

# PROGRESS.

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## "I'M TIRED OF YOU ALL."

AN HONEST OPINION FROM A BRIGHT YOUNG LADY

Of the Fashionable and Fast Young Men of St. John—She Has Them Down Pretty Fine, and Says Some Remarkable Things about Them.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

To one class of men (not the best): You are going to be the future great men—city fathers, judges, governors, premiers—I suppose, and your present life is an able and fitting preparation for it.

Often, when I see you adorning club and hotel windows, or standing at the head of King street, a mild curiosity seizes me, and I wonder what your future will be. You won't live very long, many of you, and perhaps it is just as well. Intellectually, morally and physically you need development. Perhaps you believe in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and expect to live so many times, that the idea of making the most and best of the present does not appear necessary or attractive. I know most of you do not believe in the religion of your mothers, and until they drop the future punishment idea it is more pleasant for you to not.

You are languid, and never by any chance do you betray astonishment. You regard any display of emotion as bad form. Now, bad form is a very good term, and it strikes me that most of you are in bad form, physically, at least. The other day, one of your number—about as muscular a specimen as you possess, too—accompanied me on a walk; not a very long walk, either, twelve miles—six miles, a rest, lunch and return. Lovely day; not too warm. For three miles out our friend did pretty well; on the fourth mile he only looked warm, and did not complain; fifth, said, "Awfully warm! aren't you tired?"

Tired! I was enjoying myself. The air was exhilarating and my blood flowed joyously. The homeward journey, pleasant enough for me in the fragrant summer twilight was a positive agony to our friend, apparently, and wherefore? Late hours, no exercise to speak of, too much whiskey, beer and smoking. How many of you observe even the simplest laws of hygiene? Few. You go to bed at all hours and many of you suffer from insomnia. No wonder. Pipes, cigars, cigarettes, any manner of smoking indulged in to excess plays the very deuce with your nerves. Then you drink—how much you only know yourselves—but too much I assure you. When, as you know well, you need corpse revivers in the mornings in the shape of B. and S's cocktails, or the artfully prepared concoction you get at a certain drug store, you must know you are overdoing the matter. If some of the time spent at cards and billiards was spent in a well ventilated gymnasium or in open air exercise, not dawdling up and down King street, but walking many miles out a country road, or in cricket, rowing or tennis, you would find an improvement in the steadiness of your nerves.

Poker is all very well, but no Jack-pot on earth would keep me up until the wee sma' hours. Billiards I enjoy myself, but may I be preserved from falling a victim as some of you have. When side force screw and financing engross all your thoughts, and you keep a private cue under lock and key, and you won't play English billiards because it tends to destroy the accuracy with which you play the three-ball game, then, I think, you are making it a craze. One of you delivered me quite a lecture on the game: "You must preserve a graceful equipoise of mind and body. Never related by success or depressed by failure; make every position an attitude of studied grace," and much more to the same effect. I informed him I played for enjoyment and exercise; not show and science.

Then, mentally, are you developing? You read French novels, and trashy English fiction; you read light magazine articles. How many of you keep up with the world of thought? Of solid literature you read very little, if any. That is not your style. You amuse yourselves in your own artless fashion at your clubs. One very funny way is to form a singing class of all the members present, except one who acts as judge. The class thus formed stand in a row—dignified sight, indeed! and render their favorite airs in solo. The worst effort makes its author liable for a penalty. Half maudlin quarrels and walking through a window are your entertaining pastimes. As for your moral development it is obtained by standing in strings between lamp-posts for a few minutes Sunday evenings. The cigars you smoke are usually admired and also paid for. You manage that some way.

Your washer-woman is not so apt to be settled with. Your financing is rather intricate and amusing. Your idea of right and wrong strikes me as very vague. You go on "a keg" with your fiancée—she, innocent little girl as she is, promises to give up wine at dinner and nice, cool claret-cup all summer, and you promise by all you hold sacred—not much—to give up drinking altogether. Not another drink will you take

in this town for so many months. Then straight way you drink in Portland, and out comes a pocket flask as soon as you are well-fixed in a smoker en route for anywhere out of town. She never knows. You avoid her society and that of her immediate ancestor on her father's side. As for her brother perhaps he is with you.

You have a sort of a code of morals of your own I believe but it is not an elevating or ennobling one. Your conversation is of a decidedly uniform style. Talk to one of you and the time is slow in going when the next one of your set calls. Club gossip, the latest joke from "Life," a reference to some funny story which you dare not tell in a drawing room and then goodbye to any share in the conversation by you. You need some life, some force of your own. Can't you get out of this awful state of dawdle. I wish you could. I am tired of you all. Tell me to amuse myself then? Why I do. Take this as a delicate hint as to my opinion of you.

THE GIDDY GIRL—AN ORIGINAL "AD."

Hamlin's Wizard Oil Concert Company to be in St. John Some Time.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil Concert company arrived in the city Thursday, and will remain a month or six weeks.

It is so rare that a real good concert company travels through the country, giving practically free concerts—the admission fee is but nominal—that some information about it and its methods is sure to be interesting.

It was very early in the spring when Dr. Ellis and his now favored and popular companions struck the capital of the province, and set about to bring the best people to their feet. They did so.

Their first concert was free, and as there is no such drawing card as a free show, they had a crowded house. The performance captured the hearts of the people, and for three weeks the elite and the masses sought and found entertainment in the City hall.

In Dr. Ellis, the manager of the company, the people find a cultured gentleman, eloquent, witty and commanding. His daughter, Miss Ellis, has a splendid soprano voice, and gives delightful solos at each performance. Each gentleman of the company is an artist in his way. Combined, they give a performance which few companies on the road can equal or excel.

The concerts are, of course, huge advertisements, but they possess the merit of originality—so rare in these days.

Of the merits of Wizard's Oil PROGRESS knows nothing, but Dr. Ellis finds no difficulty in persuading his audience that it has merits and making them buy it. With every bottle goes a numbered coupon, and when the concert is ended a little girl draws the corresponding coupons from a glass jar on the platform, and those destined to win prizes are called out. The lady or gentleman holding the corresponding number steps forward and secures the prize.

Such a card as this would not draw long if the articles given away were not genuinely good. A lady in Sussex, well known in this city, captured a silver service as good as can be purchased in any jewelry store in the city. An occasional diamond ring is among the gifts, and the beauty of it is that the diamond is not paste.

The secret of the company's success lies in this fact: Everything about it is genuine. The first week will be spent in Carleton, the second in Portland and the remainder of the time in the city. Calais, Me., will be favored next.

Lots of Entertainment Ahead.

Arthur Rehan's company, reputed to be one of the finest that has ever visited these provinces, will open in this city Oct. 30th, for three nights and a matinee. He is sure to draw.

"It is some time since anything like good opera was heard in St. John," said a musical man yesterday. "I hope the Bennett-Moulton company will give us something worth going to hear and I believe it will. Bringing such a company is quite a venture in itself, but where a place to hear them has to be fitted for the occasion, it speaks well for the confidence the local manager has in the St. John amusement public. There are 600 reserved seats and lots of room on the outskirts for the whole town. The prices are reasonable, more than usually so and there should be crowded houses.

The Circulation Hustlers.

The atmosphere was not sultry last Saturday. It was damp—decidedly damp. It did not differ in this respect from previous Saturdays. The newsboys have gradually become accustomed to this kind of atmospheric greeting, and didn't mind it a bit. They went to work in old-time style, and pushed PROGRESS through the rain and mud for all they were worth. Douglas McCarthy was to the fore, as usual, and made his seven dollars again. Why talk about hard times and low wages, when one newsboy can make seven or more dollars in one day!

Joe Irvine came next and Stanton, a bright new-comer, won the third prize.

## PHOTOGRAPHS OF LIFE.

FROM THE CAMERA OF A WANDERING ARTIST.

A "POP THE QUESTION" MISSIVE.

Which Was Read to the Girl by Her Majesty's Letter Carrier.

The Nerepis mail carrier had a curious experience a few days ago.

He is a bright, intelligent, young fellow who, during his vacation, has relieved his father from the task of carrying Her Majesty's mails some distance into the back country.

Country mail carrier's stories would fill a book and be good reading, but it is doubtful if among their manifold and frequently queer duties any one of them was ever called upon to carry a "pop the question" missive to a girl and then read it to her.

A very modest young farmer in one of the settlements back of the Nerepis had come to the conclusion that man was not made to live alone and resolved to marry. He knew whom to ask—he had made his mind up some time ago about that but how was he to do it?

He had read in one of the sensational novels of the day that it was right and proper to make his intentions known to the parent of his beloved and after one week of thoughtful preparation he devoted Sunday to the composition of an epistle which two days later threw another household into great excitement.

The letter was read to the stern parent by the senior mail carrier who was too unromantic either to note the effect of the communication or bother himself about it afterward.

His suit being favorably entertained the young farmer decided to "pop the question" by letter, ignorant of the fact that his girl had completed her education before she learned to read.

She was expecting some word from her beau and was always on hand when the mail stage arrived. At last the letter came and then there she commanded the young guardian of the mails to read the missive. It began "My Dearest Ella. You must excuse me for calling you this but I hope soon to call you dear —," and so on, concluding with the very important question "will you marry me?"

The younger members of the family had assembled around their sister in the meantime, and when one of them comprehended the import of the message away she flew, shouting as she ran, "Oh, Mar! Mar! it's come, it's come."

Then the parents hurried to the scene and the letter had to be read and reread until the mail carrier had it by heart as well as his hearers.

She was calm, collected and refused even to blush. 'Twas quite evident what her answer would be, but the obliging messenger was in no humor to outrage all romance by writing the answer at her dictation. So, hastily saying farewell he departed, leaving the happy family by the roadside.

Marriages are made in heaven—so they say.

Addressed by a "Plebeian."

"It just serves us right. Why for goodness sake did we make such fools of ourselves?"

Which speech, delivered by an irate lady member of a prominent club, did not mend matters much. There was general confusion. Opinions and suggestions fell thick and fast only to be withdrawn or quashed the next moment. The hot heads—for these are always present even in a polite ladies' club—declared such impudence was astounding. They, the descendants of the oldest families of the city, the *creme de la creme*, the F. F.'s, to be addressed in a body by a plebeian!

Why, such assurance could not be measured. And then began mutual recriminations, reproaches, fault findings and all because of what?

A cultured lady had dared to address a number of ladies in quite the usual way and her courteous and kind communication brought on the discussion.

It waxed warm and no conclusion was arrived at until a lady who had been a silent listener, remarked, "How many of us can go back of our grandfathers?"

Here was a crusher. Treason in the camp and from such a source. Yet it had its effect and many of the "F. F.'s" who were loudest in their expostulations, came into the procession and held their peace. All of us are descended from Adam.

They Fought Together.

"Your Honor," said Mr. Robert Oldfield Stockton to Chief Justice Allen, at the reception last Saturday, "the Stocktons and the Allens fought together in the time of the Revolution." The Chief Justice seemed very much moved by this touching reference to "auld lang syne."

With Charles Scribner's Sons.

Frank D. Hall one of the bright boys in the book business in this city has gone to New York having secured a good situation with Charles Scribner's Sons of that city.

## "A STANDING ARMY OF LOAFERS."

One View Taken of the "Military" by Citizens of Fredericton.

To THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: In the last issue of the Fredericton *Capital* the editor bewails the ill-feeling—the existence of which he feels it useless to deny—between the citizens of all ranks and the "military"; and professing to be unable to understand the cause, finds a possible reason in the "jealousy" of the different classes—those of the better class, presumably, regarding with disfavor the "feelings of caste" which have "been steadily growing since the establishment of the permanent force of soldiers," and others—embracing the laborer and the "street-corner loafer"—viewing the amusements of the "aristocracy and gentry" with "socialistic" eyes.

That the *Capital* can find no justification for these feelings of jealousy might perhaps be uncharitably explained by the readiness with which certain members of any community are willing to toady to those who usurp the prerogatives of the "aristocracy and gentry"—sometimes with scant claim to the title; but by outsiders generally—and especially by those not enamored of "aristocratic" tendencies—the feeling will doubtless be attributed to the natural repugnance of hard-working citizens of all classes to the presence of a small standing army of loafers domiciled in Fredericton, who seem disposed to supplement this natural feeling of dislike by acts of the most aggressive and annoying character.

The members of the force are, of course, not responsible for the establishment of the military school. That beneficent gift owes its origin to parliament, and to the insane desire of the people of Fredericton themselves, who used considerable effort to secure its location there. The idea seemed to be that as the school was to be established and would involve a considerable expenditure, Fredericton was as well entitled to it as other places of less distinction. The "boon" was granted; and while one sympathizes with that portion of the community who regard the "force" with dispar, it is to be hoped that all—regardless of "caste"—will be enabled to perceive that the expenditure of a few thousand dollars annually is a poor equivalent for the maintenance of a body of men—individually, no doubt, of some merit—collectively of no use whatever, except to those ultra loyalists who find in them, the representatives of the "prestige of Great Britain."

The *Capital* says the "fruits of responsible government were leaving their impress upon the people." One of these "fruits" has been our comparative immunity from flunkeyism; but sufficient incentive is furnished to that peculiar vice by some of the later methods of those who administer "responsible government" without the adventitious aid of a little coterie of "gentry" whose principal duty, after drawing their pay, appears to be the development of "lawn tennis" to the music of a band, every button on whose uniform is paid for by the hard earned money of the "laborer" who views the "aristocratic" circus with "socialistic" eye. KRANK.

Children's Books, good value, at McArthur's, 80 King Street.

For an Idle Hour.

The *Girl in the Broken Habit and Straight As a Die* are two books of Mrs. Edward Kennard's republished recently in the cheap series of the National Publishing company, Toronto. The former is very similar to *Killed in the Open* by the same author, possessing all its raciness and interest. *Straight as a Die* is superior to both, but all of them are above the average novel. For sale at McMillan's; Price 30 cents.

The latest novel by Mrs. Foote, now just brought out in Ticknor's Paper Series, is *John Bodewine's Testimony*, a remarkable story of life in the Rocky Mountains, full of vitality, and at the same time, as the *Church Review* says, "most excellent and agreeable." The author has for some years lived at Boise, in Idaho, and hence the local coloring of her stories is at once accurate and vivid, and the reader feels the deep interest which rises from thorough sympathy and comprehension. As *Life* tersely said of this story: "It unites Howells and Bret Harte by the first transcontinental line of culture."

It Is Sure to Draw.

The programme of the first church concert of the season is printed elsewhere and should be read attentively. The ladies of Leinster street church can be congratulated upon having secured such popular and excellent talent for the evening. They are sure of a good house—in fact concerts and crowds are synonymous in Leinster street church.

What Should be His Fate?

A well known wholesale and retail druggist says the country business is fine, but city trade is slow. "This confounded weather," says he, "keeps people in the house, and they don't have a chance to catch cold."

New Birthday Cards at McArthur's, 80 King Street.

## EVENTS IN OUR TOWN.

SUBJECTS TOUCHED UPON BY A BOSTON JOURNALIST.

Yarmouth and Boston—The Engraving Subject in the Hub—The British Americans and Their Lively Interest in Their Adopted Country.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

BOSTON, Oct. 15, 1888.—I was in Yarmouth, N. S., a few weeks ago, reveling in one of those luxurious vacations that all newspaper men enjoy every two or three months, and fate, or necessity, I don't remember which, led me into one of the local barber shops. I say, one of them, for if my memory serves me aright, there is at least one other in that somewhat ambitious town. One of the customers, who was waiting for his chance to be scalped, adroitly brought the conversation around to the subject of Boston—all conversations usually drift in that direction in the land of the Blue-eyes—and incidentally propounded the reflective query whether Yarmouth would ever be as big as the City of Beans.

To this the knight of the razor, with all the originality and importance that usually characterizes a Yarmouth man, loftily replied:

"Pshaw! Why Yarmouth is as big as Boston now."

Whether the relative sizes of the two places are as near alike as that tonsorial artist would have it, I will not stop here to discuss; but one thing is certain, the Yarmouthians have scarcely as much to keep them thinking and talking about as have the people of Boston at the present time. Even the hustling metropolis of St. John will have to take a back seat in this respect, although I will freely admit that the subject of floods has not been of such vital interest in this vicinity.

The weather has been pretty damp, it is true, but the only floods we have suffered from so far are the floods of talk that have been steadily flowing from campaign platforms innumerable. Politics is the keynote of the day, and even that erstwhile engraving question, retaliation—which is really nothing more or less than one phase of the great political fight—has given way to that more momentous one, Who will be the next president? Shall free trade triumph, or will victory take up its permanent abode on the banners of protection? Well, we will see next month which will be which.

The only excuse I have to make for juggling this political business some more into print, and thus adding to the general agony, is the fact that the time is rapidly approaching in which a new factor, that the people of Canada cannot fail to be interested in, is soon to play an important part in American national and local politics, particularly the latter. In short, I mean that what is now popularly known as the British American element, hitherto a dead letter so far as political influence was concerned, is rapidly crystallizing into such an important body that general attention is being attracted to its growing strength.

For a long time the citizens of the United States of English and Scotch and Canadian nativity never took any particular interest in the somewhat important matters of election and government. In fact, they were not citizens at all, for they never took the legal steps necessary to make themselves such. But now all this is changed, and nearly all the British-Americans, so called, in this ring-ridden part of the republic, at least, have either become naturalized citizens, or are in process of being made such. Like the rough board that enters the planing machine, they have gone into the judicial hopper in a crude and politically useless state, and when they emerge therefrom in due course of time, they will be *bona fide* citizens of this great and glorious—excuse me! of this somewhat remarkable country.

The readers of PROGRESS are, of course, familiar with the cause of this notable movement. People who keep newsboys so busy winning prizes, as do its readers, usually keep posted concerning current events. Out of that famous Queen's jubilee riot at Faneuil Hall, Boston, a year ago last June, has sprung a great organization, with 60 branches in this state alone, and whose growth even yet is only begun; an organization that is banded together under the name of the British-American association, in solid opposition to ring and race rule, and which has at heart the best and loftier interests of the United States. It supports a staunch weekly organ, the *British-American Citizen*, and the members are really better citizens now than many men who can trace their blue life-fluid back to the remote period when the pilgrim patriarchs cast an anchor to windward in Plymouth bay. In this city alone, where it seemed at times as though it would be necessary to chain down the public buildings, in order to prevent their being carted away by some of the "city fathers," they have created no end of stir, and the good their movement has already caused is incalculable.

To come more nearly "to hum," it is a pleasant fact to record that no small portion of the British-American association's

membership is made up of natives of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In fact, they are largely in the majority in some of the branches. Even if the United States authorities do continue to make sarcastic remarks about fish, and occasionally deprive a thrifty "down-homer" of the half-dozen pairs of winter socks he has brought to Boston in his valise, the provincialists as a body, are determined that the country shall never become corrupt while they can do anything to prevent it. All of which is highly commendable, and is respectfully submitted to the country at large.

I never was so sorry for anything as I was for the fact that I missed that Faneuil Hall disturbance. A riot has a strange fascination for the average mortal, even if he is morally certain that he will furnish an item for the newspapers by coming in contact with it, and I am no exception to the rule. But I was enjoying another kind of a riot in that dizzily-revolving city of Halifax just at that juncture and so lost an elegant chance of being jumped on by an Eighth Ward hod-carrier, or used as a patent cobble-stone cleaner by an infuriated member of the O'Shaughnessy Dimmicratic Battalion. Just my luck! Every time a man goes to Nova Scotia something interesting happens—out side of Nova Scotia.

As intimated above there are several other interesting matters that are at present agitating the minds of this free and enlightened people. The retaliation matter can be disposed of in four words: It is all bluff!

Then there is the great school controversy merits more than four words, and for the existence of which, please thank British Americans again. They are perfectly willing to take the blame for it. Reduced to its simplest elements the question is this: Shall the Roman Catholic Church be allowed to set up a system of private parochial schools in opposition to the great public educational school system, or shall it be compelled to keep its children in the latter? The priests say that the children shall be transferred to the private institutions while the protestant majority emphatically answers that they shall not. On this line of action a bitter fight is being waged, and the unprecedented spectacle of 25,000 Boston women qualifying themselves to vote for school committee has just been witnessed. There is lots of fun ahead; and still that barber maintained that Yarmouth was as big as Boston!

An acquaintance of mine and a St. John man at that whose name I progress would recognize, has just returned to the Hub, after an interesting "tramp trip" through Europe. He spent four months in his journeyings, and during that time went through portions of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria and even Turkey. He had many interesting experiences, and was many times asked by enlightened foreigners if he was acquainted with so-and-so "in America." His most interesting experience however, was the feat of getting home on a little more than nothing. Through the exercise of his natural shrewdness, for which all St. John men are famous, he managed to get back to Boston with 15 cents and a Turkish silver something-or-other in his pocket.

The weather is very frosty when a New Brunswicker falls out of line in the procession. THOMAS F. ANDERSON.

Pocket Books, Purses, etc., good value, at McArthur's.

They Have Got Something.

The liquidators of the Maritime bank are somewhat reticent in regard to the salaries they are getting or expect to get for their services. Of course the whole matter is in the hands of the Chief Justice and much depends upon his valuation of their services. In answer to a query from PROGRESS a day or two ago, a gentleman advanced the theory that the liquidators had drawn "something" from time to time. How much he either did not know or would not say. Everybody expects that the gentlemen have got something and will get more, but it is a matter of some interest to a large portion of the interested public to know what their remuneration is or will be.

She Must Have Had a Sporting Father.

They ranged from five to nine years, as intelligent a class of girls as this city affords. "Can you tell me," asked Miss G—, the teacher, "what man is most popular and distinguished in the United States? Now, answer quickly, please." There were a number of answers, all of them a little wide of the mark, when a five-year-old spoke up and said: "I know." "Who is it, Gracie?" "John L. Sullivan!"

Who Stole the Dog Collar?

The above question can be answered by two persons: The lady who saw the "gentleman" coax the dog to his side, then looking up and down the street, unfasten the valuable collar and put it in his pocket. Then the thief knows his own name. Query: Wouldn't it be a good idea to return that collar?

Blank Books, all sizes, at McArthur's.