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# PROGRESS.

The Big Edition September 7.  
St. Stephen's Streets and Public Places  
THE PICTURESQUE BORDER TOWN.  
Her Leading Men and Business Houses  
In the Grand 16 Page Number.

VOL. II., NO. 69.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## HER FREDERICTON LIFE.

MRS. HORATIA EWING, THE CHILDREN'S STORY WRITER.

An Interesting and Amusing Sketch of Her Life in Fredericton—Her Intimacy with Mrs. Medley and Her Home Life—Studying Hebrew.

Mrs. Ewing used to live in Fredericton. Very few, I fear, of our boys and girls would give such an announcement a second thought, but in England there is hardly a boy or girl who has ever read at all but would feel at once a certain amount of interest in the statement, for, though perhaps few of them know about Fredericton, yet they all know about Juliana Horatia Ewing, the sweet woman who wrote for them those charming little stories that constantly appeared in *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, and which have since been published in book form, and have been sunshine to many a little heart and instruction to many a little mind. She is the English child's favorite story-teller, and has won the love of every Canadian child whom I have met, who has been fortunate enough to know her in her books. And not the children alone enjoy her stories and cherish her memory. The man or woman who cannot appreciate *The Story of a Short Life and Jackanapes* is no better than "the man who hath no music in his soul." But this was not intended as a critique.

In June 1867 Juliana Horatia Gatty married Major Alexander Ewing and sailed almost immediately for Fredericton, where Major Ewing's regiment was stationed, and on arriving there took lodgings for a few weeks. Major Ewing writes: "On the evening of our arrival at Fredericton, New Brunswick, which stands on the river St. John, we strolled down out of the principal street, and wandered on the river shore. We stopped to rest opposite a large old house, then in the hands of workmen. There was only the road between this house and the river, and, on the banks, one or two old willows. We said we should like to make our first home in some such spot. Ere many weeks were over, we were established in that very house, where we spent the first year, or more, of our time in Fredericton. We called it 'Reka Dom,' the River House." This house is there still, and is occupied by Mrs. Charles Clifton Tabor. I should think Major Ewing must have been in a hurry when he wrote that letter to his wife's sister in England, for he manages to detract a great deal from the beauty of the situation in a very few words. Had he said grand old willows, it would have conveyed probably a much clearer idea to his far off sister, and had he mentioned that the river St. John was a very fine sheet of water and that the view, down toward "Cherry Point," from under those willows, was delightful, she might have sympathized with the young couple in their desire to live there. Well, they lived at "Reka Dom" through their first winter and they were surprised. The winter surprised them; the way vegetables would persist in freezing surprised them; and the difficulty of making satisfactory meals off these frozen things surprised them. They had friends in Fredericton and so they were warm all winter. One lady received a note from Mrs. Ewing, between breakfast-time and dinner-time, on a frosty midwinter day, which ran thus: "An you love me, send us something for dinner. I forgot about the thawing part." Something was sent and the young couple thought the novelty of having to send out into the cold to get dinner from a friend was quite charming. The friend in this instance—and I beg pardon for becoming personal—was Mrs. Medley. And again one bitter morning, the major and his lovely, but very unpractical wife, called at "The Bishopcote" about 9 o'clock, and said they wanted breakfast, and that they had been trying for the last hour to get the fire to light. They saw however that the breakfast table had been cleared off, so they said it made no difference, because they could go over to the house of another friend who lived near and who was not given to breakfasting as early as the bishop was. So they went and breakfasted and their friends were glad and they were glad.

After a little over a year at Reka Dom, Major and Mrs. Ewing moved to the house on George street at present owned and occupied by Auditor-General Beck. While living here, a lady called on Mrs. Ewing one day and told her a few little narratives tending to show how much more helpless the English people were in household affairs than the Canadians. She told of a young lady of her acquaintance who milked a number of cows before breakfast, cooked breakfast, churned, papered a room, white-washed two or three ceilings, cooked dinner, scrubbed a floor, dressed herself and entertained visitors the rest of the afternoon and evening. Mrs. Ewing wondered at the girl's extraordinary capabilities, but at the same time she resolved that she would paper a room herself or—she would at least attempt it. She picked out the most delicate mauve paper obtainable and set to work, with the help of a lady friend, also from England. I believe that after

much spilling of paste and tearing of paper, the room was at last so much improved as to need only a few days' house-cleaning to render it presentable.

Mrs. Ewing gave a dinner party once, or rather she asked some particular friends to dine with her. But during the morning her dogs absconded with the joints that she had been counting on for dinner. If a Canadian housewife were suddenly deprived of what she had prepared for a feast, she would probably set the dining hour a little later and the guests would never know the difference. However, Mrs. Ewing wrote to the guests and told them to meet her and the major at some hotel instead of at her house. She and the major enjoyed the dinner and the company of their friends so thoroughly that they paid no heed to the settling of the landlord's bill, but went home when the party broke up and left the landlord to intercept the guests as they went out. Bye-and-bye she remembered the oversight, and thought it a splendid joke. The major would probably have seen more humor in the incident if his wife had not remembered about it at all.

Miss Gatty in her little book, *Juliana Horatia Ewing and Her Books*, says:

While living in Fredericton, my sister formed many close friendships. It was here she first met Colonel and Mrs. Strangways. In the society of Bishop Medley and his wife she had also great happiness, and with the former she and Major Ewing used to study Hebrew. The cathedral services were a never-failing source of comfort, and at these her husband frequently played the organ, especially when anthems, which he had written at the bishop's request, were sung.

It was while the Ewings were at the house on George street that the Hebrew class, above mentioned, was formed, and with the idea that the work could be the better pursued among eastern environments, they fitted up one of their rooms with blue and white and gold, dadoes and friezes, Hebrew texts and divans, and called it the Hebrew room. Here they studied.

During her stay in Fredericton Mrs. Ewing adopted a dog that had been left at the barracks by a regiment lately gone away. This dog she took with her to England. He was a trained sportsman's dog, and when she introduced him to the parrot of a friend in the old country, he being unused to such brilliant-hued birds, and thinking that of course he must "tree" it, set to work diligently to accomplish the task. The parrot skipped to the mantle-piece in a rage, and turning one sparkling eye on her persuer said "look out!" The dog had raised many woodcocks and many partridges in his day, but never before had the bird he was after started a conversation with him in good English. He was amazed and terrified, and without waiting to hear more he turned and fled.

At Fredericton Mrs. Ewing wrote some of the stories in *Mrs. Oerthevay's Remembrances* and some of those in *The Brownies and Other Tales*. One of the "remembrances" is called "Reka Dom," and is full of interest for Fredericton people.

CARRIED TO A SAUSAGE SHOP.

A Little Walf Kitten the Subject of a Good Joke.

MONCTON, Aug. 20.—I believe it is generally conceded that there is a peculiar affinity between the cat and the toothsome sausage. I don't think it is by any means an "elective affinity" as far as the cat is concerned, but the fact that it exists has furnished the theme of many a good story, and here is one more: A lady friend of mine has a very tender heart for all animals and on one very cold evening last winter as she was returning from a shopping expedition, a tiny, half frozen kitten came out from a secluded corner and attached itself to her with the unerring instinct of its species for discovering friends. She picked the little creature up, warmed it among her furs and comforted it, but take it home she could not; there were already two old established family pensioners there, besides a kitten, and a further addition to the household was out of the question. Now it so happened that an enterprising citizen had recently opened a shop for the exclusive manufacture and sale of sausages, and as Miss Hill was passing its brightly lighted windows, a happy thought struck her. She knew the sausage merchant very well, and was one of his best customers, perhaps he might want a cat to keep the mice away from his stock. The shop was crowded with customers, but, full of her warm-hearted purpose, Miss Hill walked up to the proprietor and said in her clear, distinct voice: "Good evening, Mr. Smith, I have picked up a nice little kitten, and I thought, perhaps, you might like to have it to —" Here an impressive burst of laughter from the assembled customers interrupted her. But Miss Hill was a lady of remarkably quick wit, and taking in the situation in a flash, she finished without a change of expression: "To put in the window as an advertisement!"

For the satisfaction of the tender-hearted let me add that one of the bystanders offered to adopt the walf on the spot, and carried it off buttoned up in his overcoat. So kitty was provided for, and my friend was doubly mistress of the situation. G. C. S.

## WILL BE OUT SEPT. 7.

THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE BORDER TOWN.

A Sixteen-Page Paper and What It Will Contain—A Good Idea of What St. Stephen is Like—The Illustrations and Sketches of Business Men.

It has been decided to make the illustrated boom edition of St. Stephen a 16-page paper, and to publish it September 7, or a week from next Saturday. When the announcement was made last week that the large paper would be out August 31, our ideas were smaller, but since then the demand for space and additional illustrations has forced a postponement of one week to accommodate late patrons. Engravings cannot be well done in too short a time, and as it is the purpose of Progress to do this as well as it can be, the increase of time is asked.

Those who have seen the proof of the engraving of the new St. Stephen hotel were surprised and much pleased at its appearance—comparing it, no doubt, with the hostelry they have been used to in the border town. The street views are well done and the engraving of Mr. Todd's farm will, Progress thinks, satisfy even that gentleman.

A list of the street scenes and other illustrations of a public character was given last week, and in addition to them the edition will contain an illustration of Mr. W. F. Todd's stock farm, and portraits of his famous stallions Lumps, Edgardo, and Elation. And of one of his most celebrated mares—the whole occupying a full page of the paper;

A three column description of the St. Croix soap manufacturing company's works, with a steel view showing their different buildings, as well as a full page special announcement by the enterprising company;

A three column account of a visit to Ganong Brother's confectionery-making establishment, with a splendid cut of their handsome new building;

A column and a half report of a chat with C. H. Smith, formerly of St. John, now doing an extensive business in St. Stephen;

A column and a half account of a call upon C. N. Vroom, larrigan and wigwam manufacturer;

Portraits and sketches of Major Grimmer and other prominent gentlemen;

An illustration and description of St. Stephen's new hotel;

An illustration and history of the St. Stephen bank;

Also notices of the following manufacturers and business men:

Vroom Brothers, furniture manufacturers (with illustration).

E. Broad & Sons, axe manufacturers (with illustration).

J. T. Whitlock, insurance;

Haley & Sons, planing mill;

C. H. Clerke, wholesale grocer;

Fred Waterson, druggist;

S. McConkey, merchant tailor;

Hill & Co., wholesale grocers;

S. McCurdy, hair dresser;

DeWolfe & Dinsmore, hardware;

C. E. Gilmore & Co., furniture;

Frank Smith, druggist;

Inches & Grimmer, grocers;

E. Price, boots and shoes;

C. C. Grant, dry goods;

F. A. Irvin, grocer;

J. Topping & Co., pianos, etc.;

Cameron & McTavish, dry goods;

S. N. Hyslip, harness maker;

G. S. Wall, stationer;

M. Nicholson & Co., meat market;

Todd Brothers, hardware;

W. H. Clark, druggist;

Murchie Bros., grocers;

Frank McKenzie, musical instruments;

J. T. Whitlock & Co., livery stable;

W. H. Edwards, photographer.

Somebody Is Getting Excited.

The following paragraph has been handed Progress for publication. The writer must have been under strong excitement when he finished. This is the un-revised version:

The sneak thieves who robbed Mr. Venning's Bee Hives at Mount Pleasant last Monday Night or Morning, under cover of the darkness, had better not come back again if they value their health, this is the fourth time the same parties have operated, and they have been traced pretty near home. The scoundrels who would disturb a Neighbours Bees and destroy the whole summer's work, besides putting the owner to a deal of trouble, deserve hanging, or something worse.

How does it look in cold type?

A Good Appointment.

The friends of Mr. A. W. Duff, of this city, will rejoice in his elevation to a professorship in the college from which he graduated. One of the best professors in the university at present, Dr. Bridges, also graduated from her halls.

The Co-Workers' Ten Sale.

The members of the Co-Workers' Ten, connected with the Congregational church will hold a sale of fancy articles on the grounds of Mr. William Kerr, Mount Pleasant, on Tuesday next.

Cool and refreshing drinks at the "National," 22 Charlotte street.

## HE HAS A BOY'S HEART.

Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange on the I. C. R. Storekeeper.

MONCTON, Aug. 21. Mr. T. V. Cooke, the general storekeeper of the I. C. R., is a gentleman with a very decided individuality of his own, one who is very apt to make his genial influence felt wherever he may chance to be. He fills a difficult and responsible position with an easy sang-froid which impresses the outside world with the idea that being general storekeeper is great fun, indeed to meet Mr. Cooke strolling leisurely homeward shortly before 5 o'clock of an afternoon, accompanied by his magnificent Newfoundland dog, who proudly supports the dignity of his name, Peter Archibald—and would scorn to answer if addressed as "Pete," no one would imagine that Mr. Cooke was in reality a hard working man, and one who bore a weight of responsibility on his broad shoulders that might well crush him if he were less stalwart. Perhaps this may be owing partly to his buoyant temperament, which has prevented even the weary routine of official work from turning him into a mere machine. It may sound slightly disrespectful to say so, but if ever a man carried a boy's heart into middle life, Mr. Cooke is that man, and this particular trait of character has given him a sympathy with young people which makes him very popular among his subordinates, commonly called "the boys." He has a keen sense of humor, and would rather hear a joke even against himself, than not hear one at all. Outside of the office and the cares of his position he is a veritable boy, loving social life for its own sake, as fond of dancing as his own son, and with a marked preference for selecting the prettiest partner in a ball room, a taste which has lost none of its discrimination since he exercised it in the choice of a life partner, and carried off one of Pietou's fairest maidens. He is an enthusiastic lover of all field sports, and business cares permitting, he is sure to be on hand at every base ball or cricket match, eagerly interested as any of the players themselves. Thoroughly public spirited he is always ready to lend his support, heart, hand, and purse, to any new enterprise, from the forming of a social club to the building of a new church or rectory, he goes everywhere, takes his young people along and has a delightful time always. No young man who has once been in the stores department ever wanted to leave it. "Mr. Cooke is a first class man to work for," they all say, "I would not change with any man in the building," which is certainly praise.

In manner the general storekeeper is abrupt, almost jerky, but nobody minds that, for when he is most jerkome there is a twinkle in his eye, as if he were enjoying some huge joke of his own. He is tall and burly in figure, with a fair, beardless face, blue eyes, and prematurely grey hair.

His charming house on Steadman street is almost "open house," so hospitable are its inmates, and the master's favorite spot is his library, for he is a wide—almost an omnivorous reader, and fond of the society of his favorite authors.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Something New in Parlor Furniture.

Harold Gilbert is getting a good deal of deserved advertising from the sets of parlor furniture he is offering at such convenient figures. The fact of a complete parlor outfit for \$55 is something new in the furnishing business in St. John. Mr. Gilbert has made many sales, however, and is as much pleased with the success of his efforts to give the people something that will suit them as his patrons are delighted with the goods. Today is the last chance the people will have to buy \$55 parlor furnishings. Next week another offer is made, and this time something better—better furniture, better carpets, better curtains. Everything better for \$92.50. The full particulars can be found in Mr. Gilbert's advertising space on the sixth page.

A Pleasant Evening Ahead.

The ladies Sewing society of St. Pauls church, Rotheray, intend holding their annual sale and high tea on Thursday, August 29, in the Sunday School house, Rotheray. Trains leave St. John at 3.06, 5.10, 6.21, local time, and visitors can return to town by the Halifax train, arriving at 8.30. Return tickets will be issued at one fare. As the country is now looking very pretty, and the trains are so convenient, it is to be hoped that many will avail themselves of this opportunity of enjoying an afternoon in the country.

Jilted By "The Teacher."

"A serious case of jilting," is the title a country correspondent gives to a King's county village incident. The local teacher has been teaching the girls something not specially noted in the course of instruction prescribed by the board of education. A young lady promised to marry him, and had her trousseau completed for the ceremony July 17, but a cool refusal on the part of her lover to fulfill his part of the agreement postponed the marriage indefinitely.

## NO CONTEMPT OF COURT.

HON. MR. PUGSLEY'S DIALOGUE WITH JUDGE PALMER

On an Article in "Progress" on the Parks vs. Parks Case—Judge Palmer Says There is Little if Any Contempt in the Article.

There was a bit of diversion in the equity court last Saturday, the cause being an article in Progress on the Parks case, which was before the court. The article contained the coldest kind of facts, but the counsel for the defendant thought he saw contempt of court in them. The dialogue which followed is taken from the *Globe*:

On the opening of the equity court last Saturday morning, Solicitor-General Pugsley stated that before proceeding with the business of the court he would like to direct his honor's attention to what purported to be a history or statement of the case of Parks vs. Parks now under the consideration of the court. He thought the article amounted to a very serious contempt of court. It is published, he said, in a paper called Progress and professes to set out the bill and answer, and then proceeds to give other information which is not before the court and which must have been furnished by persons interested in presenting the case of the plaintiff before the public as favorably as possible. If it became necessary to call a jury he considered it would have the effect of prejudicing them against the defendants.

Judge Palmer—I am as liable to be affected as any jurymen by such things and I do not think anybody has a right to publish anything about a case that is likely to come into the hands of either of the judge or jurors that would tend to prejudice them on the matter of a case.

Solicitor-General—The paragraph to which I refer is entirely untrue, to my knowledge, and certainly very improper.

Judge Palmer—Cases *sub judice* should not be discussed, and if you wish to proceed you will have to move.

Mr. Pugsley declined to move in the matter, as he simply wished to call his honor's attention to the article.

Judge Palmer then said he would not hesitate to exercise his authority. He would not put up with anything calculated to prejudice himself or anybody else with reference to a case *sub judice*. He deemed it a high contempt of the administration of law in country for anybody to attempt to write in a newspaper anything with reference to proceedings in the court calculated to prejudice the mind of either judge or juror. He did not know anything of the article in question; but he wished it understood that while papers have a perfect right to report correctly what takes place in a court of justice and to discuss the result after the conclusion of the matter, yet, during the continuance of the case, they have no right to make comments. A case must be fully presented before even the court could judge. However, as the solicitor-general did not wish to press the matter, he would say no more.

Progress had a talk with his honor Judge Palmer yesterday, upon the matter, and asked him if he had read the article and if he saw any contempt in it. He replied that he had read the article and could see little, if any, contempt in it. Judge Palmer then said that the best place to get an idea of what a newspaper could and could not publish was in his judgment of the Ellis case. So long as a paper attributes no improper motives and deals with facts, it is on the right side. Legal questions are public questions, and the judge said he did not object to fair criticism of any of his judicial acts. The Parks vs. Parks case comes up again Monday.

A Cry For "Progress."

They do say that during the month of August the demand for newspapers falls off. If the evidence of the demand for last Saturday's Progress be considered, there is nothing in the statement. From Calais and St. Stephen and from Fredericton, as well as from every newsboy and dealer in the city, come the cheering report: "All sold out. Send us more!" and there is not a copy to be had. An effort will be made this week to supply the demand and satisfy everybody.

Don't Fool With the Baboon.

The North End policeman wont stand any nonsense now-a-days. A reporter of a morning paper who was curious enough to ask one of them, "How's your liver?" and persisted in his inquiry, was arrested, run in, and even fined next day. From what can be learned he deserved all he got. When a "journalist" gets down to the level of a common tough he should get a tough's treatment.

Chairs Caned. Duval, 242 Union street.

The Moncton Boom Edition.

Mr. M. McDade, who has been so successful in getting material for an illustrated special edition of St. Stephen, goes to Moncton early next week on a similar mission in the interest of Progress, which has already so many friends in the railway town that his work should be easy and pleasant.

Postponed Indefinitely.

There was to have been a wedding on City Road last Monday night, but it didn't come off. The groom got so much under the influence of the "ardent" during the day that it was decided to postpone the event indefinitely.

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

A Fashionable Marriage.

Five o'clock Tuesday afternoon, September 3rd, is the hour, day and date fixed for the marriage of a member of a young and growing dry goods firm to a young lady well known in the city.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union street.

## WHY THE INSTITUTE WENT DOWN.

Helped on the Road by Inexperienced Theatrical Managers.

The fall of the Mechanics' institute and the order to wind up its affairs, was not unexpected to those who had any idea how its affairs were conducted. When the hall committee had a disagreement with Mr. F. R. Fairweather, and that gentleman neglected to lease the institute again, the directors decided to go into the show business and make a "mint" out of it. They were inexperienced—at least the president and secretary, who run the show part of the business, were—and the result was that not only did the institute get no rent from many of the companies that come here, but they were even more at a loss when the directors had to bear. Those people who imagined that Messrs. Hanington and Chisholm bore the loss of their unsuccessful ventures, were mistaken—the institute footed the bills with the present result. The quarrel with Mr. Fairweather grew into a lawsuit which was to have come up at this session of the circuit, but was wisely settled, each party paying costs.

The contributions so generously given last year for the relief of the Institute, the liberal patronage extended to those entertainments for its benefit, helped the Institute out of its difficulties. It could have gone along all right but for the quarrelsome pig-headedness of a few persons.

It was folly for two men as inexperienced in the theatrical business as Messrs. Hanington and Chisholm to attempt to make anything for the Institute in this way. So far as Progress can understand, companies that were not even second class obtained a guarantee from their local managers which the public failed to raise by their attendance. This was ruinous business for the Institute as the result has shown.

A PARADISE OF PERIS.

A Halifax Man's Opinion of St. John's Pretty Girls.

After all, St. John, I cannot dismiss you without pointing out the one redeeming feature in your whole carnival. I refer to your pretty girls. I am not sure that, population being considered, you can be duplicated in this respect anywhere. I stand on King street and two beautiful young ladies pass me. I ask who they are. I am told they are from Fredericton. True enough, you must remember your beauties have been added to by an influx from Fredericton and Moncton, and both these cities contain many such. Another pretty girl has just passed me with a Fredericton lady friend. I am acquainted with and join them, and we stroll and we meet dozens of other pretty girls, residents and visitors, and so the days pass on. It was a Paradise of Peris, of bright blue eyes. I watch the military march past from a step on Prince William street and look over my shoulder and discover a pair of the kindest and most cheerful blue eyes also looking at the parade. I go to the naval review at the barrack square, and there again I discover another set of blue eyes, eager and enthusiastic. But here come two young ladies down King street, arrayed in crushed strawberry gowns, and large white hats. I join them. One is from the Celestial city, the other is a resident of St. John. Both of them form excellent examples of the very delightful and pretty way St. John and Fredericton ladies dress. Here comes a nice little girl with a terra cotta gown, and still the blue eyes, and here a young lady with a striped black and white gown and large hat pointing skyward, just a little on one side, and with soft and charming brown hair and eyes. She bows gracefully and passes on; and so one might continue. I have not been making any comparison (in so far as the St. John ladies are concerned) with any other place, but this I must say that when it comes to pretty girls, St. John has (or had) her full share of them, at least during carnival week.—Traveller, in the Halifax Mail.

His Touch Did Not Fall Him.

When poor Willie Hawkes' mother arrived, she found her wounded son blind. When he regained consciousness she spoke to him.

"Willie! Willie! don't you know me?"

"No! I don't know you," was the feeble reply.

"Willie, my boy, don't you know your mother?"

"My mother! My mother is not here. My mother is in Boston."

"But, Willie, I am your mother; here, put your hand on my face, like you used to," and she guided her blind son's hand over her face and forehead.

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried the boy. "Yes, it is you. It is my mother," and, throwing both arms about her neck, he clung to her for hours, and those around turned away to hide their tears.

An Excusable Pun.

St. Stephen will not be outdone by St. Andrews. They call their present hotel the All-gone-Queen. The pun is excusable.