pay.

In all St. John took one big step this year toward professional base ball pure and simple, and it is hard to tell what 1900 will produce in that line of sport.

Where are all the old pigskin chasers? and what has become of that new school of enthusiasts? Let the boys get together and see if the Winter Port city can't at least draw even with the striped-Wandersers just once more for luck!

It seems a pity that St. John cannot put up a good aggressive football team for the fall's campaign.

Fredericton is preparing a doughy comment in relation to cope with all comers and it has not been so far back that we cannot remember the glorious gridiron victories which used to fall to St. John's lot.

HAPPINESS WAS BREED. A Story of Domestic Trouble as Told by the Wronged Husband.

Not so very long ago a crowd of young fellows on the lookout for fun would gather nightly on Union street near Waterloo and watch the love making of a newly married pair, who were not at all backward about parading their affection for each other, near a window in full view of the admiring crowd below. A peculiarity of the affair was the discrepancy in the ages of the bride and groom, for while the latter was of a very youthful appearance, in fact was little more than a boy, the fair bride had long ago passed her first youth, in fact had two daughters who must have been near the age of the boy husband. The love making went on apace for a little while; their was no cloud in the sky of the newly married pair and the serpent which is popularly supposed to exist in every Eden was nowhere visible. He was around though and if the story told by the sometimes happy groom is all correct he existed in the person of a well known young fellow employed in a grocery in the immediate neighborhood of the centre of the domestic hurricane. In fact the lady's speciality seemed to be widowers, and young ones at that for the grocery man was also a mourning widower when he met his fair innamorata.

The real trouble began last April when the husband had his eyes severely injured while at work. For a time it was thought he would lose the sight entirely, but while one eye was rendered sightless by the accident the other came out all right. It was during the time he was laid off work that

his wife took it into her head to visit relatives, and she spent most of the summer with them here and elsewhere.

Now the husband would not have objected to any little peculiarities on his wife's part, such as smacking in his head with a poker, but when his step daughter attempted the same little pleasantries, he strongly objected and a free fight ensued.

After this there was more or less, chiefly more coolness, among the members of the family, and here is where the grocery man came in, constituting himself the wifes champion. The climax was reached last week when the lady and the other man quietly eloped and now the husband mourns his wrongs.

He tells, too, blood curdling stories of assaults by other members of his wife's family and firmly believes there was at one time a deep dark plot to deprive him of his life. He is still very much alive though and anxious for revenge upon the destroyers of his peace.

THEY MUST PAY DUTY. A new Ruling in Regard to the Seal Sacque Question.

With unflinching regularity the seal skin sacque and how it may be got across the border comes up about this time every year and in this connection it may be valuable to the ladies to know that the treasury department at Washington has made a ruling of interest to all who contemplate a trip across the border wearing a seal sacque, concerning the importation of that garment.

Whether the officers are more lax in their duties in summer or not is not known, but certain it is that at least twelve seal sacques went into the United States at St. John this summer without any fuss or delay whatever. The garments were purchased here by visiting ladies who seemed not at all afraid of the consequences.

The following list has now gone forth from Washington: Seal skin sacques cannot be brought into the United States as wearing apparel prior to October 1st without payment of full duty, but after that date, in ordinary baggage, they will be exempt from duty to the extent of \$100. In excess of \$100 a duty of 35 per cent. ad valorem will be levied upon the amount in excess, unless there should be other foreign made wearing apparel in the passenger's baggage, in which case he or she will be permitted to elect the articles to be included in the \$100 exemption. Tourists will also be compelled to satisfy the collector that the skins of which the garments are composed were not taken in the North Pacific ocean by poachers.

Realistic Pictures Indeed. A country couple caused much merriment in front of Charles Lamontagne's cinematograph or free moving picture show at the corner of German and King streets on Thursday night. One of the films shown was that of the New York fire department turning out to a blizzard. The pictures showed the crowds running and general excitement. Presently a three horse fire engine came tearing down the curtain directly for the crowd.

The real spectators arm and arm and open-mouthed were in a front row "seat" They fled in consternation about as the horses were plunged off the white sheet into the crowd! It was a very funny piece of realistic pantomime and everybody laughed.

High Sign Musical Bank. Tuesday evening, October 10th, the Williams Concert Band will serve to the public another of these delightful musical menus. This aggregation of first class musicians has been in active rehearsal for several weeks and have the best programs they have ever given. Popular music will be distributed among the higher class numbers in greater profusion than ever, and there need be no fear of a tiresome evening of long classical pieces. Several musical novelties will be introduced and solists and elocutionists of note will participate.

Got Off For Easy. Charles deWitt of Fredericton who beat his little step-child to death a few weeks ago was this week sentenced to ten years in Dorchester for his revolting cruelty to the little helpless girl of three years. Many are loud in their expressions of belief that the sentence was altogether too light and that a heavier one should have been imposed upon the fiend when ungovernable temper was the cause of so much suffering to his step-children.

IN THE SYLVAN SHADES

OF ROCKWOOD THERE ARE MANY BIZARRE HAPPENINGS.

Some Grievous Things That Have Taken Place There During the Summer—What An American Tourist Thinks of the dog Epilepsy—and Mr. Hanington.

As a favorite place for an unanny happenings Rockwood Park is gaining an unenviable notoriety, and just why people should select that sylvan spot when they are about to distinguish themselves in any special way is hard to understand. The number of children that make a point of losing themselves daily is legion but as they always turn up safe and sound there is no harm done. During the past summer the unsavory events have been unusually large and if those in authority were half as prompt in looking after suspicious characters and loiterers in the park at unsavory hours as they are in cruelly treating and shooting harmless little dogs there would be no cause for the unique threat uttered by a mother a few weeks ago to a disobedient child, "If you're not careful what you're about I'll take you out to the park and give you there." Just what the unknown horrors attached to Rockwood were, was not explained but they were sufficient to bring the unruly youngster to a better frame of mind. This may open up new possibilities in the way of punishment as it has all the virtues of originality.

Kitty McCrink who has been for years a familiar figure on the streets, a little old woman who always wore a shawl summer and winter, who was never seen without a basket, wandered out to the Park last Friday and whether she had any intention of shuffling off or not she nearly did so. She was found late in the afternoon in an unconscious condition and was taken to the hospital. She is now on the high road to recovery. A lamentable case was that of Mrs. Manning of Wall street who during a fit of mental aberration this week wandered from her home and committed suicide by drowning herself in Lily Lake.

It is just a month since Minnie Graham's infant was found dead in the Park and the girl is now awaiting her trial on a very serious charge. A letter signed "American Tourist" has reached this office and deals with an incident of two weeks ago when Mr. A. H. Hanington shot a little dog which had accompanied its mistress on an outing and which was not doing any harm. The writer characterizes the affair as one of the most brutal, cowardly and unchristian acts he has ever witnessed and expresses the belief that in no other city on the continent would such a thing have been possible.

It is positively asserted that the little creature was most cruelly treated. Secretary Wetmore of the S. P. C. A. called upon Mr. Hanington during the week, and it is said that his reception was not quite so courteous as it might have been. Mr. Wetmore has yet to be heard from.

NOT VERY NEIGHBORLY. A Citizen Who Succeeds in Annoying a Neighbor.

A citizen who has after many long weeks succeeded in having his brownstone house finished on Leinster street has gained everything but favorable comment by his action in erecting an unusually high backyard fence which completely smothers the view of a bay window in a humble cottage being finished on the street adjoining. Even the light is excluded by the fence, which is only about a foot from the smaller house. Its hard to believe the dignity of the castle like brownstones would be much affected if the pretty little house next door were allowed to enjoy the usual privileges of light and view.

A Misplaced Out. Marriage has long been the mark at which the cynic and the joker have aimed their arrows of sarcasm and fun but a local evening paper perpetrated unconsciously of course, a joke the other day that threw most of the others into the shade. It was an innocent old lady who used to supply as a wedding present some nicely worked religious mottoes for the new home of her young married friends conspicuous among which was the suggestive one "Fight on, Fight ever," but the paper in question went one better and those who read the advertisements on its third page last Wednesday evening were startled to find among them one which was illustrated with a formidable looking wife and un-favorable wife and the assurance that it was the

very thing for a wedding present. The rifle belonged to an advertisement lower down but its misplacement was the source of much merriment.

FAVOR BEDFORD BASIN. Mark Lynch Will Not Row on the Kennebecasis.

Just when local sportsmen were anticipating a good and exciting match between Mark Lynch and Harry Vail, the announcement is made that unless the contest takes place on Bedford Basin it will not take place at all. Just what Lynch's objections are to rowing on the Kennebecasis is not known, but it seems a pity that an event of so much general interest should be called off for some unexplained whim. When Vail's manager Mr. Harry Ervine visited Halifax a few days ago it was thought that the matter had been definitely settled, Lynch's backer and manager stated that he would back Lynch to row Vail for \$300 a week and said that in all probability the race would take place in New Brunswick waters. Now Mr. Gough is out with the ultimatum that it must take place on Bedford Basin. It is almost time St. John had its turn for all recent races have taken place in Halifax. Just how the affair will end is a question and meantime all negotiations and plans are at a stand still.

IT WASN'T BLAIR. A York Point Laborer's Mistake and Anger.

A tall dignified looking Customs House official was on Wednesday last viewing very interestedly from a point of vantage the I. B. R. terminal works. A stranger would have thought him one of the contractors or even a government official—indeed this is what he was mistaken for by one of St. John's own residents, a man of the working class looking for a job. Accosting a passerby—the humble toiler says, "See here young man is that Blair? Fond of a joke the pediculator answered in the affirmative. With much bowing and scraping the custom official was approached and before he had time to explain his identity the laborer had showed his allegiance to Liberals great and small and after explaining his political history for the past half century, he struck for work. A few seconds later the practical joker from behind the corner saw the laborer scanning the horizon with red stuff in his eyes and a brick in his hand.

It Belongs to the Government. It would naturally be supposed that any fines extracted for smuggling and attempting to cheat the government of a country would go into the country's coffers but when one Todd of St. Stephen and George Joseph of this city paid over \$125 recently for their juggling with dutiable articles the money went into the city treasury. That is why H. A. McKeown M. P. P. special officer John T. Kelly made a call upon the Police Magistrate this week and requested a return of that \$125 which the inland revenue department has decided properly belongs to the government.

He Backed Out. The local Y. M. C. A. people have a good solid grievance against Dr. H. M. Crittenden of Haverhill, Mass., who it was fully expected would have had charge of the physical department for the next year. The doctor got a free trip to St. John and all his expenses paid by the local branch last summer and doubtless doesn't trouble himself with the opinion's that are being expressed regarding his dishonorable action. He alleges a reason for changing his mind that a better opening has presented itself and he has secured something more than the \$800 offered him here.

The Halifax Fair. The N. S. Provincial exhibition opened in Halifax last Saturday and though the weather has been at loggerheads with the management the attendance has come up to a good figure. Thursday was the first day since the opening of the fair and the attendance was very large indeed. Those who have visited the sister city say the exhibition is a good one, and regret the unfavorable weather which has so materially affected its success.

Popular Brother Married. Harold, better known as "Chip" Olive, the Prince William street Customs broker and ex-baseballist was married this week to Miss Boatley of West End. St. John holds few young citizens more popular than Mr. Olive, not only in a social way, but in business and in sporting circles and good wishes are made for his future happiness.