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# PROGRESS.

"Progress" Street Sales  
Are FOUR times larger than those of the  
**TWO MORNING PAPERS COMBINED.**  
And they are increasing every week!

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## THE BOTSFORDS' HOME.

NOW THE MARINE HOSPITAL AT WESTCOCK, SACKVILLE.

The Birthplace of Prof. Roberts and the scene of the Boyhood Frolics of the Present Judges Wetmore and Botsford—A Tooth-Pulling Incident.

Anyone who has ever visited the beautiful village of Sackville, famous for its institutions of learning, its sweet girl graduates and its great Tantram marsh, its picturesque views and its siroccos of sand, has hardly departed without visiting its outlying suburb, the almost historical hamlet of Westcock (corrupted from the Indian name, Weist-kauk,) which will yet hold a place in the future history of Canada, not only as the spot where the boyhood of Canada's poet laureate, Prof. Roberts, was spent, and the scene of some of his most exquisite lyrics, but also as the ancient home of the Botsford family—the village where those stalwart men, the family of "those tall Botsfords," were born and brought up—and where their father, the dearly loved "Judge Botsford," whom some few of the older people remember in his prime dispensed an almost princely hospitality.

The grand old manor, a relic of early colonial days, still stands, looking like a bit of Old England dropped down into Canada, with its flagged court yard, great horsechestnut, and even limes, and its tall hedge of syringa. But alas! it has been allowed to pass out of the hands of the Botsfords and is now government property—the marine hospital.

Still, much of its old beauty remains, in spite of the alterations necessary to adapt it to its new use. Standing on an eminence, it overlooks Cumberland basin, between whose banks and it stretches a full mile of rolling marshland, all part of the Botsford estate. In fact, in days past, all the land, as far as the eye could reach, straight down to the high dyke, which formed a breastwork against the tides of the basin, belonged to the Botsfords; and on golden summer evenings the sea breeze came up, gathering fragrance as it came from the clover on the strip of upland between the manor and the marsh. The "winds, laden with honey and salt," of which Prof. Roberts has sung, and which the writer and he so often breathed together, as they scrambled over the dykes in search of water bugs, pollywogs and dragon flies: the future bard of Canada, a bright-faced, rosy-cheeked boy, with fair hair, a pair of steel-gray eyes, set far apart, and the most incessantly nimble tongue that ever wagged in a small boy's head. He had a love for all animal, insect and plant life, and the rectory was a species of museum for his specimens.

But it was of the Botsfords I meant to speak. Standing on the portico, supported by its four old-fashioned pillars, and looking up one notices a small, oblong patch set into the woodwork forming the ceiling. Thereby hangs a tale.

When "the wild young Botsford boys" were young, among the friends who visited them often was a youth called Wetmore, now a grave and dignified judge, then, a harum scarum boy of twenty. One day young Wetmore had a terrible toothache. He bore it all day, but as night came on he could endure it no longer. There was no dentist nearer than Halifax, and the nearest doctor was three miles off. The night was dark, and the roads were bad. It was pouring rain, and the toothache was growing worse each moment. At last one of the "Botsford boys" volunteered his services as dentist, provided the patient would submit to heroic treatment. He consented and the operation began.

One end of a strong brass wire was fastened securely around the tooth, the other to a bullet, in which a groove had been filed. A gun was loaded with the bullet. If I remember aright, Senator Botsford was the one who officiated. Another brother stood guard against the unexpected appearance of "the judge" upon the scene. The present Judge Botsford held the patient, who opened his mouth wide, and at a given signal the gun was fired, and bullet and tooth sailed into the boundless whither. Strange to say, no body was hurt, and the genial judge could only laugh till the tears came, when he saw the hole, in the morning.

This is an eventful week in the history of the Berlitz school, since Prof. Ingres and his efficient German teacher, Herr Bober, who came to St. John together last year, have begun work in Halifax. The Haligonians cannot fail to see the advantages of this admirable system. Ladies and gentlemen throughout this province, and in this city, have great faith in it, and have profited much by the teaching. There are now five teachers constantly employed throughout the province, and from what PROGRESS can learn the number is likely to increase. A footing in Nova Scotia should not be hard to obtain.

## THEY DID NOT SAY ALL.

And "Progress" Completes it by the Talk of Their Friends.

PROGRESS gives today as a part of its extra two pages the large, handsome and instructive announcements of two of the youngest retail firms in the city. It seems of peculiar fitness that they should chose a young paper to advertise in. They are saying to the readers of PROGRESS what they think will attract and interest them. No doubt it will. The people are always ready to be pleased and always meet a new pleasure half way. The gentler sex won't need to have details and catalogues printed and presented to them in Daniel & Robertson's announcement to give them the desired impression. Those who live in town have a good idea of the store. They know more than their out of town relations of the advancement and improvement of the most imposing Charlotte street retail house. They have not to be told that new blood seems to have infused new life and new energy into the concern; that the newest things in the market find their way there; that the front of the store is a picture every day; that there is little or no dust to torment them in this store, because the streets about are paved; that the clerks are as courteous and intelligent as any in the city; that the place is so convenient no matter in what quarter they live and the street cars passing the doors every five minutes will take them anywhere they wish; that the stock is all good and reliable; that the proprietors are anxious to please, having a reputation to make; that business has prospered with them; that the London House Retail is numbered on that list of stores where the prettiest things can be found—they do not need to be told all this, because they have been learning it every day for the past few months. Perhaps they never imagined their stock of information about the new firm and its business was so complete, but Messrs. Daniel & Robertson have not said all they might, or indeed one tenth of what they might. They have in fact too large a stock of that native product, in modesty, and won't part with any. But PROGRESS doesn't mind saying that they are growing quicker than a second growth of timber and just as surely. They have one of the finest stands and stores in St. John, and are keeping it well in line with the leaders of the day. They are buying goods to sell them and they are the best. So to those who have been interested to this point it chiefly recommends a second glance at the announcement on the tenth page, which also contains an engraving of the store. And when you have looked at the exterior do not be content until you have seen the interior.

A regrettable error occurs in their advertisement which makes Canadian "styles" read for Canadian "staples." A dry goods man would never make such a blunder.

## A Hop in the Roller Rink.

Among the attractions billed for the evening of the 1st, is a hop in the St. John roller rink, which is in the hands of an efficient committee of management. Mr. A. L. Spencer will be floor manager, and the Artillery band has been engaged to furnish music. A large number of invitations have been issued to ladies and gentlemen, and those who attend will pay 40 cents for the privilege. The hours are from 8.30 p. m., to 1.30 a. m.—Adet.

## Some Work for Mr. Burns.

There's an indignant protest from Hazen street against "Biddy" Wilnot and her residence. "Biddy's" residence may tumble or burn down any day, and those who live near are not as comfortable as they might be. They say that a visit from the board of health would be an act of charity, and PROGRESS suggests that if inspector Burns hasn't anything to do today that he calls.

## A Boston Conservatory Graduate.

Miss Annie Sutherland, who has been attending the Boston Conservatory of Music for the past year, returns home today. She has paid particular attention to instruction on the violin and piano during her absence, and her friends in the Philharmonic society and elsewhere will be glad of her return.

## The Paper for Tourists.

People who go to St. Andrews this summer cannot afford to do without PROGRESS. It is the only medium through which they can learn what their friends at home are doing, besides getting all the social happenings at the St. Andrews and all the summer resorts of the province.

## A Gay Crowd on the A. A. Grounds.

The cricketers of H. M. S. Comus will try conclusions with the batters and bowlers of the A. A. club this afternoon. If the day be fine there should be a gay and fashionable crowd present. It will be the first match of the season with an outside club.

## The Hustling "Star."

The steamer "Star," which has been engaged to take Gordon division on an excursion Monday, will return to Indiantown Sunday, and is due here at 7 p. m.

## WHERE TO GO JULY 1ST.

MANY PLACES WHERE THE PEOPLE CAN FIND PLEASURE.

The Greatest Day in the Year for Summer Outings—Excursions Will be the Rage—Base Ball in Two Places in Town and Sports in Fredericton.

Where will I go July 1st? That appears to be the question a great many people are trying to answer now. It is hard to decide when there are so many attractions of various kinds about, so many that are worth staying and going to see. Perhaps Dominion day is a greater holiday than any other in the year, not because it is the anniversary of confederation—there is no thought of that—but because it comes in that season when everybody wants a day off and is only too glad to take it on a holiday. This is more especially the case this year since the holiday falls on Monday, and the tired clerk or counter girl can see two clear days from Saturday night until Tuesday morning, to rest and get ready for the sweltering months to follow.

Hundreds of the ball cranks and their friends will remain in town for, do not the two crack clubs of St. John meet two crack clubs of the New England states? The Presumpscots and St. Stephens do not come to town every day and the managers of both clubs can rest happy in the thought that their diamonds will be well patronized. If persons who live out of the city along the line of railway intend coming to the city, PROGRESS can promise them no better enjoyment than they can find at the ball grounds. All particulars of the events, time and prices of admission can be found on another page of this paper.

Gordon division has promised itself an excursion. Where or at what hour, PROGRESS refers the people to the dead walls. Their excursions are always pleasant and worth attending.

The Clifton carries the Salvation army to Hampton. The band will also be taken, but it is quite doubtful if those who are unused to the big drum will care to go along. The Union Line has its excursions also, and those who care for a delightful sail on a beautiful river can read its time tables with pleasure. Strangers and others who go to Hampton need not be at a loss where to go. The ladies of St. Mary's Episcopal church will hold a bazaar in the hall at the village, and at the same time provide as many people who want dinner with a good meal for 35 cents, and tea for 25 cents. And in addition to all this, their welcome will be hearty and sincere.

But in Fredericton the sports will outdo themselves. The turf and the diamond will be two attractions there. The trotting association have arranged a fine pacing programme, and expect a large attendance. The entries and particulars of the entrance fee and other information can be found in the advertising and sporting columns of PROGRESS.

Is there anything wrong with the menu? May all enjoy a part of it.

## Mr. Ellis and the Institute.

Now that the court and Mr. Ellis appear to have arrived at an understanding of their affairs, there can be no harm in relating a little incident which shows the plucky editor's easiness about the whole matter. A gentleman prominent in educational affairs met him on the street and suggested that he read a short paper at the teachers' institute, which has been in session this week.

"Let me see," said Mr. Ellis, "that will be the 27th and 28th, won't it? Oh, I'll be in jail then, but I'll tell you what you can do. Judge King will be present at the institute. Just ask him to give you an order to let me out for the evening, and I will be pleased to read a short paper." Both gentlemen laughed, and the subject was dropped.

## The Reason They Disappeared.

Last summer strangers and citizens alike stopped at Chaloner's corner and watched the handsome trout in McDiarmid's window fountain. They disappeared quite suddenly one day, and those who looked for them failed to enjoy the usual sport of the imprisoned fish. One evening there was a heavy rain storm and it is supposed that the rush of water in the tank was so great that the tube through which the water flowed from the tank and which was several inches high, fell down and the tank soon became empty. The trout were dead in the morning.

## He Got Four Cents Change.

At the bazaar recently held in aid of Stone church Sunday-school, one of the bright and winsome young ladies present was selling roses. One bunch was five cents and another one cent. She was canvassing a young gentleman, who will some day own a hundred thousand or so, and after pricing the flowers, he bought the one cent posy, and when the young lady, in a spirit of mischief, proffered him four cents change, he coolly put it in his pocket!!

## The Prettiest and Best.

Harold Gilbert has the prettiest and best things in the house furnishing line in the city. Everybody should call and see them.

## CONGRATULATIONS OF FRIENDS

Extended to Dr. and Mrs. McNernay Upon Their Return Home.

The residence of Dr. Boyle Travers, Sydney street, presented a very gay and brilliant appearance, on Thursday evening, as carriage after carriage drove up to its doors, leaving their occupants to enter and pay their respects to the bride and groom, Dr. and Mrs. McNernay, who had just returned from their wedding tour.

The rooms were profusely decorated for the occasion, the mantels being banked with mosses, daisies and ferns. After the guests, who numbered over 100, had spent two or three hours in conversation, the younger portion of them being engaged in nilling their ball programmes, the doors of the supper room were thrown open, and a very sumptuous and elegant supper was served. Not only all the delicacies of the season that St. John could afford filled the tables, but delicious sweetmeats and fruits from abroad.

About 11 o'clock dancing commenced, and was kept up till between two and three in the morning to the music of Harrison's orchestra, which was most spirited.

Time fails me to describe the elegant costumes worn by the ladies. Of course the wedding party were attired in their bridal costumes, and were much admired. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Miss Ellis, Mrs. Parks, Miss Parks, Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith, The Misses Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Inches, Mrs. S. R. Thomson, Miss McDonnell, Dr. Bruce, Dr. D. Berryman, Mrs. Watters, Miss Watters, Dr. and Mrs. McAvenny, Mr. and Mrs. Collier, Mrs. Arkeley, Dr. and Mrs. Bayard, Mr. and Mrs. H. Thorne, Dr. and Mrs. Murray McLaren, Miss Perkins, Mrs. Landry, Mrs. Downey (Toronto) Mrs. Charles Scammell, Miss Scammell, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. A. Bartlett (P. E. I.) Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burpee, Miss K. Burpee, Mr. and Mrs. Gray.

The Misses McLaren, Misses Nicholson, Miss Burpee, Miss Hatheway, Misses Parks, Miss Mahoney, Misses DeVeber, Misses Adams, Miss Edna Jones, Miss Handford, Miss F. McMillan, Miss Dunn, Miss Marion Jack, Miss Snowball (Chatham) the Misses Steeves.

Major Tucker, Mr. Quigley, Mr. R. Ritchie, Mr. Keator, Mr. Fairweather, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Watters, Mr. Lawton, Mr. Dean, Mr. C. Coster, Mr. Johnstone (Halifax) Mr. G. McLeod, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Miller, Mr. G. Gilbert, Mr. Russell Jack, Mr. Geo. Jones, Mr. Ruel, Mr. Burpee, Mr. F. Starr, Mr. Fred Daniel, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. R. C. Grant, Dr. White, Mr. J. Warner.

Invitations were sent to the captain and officers of H. M. S. Comus, but they were unable to accept.

## A RUSHING CONCERN.

They Know How and When and Where to Advertise.

PROGRESS knows of no young firm whose enterprise and energy have met with greater success than Sheraton & Selfridge. Hardly three months established at 38 King street, their store seems already to have become a permanent part of that business thoroughfare. Their announcement in today's PROGRESS shows that they believe in advertising, that they know how and where to do it. They show there but a few of the principal articles that are in demand at this season. If any retail store is complete in its equipment of goods there is. The gentlemen who own and run it are old hands at the business, one of them being the acknowledged leader in his retail department in the city, and the other, Mr. Selfridge, the head of the mechanical profession.

The choice of a stand was an excellent one and by getting on King street they can fairly claim to be the only stove and kitchen furnishing store on the most important business thoroughfare in the city. In the lower flat there is one of the most complete retail apartments in town. The fittings of the store are as handsome and complete as its contents. Nothing is wanted to make it bright and attractive or give it an excellent appearance from the street, and many a passer is compelled by the sight to halt, inquire about and then purchase articles that he or she cannot help seeing. It is not necessary to speak of the contents, the half-page announcement elsewhere gives the reader a good idea of them.

Mr. Selfridge is king of the next floor, where the workshop is located. It is but right that such a fine workman should have a first-class place and equipment and all that is there. To say that he is proud of it is to speak mildly, but a better idea is given of him and his work when PROGRESS says that since the firm started their orders have kept him and his assistants working night as well as day.

The elevator runs the new and old stoves to the third story, where they are kept for purchasers. They are not kept long. The Jewel range seems to be the pet of the proprietors and they have pushed it rapidly to the front. They keep other stoves in stock, but this is their favorite. They make a specialty of furnaces and have as many to put in as they can. With such a record what need to say more?

Carnival Notes.—Have your Chairs made and repaired by Duval, 242 Union street.

## IT WAS ME THAT DID IT.

ENGINEER MORRIS SOUNDED THE FALSE ALARM FROM BOX 34.

And Told Driver Saunders not to say Anything About It—He Used to get a Part of his Assistants Salary, Fifty Cents of Every Two Dollars—A Rival of Mr. Wilson's.

There has been a change of engine drivers in No. 4 engine house, one Finnigan being appointed by chairman John Kelly to the position vacated by Howard Sanders. Sanders, who was a good, honest man, resigned because of trouble arising from his objection to his horses being brutally beaten and tired out while going to Hilyard's fire. In the absence of engineer Morris and hose-cart driver Johnson at dinner, he took the hose-cart, and Johnson, who followed with his horses, could get no further than near the police station, because the horses had been beaten and rushed with a heavy engine, and were completely yielded.

Sanders asked the reason of this when they returned to the engine house, and received nothing but abuse, Johnson telling him his orders came from Malcolm Morris, and none other.

Sanders said no more, but laid his complaint before chairman Kelly who gave him no satisfaction, save saying that the fellow was "a trifle off." Sanders then gave notice of his resignation and left Saturday night.

There is an impression that had not Mr. Morris been a relative of chairman Kelly's the affair would not have been hushed up so quickly. It is well known that Malcolm Morris would like to have Mr. Wilson's place on the department and that he looks to Mr. Kelly to aid him.

When Morris in the old city was superintendent of the fire alarm he had an assistant in Walter McLellan, whom everybody supposed was getting \$2 per day. So he was from the city, but Mr. Morris received 50 cents of each day's wages. In some way or other he, as McLellan's boss, persuaded him that he should give him \$3 out of every six days work. McLellan did so and nobody knew anything about it until he accepted another and better situation. This is one of Mr. Morris' tricks.

Another of them that will interest his rival, Mr. Wilson, comes from the engine house. The firemen will remember that they were called out the Wednesday before Hilyard's fire by box 34 striking. At the moment it struck Mr. Wilson was standing near it. The box had not been pulled and yet it struck the five rounds. What was wrong? Mr. Wilson was puzzled and his enemies were glad. But Driver Saunders had been called from his dinner by the alarm and hurried to the engine house, where he found Mr. Morris. He was not pleased when he found that the alarm was false, and remarked to Morris that he had lost his dinner. Morris smiled and said, "You need not be saying anything about it, but it was me that done it."

Saunders says the only way he could have done it was to tamper with the switch-board in the engine house.

What kind of a man is this to have in a fire department? The sooner he is out and at other business, the better.

## HE SAW THE SIGN.

But Not Until Mr. Van Buren Had Showed It to Him.

Mr. George Waite, of the cotton factory, made the acquaintance of Mr. Van Buren, the caretaker of the Suspension bridge, last Sunday, who in turn gave him an introduction to two police officers, who in their turn were at some trouble to give him



an introduction to the magistrate. And all because Mr. Waite was unwise and hasty. He has a spirited horse which he allowed to show his pace on the Suspension bridge. Mr. Van Buren objected, and Mr. Waite was going to use his whip on him.

Mr. Van Buren was right. No man should trot his horse on the suspension bridge. It is a valuable piece of public property and certain regulations are posted which define the pace of a horse and carriage on the structure.

Mr. Waite was returning to town when he was so vociferous and unwise. He went out all right and no doubt after his present lesson will come and go without making trouble or breaking the law.

## BOYS WHO FAILED TO PASS.

Was there Anything wrong with the Examinations? And Where Lies the Blame?

There is considerable dissatisfaction again this year with the way the school examinations were conducted, especially those in Leinster street school. Some time before the examination, Mr. Thompson, principal of the school, was asked how many of his pupils he expected to grade. His answer was 20. He and his pupils received a genuine surprise when they learned that not one quarter of that number passed the grading test. At which there is general remonstrance. Boys who were ready to grade last year, and in fact could have gone to the grammar school had they wished, but, in one case at least, preferred to go over the work again came up this year and failed to grade. The boy who led the school in Mr. Thompson's room and the second lad also failed to get through, while other youths far inferior in every respect, in the opinion of the principal, made the requisite mark and graded. There is something passing strange about this. Mr. Thompson cannot explain it, but one of the boys tried to do it by declaring that the grammar school boys looked over their papers.

PROGRESS understands that some 25 pupils have been graded into Mr. Thompson's room, but as he has sent out so few it is fair to presume that his next years charge will be large. It is poor encouragement to good boys to get such a rebuff as this.

## A Bit of Cantankerousness.

There is a manifestation of curious unfriendliness and opposition on Queen street. A gentleman began to erect a house, and the owner of the vacant lot alongside, finding that the wall was an inch on his lot, compelled its removal. When the building began again, he erected a shed on his lot close to the new building wall, and it was impossible to finish the wall with it there. Not to be thwarted, the builder, with the aid of mechanical appliances, shifted the frame on his wall sufficiently to allow the workmen space enough to work, and thus, in spite of his cantankerousness, the vacant lot owner sees the building going up.

## Seventy Barrels of Ashes in the Cellar!

The building formerly occupied by Messrs. H. & H. A. McCullough has been leased by Messrs. W. H. Thorne & Co. It is directly alongside their present extensive premises, and will give that already immense wholesale and retail concern plenty of room to spread itself. This is the building that Murdoch's Nephew, of Halifax, was talking of renting and using as a wholesale dry goods warehouse. But a St. John firm is there and one of its first finds were 70 barrels of ashes in the cellar!

## The New Collecting Concern.

A new collection scheme, outlined by a city merchant to PROGRESS last week, was quite fully explained then. The collector with the brass buttons and uniform will be under Manager Richard Rodgers' orders, the subscribers in the city having elected him to the position; and his office will for the present be at 10 and 12 Church street, in Knodell's printing office.

## The Conference and Mr. Gibson.

Rev. Dr. Sprague, recently appointed to Centenary church, has been at Marysville for a year and is a favorite with Mr. Gibson, who secured him at the last session of the conference. It was quite a bold step for the conference to snatch him for Centenary, and it is understood that Mr. Gibson is not well pleased at the action.

## Happy For the Third Time.

If there was a happy man in town this week it was "Billy" Marshall, the press foreman of the Telegraph and PROGRESS. He has another baby girl to toddle on his knee. If the welcome little, big stranger—she weighs 12 pounds—grows up as bright and faithful as her father, there's a happy future in store for her.

## FROM THE GRAND STAND.

The Presumpscots have played 11 games and won all of them. What do you think of that, boys? They are women worthy of your steel.

Foster, of Fredericton, who watched the 13-3 game with Moncton, says that no team outside of the New England league has any business with the St. John's.

Graves, who was to spend his vacation in Fredericton and get \$6 a week for the sake of a game now and again, has found a bigger pot in some other town and won't come east.

The Shamrocks want another catcher. McCullough is too tight for McNamara.

Charlie Nevins thought last Wednesday that Robinson and Webster would shut the St. John boys out. And he meant it, too. Robinson was a second keefe with him. Poor Charlie!

Moncton sports are game. Their dollars follow their opinion, and 12 to 10 were all the odds asked in the smoky town Thursday morning. They had a genuine surprise party that night.

The Social's bank account will, it is rumored, be transferred to Flynn shortly. Fifty dollars a week! Phew!!

The Shamrocks grand stand will cost about \$700. It is owned by a company, who will hand it to the club when it is paid for.

Contractor McGourty, who had the contract for the Shamrocks' grounds, and was bounced for not keeping to his contract, has left the city.

The grounds of the Shamrocks, including the grand stand, will cost about \$3,000.

Rev. Father Oates is a ball enthusiast to the extent of \$45, his contribution to the Shamrocks. There are no flies on that.

Kelly says he can pitch two games a day, but the management doesn't want him to kill himself the first day.

Tea-Session.—Have your Old Sunshades repaired by Duval, 242 Union street.