

PROGRESS.

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THEIR MOUTHS CLOSED.

NOT A HAPPY SEASON FOR THE BAPTIST SEMINARY.

Estrangement of the Faculty—An Investigation Held by the Board—What Conclusion was Arrived at—Will There Be a New Principal?

This hasn't been a very joyous season for the Union Baptist seminary at St. Martins. In fact, some of the ladies and gentlemen connected with that institution are yet in doubt if Christmas and New Years have come and gone.

That good text of the season, "Peace on earth, good will to all men," was not in force within the seminary walls. The house is divided against itself. The faculty is estranged.

This is most unfortunate. Some time ago, when PROGRESS revealed some of the hidden secrets of the place, and told its readers what had taken place within the stately and commodious structure, which is and should be the pride of all good Baptists, many shook their heads and refused to believe that anything of the kind ever transpired. It was too bad to be true. The editor of the *Messenger and Visitor* nearly lost his base in his indignation, and said and wrote things about PROGRESS which showed the disturbed state of his mind.

PROGRESS is sorry that the trouble is not ended. If rumors could be credited, the seminary could tell stories now that PROGRESS might hesitate to publish. It is a pity the truth cannot be told and give rumor a back seat. Despite the efforts of several newspaper men, the mouths of the faculty and the board of management are closed tight. Lock-jaw is about the only thing that would have a worse effect upon them. In fact, it is understood that while they have not imitated western moonlighters and sworn silence, the pledge of secrecy has been taken, and anything worth hearing is not to be heard.

This much is known. The esteemed members of the faculty are at sword's points. The preceptress, Miss Fannie F. Thomas, appears to have drawn upon her the wrath of three resident members of the faculty. The war has been raging for some time, and a few weeks ago the understanding was arrived at that the Christmas vacation would put an end to the fight and perhaps to some of the faculty.

It can well be understood, then, that the approach of the festive season was not hailed with any great joy. Students and teachers felt that a pall hung over them. Strange stories floated among them. No doubt they were exaggerated; no doubt what has reached the public is colored. It would have been far better had the real reason for the investigation been set forth and stopped idle rumors.

PROGRESS has no intention of publishing them. It would take too much space and, besides, some of them are not appropriate for family reading.

When a student is expelled, the reasons for the expulsion are usually given out. It is stated that one of the young men in the institution was expelled. Why? has not been stated.

The semi-authoritative statement has also appeared that three members of the faculty are against the preceptress in the present investigation. This is most unfair to the preceptress. If she is on trial the investigation should be conducted without the publication of any such opinion.

The lot of any member of the board is not a happy one. If the burden is shared equally by all it should be light enough, as it includes president Mont. McDonald; vice president, Wm. Peters; treasurer, John March; secretary A. A. Wilson; and directors Hon. Geo. E. Foster, E. McLeod, Q. C. Foster McFarlane, M. D. David Vaughn, R. C. Elkin, Thomas L. Hay, A. C. Smith, John McGinty, Wm. Peters, James Paterson and all the ordained ministers of the Baptist and Free Baptist churches.

The people want to see the seminary grow and flourish. They want success to go hand in hand with it. Too much energy, too much money have been expended upon the institution to have any calamity befall it now. The managing board has a great work before it. Sentiment can have no place in its councils if the best results are to be had. The first need is a good head for the institution—a good principal. The man for the place must be above reproach in every particular; and, more, he must be well known among those who will support the institution. The implanting of a stranger was not a wise move. This has been proved by results.

All That Was Good For Them.
The newsboys didn't stand on ceremony Thursday in Trinity school room. In fact they aren't one of their virtues. When they departed they carried away all the turkey and plum pudding that was good for them.

Three Cases of New Novels Just Opened at McArthur's Bookstore.

MORE THAN THEY COULD STAND.

Three Stories Told by Prince Edward Island Men.

They were genial old men, known throughout "the tight little island" as fond of good company, good living and a good story. When Jones, Smith and Brown met there was fun for all their hearers. Each had the peculiarity of telling a good story upon every occasion when an appreciative audience could be found. Their stories were numerous.

Three of them are gems in their way. Amid clouds of smoke and chaff Jones remarked: "Talking about ice reminds me of when I used to go to school in Summerside. I lived in Charlottetown at the time and though Summerside was about 70 miles away I never was late. I came pretty near being tardy one morning, though. I overslept myself and when I got my skates on opposite my home I had just 20 minutes to get to that school-house, about 70 miles away. I got there just as 'Order' was called. Fast? Well, I guess I did go fast. There was a great gale after me and that was a great help. I had my pen behind my ear—we used quill pens then—and it fell to the ice and was off like a shot, propelled by the wind. I chased it for all I was worth but I didn't catch it. I would have, though, but for an accident. I went down an air hole when within three miles of my destination, and I tell you, boys, I was going so fast that when, as good luck would have it, I popped up opposite our school house, I wasn't a bit wet. I'll never forget that skate."

The smoke was thicker, the silence was somewhat oppressive. Smith broke it: "Brown, weren't you at that circus that was here about 60 years ago—the one with the man and a ladder?"

Brown murmured an affirmative and Smith continued: "That fellow did the greatest trick I ever saw, and yet it was simple. He had a ladder 388 feet long, and he stood it on end and climbed to the top. When he got there he stood on his head, and then descended safely, balancing himself and the ladder all the time."

The air was heavy with smoke, and many minutes passed before the calm was disturbed. "That circus came again," said Brown. "I don't think you were there, Smith, but the same fellow was back again. He had improved, and his ladder was longer. It was just 414 feet long. I remember the number from the two 4's. He balanced the ladder and climbed to the top—then he pulled it up after him."

Smith and Jones sprang to their feet and shouted, "Brown, that's a lie!"

Notepaper and Envelopes 5, 10 and 15 cents a Quire, at McArthur's Bookstore.

Red Ink and Water and Mr. Paul.

Mr. Paul, the Millicent philosopher, is a most persevering medicant. No rebuffs deter him. For some time he was a daily morning visitor in a city bank. His eyes would rest with an unsatisfied, longing expression upon the teller's bank notes. Mr. Paul's visits became monotonous, and one day a bottle which was adorned with a whiskey label but contained nothing but water discolored with red ink, was thrust into his basket and he was told to "git." He did so—to a retired corner on the wharf, and there in the sun he examined his treasure. The color was fine, and with a deep sigh of satisfaction, Mr. Paul gave way to his habit. The policemen found him that night and had him carted to the station. The bottle was empty and all the evidence went to show that red ink and water were too much for Mr. Paul.

Surprised to See It in Print.

Mr. James Prince, father of the fair and interesting plaintiff who wants \$15,000 damages from a fascinating Nova Scotian for breach of promise was surprised, so those who know him say, to see the facts of the suit so soon before the St. John public. Miss Prince has returned from Halifax and is at her father's home on Sewell street. Mr. Prince can be let alone as a man who knows what he is about. He doesn't have much to say as a general thing, but his sentences are always to the point. He is one of the well-known attaches of the chamberlain's office, and when he calls upon a citizen his visit is usually brief. He generally gets what he is after. If, as is alleged, he is the mainspring of the present suit, the Nova Scotian might do a worse act than compromise.

He Almost Got There.

Score one for the much maligned Portland policeman. He put in "a timely appearance" the other night when a crowd of precious young villains stopped the wagon of the mail collector, with intent to assault and probably rob him. The valiant officer contented himself by "shooing" them away and made no arrests. The horrible threat is made that they will be prosecuted "the next time."

Advertisement in "Progress."



SIR JOHN C. ALLEN, K. C. M. G.

Whatever may be the opinions as to the desirability of having titles of knighthood in this country, all are agreed that Chief Justice Allen is entitled to all the honors which his new dignity might lend him. Were it a matter of popular vote as to what man in the provinces most deserved distinction of such a nature, it is morally certain that the Chief Justice would have been selected by general consent. His life, as pictured in these columns not long ago, has been a pure and noble one. He has been equally distinguished as a good citizen, an able lawyer, an exemplary Christian

and an upright judge. He is a man who would be a bright and shining light on the bench of the highest courts of any country. His life and his acts have been beyond cavil. He has done his duty and detracted nothing from the lustre shed upon the bench by the able jurists who have preceded him. He has all the manly qualities which should distinguish the true knight. He has lived *sans peur et sans reproche*. His new honors can add nothing to his worth in the eyes of those who have so long known and admired him. May Sir John Campbell Allen long live to wear the title so worthily bestowed. 3.13

IS THIS RANK TREASON?

SOMETHING FOR THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY LADIES.

To Think Over—The Suggestions of a Correspondent, Who is Evidently Not in Sympathy With Past Efforts—Hints for Future Entertainments.

TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS.—The hearts of the good women of St. John are in the right place. Nobody doubts it. They are active in their efforts to do good. They are prodigal in the expenditure of their own time and energy. They want the people to second their efforts by being equally prodigal with their money.

Every once in a while these amiable ladies have an entertainment for the benefit of something. Sometimes the object of their charity is a church. Sometimes it is the Public Library.

It is to be noted with pain that these entertainments are not usually remarkably successful, from either an artistic or financial point of view. Sometimes, after weeks have been spent in the elaborate preparation of a wretched amateur "show," the committee is glad to escape without an actual deficit. Instances of actual loss have not been uncommon. The promoters of the enterprises have consoled themselves with the thought that they have had their fun and nobody has been hurt. Then they try it again, and with similar results.

In the absence of a censorship of amusements, there is nothing to prevent any number of well-meaning people making themselves as ridiculous as they please before the public. Nor is there anything to prevent their seeking notoriety by using the name of the Public Library. It should, however, be distinctly understood that the library committee is not a party to the sham.

The Public Library is not an object of charity. It is not a professional beggar, standing, hat in hand, for people to drop their 25 cent pieces. It is a most deserving institution, which merits more than it has got in the way of civic support, and it is unfair that the needed substantial grant is prevented by a number of amiable and meddlesome people. It needs to be saved from its friends.

Why? Does not every dollar help? In this case, no. The amounts realized from time to time by these trumpery affairs are so utterly insignificant that they amount to nothing. But having the appearance of being something, they block the way for the greatly desired aid from the city. It is believed that an additional grant might have been obtained ere this had the dear but officious creatures minded their own business.

There is good authority for saying that the majority of the library committee has no sympathy with the misdirected efforts made in behalf of the institution. They would prefer to be let severely alone for the present. When they can afford it they will probably have less objection. At present they run too much risk of financial loss.

But the dear ladies need not lack for objects of charity. They can get up a benefit for the Bank of New Brunswick, which has just declared a semi-annual dividend of 6 per cent., and cannot possibly be injured by their zeal. Or they can get

THE CITY SOCIETY TALK.

FASHIONABLE EVENT AT MRS. CONSUL MURRAY'S.

Thursday Evening—Mrs. Tuck's At Home, Thursday Afternoon—Rumor and Gossip's Chat About Events of the Present and Future.

Madame Rumor ate her New Year dinner at the best hotel in the city. There she met her old friend, Mrs. Gossip, who said that she felt quite sure that Cupid had been lurking around the corridors, everything had such a happy and joyous appearance. Then Dame Rumor opened her heart and told of the late engagement that she thought would result in a wedding in a few weeks. In return for this bit of confidence, Gossip felt it her duty to tell of approaching marriage of one of our fair maidens, who went to the far West to keep house for her brother—who will doubtless return to St. John to find some one to take her place. After fully discussing these two items, the two friends found that they had come to the end of the *menu*, and retired to the parlor to talk over things in general. They touched on the gayeties, and wondered if this was going to be a dull season. No, Rumor had heard of a number of parties that were to be, and she hoped it was true that three of these delightful gatherings were to be at the residence of Judge King, Mr. J. H. Parks and Mr. H. D. Troop, for they were sure to be counted among the most enjoyable. Gossip agreed with her that it took an exceptionally clever and thoughtful hostess to make a party of any kind a complete success. The dressing has a good deal to do with the pleasing effect of a large gathering, but then, St. John girls always did dress well, although their feet might not always meet with Ouida's appreciation—but for this we must hold the weather responsible.

But just here the interesting conversation was interrupted by visitors who all sought to make the friends happy by contributing their items of news.

One told that Miss Maud Holman, from Prince Edward Island, would visit her friend Miss Turnbull, on Elliott row. She would be here but a short time, as she is on her way to Rochester, N. Y.

Then they all chatted about the Old Folks' concert for Monday evening, and one described Mrs. Barton Gandy's dress that is over 150 years old. Yes, and Rumor heard that the tortoise-shell comb to be worn with it was quite 100 years old, the whole costume having been worn by Mrs. Gandy's great-great-grandmother. They went on discussing other heirlooms, and Mrs. Gossip was sorry to leave, but she had yet to "take in" the curling club at the Lansdowne rink, where she knew she would be highly entertained. So she bade Rumor an affectionate adieu, promising to see her again on Friday, when they would have a chance to talk over the social events of the week.

Friday arrived not any too soon for these two busybodies, who were all excitement over the gayeties of Thursday.

Gossip declared she was quite sure that the entire "400" attended Mrs. Tuck's reception, which was supposed to continue from 4 o'clock until 7 in the evening, but with such an entertaining host and hostess it is hard to realize when "time's up."

In the evening U. S. Consul Murray's residence looked very brilliant, and all the debutantes were looking most charming. Rumor told Gossip she did try to decide on the belle but it was impossible. She could not help admiring the true American tact shown by Mrs. Murray and her daughter in making the young folks feel that they were having one of the pleasantest evenings in their life's history. Among the merry gathering she noticed the Misses E. Hall, Agnes Warner, Josie Troop, Nina Keator, B. Bostwick, Jeanne de Bury, Jack Hazen, Carrie Seely, G. Cruikshanks, Edna Jones, Gertie Dever, Lizzie Furlong, Mary Travers, Florence Snider, Carrie Fairweather, Jennie Hall, Bessie McLellan, Lollie Harrison, and Messrs. H. Fairweather, Fred. Jones, C. Troop, Jack Warner, Stewart Fairweather, W. Fairweather, H. Hazen, A. Hazen, Mortimer Robinson, H. Puddington, G. Keator, H. Drury, Russel Sturdee, J. Keator, Fred. Temple, L. Hall, Gorden McLeod and H. Clinch.

Gossip and Rumor were just beginning to discuss some of the pretty dresses but they were actually rendered speechless for a few seconds by little Miss Report stating that Mr. Walter—Walter—oh! she forgot his other name—but any way he and the petite blonde were to be married about the 14th of this month. TATTLE.

Twenty-five hundred New Novels at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King Street.

An Original Phyllis.

Mr. Duval, from Hull, called at the residence of a gentleman in this city a few days ago. The owner was out and the instructions the apathetic domestic received was to say that Mr. Duval, from Hull, called. When her master returned he was informed that during his absence Mr. Devil, from Hell, had been there.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY

Writes Another Composition—He Describes The Newspapers.

Being's I didn't mention some things I seen round town in my last composition, now then I guess I'll just mention a few more things what ought to be wrote up.

There is five papers got out in Fredericton,—the *Farmer*, the *Capital*, the *Gleaner*, the *Reporter* and the *Royal Gazette*. The editor of the *Farmer* is a very fat man. He never raked or pitched any hay. But he knows how to rake in the boodle, and last summer he pitched for the Titwills and put five of the Hiptongs out on leg byes. He cuts his hair often because it wont lay flat, but when he's writin' scathin' editorials it bristles all up till you'd think he was a Anarchist. Sister says the girls all likes Mr. Macnutt and takes the *Farmer* for bangs and bustles. Andy Lipsett is the war-editor of the *Farmer* and it makes Captain Cropley mad when he sees Andy come out with a column of infantry three days before he can fix banets in the *Capital*. Captain Cropley is editor of the *Capital*. He says the sword is mightier than the pen but mucilage licks them both. And I suppose the captin licks the mucilage. All the articles in the *Capital* is wrote by the captin but pa says he thinks the proof is read by the Bishop and the coadjutor. They don't sell *Capitals* on the streets now because the captin says he cant print enough to meet the demand. If there is any flies on the *Capital* its because the mucilage holds em there.

Jim Crockett runs the *Gleaner* which Mr. Gregory writes the articles, sayin' we was really in hopes Mr. Gregory could be prevailed upon to run for mayor. Pa said it was no use for Gregory to hope for Gregory, cos Gregory was too obstinat to give in to sech a man as Gregory. Gregory won't tackle Hazen. Pa says Gregory could beat the nigger footman, but ma says he'd better keep clear of the colored trash from this out altogether. Jim Crockett is one of our leadin' citizens. He is very popular with the boys. When Jim walks down front street with his hat shoved back, his bosom heavin' out, and his thumbs under his weskit, the common ones takes to the gutter till Jim gets past. Jim don't know how to write locals, but he can write affidavys swearin' to sellin' more *Gleaners* in London than the London Times. (I guess as PROGRESS says he never heard of what happened to Ananias.) Pa says the *Gleaner* reminds him of the story of Kernel Davy Crockett and the coon. [Says the coon to the kernel, Is that you kernel? Yes, says he. Then, says the coon, I'll come down.] The coon is the government printin', only when Jim pints the gun at the coon he just grins at him and don't come down. And he's been pinton' it so long now that he's begun to get real hungry.

Mr. Pitts is the editor of the *Reporter*. Ma says Pitts is very funny, but he gets there just the same. You would think you was in the Ladies' academy, pa says, to see the passel of girls Pitts has got in that printin' place. Every girl, he says, takes two more girls to fix her mistakes. The *Temperance Journal* is run by Pitts, too. Ma says the *Journal's* receipt for wine sauce is the best she ever tried. She says there ain't many temperance men so liberal in their views as Pitts.

The *Royal Gazette* is a good paper, too. It scoops in things the other ones miss. Pa says there's one thing he always liked the *Gazette* for, and that is it never comes down to abusin' folks. There is nothin in it, he says, to hurt your feelings. There is more religion, he says, in them Thanksgiving pieces of Secretary McLellan than anything in the *Wesleyan*. They is right to the pint, he says, and has the ring of regular pious in 'em. But ma says the secretary must have fell from grace, cos he gets off the same old prayer each time, and signs his name to it so boastful like, as if his recipee for prayin' couldn't be tripped.

Our minister is a long man and preaches long sermons full of long words. He got sick last Sunday so he couldn't preach, bein' bilious. Sister says his liver must be "out of harmony with the eternal fitness of things and ought to be adjusted to the environments of his being" right away. I don't know what them long words mean but sister wrote 'em down for me and I just put 'em in for fun.

Pa says he feels bad about this hard-feelin' goin' on so long twixt Nelson Cliff and the assessors. He says they never will be good friends. The assessors, he says, seem sociable but Nelse is so distant towards 'em. And now he's started for Florida again just as the assessors was goin' to start for him. It's handy to have a brother on the board, too; it helps the family out all around. Nelson is a long man, and I guess his head is too long for the poor assessors. JIMMY SMITH.

Fredericton, Jan. 1.

Cotton and Linen Sale.
The London House Retail has begun its annual sale of cottons, Linens and Hamburg Embroidery.