

A YEAR OF VICTORY.

THE STORY OF "PROGRESS" PROSPEROUS TWELVE MONTHS.

How the Paper Grew in Plan and Afterward in Reality—Mishaps and Triumphs That Left an Impression—Honor to Whom Honor Is Due—Some Facts and Figures.

Looking back over the year that closes with this number of *PROGRESS*, and trying to summarize in thought its trials and its successes, I find that the chief impression it has left on my mind is that of exceeding length. There have been more than 52 weeks in it. Most of the weeks have been about eight days long. Some of the days have contained as many as 36 hours.

The idea of *PROGRESS* grew slowly. Almost a year before we started it, and while we were working on the city staff of the *Telegraph*, Mr. Carter and I thought we saw our way clear to an afternoon daily, and made exhaustive plans for it. That dazzling mirage presently faded, and then we began to scheme for a little monthly, about the size of *The Writer*, to be known as *The Canadian Journalist*. This hope came so near to fruition that our friend Allan Forman announced the periodical in his *New York Journalist*. But the idea was "sat upon"—I use the term advisedly—and we had to give it up, in the face of assured success. The fever was in the blood, however, and a weekly paper then engaged our thoughts. Three weeks of planning brought it within reachable distance, and then we resigned from the *Telegraph*—being banquipped by 40 representatives of every department in the establishment—and set to work at the details.

To find a place to work in was the first and most complicated problem. There was thought, at first, of taking the third floor of the W. C. T. U. building, but the owner wanted a long lease and a big rent—neither of them a safe handicap for a new enterprise. Our present office in the *Telegraph* building was not immediately available, and a temporary home had to be at once provided. It was finally found in the Richards building, the second and third floors of which were leased to Tom Driscoll, who proposed to continue his saloon on the first floor, law or no law. We moved in.

Neither of us, I think, will ever forget the two months we spent in that building. The composing room was crowded into the third floor and every form we sent to press had to be carried in a hand-barrow down two flights of narrow, tortuous stairs, across the street and into the *Telegraph* basement. How we ever escaped the calamity of "pi" will always be a wonder to me. When I think of the risk, even at this distant day, I break out in a cold sweat. However, Fate was with us and we escaped this and other disasters and sent out nine papers from there.

But I set out to speak of the first number. We started with a remarkable showing of advertisements—thanks to my associate's energy. (I put it on record, here and now, that the financial success of *PROGRESS* is his work. I have no more business capacity than a humming-bird.) But after eleven columns had been filled with advertisements and our prospectus, there remained 38 columns to fill with "live" reading matter—and here our friends came in to supply much valued aid. Mr. George E. Fenety gave us the first paper of the scholarly and authoritative "Political History" series that has caused a constant demand, ever since, for our first seven numbers. We were favored, also, in receiving from Prof. Roberts a critique of "American Vers de Societe" (which had the honor to be copied, a week later, in the *New York Home Journal*), and a noble quatrain on Matthew Arnold. Our Fredericton correspondent, "Stella," contributed the first complete account of the Victoria hospital, of which we gave a fine engraving. Three columns of society news from various correspondents and two columns of sound and sagacious musical notes from "Felix" filled other space. Nor did our old associates on the *Telegraph* forget us, for both Mr. R. G. Larson and Mr. W. A. Brown were represented on our local pages. There were eighteen columns remaining to be filled, and Carter and I wrote it—under what tribulation no man who hasn't started a paper can ever imagine.

On that first Saturday morning, a year ago, we got the paper on the street about 10 o'clock. The newsboys patronized us liberally, as we thought at the time, though the sale wasn't a quarter as large as it is now. We stayed at the office until about 3 o'clock that afternoon, and then, having had just three hours sleep in about 60 hours, we managed to get home and to bed. The child was born, anyway!

The comments that first paper provoked were most amusing. The general public had apparently expected that it would be an imitation of the *Weekly Telegraph* and *Sun*—heavily political, full of the week's routine news and with a good deal of space taken up by "Farm and Garden" and "Household" departments. Proceeding on this assumption, our friends in the profession had prophesied dismal failure for us. So it would have been, doubtless, if we had worked on that basis—but we knew a trick worth two of that. Our idea was to combine the essential features of the live daily and Sunday papers of the United States—to publish a daily once a week. We felt that, with the aid of our friends, we could make a paper that the average

man and woman might read with interest and satisfaction from the heading to the last line. That that confidence was warranted, our circulation statement and our advertising columns are the best proof.

As I have said, we remained in the Richards building two months. Shortly after we moved in, our landlord, Driscoll, moved out. When rent-day came, "Hon." C. L. Richards, who had made the lease to Driscoll, came down on *PROGRESS* for the rent of the whole building! It was paid, under protest, for we had nowhere to go. But when the swindle was repeated, arrangement was hastily made with Mr. J. P. Hegan, who moved off one floor of his office and gave us half the other, and here we have abided under the shadow of our old friend the *Telegraph*. I may add that we afterwards took the worth of the \$50 out of C. L. Richards' hide.

How *PROGRESS* has grown and flourished you, my reader, know almost as well as I do. There is a prosperity which is so complete and so abounding that it reveals itself to the most casual observer. That is true in this case.

But while I am on this subject I may perhaps be allowed to state why it has prospered:

In the first place, of course, we must give the credit to the underlying plan. That was one which not only demanded our best work but permitted the work we best enjoyed. Both of us have strong convictions, based, we think, on a desire for the public good, and we have never been compelled to twist our consciences or torture the language at the behest of any man or party. It is very easy for a man to do himself credit in print, when he writes what he believes and writes it all.

Then, our contributors: The index, printed elsewhere in this issue shows whom they have been. The help of Prof. Roberts, alone, has been of priceless value to us. Mr. George E. Fenety's contributions have won their way to a splendid audience of representative men. Papers by Revs. George Bruce, Arthur John Lockhart, L. G. Macneil, L. G. Stevens and Robert Wilson have done us great good of an enduring sort, as did that perfect "Christmas Carol," for which we were indebted to Rev. G. J. D. Peters, of Bathurst. Our society correspondents, "Stella," of Fredericton, "Cecil Gwynne," of Moncton, "Terpsichore," of St. John and "Pansy," of Dorchester, not to name a host of volunteer contributors, have kept us most fully informed of the social happenings in their respective towns. Our legislative correspondent, "Flotsam," did better work for us, during the session just closed, than the daily papers were able to secure. And to "Brooks" and "Bildad," and "Jimmy Smith" and "Johnny Mulcahey," and a score of others, whose modesty forbade them to work without a *nom de plume*, we owe our earnest thanks. I am painfully conscious that in this brief summary I have neglected to mention many of our most valuable assistants. They, however, must accept the assurance that they are not forgotten. Nor shall we ever lose sight of the well directed energy of Mr. W. K. Reynolds—than whom Boston never graduated a better newspaper man—which gave us, between September and April, some of the best articles ever printed in a St. John paper. To Mr. R. G. Larson, of our staff, are we also indebted for bright and readable sketches, which, if he had taken my advice, he would have signed and gotten full credit for. Our best thanks to all these! They have had much to do with the success of *PROGRESS* and we are not ungrateful.

Illustrations, too, have helped to make *PROGRESS* popular. Before this paper began, an engraving worthy of the name was hardly ever printed in a provincial newspaper. Excluding 45 cuts of a purely business character, we have published over 100 fine engravings during the year! They cost a good deal of money—but experience has shown that money brings money, in the newspaper field, as in any other. It isn't essential that we should compete with the *Dominion Illustrated*—though we could give that excellent periodical a hard race, if it appeared worth while—but it seemed to us, from the start, that St. John would appreciate something above the old familiar chisel-and-meal-axe style of engravings, and results have not disappointed that confidence.

Doubtless these engravings have never appeared to much better advantage than they did in the Fredericton special edition of Sept. 15 (12 pages, circulation 8,500) and the St. John special of Dec. 15 (24 pages, circulation 15,000). These issues received approving notice from the best newspapers on the continent. Nothing like them had ever before been attempted here, and it will be a long time before they are equalled. They were immediately profitable, and the impetus of the boom they gave us isn't exhausted yet.

The appearance of *PROGRESS*, of course, has been half the battle. Our paper-makers, Messrs. Carter, Rice & Co., of Boston, deserve much of the credit for that, as also does Mr. William Marshall, of the *Telegraph* press-room. Let me here add a good word, too, for that best of foremen, Mr. James Porter, whose taste and energy are a constant inspiration to all of us—including our compositors, one of whom, Mr. D. McLean, has been with us since we began, and will, I hope, continue until we are all wealthy enough to retire from business.

Have I forgotten anybody? Well, yes, I owe a word to certain gentlemen who sought to hinder us but only succeeded in helping. (Don't imagine that I allude to the entertaining blackguards who work so hard to give us somewhat to laugh at in the shape of the *Evening Gazette*. Their design is malevolent enough, but their influence, being limited by their paper's circulation, could never be detected without a microscope.) I mean the men whose distaste for the printed truth made them threaten all sorts of awful things. Thinking over our experiences with them, the other day, I constructed the following table:

Threatened with licks.....	7
Licked.....	0
Lacked the other man.....	2
No fight.....	5

While I am on figures, I may say that we printed 3,500 copies of the first number—and gave away 1,000. Our edition is 6,000 copies today—and we don't give away any. Verify it at the *Telegraph*'s press-room or business office.

In No. 1, we had about ten columns of paying advertisements. In this number there are 23 columns, leaving out of account the special favors of friends Gilbert and Pitfield. This increase has come about in face of the fact that within two months the advertising rates have been advanced 50 per cent. There are no "dead" advertisements in *PROGRESS*, either. There never have been. When a man's contract time expires, his advertisement comes out.

In *PROGRESS* of Feb. 9, we were given some statistics showing the increase in news-dealers' sales. To that may be added this fact: During the first month of the paper's existence, 1008 copies of *PROGRESS* were sold to all the out-of-town newsdealers. During the present month of April, the outside newsdealers' orders call for 4,277 copies!

That's quite a circulation, in itself. But when we started we prophesied that we should touch the 10,000 mark within two years, and it will go to that.

PROGRESS was never so well able to serve its patrons and the public as it is today. To be sure, we are a little cramped for room, but within the next month we shall occupy the whole of that section of the *Telegraph* building in which we are now located, and then it will be transformed into the handsomest newspaper office in lower Canada. During the coming year, our policy will be the same that has brought success and won us hosts of friends in the year that is past. We have profited by the experience. We see a few things to be sorry for but many more to rejoice over. We have never consciously deceived our readers. We hope we have done them some good. If there is any virtue in our intention, nobody will be able to find any fault with the second volume of *PROGRESS*.

WALTER L. SAWYER.

A Home in the Country.

The residence built and occupied by Henry Titus, situated about one mile and a-half above the village of Rothesay, is offered for sale. The house is two stories in height and contains rooms enough for a large family, and stands upon a six-acre lot, more or less, and is admirably adapted for a summer residence, as well as all the year round. There are large barns upon the premises, and the place at present cuts about five tons of hay. The view of the Kennebec and its islands is magnificent. The railroad runs within half a mile of the property, and a siding might be placed in the vicinity for the accommodation of passengers.

This valuable property will be sold at a great bargain, as the owner of it now resides at a distance and wishes to get it off his hands. House can be examined any time. Apply for further information to E. S. Carter, office of *PROGRESS*, Canterbury street.—Advt.

Two Scowmen and Their Complaint.

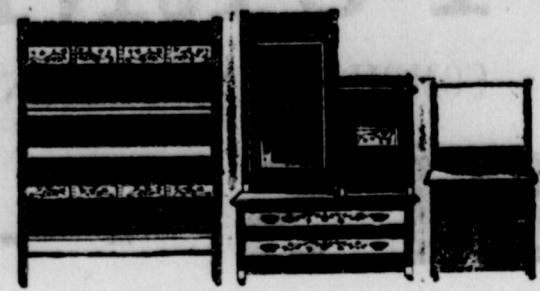
James Gillin and Walter Charlton were angry scowmen, last Saturday night. The subject of their wrath was foreman McMillan, who, when paying them for two days' work, gave each two \$2 bills. They had hardly gripped the cash before they were after McMillan, asking why they didn't get scowmen's wages, \$2.50 per day. McMillan put them off by saying the boss (Mr. Driscoll) wouldn't allow it and Gillin and Charlton went each minus \$1. Monday morning they refused to go to work and told the foreman they would tell Mr. Driscoll what he had done, where upon McMillan paid each of them a dollar. If Gillin and Charlton state the case correctly the Scowmen's union should inquire into it. Men who know what the scale of wages is and are willing to pay should learn the facts through the union and then deal with his man. Cheating a scowman of his hard-earned wages is a poor business.

There is Nothing Like a Good Dog.

A persuasive looking canine is invaluable sometimes. The women of St. John who have been pestered to death by house to house peddlers may learn something from the following:

Winterport, Me., people, as well as those of other towns, are often annoyed by impudent and persistent peddlers, but a Jew was taught a good lesson there the other day which he will long remember. He called at Mrs. McKinnon's, and after being informed that no purchases would be made, saucily insisted that she buy something, which she refused to do and told him she wished he would go. He replied that he would go when he got ready and not before, seating himself as he said so. Mrs. M. realizing that she had to deal with a troublesome customer, went into another room and taking her daughter's mastiff, weighing 118 pounds, by the collar, led her out. At sight of her, Solomon said, "Me vill go! Me vill go!" and stood not upon the order of his going, but scooted with a frightened air.

Bedroom Sets!



We are showing special value in BED-ROOM SETS, in Elm, Cherry, Walnut, Ash and Oak.

PARLOR SUITES,

in Embossed and Crushed Plushes, Brocade and Raw Silk, in all the newest shades; also, in Haircloth at SPECIAL LOW PRICES.

CURTAIN POLES, BABY CARRIAGES, BOYS' VELOCIPEDES, WAGONS AND CARTS.

C. E. BURNHAM & SONS,

83 and 85 Charlotte Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

SEEDS!

JUST ARRIVED:

1 Car Choice Western, and 1 Car Choice Lower Canadian Timothy; Together with Red, Long Late, Alsike and White Clover; Red Tops, Barley, Wheat, Oats, etc., etc.

Also to hand: A full supply of Fresh and Reliable VEGETABLE SEEDS, leading varieties.

AT LOWEST PRICES.

P. NASE & SON,

Wholesale and Retail General Merchants, INDIANTOWN, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Always Ready,

CHEAP,

And Quality Unsurpassed,

EDWARDS' DESSICATED SOUP.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL,

AGENTS.

The melancholy days have come—The saddest of the year: For cleaning paints and scrubbing floors, And scouring far and near.

And to do this Successfully you require:

SAL. SODA, CON. LYE and POTASH, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, PARIS and LONDON WHITING, GLUE, ULTRAMARINE BLUE, INDIA RED, BRUNSWICK, PARIS and CHROME GREEN, WHITEWASH BRUSHES, SPONGES, and FURNITURE POLISH.

R. D. McARTHUR, Medical Hall, ST. JOHN, N. B.

CAFE ROYAL,

Domville Building,

Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

DINNER A SPECIALTY

Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK.

BUSINESS MEN,

CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS

Are the Best

AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.

The best market affords always on hand P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 49 Germain Street, Opposite Market Building.

50c. A WEEK.

CLOCKS, RUGS, PICTURES,

Silver-Plated Ware and Fancy Goods,

FROM

JONES, - - The Installment Man,

36 DOCK STREET.

Flour and Feed Store.

Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat,

RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS,

From the best mills. Always on hand.

R. & F. S. FINLEY,

Sydney Street.

Havana and Domestic

CIGARS.

I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS.

THOS. L. BOURKE,

11 and 12 Water Street.

S. R. FOSTER & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

STEEL and IRON-CUT NAILS,

And SPIKES, TACKS, BRADS, SHOE NAILS, HUNGARIAN NAILS, Etc.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE "BELL" CIGAR FACTORY WILL REMOVE

— TO —

217 and 219 Union Street, THIS MONTH.

CREAM CHIPS. CREAM CHIPS,

The most delicious Confectionery in the market,

20 CENTS PER LB.,

— AT —

HUGH P. KERR, - - King and Dock Sts.

— ALSO —

Try KERR'S COUGH TABLETS and BUTTER SCOTCH, in 5c. Packages.

Encourage Home Manufacture.

MARITIME VARNISH AND WHITE LEAD WORKS.

JAMES ROBERTSON,

Manufacturer of all kinds of VARNISHES and JAPANS, WHITE LEAD, COLORED and LIQUID PAINTS and PUTTY.

FACTORY—CORNER OF CHARLOTTE AND SHEFFIELD STREETS. Office and Warehouse: ROBERTSON'S New Building, Corner Union and Mill Streets.

St. John, N. B. WILLIAM GREIG, Manager.

Special Lot of Plated Forks, etc.

WE OFFER A SPECIAL LOT OF

BEST ENGLISH PATTERNS SPOONS AND FORKS,

— IN —

Prince of Wales, Lilly and Beaded Patterns.

These goods we guarantee best quality, but wishing to clear out the line we sell at COST PRICE.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

60 and 62 Prince William Street.

FOR GOOD VALUE

— IN —

Union and All-Wool Grey Flannels; Ladies' and Children's Wove Hosiery; Ladies' Vests; Black and Colored Cashmeres; Gloves; Jerseys and Jersey Coats; Embroidered Cloth Table Covers; Gent's Ribbed Shirts and Pants, etc., etc.,

— GO TO —

PITTS' General Dry Goods Store,

179 UNION STREET. 179

STOVES!



Our celebrated GURNEY STANDARD RANGE has no equal. It is made from the very best iron, put together by the very best stove-fitters with all the latest improvements, and, therefore, is the quickest cooker and best baker in the market. Every one warranted. Also, a good line of Cook Stoves.

Second-hand STOVES and RANGES always on hand, with a good stock of Tinware and Kitchen Furnishings.

COLES & PARSONS, 90 Charlotte Street.

Children's Hats and Caps.

"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"

Is the newest and prettiest style for Children's wear. We are making this CAP in various colors of Plushes, to order, and for stock.

THE NATTY "YACHT" in Cloth or Plush, with any design, such as CROWN or ANCHOR, worked in Bullion, is another favorite.

Other STANDARD STYLES—"THE MIDDY," "JOCKEY," etc., are constantly on hand, or made at short notice.

MANKS & CO., 57 King Street.

Gorbell Art Store, 207 Union Street,

FOR

Mantel Mirrors.

PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

A SPECIALTY.

JENNINGS', 171 Union Street.

OIL PAINTINGS, AWAY DOWN.

NOW OPEN WITH A NEW STOCK OF

Wall Paper, Window Shades, Etc.

F. E. HOLMAN, 48 King Street.