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VOL. II., NO. 77.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## THEY TALKED BASE BALL

STRONG POINTS MADE BY MEN WHO ARE QUALIFIED TO SPEAK.

Gentlemanly Playing Recommended—The Double Empire System the One Thing Needed for Perfect Profit, but More Economy Necessary for Profit.

There were number of good suggestions at the supper table in Washington's, Monday night, when 40 or 50 ball cranks discussed the events on the diamond in New Brunswick this year. President and Manager Skinner always has something to say—in fact, he always has to say something—and he does not mince his words. He spoke of the season's great success, and pointed out where it could have been improved. One of his strong points was gentlemanly playing, and to that end he was willing to support a movement to fine players for offensive conduct next year. More power to the umpire, and there will be better ball.

Another piece of strong sense came from Umpire Harrison, who by the way has developed into a very entertaining after dinner guest. The Grand Stand and the Umpire was his text, and in a conclusive fashion he pointed out how unjust the former was when it rattled the umpire for his decisions. On this point both he and Mr. Christie, who spoke afterward, were unanimous. Mr. Harrison advocates the double umpire system, which he claims is about the only thing needed to make the game perfect. Both of the umpires made excellent and telling speeches, giving free expression to their opinion. If for no other reason the gentlemen who assembled were rewarded for their attendance by hearing the umpires talk.

Mr. Berry's review of the most successful ball season in maritime Canada, was warmly received. The official scorer had to parry a few shots from the boys, who never failed to find their good plays and errors duly credited to them, but he had the facts and figures behind him and there was no going back on them.

The allusion to the good work of the officers of the club drew hearty applause, the only regret being that the popular and hard worked secretary, W. S. Barker, could not be present to enjoy the club's finale and take his part in the speech-making. Chairman Skinner, of the managing committee, had to talk again and there was something new again. The man of business—Mr. MacMichael—spoke of his own particular department and alluded to the opportunities the officers and playing members had to curtail expenses in use of material. He had no liking for bills ranging as high as \$60 a month for balls alone.

Harry McKeown made a telling point in relating a little anecdote of the boys' visit to Bangor, where the best hotel in the town was none too good for the St. John nine. Acting Captain White was there before the rest, and before he went in to dinner he approached the host, saying that he would like to make arrangements for a party to stop at the house.

"Certainly," was the response. "Who are your friends?"

"They are base ball players," replied White.

"I won't have anything to do with them; I won't have them in my house," snapped the hotel man.

Mr. White retired, but while at dinner his host came in and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Excuse me," said he, "but did you refer to the St. John club?"

"Yes," replied Capt. White.

"Then it's all right. The St. John base ball club can have the best in the hotel."

This brought down the house. Mr. McKeown's apt illustration of outside opinion of St. John ball tossers is worth recording.

Capt. Bell was the happiest man in the party, with an elegant gold watch worth \$125 in his pocket, presented to him by President Skinner, from about 40 of his admirers. He did not attempt to say much and he had the hardest kind of work to keep his seat while every speaker showered words of praise upon him, and expressed the hope that his retirement from the diamond would be only partial.

Next to him comes James Russel, to whose good work the gathering and presentation was largely due. There was a second presentation, by the way, and Mr. James Hamilton was the donor, Mr. Bell being the recipient of a pair of winter gloves and a necktie from him.

The evening passed pleasantly and generally, the entertainment being varied by good songs from Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Christie, and, PROGRESS cannot refrain from mentioning it, the impromptu speeches of Mr. James Kelly and Major Andrew Armstrong, who arrived about midnight, "fresh from making Orangemen," as Mr. Kelly put it. Mr. Kelly was asked for his opinion of cricket and base ball, and he gave it and plenty beside. PROGRESS came in for a share of his eulogiums, for which thanks are duly returned. And while thanks are flying,

Major Armstrong and his speech cannot be forgotten. Much as this paper likes good advertisements, there are occasions when they are out of place, at social friendly gatherings, for example, where men meet to talk and laugh and forget aught else save the occasion of their gathering. But that part of Major Armstrong's speech which referred particularly to sport was good. He can put a hearty ring into his remarks which is always acceptable and cheering, and never fails to elicit just as responsive applause.

All in all, the close of the season was quite as successful as the opening.

## MAJOR MAGILTON'S DEATH.

It Causes Some Misapprehension Among a Large Number of Citizens.

A feeling of profound regret was experienced by people of all classes, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, when it was announced that Mr. Joseph Magilton, had died while undergoing a trifling surgical operation. Nor was the feeling confined to the city alone. When the report reached the fair grounds at Loch Lomond, where the local politicians were making merry, the revelry was checked for a time and the awful suddenness of the event was discussed with blanched faces. In the offices of the morning papers, there was a search for absent reporters to send out for particulars, while the editorial minds framed the touching beginning of "The community was pained and shocked to hear," etc., with the ending, "The sad event has cast a deep gloom over the entire community." These are the words fit and proper to be used on such occasions, and everybody expects them.

In the midst of the discussion of the virtues of the late lamented departed by several citizens, Mr. Magilton appeared. He had no wish to die. He was not even ill. There had been a misunderstanding, and this is how it happened.

Mr. Magilton is sometimes playfully called the Colonel, and until Wednesday he had a dog which he called Major. It was a good dog, but mangy, and one of its ears needed repairs. To this end a veterinary surgeon was engaged, and he administered ether. Major went to sleep and that was end of him. This was about 1 o'clock.

Soon after, Lawyer Davis dropped into DeForrest's tailor shop. "It's too bad about Major, isn't it?" said Mr. DeForrest. "What Major?" asked Davis. "Why, Magilton. He's dead. Died under ether while the doctor was performing an operation." Just then a customer called, and Mr. DeForrest began to talk to him. Mr. Davis, shocked beyond measure, hastened away. The first man he met was Alderman Peters. When the alderman heard the news, he said he was not surprised. He had always thought that Mr. Magilton looked like a man who had heart disease. So the report started and spread. It went all over town, out to the fair, and was carried east and west by passengers on departing trains. The representative of a commercial agency called at Mr. Magilton's house, to verify the rumor before sending it out with his budget, and one undertaker is said to have waited in his shop so as to be on hand when summoned.

In the meantime Mr. Magilton heard the rumor, and rushed about the city as lively as he could to show that he was not only alive, but "kicking," in this case. He succeeded, though not until after he had heard a corner group say, as he passed, "How much that man looks like poor Joe Magilton."

## Suckers Were Scarce.

The fakirs were out at Moosepath Tuesday, as usual. There were more fakirs than "suckers," for the latter seem to be getting exceedingly scarce. Slater and his gang put in a great streak of work, but it was all in vain. Country fellows who looked like good subjects were content to stand by and take in the show from the outside.

The man with the walnut shells warbled off his bets and offers, but the crowd did not seem to gather. A few small boys stood and cast admiring glances at the man with the shells, and these the fakirs proceeded to make use of. The boys were asked to laugh and cheer, whenever anybody lifted the shell, and this they did with a will, being ably assisted by the ropers-in. Thus, it was expected, would draw a crowd to the table, but the crowd didn't seem to draw. The gang tried hard to get the few who watched the game interested. Cap. Mullin played the countryman till he was tired. He stood in front of the table and said: "I'll take that shell if you don't move it," but no one else could be induced to go even that far. They didn't make enough for cigars for the crowd.

## Too Cold For Everybody.

The people got tired of base ball this season long before the tossers did, and as ball without anybody to see it doesn't pay, the amateurs concluded that the weather was getting too cold. The Thistles and Franksins were content with one game apiece.

## A CAT IN THE COAL BIN.

IT IS ONLY A LITTLE ONE, BUT IT MAY GROW TO BE A BIG ONE.

A New Dealer Comes to the Front, and is Awarded a City Contract by a Board Composed of Alderman Busby and Others—Lawlor Rather Than Law.

The hard coal used at the police station this winter will be furnished by Mr. J. W. V. Lawlor. The incapable who is pulled in when the mercury is below zero will bless Mr. Lawlor, if the coal is good, as it is likely to be.

Mr. Lawlor was awarded the contract because his tender was the lowest. Perhaps he has made it too low to pay him, because he is new at the coal business—or at least in tendering for supplies to the city.

Mr. Lawlor has not heretofore been known as a coal dealer. This is his first season, and the supply to the department of public safety is the first work of the season. He has not hung out his shingle yet, and he has not exchanged fraternal relations with any of the other coal dealers. They say they don't know of any such man—in the capacity of a dealer.

But he gets there just the same. The board of public safety must know him to be a live and tangible being, capable of making a contract, and fulfilling a contract when it is made. One of the board is a genuine coal dealer, and is well qualified to judge as to the responsibility of persons making tenders. He is in a position to satisfy himself in the matter.

He appears to have done so. He is said to be very well satisfied, indeed.

The name of this member of the board is Alderman William Leavitt Busby, who has the honor to represent Victoria ward in the common council. He knows all about coal, and about tenders.

He knows who J. W. V. Lawlor is. He ought to, for he sees him every day that he attends his own office, from which coal is sent to all classes of people, but cannot by law be furnished to the city.

The directory gives the occupation of Mr. Lawlor as a book-keeper. When the directory man went around he was a book-keeper in Coal Dealer Busby's office. That was before the city asked for coal tenders.

He is in the same office now, and is still a book-keeper, except when the departments ask for tenders for coal. Then he becomes a dealer, and furnishes coal to a board of which his employer, Alderman Busby, is a member.

Do you see the cat in the coal bin? Isn't it just a little too thin—the arrangement, not the cat?

Is the law forbidding aldermen to contract with the city a good or a bad one? If good, why is it not enforced? If bad, why is it not abolished? Is it right for the council to wink at a thing which every man knows is not right?

This is not the only instance of the kind, but it is about as transparent as any.

What do the citizens think of it?

## What is a Truckman's Race?

The protest entered against D. Brophy receiving first money in the truckman's race, Tuesday afternoon, will probably determine what a truck horse is. It was generally understood that only horses owned by licensed teamsters, doing business as such, could be entered in a truckman's race. Brophy's bay mare, Nellie, it is alleged, is trotting bred, with a record of 2.45. Her owner claims that she, having been worked on a farm, lately, was eligible to enter the race. If this contention holds good, it would seem, to the ordinary mind, that any horse that had been worked by its owner could enter a truckman's race. When it is remembered that fast horses can be seen in grocery wagons almost any day, one would imagine that the true truck horse would stand a poor show of winning, were the entries made according to Mr. Brophy's idea.

The protest has caused some little talk among horsemen. It is said that there were a number of men on the track ready to bet on Nellie, but she was recognized, and they failed to get very much money up.

## They Were All There.

Most of the local politicians, and a number who want to be politicians, attended the fair at Loch Lomond. They were sowing with the hope of reaping in January, but it is likely to be a backward season with some of them. From all accounts, the term of "general jollification" applied to the dinner by a daily paper, pictures the scene rather mildly. It was quite a wet day with some folks.

## He Is Not Curious.

It is said that a man doing business in King street, in full possession of his mental and physical faculties, has not been on Prince William street since the fire of 1877. His duties do not take him there, and he has never had the curiosity to go there for the sake of seeing how things look.

## All the New Books at McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King street.

Advertisement in "Progress." It pays.

## WHY NOT WIDEN IT?

A Great Thoroughfare Which is Likely to Be a Crowded One in the Future.

The raising of the Bond property, on Portland bridge, is a subject of remark by persons passing along that thoroughfare. A building that was formerly below the level of the sidewalk, as most of the buildings in that locality now are, has been raised up two feet higher than the roadway. It looks strange to see steps leading up to a store on a public street like Mill street, but when the improvements contemplated by the council are completed, a stranger thing will be all the other buildings, down a couple of feet below the level of the street, unless they are raised up before that time.

All the streets around the head of the ponds are but very little above high water mark, and when the work of paving Mill and Main streets is begun, it is the intention to build them up several feet higher. Besides making the streets safer, this will do away, to some extent, with the steep grades of Mill and Main streets. As another means of levelling these streets, it is probable that several feet will be taken off the hills at Orange corner and Union fall.

When the work of paving is completed, St. John will be able to boast of as fine a public thoroughfare as can be found anywhere. With the improvement to be made on the roadway, better sidewalks than are now along these streets are looked for, and nothing short of a boom is expected by the property owners alone the line. All cannot be done, perhaps, that might be wished, when the work is once under way, owing to the amount of expenditure the improvements already contemplated will entail; yet, in view of the increased traffic which must necessarily pass over this great thoroughfare, there may be some things that could be done at a much less cost while the paving is being done on with than at any future time.

If Portland bridge is ever to be widened, now is the time it should be done. It is none too wide at present, and will surely be too narrow in the future. There are very few houses along the west side of the street now, but from present appearances there may not be any vacant lots there in a very short time.

## PROFESSOR PRIME'S PUPIL.

Mr. Bushan Meets Two Strangers and Enjoys Some Healthy Exercise.

Mr. Philip Bushan, who is known to every lover of oysters within a hundred miles of St. John, was taking a moonlight stroll through North Market street about 11 o'clock Monday night, when he was accosted by two big strangers, who inquired the way to Indiantown. Phil is a most obliging man, in the shop or out of it, and he told them. Then they began to object to his color and his ancestry, following up their remarks by an onslaught intended to annihilate him. In another second the bigger stranger was standing on his head, while the other, who was raining a shower of bricks on Phil's head tumbled around the pavement a second later. When the police came and Phil gave his assailant in charge, it was suggested that they should summon an ambulance to carry off the wounded. The strangers had tackled the wrong man. Phil was a pupil of the famous Professor Prime, and is away up on fisticuffs. The toughs came pretty near being shown the way to Hades, instead of Indiantown, but they brought up at the half-way house, the police station. The next day they paid \$8 apiece for the privilege of having been knocked out by a master of the art of boxing. The next time they meet Phil they will pass by on the other side.

## They Took No Chances.

A good deal of candy, to say nothing of grapes and other delicacies, goes through the mails. Sometimes it is poorly secured and some of the sweets drop out. Now as the best of postal clerks are only mortal, it is no more than natural of occasionally putting just a little sample of such things in their mouths. It has been done in the past, and nobody has been the worse or the wiser for it. It will not be done in the future—for a while, at least. Everything in the form of candy passing through the mail is regarded with religious veneration. The other day the bottom of a box of grapes gave out and quite a number of them rolled around the sorting table. "Don't touch them—you don't know what might be in them!" shouted the senior clerk, and nobody did touch them, save to put them back, very gingerly, in the place they came from. These be perilous times, and the boys don't propose to take any chances.

## While the Inquest Went On.

"What is your opinion of the poisoning case?"

"Haven't got any."

"Why?"

"Because if I had, they would have me before the coroner, I suppose, and I have no time to waste."

Advertisement in "Progress." It pays.

## WHAT IS THE MATTER?

STRAINED RELATIONS BETWEEN A PASTOR AND HIS FLOCK.

Also Between Some Members of the Flock and Their Brethren—A Time When Words Were Said to Express Their Depth of Feeling, and Blows Were Threatened.

There is trouble among the flock of one of the city Baptist churches. Just what it is, nobody outside of the active participants seems to know, and a most determined effort is being made to hush the matter up. So far, this effort has been very successful, and though rumors are as plenty as they were about the poisoning case, nothing very definite can be learned.

Probably the members of the church consider that it is not the business of the world to know of their wandering away from the ostensible objects of a christian congregation to abuse each other like the unwashed and unregenerate sinners of commerce. On general principles, their position is a sound one. In this case, however, it would be better if they would allow the public to know something about the facts. So long as they do not, there will be all kinds of suspicions afloat.

These suspicions are of a nature to affect the reputation of a man who is no less than the pastor of the church. Possibly he is innocent of any grave offence, but so long as there is silence and mystery, people's tongues will talk. Talk is cheap, but it is not harmless.

PROGRESS is not hankering after a scandal. It does not propose to invade the sanctity of private life, or deal with matters which are not of public interest. For this reason, it refrains from giving currency to some things which it has learned, because such a publicity would more or less involve the families of some of the warring church members. This much may be stated with propriety:

The pastor of the church in question has been a "taking" man, a sort of a lesser Talmage. He had the faculty of interesting his hearers, and of making his sermons so funny that irreverent auditors sometimes laughed. In other words, he had a personal magnetism, which to a great extent atoned for certain educational defects, especially in the vital matter of pronunciation. For a time he was a great success, and then—the trouble began.

It has been going on for weeks. Two factions have arisen in the church, one opposed to the pastor and demanding his retirement, and the other warmly in his favor. The latter appears to have been the larger body, for when the preacher tendered his resignation the church refused to accept it. Instead, they granted him a three months' leave of absence. He is enjoying it, or otherwise, at the present time. It is said he is in Chicago, with his wife, who did not accompany him to St. John. If she had, possibly, matters might have been different.

Some say that there is no doubt he will return at the appointed season. Others assert just as strongly that the brand new organ will never more furnish music for his sermons. Others again, who simply conjecture, believe that he is conveniently out of the way while matters are being "investigated," and that his future movements will depend on the results of the inquiry.

So far, the investigation has not made much progress. Perhaps the example of the methods adopted at the poisoning inquest has demoralized the investigators. At a business meeting, held after a prayer meeting, the other night, an effort was made to get at something tangible, but when certain rumors came to be sifted, no one appeared have said anything. Nothing could be traced. The proceedings terminated by two members of the church challenging each other to a contest with fists, but their fellow members interfered before coats were removed. The fight was declared off, and all present were laid under a strict injunction of secrecy.

They have observed it very well—most of them.

It is no wonder that an inquisitive public is anxious to know the true inwardness of the matter.

## Is the Drill All Right?

The attention of PROGRESS has been called to the fact that the fire-drill in the Victoria school, and probably in other schools, consists simply in causing the children to form and march out of the room. Some are of the opinion that it should go further, and that the pupils should be taught how to reach the street in safety. It is pointed out that the fire horrors at public schools in the United States have consisted in the crowds becoming demoralized in the corridors and on stairways. The point is not to get out of the class room, but out of the building.

## Why His Life Was Shortened.

Rev. George M. Armstrong was not a very old man, as years go, but he has been aged in appearance for a long time. During the cholera visitation, in 1854, he shattered his constitution by his day and night ministrations to the sick and dying.

## THOSE POLICE OVERCOATS.

Suspicious of Jobbery, and a Certainty of a Great Deal of Bungling.

A good many reports are current in regard to attempts at jobbery in connection with the tenders for the police overcoats. Pending further action in the matter, PROGRESS makes no allegations which might affect any of the parties connected with the matter.

This much may be said, however, that, apart from any suggestion of jobbery, the matter has been bungled from the start. The department of public safety seems to have entered into the matter without knowing what it was about or what it intended to do. It came very near foisting on the citizens a lot of shoddy garments, which would have faded out after the first heavy rain, and would have had but a short life, even if reserved for fine weather only. Some brilliant genius suggested that each policeman be given the choice of having a poor coat furnished him at an expense to the city of \$21, or of paying \$3 more out of his own pocket, in which case he would get a coat which would be some good to him. This proposition was very sensibly opposed, on the ground that if the city undertook to furnish a coat, it should give a whole coat and not a fractional part or parts of one.

Our police have never been conspicuous for the beauty of their uniforms. It would never do to make them look any worse, so that they would be a terror to all men as well as to evil doers.

## CHARLES WATTS WILL EXPLAIN.

He intimates That He Has a Rod in Pickle for the Benefit of Clark Braden.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I have this day received copies of PROGRESS, dated respectively Oct. 5 and 12, in which you refer editorially, and in a very fair manner to the position certain professed christians in Halifax have taken in reference to the invitation I published, in July last, to debate christianity and secularism with a representative gentleman. In your issue of the 12th there is also an article signed Clark Braden, which, throughout, is a tissue of gross falsehoods and misrepresentations. As I am suffering just now from temporary indisposition, I am unable to write fully in reply to Braden's groundless and utterly unjustifiable statements in time for your Saturday's paper, but as you have kindly intimated that "an explanation from Watts is now in order," I will endeavor to send you that explanation early next week. CHARLES WATTS.

Toronto, Oct. 15.

## Mr. Hurley's Great Success.

According to a correspondent of the Moncton Times, Rev. Mr. Hurley is doing a great work for temperance in Fairville. At his lecture, on the 13th, "the temperance societies, men and women, of the town and district all round were present in full regalia, and presented a magnificent sight. . . . For fully an hour and 37 minutes was every eye in the gathering riveted by the thrilling eloquence that came from a born orator. Treating his subject under the two headings of duty and liberty, he led his audience on step by step to a chain of arguments which every one confessed were entirely new, and never before presented themselves in that light. Such elucidations of duty, rights and liberty, under natural, divine, positive and civil law, we confessed we had never listened to before and do not expect to soon again. His peroration went through our hearts like an electric shock. We all felt that not even the sanctity of the place could stay our claps and cheers. And for a young man Mr. Hurley is about the most modest one can know."

## The Charlotte County Method.

Charlotte county has always supplied the asylum with more than the average number of lunatics, and the expense of commitments has been a heavy drain on the funds of some of the parishes. Of late, however, experiments have been made with a view to home treatment, and it is said, with remarkably successful results. One subject, living at New River, has been in the habit of going crazy about six times in a year. One of these spells came on him the other day, and calling at the house of a neighbor, he remarked that his latitude from his heart around to the back of his hip was east and west, instead of north and south, so that when he tried to walk north his feet moved east. The neighbor's wife apparently misunderstood his remarks, for she picked up a stick of wood and hit him three hard blows over the skull. The shock quite restored his reason, and he is now as sane as he ever was. The community is much pleased with the success of the experiment.

## Mr. Frye's Good Luck.

W. H. Frye, the stenographer, is about the only official connected with the inquest who has not been open to criticism. He is, besides, making some money out of it, and is to make some more, if the suspect is sent before the police court, as the government has assumed will be the case.