

# PROGRESS.

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## OUR BOYS IN NEW YORK

HOLD POSITIONS OF TRUST AND ARE GETTING RICH.

Power, Murphy, Quinn, Fielders et al.—The Last of Cora Lee—Goldwin Smith and His Tongue—More About Annexation—Persons and Projects in Gotham.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]  
NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—The sensation created by Cora Lee has collapsed. All our sympathy for the unfortunate girl has vanished. She is no longer held in the House of Detention as a witness against the notorious Carrie Baker. She is back again in the very hell from which she professed less than a week ago such a delight at being freed.

How was it done? There was too much money behind the House of All Nations; there were too many men in high places who had to be shielded. She succumbed to entreaties. She accepted bail for her appearance, and here the case ends. All her professions of reformation have been cast to the winds, and she is back at her old life of sin and shame. Her harrowing tale, I have now good reason to believe, was a sham—not that part of it concerning the orgies in which she was obliged to take part—but that portion which related to her being entrapped into the place. I have taken some pains to find out her history, and have discovered that before she went to the notorious Thirty-second street house she was the principal attraction in a low concert dive at Harlem. There she fell in with Blanche Marsden, the worst woman upon whom the sun ever shone—the girl who maliciously and falsely accused her own father of the most revolting and unnatural crime. Poor Fred Marsden, the genial playwright, when he was aware of what his own daughter had done, cleared himself of the charge, wrote out a vindication of his character, cursed his daughter, and then committed suicide. Blanche Marsden is now playing here in a concert saloon, but her father's curse will surely weigh upon her. This was the girl with whom "Cora Lee" had kept companionship. What could come of it? Why, just what has happened. It would be a miracle if any other ending could come to anybody friend of such a she-devil, save either the brothel or a suicide's grave. Cora Lee played her part well, but Cora Lee has spurned what may be her last opportunity for reformation. It is sad, but she has chosen her life. It is sadder to think that she is a St. John girl. The only bright spot in the whole affair is that she is unknown to anyone here. Her friends, if any still live, will be in ignorance of her fate. Even if they did know, they may not grieve. Her history deserves no other ending than the one it will surely have. Her life will necessarily lead her to one of two places, the prison or the insane asylum, for the deeds carried on where she now is are nameless ones. It may be, the sooner the better.

There is no pleasure in dealing with the case, and neither can there be profit. Let us dismiss it and turn to brighter thoughts—to gossip about St. John people here who are winning their way successfully, even in the great competition which this crowded city presents.

I do not mean by this to speak of those who have been here for many years and have established themselves in the business world. I take it that Progress is more interested in the younger generation—in the boys who are now making their lives. And, first, let me say generally, as one who knows, that wherever in New York you strike a St. John boy who is sober and deserving, there you will find one who is achieving success. They are doing handsomely, and are demonstrating that the old city down by Fundy's shores can send out men able to hold their own with any they may meet. You can find them here in positions of trust winning their way to livelihoods replete with honor and compensated with a goodly share of life's rewards.

One of these young men, whom everybody from St. John or Portland (at least all old-timers) are sure to meet, is Edward J. Power. Those who knew Ed at home need not be told that he is a very prince of good fellows—good natured beyond measure, handsome and successful—a young man who need ask no odds from any one in the race of life. The eight years he has spent here have been for him successful ones, but not more than he deserves. He is one of those, too, who has not forgotten his old home amid all the whirl of his new one. His cosy bachelor apartments—for Ed is still a bachelor—have been the scene of many a chat in which old times, old friends and old associations formed the topic of conversation among the young St. John men gathered there. Mr. Power now holds a responsible position in the large jewelry and gold-smithing house of Morton & Co., on Broadway. I am sure that his friends down home will be as glad to learn of his success as I am to tell it.

Proceeding from the office of Mr. Power down town, a trip up to in the mammoth Equitable building brings you face to face with two other old Saint John

men. The first is Mr. McFarlane, a son, if I mistake not, of your respected coal merchant; the other is Thomas McGrath, of Portland. Both gentlemen are practising law and are doing handsomely. Their clientele is large and what perhaps is more to the point is remunerative.

Edward J. Murphy, too, a Strait Shore boy is one with whom New York has dealt kindly. Step by step he has worked along until today he can invite you into a store of woolen goods on Canal street owned by himself.

John J. Quinn, of Indiantown, is another of the boys who are solving the secret of success in this city. There was no better fellow at home, and his friends will be glad to know there is no better fellow here, nor for that matter, any more successful. Jack runs to literature at times, and some of his special sketches have undoubtedly merit.

Tom Fielders, who is on the staff of *The Times*, is a Saint John man whose pen has brought him duets as well as the bubble of reputation. He is always pointed out at the Press club as the young fellow who brought to the city the first story of the sinking of the steamship *Oregon* some years ago. The vessel that had collided with her arrived here and received reporters on board, but refused to allow them to leave again until the quarantine officials would come off to her in the morning. Tom waited his opportunity, sprang overboard with his notes, was picked up by a tug and landed just in time to save his life and give his paper an exclusive story. It is little wonder that he is one of the pets of the office. His pen is facile and brilliant and what is equally to the purpose, it is profitable.

William J. Ferrie of Portland is proof-reading in one of the largest book publishing houses in the city and is ranked among the experts in his work. It is not so many years since he was but a boy in the office of the old *Nes* but he has utilized those years to his advantage.

Dan McLaughlin, who is well remembered among the temperance workers, particularly by the Father Mathew association, is the foreman of a large shoe manufactory in Williamsburg. He was one of the leaders of the Labor party when it was a party worth belonging to. He, too, is doing well.

And now, possibly I have given you as much personal gossip as is good for one letter, but it will be continued should you deem it interesting to your readers. There are many more here. The reason why they are not mentioned now is simply because they are too numerous. Their turns will come.

Of course you know that the annexation fever has had another outbreak. It is now said that President-elect Harrison "wants" Canada. The people just now are awfully struck on the old gentleman; they believe nothing is too good for him and if he yearns for Canada, why I can see nothing else that the people can do but get it for him. Oh my! How it makes one laugh to read what the people in this town know about Canada! They speak of it with an indefiniteness that is charmingly bewildering. Some think that Canada is somewhere up in Montreal; others that it is in Nova Scotia and that Nova Scotia is a bit of a fishing station somewhere opposite Eastport. Of course there are people who know better but they're not the ones who are doing all the talking. Still speaking seriously I have my doubts as to whether or not it is so much of an offense to any country to have this one anxious to annex it. Canada may repulse the advances made but Canada should not grow cross at the wooing.

I met Goldwin Smith at the annual dinner of the Chamber of Commerce on Tuesday evening last, after I had sent you my letter, but as Mr. Smith and I only agree in part, it is probably best that I say nothing of the opinion that I conceived of his speech. Rhetorically it was brilliant, and politically it suits me very well, but it does make me very, very tired to think that a man like Goldwin Smith should be eternally selected to misrepresent Canada by the clubs here. I care not how brilliant the man may be, or what his educational attainments, so long as he cannot talk decently of Canada without insulting a portion of her population, he is no representative Canadian. He may intend the insult or he may not, but it is worthy of remark that he invariably works it in. It would be a sad day for Canada if all her sons had the same bitter spot in their breasts. There is too great a breadth of mind, too liberal a sentiment, too generous a fraternity in our land to ever make Goldwin Smith a valuable representative. The plainest spoken man of the provinces is better far than the man of brilliancy who is prejudiced and hasn't learned the art of concealing it.

Dancing will no longer be fashionable in New York's exclusive circles. A very pretty little fake story, gotten up by an inventive newspaper man, to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain's attention was first attracted to Mary Endicott because she did

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

## \$5,000 IS THE OFFER

SAID TO BE MADE FOR THE C. AND A. GROUNDS

By a Gentleman of Capital Behind the Shamrocks—Reasons Why the Purchase is Not Likely to be Made—The Cricket Club People Have "The Bulge" on Them.

The Nationals and Shamrocks are at it again. The Marsh bridge grounds are the present bone of contention.

The story is brief but interesting. The Cricket and Athletic club's lease of the grounds from the Agricultural society expires next May. It was a five years lease with no renewal clause. Since they rented the place, improvements have been the order of the day. Money was spent upon it freely and the result is the finest ball field this side of Boston.

The last bombshell that has entered the camp is an offer on behalf of the Shamrock club to buy the grounds for \$5,000.

Quite an inducement. The Agricultural society thinks so, but it is quite likely it is after higher rent. Nothing would please the "Green Stockings" and their friends more than to see the lease made out in their favor. It isn't at all likely that this will happen. The five years' work and improvements of the present tenants have not been done for the benefit of another club.

The gentlemen who have been assiduously circulating the story of the proposed purchase of the grounds have evidently forgotten several things.

They haven't remembered, first of all, that one of the most popular additions to the grounds, the grand stand, is not the property of the society. But this is the lesser lapse.

Nobody seems to have impressed these facts upon them. When the grounds began to be improved and made ready for base ball, it was found necessary to have them wider. The land—75 additional feet—was leased from Mr. Gilbert, the owner, and that lease is good for some years yet. The grounds were enlarged again by the addition of another 75 feet. The importance of this addition in the present case is the fact that it lies on the opposite side from the former addition. Thus in reality the original grounds leased from the Agricultural society is sandwiched by other leases which do not expire for years.

In the event of the Agricultural society accepting the alleged offer and selling this ground, the Cricket and Athletic club would be at liberty to move in their fences from either side and thus reduce the width of the now splendid ball field from 460 feet to 210 feet, which would practically render it useless for the purpose of the Shamrocks. It occurs to Progress that the C. & A. people have what is popularly known as "the bulge."

To proceed a little farther, there isn't any reason why the Shamrocks should not have as fine grounds as the Cricket club's. They have a strong following, ardent admirers, willing supporters, and monied men to back them. The gentleman who was willing to pay \$5,000 hard cash for the Agricultural society's grounds could doubtless be induced to put up a portion of it for other acres in another locality. Progress hopes so. And when such a thing does happen, let the surrounding fence be at least 15 feet high, and, if possible, of three-inch plank.

Pocket Bible, special value. See our new dollar Bible. Also, Bibles bound, with Psalms and Hymnal, at McArthur's, King street.

Beggars Again.  
"Give Me a Cent, Give me a Cent, Gimme-cent, Give-me-a-cent."

A little beggar girl in the post office rattled off the above demand with every possible infection. She hailed every box-holder, stretching out a dirty little hand for the requested change. She got nothing in part, it is probably best that I say nothing of the opinion that I conceived of his speech. Rhetorically it was brilliant, and politically it suits me very well, but it does make me very, very tired to think that a man like Goldwin Smith should be eternally selected to misrepresent Canada by the clubs here. I care not how brilliant the man may be, or what his educational attainments, so long as he cannot talk decently of Canada without insulting a portion of her population, he is no representative Canadian. He may intend the insult or he may not, but it is worthy of remark that he invariably works it in. It would be a sad day for Canada if all her sons had the same bitter spot in their breasts. There is too great a breadth of mind, too liberal a sentiment, too generous a fraternity in our land to ever make Goldwin Smith a valuable representative. The plainest spoken man of the provinces is better far than the man of brilliancy who is prejudiced and hasn't learned the art of concealing it.

Mme. Kane announces a grand millinery sale. There is a very general opinion that a woman would rather clothe her head than her feet. Acting on this principle Mme. Kane is to the front, as usual, with attractive novelties for her sex.

A Good Thing to Have.  
That old "friend of the family," McMillan's *Almanac*, has made its annual call this week. It is as complete as usual, and that is its reliable goes without saying. For sale by Messrs. J. & A. McMillan and all newdealers.

Don't Get Left.  
Progress of Dec. 15 will be 24 pages—three times its usual size. People who buy it on the streets will please see that they get the whole paper.

## QUEER THINGS IN THE CUSTOMS.

Chewing Gum as it is Sent—The "Police Gazette" Sent to Women.

Mr. Kain across some queer things in the mails—some decidedly queer things," and Mr. Kain smiled as he recalled a few of them.

Mr. Kain has charge of the customs department in the post office, and he has a fine opportunity to note what use is made of the mails by the residents of the free and enlightened republic beside us.

"It is a curious fact that the queerest things go to the country. Pills, patent medicines and cosmetics are articles we handle every day, and in no small quantities. I made a strange find in the shape of an elegant lot of spruce gum, which was en route to some miss in the country. The parcel resembled a small book, and I came near passing it as such, when I saw the end of it. It looked like wood, and I found it was. Some woman had hollowed out a piece of soft wood in the form of a book, placed a lot of choice gum in the interior, and closed the end with a neat slide. The work was ingenious and of course the gum passed.

"Once in a while I strike a *Police Gazette*, which is, of course, forfeited. That lurid weekly has a strange class of customers throughout the province. It is seldom addressed to men, but to women. They are not subscribers, but indiscreet friends send them."

He Didn't Know His Own Hat.

While the National Anthem was being played at the Institute, one night last week, and everybody in the hall was moving in the direction of the street, an old man, who, with his wife, had been enjoying himself immensely, picked up his hat and looked curiously into it, and turned it over, while a puzzled expression came over his face.

"That ain't my hat!" he exclaimed, turning to his wife. "My hat had a lining in it. Somebody's stolen it, and he assumed a look of fierce indignation.

His wife appeared agitated. She feared an outbreak on the part of her worthy husband. Her fears were not unfounded, for the old gentleman was about to call out, "Stop, thief!" when she caught him by the arm and said:

"That's your hat, Josiah."  
"No, it isn't. Mine had a red lining in it."

"Oh, Josiah, dear," said the worthy woman with a sigh that indicated she must either tell the whole truth or suffer an outbreak; "I know, dear, but Josephine's making a crazy quilt, and I guess she must have run short of pieces."

Some New Brunswickers Should Go.

F. A. Elwell, of Portland, has perfected arrangements for a bicycle excursion in Europe, next year. The route will be as follows:

Ireland—Cork, Fermoy, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Carlow, Dublin.

England—Liverpool, Chester, Birmingham, Coventry, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, London, Brighton, New Haven.

France—Dieppe, Rouen, Versailles, Paris, Fontainebleau, Melun, Joigny, Montbard, Dijon, Auxonne, Dole, Poligny.

Switzerland—Geneva, up Lake Geneva to Villeneuve, Aigle, Gesseny, Thun, Berne, Lucerne, up Lake Lucerne (make trip to top of Rigi), Brunnen, Zug, Wädenschwyl, Wesen, Rapperschwyl, Zurich, Schaffhausen, Basle.

Germany—Strasbourg, Baden-Baden, Hiedelberg, Mavence, Coblenz, Cologne. From Cologne the steamer will be taken part or whole of the distance to Rotterdam, where the tour proper will end, leaving members free to carry out any private scheme of travel. Steamers can be taken here for England (six hours) and rail to Belgium, France or Northern Germany.

The pace will be an easy one, and made with a view so that ample time will be given for sight seeing. It is expected the party will reach home about the first of September, and the cost of the trip will be about \$400 per capita. The party will be limited to 26 in all.

He Began to Tell All About It.

"What's new, Mr. Fisher?"  
"The great boom in Charter Oak stoves. Every housekeeper who has heard of them wants to see one, and that settles it. She buys it. It is the best in the market. We have sold this year—let me see, how many hundred. . . ."

"Good day, Mr. Fisher."

How Tuesday Afternoon Can Be Spent.

The ladies of St. Paul's Episcopal church, Rotheray, will have their annual Christmas sale next Tuesday afternoon. Their invitation to city people is general and hearty. They guarantee to take the best of care of everyone who attends. How they will do this is a secret.

He Hadn't Said His Prayers.

He was a quiet man and a fine workman. His business was his own and other people's theirs. Things didn't seem right one morning last week. In fact everything went wrong until about 11 o'clock, when he threw down his tools and left the shop, remarking as he departed that he hadn't said his prayers that morning and he couldn't work.

## MORE IPSE, IPSA, IPSUM.

ANA MANA MONA MACK, BARCELONA BONA SLACK—A MUDDLE.

The True Story of a Strange Controversy—How a Modern Old Man of the Sea has Tied Himself to the Editor of the *Globe*—Some Advice to Father Davenport.

It is stated, on good authority, that Mr. R. F. Quigley's brilliant series of "*Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsum*, a Rejoinder," will be brought to a close sometime in 1889.

In anticipation of this event Rev. Father Davenport is said to be preparing a rejoinder intended to demolish Mr. Quigley's arguments. Mr. Quigley will probably respond in a re-sus-rejoinder, which may be ended somewhere about the close of the year 1890. It is possible that the debate may be carried well into the 20th century.

Some people may want to know what it is all about.

That is a profound secret to almost every one except Mr. Quigley and Father Davenport. No one else has read the fathoms of newspaper columns which have been devoted to the discussion. Very few remember who began it, or what it was about in the first place. Its origin is well nigh lost in the mists of antiquity.

The editor of the *Globe* is not interested in the subject, nor has he the insane idea that anybody else is. He is to be pitied as an unfortunate man who is the victim of cruel circumstance. He is a modern Sindhbad, saddled with a horrible Old Man of the Sea.

This legend is told:

Once, long ago, but on what particular day and date deponent sayeth not, the *Globe* was short of "copy." The boiler-plate editor had failed to connect, several ultra-British merchants had discontinued their advertisements, and there was a hole to be filled. Mr. Ellis was away, Dick O'Brien had an engagement with his friend Lantulum, and the contributing editors were either busy or beery. "Everything goes" was the watchword, and just as the office boy was scissoring an editorial out of Ford's *Irish American*, the first *Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsum* letter arrived. It was instantly cut into "short takes" and snatched from the hook by the famishing compositors. The man who read the proof hadn't the slightest idea what it was about, nor did he care.

He simply saw, according to his regular instructions, that it contained nothing immoral or patriotic. He left the public to find out the rest.

The public has been trying to do so from that day to this.

The editor of the *Globe* did not realize what he had published until a second letter came. He wanted to refuse it, but as it was part of the story begun in the first letter he was obliged to find room for it.

Then he found that he was irrevocably committed to the printing of the greatest theological, philological, genealogical and bibliomaniacal discussion of the nineteenth century.

He could not avoid it. The ball had been started, and it grew as it rolled, until it threatened to crush the unhappy editor and his readers with the irresistible force of a slow-moving vast and ponderous mass.

When Mr. Quigley's continued letters had set the office frantic, Father Davenport sent a series of replies. When these were finally ended, Mr. Quigley began a rejoinder. He has been months at it, despite the fact that he fires it out in charges of three or four columns at a time. He is still at it. When he is done, Father Davenport will reply to it all.

In the meantime the wretched editor, smarting under the grievous burden, has become misanthropical and cynical. He has dipped his pen in gall, and has lashed right and left with most caustic editorials on all manner of subjects. In old times he used to sun himself on Chubb's corner every day. Now he is rarely seen on the street. His manner is that of a man who bears a deep and lasting sorrow.

And still the discussion is not ended. Perhaps it has hardly been fairly begun.

The sad event has cast a deep gloom over the entire community.

What will Father Davenport have to say in his reply?

He will be perfectly safe in saying almost anything. There is an impression, gathered from hasty and involuntary glances at the letters, that Mr. Quigley has treated of every imaginable subject in theology from the time of Abel's sacrifice to the Pope's jubilee. He has quoted all the religious writers from the time of Job to that of the Rev. H. S. Hartley, B. A. He has reviewed all histories from the books of Moses down to George Stewart's *Life of Lord Dufferin*. And he has talked in every tongue from ante-Babel Hebrew down to Shemogue French. So Father Davenport may say almost anything he pleases without wandering far from the bounds of the discussion.

Without wishing to dictate to the reverend gentleman the course he should pursue, Progress desires to make a few suggestions.

In order to reach the great heart of the general public more directly than Mr. Quigley has done, authors more familiar to

the people should be quoted. The text books should be those which are more interesting than those heretofore cited. A great deal of valuable matter may be got from the bound volumes of the Sessional Papers, while a page here and there from the Trade and Navigation returns or the Annual Report of the Meteorological Service would make very lively reading compared with what we have had.

Such works as Bacon's *Abridgement*, Tidd's *Practice*, Chitty's *Forms*, the *United States Dispensatory*, the *British Pharmacopoeia*, Blunt's *Coast Pilot*, U. S. Patent Office Reports, the Census of 1881 and an unabridged History of China, would be found most valuable for the purpose of copious extracts. A file of the *Royal Gazette* and the *Shipping List* would also prove handy in the way of contemporary literature. Nothing can be found in any of these works which will offend the most fastidious taste.

But, in behalf of a long-suffering public, Progress recommends, nay implores, the disputants to get out of the incomprehensible maze in which they appear to have lost themselves. The people will bear much, but there is an end to all things. Give us something we can understand.

Or give us a rest.

The editor of the *Globe* is personally a most estimable gentleman. He is held in high esteem by a large circle of friends, but if he is forced to continue in this dreadful task, no one can tell what the result may be to him. William Lloyd Garrison had his office sacked for printing articles much less calculated to irritate a respectable community than are the *Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsum* letters. Lovejoy, for the same reason, fared much worse. He lost his life. We live in a community which is not likely to resort to mob violence, but it would be safer for the *Globe* not to take too big a risk.

If Father Davenport will do as suggested, all may be well.

But if he doesn't—time will show what may happen.

New and Beautiful Christmas Cards, Booklets, Gift Books, Pocket Books and Plush Goods, at lowest prices, 80 King street, D. McArthur.

This Rogers is Also a Martyr.

Mr. Rogers called on Progress, Wednesday. He had a new pane of glass under his arm and a lump of putty in his hand. Mr. Rogers is a colored man, and started a sailors' boarding house on the corner of Canterbury and St. James streets, last spring. With a crowd of boys throwing snowballs and stones at him and his house, and delegates from the opposition boarding house "skylarking" around his door, Mr. Rogers says he has had considerable trouble since he began business. Tuesday night he was in his house, when he heard a crash, which he thought was caused by a "little poodle dog" of his trying to get in. When he found that a window in the "dining-room" had been broken, Mr. Rogers sought the street. He saw a crowd of small boys disappearing around a corner. A passer-by advised him to have them brought to justice, "but," said "I might just as well try to catch an eel in a haystack as them boys." Mr. Rogers didn't want to hurt the boys, but "just wanted a piece put in the paper, to see if the parents of them children could learn 'em how to behave themselves a little better."

Boys, leave Mr. Rogers alone.

He Had Lots of Assurance.

"I had a queer experience, the other day," said a merchant. "A countryman came to town for house furnishings. He found all he wanted here, but didn't buy. He wanted to see if he couldn't get better prices elsewhere, but it was raining very hard, and he had no rubbers or overcoat. He wasn't to be left, however. He borrowed the only rubber coat in the store, and ambled around in the pouring rain all day, hunting better goods and prices. He didn't get either, and finally, late in the afternoon, he returned and bought. And 32 cents on his whole order was all the difference in prices he could find in town! But the man with gall enough to borrow a rubber to hunt better prices than yours in a pouring rain will be rich some day."

He Should Have Chartered the Ferryboat.

There wasn't much of a "mess under foot." Thursday, but, nevertheless, a King street merchant was seen pulling on a pair of high rubber boots.

"What are you putting those on for? The streets are pretty clean," said his partner.

"I know it, but I'm going over to Portland."

Spelled by Sound.

The following is a verbatim copy of an order received by Messrs. Barnes & Murray one day this week:

please send me By Mr— 60 cents Worth of your seven and half sent facture and one Close line and oblige one yard a lastick.

Christmas Cards, Booklets, from all leading manufacturers. 80 King street, D. McArthur, wholesale and retail.