# PROGRESS.

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samer at

VERY ODD BARGAIN.

A CHATHAM GIRL GIVES HERSELF

FOR A CANARY.

The Letter of a Twelve Year Old Boy-A

-Odd and Curious Things.

New Form of Grace-An Old Lady Who

Knows When to Buy Christmas Presents

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

My dear ---: I was deeply grieved last

mother's face that it was of so serious a

I have been unable to close my eyes

all night thinking of your suffering and try-

ing to devise some means for your relief.

wish I were a physician, love, for then

you would have the most devoted profes-

sional attendance. Are you better today i

I trust you are, and that you will soon be

Every hour is a year while we are separ

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.

I am most lovingly ever

How Trinity Clock Kept Christmas.

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.

It got drunk and became disorderly.

T. G. H.

ated, and I knew that you are ill.

Longing to see you again

nature.

quite well again.

# VOL. I., NO. 35.

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

# COL. JAMES DOMVILLE.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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 Volunteers Some Advice Worth Heeding.

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

You didn't spend a very merry Christmas, 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 wit enough to know when they were well off. You, apparently, had not.

You had committed a treacherous and unjustifiable 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

You are not now a person of such importance that the public cares to remember your affairs. But here is what you have done. You

hanna hanna

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 lady aged ten : private affairs. Do you know what you are talking about? Apparently not.

Do you suppose that you and your private affairs are worth a straw to PROGRESS, except so far as they have a bearing on matters of public interest. Do you suppose 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 behave 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 continue the marked down sale.

ONCE MORE, FOR THE CIGARS.

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 "journalism" 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 jourevening upon calling at your house, to hear nalist" is a beauty?

of your sudden illness, and to see by your 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 soundly and publicly horsewhipped by the incensed husband?

Don't you know that though he was : 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?"

# WARDEN FOSTER'S WAY.

### IT SEEMS TO BE ONE CAPABLE O. 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 It was then about 10.30 o'clock. 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 discharged. All the political friends he had wouldn't save him, added the warden. Considering that Mr. Foster was himself appointed purely through Nova Scotia influence, and not because he had either ex-

of his remarks was in exceedingly bad

His words had their effect, however. It is hard to find out what goes on within the 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. happens fairly often at Dorchester. Sometimes they catch the runaway. Sometimes they don't.

PRICE THREE CEN TS.

TO 25,000 READERS.

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the fire was discovered. It was never intended that these doors should be shut every night as a matter of form, or to prevent the keeper seeing who went in and out of the officials' apartments.

However, they were shut, and no one knew anything of the fire until the alarm was given by a hired girl, who was awakened by the flames and jumped from the window.

The fire had started on the floor below. It had worked its way up 13 feet and burned through a flooring of inch and a half spruce. It had spread beyond the rooms on the floor below and the stairs were on fire. This must have taken no little time, if the fire came from sparks of a pipe, and it would require some time even if it had been caused by the explosion of a lamp. which is not believed probable. The windows are in sight of the outer gate where a man is on duty-mutil-10 o'clock, and he saw nothing of the bre-when he left his post at that hour.

And here coines a very singular phase of perience or special fitness, the latter part the affair. After the girl was discovered and found to be hurt, Dr. Church arrived

from Dorchester corner. It took time to reach the prison, and he at once gave his attention to the girl's injuries. All this enclosure. Even former employees who time Mr. and Mrs. Keefe were lying are no longer under the warden's control insensible in their apartments. Their chances of recovery were diminishing every second, yet no attempt was made to rescue them; Why?

Because, incredible as it may seem, it was "thought" they were not there. Someone "thought" they had gone to Memramcook. The warden seems to have "thought" so with the rest. In a penal institution This may happen in any prison, and it where the presence or absence of every official should be known to some responsible person, there was nothing known as to whether the deputy warden was there or in

of it, dried and admirably preserved, can be seen at the railway news stand.

### Did vou 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 destruction.

You were not thinking of Vathek last Monday afternoon.

If you had been, you would have made a more presentable appearance on Christmas day.

Do you remember what happened? As you seemed somewhat dazed when the byestanders rescued you, perhaps you do not PROGRESS can tell you.

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.

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, became 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 ward until the show case checked your

While you were doubtless wishing for hight or Blucher, you were rescued by some

You did not cover yourself with glory. nightfall in certain sections, and when they plaint has been made. But you covered some valuable stationery did it was only upon the assurance that Horse, Her, It, Beast-Which? with blood, and broke the glass of a show some one would meet them on their return. John McGinn's horse, with short cart case. The news agent says the damage is A representative of PROGRESS, driving to ented by Mr. J. Sidney Kaye, takes attached, this afternoon backed over the the city a few days ago, overtook a lady pains with its advertising literature and wharf and fell into Lovitt's slip. The tide You had better pay him for it. who said she had promised to meet her son the result is a handsome and convenient was nearly out at the time. As quickly as Now, colonel, what do you think of yourwho feared meeting Thompson. calendar and an almanac, which should be possible the horse was untackled and towed self? Don't you think we have had about It is not unlikely that the Braintree a welcome visitor anywhere. to Lower Cove slip, where the beast was enough of this fooling? assassin would be more scared than flattered Wide Awake's pocket calendar wishing taken ashore. The men had quite a time towing her down, and when off Pettingall's What's it all about, anyway? that 1889 may be a Happy New Year, is by the sensation he created if he ever convenient for reference and quite unique PROGRESS, in aiming a blow at a public wharf, the horse turned over on its side. visited that vicinity. in its way. uisance, happened to mention your name. The beast received no injury .- St. John Politics and Penitence. You got mad about it. You objected to Globe, Thursday. Don't Get Left. The local politicians will spend Lent in the publicity given to your affairs. Sixty Nine News Boys. The winter arrangement of the New Fredericton next year. The assembly You have helped the matter a great deal, Brunswick railway goes into effect on Mon-As PROGRESS news boys rushed for their opens on the Thursday after Ash Wedneshaven't you? day, the 31st inst. The principal changes supply of papers Last Saturday, their names day and it is not likely the legislators will Don't you know that if you had kept in the time were first noted in Saturday's were taken for the use of those who propose make the session last until Easter which quiet only the readers of the original parato give them a dinner New Years. There PROGRESS. Travellers should look out, falls on April 21. graph would have known anything about were just 69 of them. But that's nothing. it? Don't you know that most of them To hear the King street merchants talk R. D. McArthur, Bookseller, 80 King about the number of calls they have every Saturday, one would think there were would have forgotten about it by this Street, continues the marked down sale of Books, Plush Goods, Bibles, Albums, New time P

Rich Rewards For Those Who Can Knock Down the Fakir's Babies.

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 "babies 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 cig-

ars 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

Don't you think that was a nice thing for men with the three balls, and got a cigar 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 dimunitive 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 Mr. Carter's grasp and he ran you backthe fear in the country of Thompson, the A New Form of Grace. Braintree murderer. The report that he An Episcopal clergyman not more than motion. Then he bent your head downward was loose in Kings county seemed to have continue forever. 20 miles from this city is credited with a and backward until your body assumed the reached every household, and women and novel and original grace. At a children's form of a segment of a circle. Then he hit children's faces blanched with fear at the festival he was called upon to ask a blessing. you again. mention of his name. An old lady and her Standing at the head of the long table he grown up daughters, who had lived for looked at two score bowed heads and after years in an out of the way place, near moment's silence said : men who were near at hand. After that, Clifton, left their home and wouldn't re-"Fire away and eat all you can." probably, you were conveyed to the rear turn on any consideration. Children re-Some of the staid matrons were scandalart. by an improvised ambulance corps. fused to move outside the house after zed by the innovation but no formal com-

The clock didn't know Christmas had come until the sexton happened along and told it. On one side it indicated 25 minutes before 2; on another, 10 minutes past 6: on a third, 12 minutes after 3, and on kept out of their way? 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 dishked. 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.

### Experientia Docet.

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 tew 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 for every man, he couldn't possibly get 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.

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Year Cards, etc.

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

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 soak, 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 newspaper man?

Try this, also.

Don't you think that you have all got a good deal to learn, and that your education will be hastened after you rid yourselves of childish jealousy of PROGRESS. If you don't think so. PROGRESS does. And 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.

Ipse, Ipsa, Ipsum. The happy day has

Mr. Quigley 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 into the form.

Father Davenport will reply, but not at such remarkable length : but that will not end the fight.

Mr. Quigley has claimed the right to reply 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

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

### Hail, happy day-when it comes.

### Blown in by the Wind.

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

The Temperance and General Life Insurance company distributes a calender through its agent, Mr. E. R. Machum.

The Royal Insurance company, repres-

They never caught Bell, the burglar, who another part of the county. got away a year or so ago, nor has it ever been explained why he got away. The esting.

The warden, with a view of pleasing usual verdict returned. some of his friends at Dorchester corner, had devised a grand amateur variety show, in which the prisoners were to be the performers. Costumes were made for them in the prison tailor shop, and these cos-

tity of stout jean or duck, to which a prisoner so disposed could have access. Bell was so disposed, and he took enough Foster from Ottawa for that purpose. Mr. to make a belt twelve feet long. This he wound round his body, where its flatness a nice holiday trip for him. He is not a prevented detection by any superficial examination. In his intervals of spare time, He has had the duty of auditing the latter's while he and others had the liberty of the accounts, and while thus acting, he has corridors, he investigated the lock of the allowed himself to be the guest of the man tank-room door, on the fourth story, and whose acts he was to report upon. He made a key to fit it. Bell, though known was sent down to investigate the fire, and to be skilful at a "break," had time and that, probably, is the last that the public opportunity to do all this. He was so careless about it that it became known he had a key, and the warden was told of it. Nevertheless, the key was not found, nor does Bell appear to have been more closely

One night, after rehearsal of the amateur ministrel 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 citizen of St. John, in June, his constitu-Bell's absence was noted. Then it was supposed that he had gone down to the are not in their line, and they have postkitchen to get something to eat, and another convict was sent down there to look after him. He took his time, and when at line will die out very soon. No one has last he returned, it began to be suspected | the remotest idea but that the Canadian that Bell had escaped. The open door of Pacific will do what it thinks is best for its the tank-room told the rest of the story. It was then about 10 o'clock at night. One would have supposed that the alarm people. bell would have been rung and the cannon fired to notify the people in the surrounding country to look out for an escaped Mayor Hazen retired : J. B. Gunter, prisoner. Nothing of the kind was done. Officials were sent out quietly, but naturally enough they didn't find Bell. He has not been found to this day.

But why bring up this case, which happened some time ago?

there is believed to be now, an absence of isn't much doubt that the chair was ready system in the management of a very im- for him. Hard as it is upon the Celestial portant public institution. The reasons for citizens, their recent action gives outsiders this belief are found in the recent deaths of the idea that there is a paucity of men Deputy Warden Keefe and Mrs. Keefe. The deputy warden's apartments are in the front of the building. The entrance to the prison proper is beyond them. It would be supposed that the keeper on duty in the corridors would, in the course of his rounds, be the first to discover a fire. That he did not, is due to the fact that sight, smell or hearing were alike prevented by solid iron doors. These doors are of boiler iron, and they were put there not for security, but to prevent the spread of fire. They can be shut very quickly and are not locked. The idea was that if a fire attained headway in the front of the building they could then be closed and isolate the prison portion.

When Mr. and Mrs. Keefe were found, it was too late to save their lives. An circumstances of his flight are rather inter- inquest was held-two inquests, in fact, though only one was needed-and the

A country coroner's inquest, as a rule, is worse than a farce, because it costs money. In a district where there are several coroners anxious to have the penitentiary "business," it could not be extumes, with other material, were kept in pected that it would be an investigation, an unlocked cell. There was also a quan- and it was not.

But the department of justice decided to "investigate" it; and sent George L. Foster is an old St. John boy, and it was stranger to Dorchester and the warden. will hear of it.

It is not enough to satisfy the public

A GOOD FIGHT SPOILED.

### Fredericton Mayoralty and What Might Have Happened.

Fredericton was in a fair way, a few days ago, to find itself mayorless for 1889. Not that such an event was likely, but the outlook wasn't very cheering to citizens with an interest in their prosperous town. Now that Mayor Hazen will continue in the chief magistrate's chair until he becomes a ents seem happy and contented. Changes poned this as long as possible.

The spasmodic agitation over the Short own interests, and generally speaking, the best interests of a railway are those of the

Apropos of the mayoralty, however, there were three probable candidates had George F. Gregory and Harry Beckwith. The people didn't take kindly to any one of them, and I fancy that was the truer reason why the present gentleman was asked to continue. Not that he does not merit the honor, but had a good man been Simply to show that there was then, as ready and willing for the office, there

watched.

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. among them. fitted to preside over the council. "Disinclination" would perhaps

express it better. But a good fight has been spoiled. Had Gunter and Beckwith and Gregory been in the field, there would have been no end of fun. Gunter is original, and has been an alderman. Beckwith is an aristocrat, but yet a good fellow, and Gregory-well, PROGRESS has had something to say about

him before ... Mr. Gunter is an insurance agent and they say very persevering and successful.

When he wants to protect a man's life he usually gets the policy. Mr. Beckwith is building an elegant residence down town and between the hours of inspection he drives around town in a handsome turnout with a colored foot-

Mr. Gregory hasn't any colored footman, There would be ample time to do that when | but he is the reputed editor of the Gleaner.