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PROGRESS.

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PRICE THREE CENTS

THEY MET AND MARRIED.

THE RESULT OF A FLEETING FANCY OF A YOUTH AND MAIDEN.

Who Moved in the Best Circles—The Son of a Colonel and the Daughter of a Judge—Where They Met and Married—A Divorce Granted by the Court.

There is an institution in Fredericton about which little is known and less is written. There is a surrounding air of mystery that the natives even, and they lack not the bump of curiosity, have never penetrated. The doings of the divorce court there always affords a chance for gossip and is a rare field for speculation and scandal, especially when any local people are unfortunate enough to figure before the stern and unflinching presiding officer, Mr. Justice Wetmore.

A case of more than ordinary interest, Taylor vs. Taylor, has been before the court recently. Both the parties interested occupy high positions in their respective social circles and are popular enough with those who know them.

Four years ago, Miss Wedderburn, daughter of the county judge of King's, went to Fredericton to visit friends. She was young and good looking, and more bright and attractive than the average young lady. She was the guest of one of the oldest families in the capital and soon entered its circle of friends and began to enjoy the life and gaiety of Fredericton.

Harry Taylor was an officer in the military school, a son of Col. Taylor, then stationed in another part of the dominion. He was young and beardless, boyish in his actions, but possessed of plenty of worldly experience. The intimate friend of many young men in the town and at college, he joined with them in their fun, and wherever there was a happy gathering, Taylor was present. He cared little, as it seemed, for the discipline of the corps, and paid less attention to any regular hours. He was just as apt to be on college hill at midnight as inside the barracks. He never was found out, or, if he was, he suffered nothing from the discovery. His was a happy, careless nature, with too much of recklessness and impulse, just the kind of a young fellow to catch the fleeting fancy of a strange young lady, who was, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favor of military life and officers.

They were introduced one week, engaged the next, married the next. There was no time lost. Each was bound up in the other. They were encouraged in their imprudent course by fond and foolish friends, who saw no harm in a little match-making. But even they had no thought of a marriage so sudden and romantic.

But marriage was determined on, and Rev. Mr. Tippet, then pastor of the Methodist church was elected to perform the ceremony. He was surprised one evening by a visit from four young people, two of whom wanted to be married, and two to support them. The license was all right, the attendants well known to him, and he had no objection, it appears, to uniting, in marriage the son of a deputy adjutant general and colonel of the army, and a daughter of a county court judge. What mattered it to him that they were not of his church? What odds that they were young? What difference the hour of the evening? They came to be married and in less time than it takes to write this they were man and wife. The mischief was done, and it has taken four years to undo the work of four minutes.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor did not indulge in a wedding tour. They did not even follow the usual custom of newly married people and enjoy each other's society for any length of time. After the event came the realization. They were alarmed and doubtful. So were their assistants. Fredericton people who found it out were shocked, but very few found it out. The bride left for home in a few days, and the groom remained in Fredericton. The affair soon became the talk of society throughout the province and encouragement and sympathy were extended the young and severed couple by hundreds of youths and maidens. Parents condemned their course in the strongest language. But the mischief being done, everybody thought the friends of both parties would make the best of what after all might not prove to be such a horrible affair, and permit Mr. and Mrs. Taylor to live together.

But such was not the case. The overtures of one stern parent were rejected by the other, and the separation began so soon after union has at last culminated in a divorce, granted by the judge of the divorce court upon application of Mrs. Taylor, who it is understood preferred and proved charges sufficiently grave against her husband to warrant the decree.

The ex-husband is in the west, having lost much that made life worth living by his imprudent act, standing in the military, the regard of his family and intimate friends, and the home of his boyhood and youth. He is now on the mounted police in Western Canada. He made no appearance to defend the suit, and

from what PROGRESS can learn, he was not unwilling that the court should divorce him from his wife, and is well content that it has turned out so. And yet they were married as solemnly and as loyally as they are every day who are surrounded by their nearest relatives and best friends, and enter their new life with the heartiest and best wishes.

MR. SAND'S BULL DOG.

His Master is a Practical Joker and Has Some Fun With Him.

There is a rather celebrated character in Moncton, who I will call Ryle Sand. He is a very genial and thoroughly good hearted man, always ready to do an act of kindness for anyone, but like the rest of us, he has his little eccentricities, and practical joking is amongst them. He is the owner of a fine and able bodied bull-dog, who looks as if the proverbial butter would not melt in his firm square cut mouth, but who, when aroused, is capable of taking his own and his master's part, to a very remarkable extent. Some time ago a Frenchman called at Mr. Sand's house to sell something. He was accompanied by a dog, who mounted guard over his wagon, and rendered himself generally useful. This was Mr. Sand's golden opportunity, and the following spirited dialogue ensued.

Mr. Sand—"Can that dog of yours fight any?"

Frenchman—"Fight any? well, I guess he can fight any."

Mr. Sand, indicating his own bull dog who was peacefully snoozing on the back door step—"Then I wish you would set him on that cur over there; he has been hanging about my place for the last three weeks, and I can't get rid of him."

Frenchman, with spirited emphasis also indicating the unconscious bull dog—"Stupoy!" and the French dog lay quivering in the last throes of dissolution, while the bull-dog settled himself down to continue his interrupted nap, wondering if the whole occurrence was not a dream, while the Frenchman breathed forth murder and vengeance, and Mr. Sand expressed a mild surprise, that "the cur had it in him."

They Saw Fireworks.

There was a moving mass of disgusted humanity on Prince William street, Monday night. After dark the sidewalks were almost impassable. Some were moving slowly, but the majority of that large crowd gazed out through the fog into the harbor, expecting every moment to see a rocket shoot up from H. M. S. *Comus*. But they didn't shoot. The crowd was patient, however, and it was late in the night before the last of it walked up toward King street, their faces the very picture of disgust. Then somebody at No. 2 engine house took pity on the crowd and sent up half a dozen rockets from the King square band stand. But this act was only looked upon as adding to the general agony.

Boys on the Man-of-War.

H. M. S. *Comus*, which was here last week, had 36 boys on board. The old tars said they were a nuisance and made more trouble than they were worth. Said one, "sure you jest 'ave to put everything in their 'ands. They won't be allowed to smoke, but they'll git among the men with pipes in their mouths, and the petty officers are in danger of losing their standing, because they don't like to abuse them."

He Wouldn't Get Left.

"How many are you goin' to take out?" asked one newsboy of another, outside of PROGRESS office, Saturday morning.

"Twenty-five; but I've only got 36 cents. I'm going to get trusted for the rest."

"Why don't you sell 18 and come back and get some more?"

"G'lang! Sure there won't be none in the office when I get back."

PROGRESS sells fast on Saturday mornings; and first come are first served.

An Amusing Correspondence.

There's an interesting and amusing correspondence going on between President Skinner and Secretary Scott of Halifax, relative to the former's statement in PROGRESS about the \$100 due the A. A. club. Mr. Scott won't find that Mr. Skinner takes any back water, and all attempts to shift the responsibility upon the defunct Atlantis won't amount to anything.

How He Talks.

Murdock's Nephew, the firm name of a Halifax house, is really a Mr. Miller, who is reported to be worth \$15,000,000. Strange stories are told of all rich men and he is no exception. It is said that he said to Alexander Gibson that when he got tired making cotton he would give him a check for his mill!

Came to See the Carnival.

There were a number of visitors in town Monday who were disappointed. Most of them came from Boston, under the impression that the carnival opened on July 1. All who PROGRESS met, however, agreed that there was lots to see for one day at least.

THE LAW IS AFTER THEM.

THE OLD PORTLAND LIQUOR SELLERS HAULED UP.

No Description Can Do Justice to the Haunts of Rum and Lawlessness—Numbers Lead to Competition, Hitherto an Unknown Occurrence.

Old Portland's rumsellers come before the magistrate's court of the new city today for the first time.

The conditions are changed. They are now citizens of a law abiding community that is bound to have its laws enforced, no matter who sinks or swims. They no longer have advocates among aldermen of influence who have only to say the word and stay the proceedings. The police in the larger city are not controlled by their influential patrons; they are not their patrons themselves, owing them rum bills and practically in their power. All this is changed. The police are bound to do their duty. It is clearly defined and the city stands behind them to see that they act up to their oaths of office. This is not in the interest of the unlicensed and unlawful rumseller who for so long a time has escaped the just tribute of his unpopular business. The men and women who sell rum in old Portland will now realize that a day of reckoning is at hand; that they must show their authority for dispensing poison in the shape of bad whiskey and worse brandy, or else shut up shop.

PROGRESS has tried once or twice to picture the miserable dens that have cropped up and flourished in the business heart of the north-end. Any printed description has failed to reveal the whole truth. Since then persons who once carried on the liquor business in the city proper, and failed for one or another good reason to obtain a license, have removed to the north-end. There they have remained unmolested, and become part of the competitive 100 tavern-keepers, who, in their keen and untiring efforts to get trade and keep themselves alive, are daily and hourly helping to ruin scores of once happy homes.

They have become bold and impudent, bare-faced in their solicitation and careless of public opinion. They waylay men whom they know take an occasional glass, and entice them within their painted dens, then deal out their fiery poison, and send them home to their wives and families drunk. This is a daily occurrence on every street where there is a bar-room.

The main thoroughfare that unites the two sections of the city, the street through which thousands of people walk and drive every day is not 100 yards long, extending from the old boundary line on Portland Bridge to the junction of Paradise row and Main street, and yet on that section there are seven bar rooms thrown open day and night, selling liquor, contrary to the law, paying no license, caring for no restraint, peddling their poison Sunday as well as week day.

After dark it is unsafe for respectable people to venture past their doors. Reeling toughs, crazy with drink, ready to strike or snatch stand on the sidewalk, while within the door other companions curse and fight, and make the scene one not to be forgotten. Should the police put in an appearance, the back door and rear alley are utilized and the offenders usually escape.

The large increase of saloons in the north end has forced the proprietors to begin a disgusting custom, the soliciting of customers for their bars. The weak willed workman who, if left alone, would pass their dens with quicker step and averted face, cannot do so when he runs against the proprietor on the sidewalk, is caught familiarly by the arm and invited to go in. His resolution vanishes and so does his cash.

An Indian dealer does his advertising in another fashion. By means of dirty cotton signs placed outside his doors, he informs the public that "A little stimulant now and then is relished by the best of men;" that "Gin cocktails are a delicious drink when properly mixed;" that he knows how "to mix them as they should be."

But little capital is required to fit out and stock such holes as exist there. A deal counter, unpainted, and in some cases unplanned, a shelf or two, a few half and wholly empty bottles, cigar boxes, a red or green blind, and a gallon or two of the poison, and the owner is ready for business. Many are fitted out in what is called style, and calls for the expenditure of time and money, but they are in the minority.

Today Magistrate Ritchie will have an opportunity of dealing out a little unadulterated justice to these lawbreakers. He should give it to them in all its purity, and follow up the does so often and make them so strong that his patients will be glad to cry "quit."

To Help George Moffat.

The unfortunate blind always has claims upon their fortunate fellow beings. A contribution to the fund for Geo. Moffat's hand organ is the kindest thing anyone can do for him.

A FLOWER THIEF CAUGHT.

A Courageous Mother Watches Him Disappear Her Children's Graves.

Every Saturday, a lady, who has two children buried in the rural cemetery, visits the graves of her dear ones and places fresh-cut flowers upon them. On Sunday she also spends a few hours there. Some time ago she was surprised to find that the flowers she had placed on the graves the day before were no longer there. This happened for several weeks. The lady, grieved and bewildered at their strange disappearance, finally determined to find out what became of them.

One Sunday morning she was in the cemetery before daybreak, patiently watching the flowers from an adjoining clump of bushes. She was rewarded for her courage. A young man walked up the path, stopped before the graves, and stooping down picked up the flowers and went away. The woman followed him to the city. He walked towards the north end, the lady still keeping him in view. A flower dropped from the bunch in the young man's hand, and the mother picked it up without him seeing her. He stopped before a house in a most respectable part of the north-end, where some of St. John's leading merchants and professional men reside. A young lady answered the bell, to whom he presented the flowers, and was rewarded by the sweetest of smiles and thanks. Then he went away. A few minutes later the lady stood before the door, and the same person opened it. To her the mother told the story of the flowers, and learned that the young man had been bringing them every Sunday morning to the young lady, who never doubted but he got them honorably, and regarded him as a very generous young man. When her family heard of his conduct, they advised the mother to bring him to justice, but this she was unwilling to do. Such a thief should not be allowed to go unpunished.

Will Mr. Tapley be a Candidate?

There is a good deal of quiet speculation and guessing about town as to the probable date of the provincial bye-election in the city and county. No person seems to have arrived at any very definite conclusion, however. The leading supporters of the government seem to be as much at sea as their opponents. They can not find candidates to put in the field. Half a dozen have been mentioned, but not one of them appears to be willing to risk a possible sacrifice. Mr. Rourke's refusal was followed by Mr. W. E. Skiffen's declination. Mr. H. Lawrence Sturdee has been mentioned, and so has Mr. H. W. Moore and ex-Police Magistrate Tapley has got a little free advertising as a possible candidate. Mr. Tapley's retirement to private life was a very fortunate incident for the community. He will hardly be reckless enough to be a candidate for any office again. And yet it is said that he is canvassing for votes!

Mr. Gubb and His Critic.

Referring to the performance in Kingston, Ont., under Mr. Gubb's management, the Kingston News says:

"'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius, 'll we deserve it.'"

Mr. Gubb and the *Bells of Cornwall* amateur company have done more; they have deserved success. Many people, when they first heard of the undertaking, ridiculed the idea of amateurs attempting such a difficult opera, and, raven like, croaked and prophesied that "vaulting ambition would o'erleap itself," if they persevered. However, last night's performance has thrown back upon these folk their predictions, and clearly proved to the Kingston public that "where there's a will there's a way."

Mr. Gubb is to be congratulated on having come out most triumphantly in a difficult undertaking, that would have dampened the ardour of many less determined men.

A Picnic on Indiantown Wharf.

There was a picnic on Indiantown wharf Monday afternoon. The Temple of Honor excursion boat was advertised to leave at 1 o'clock, and there were a good crowd waiting on the wharf at that hour. But the boat didn't put in an appearance. For two long hours the excursionists tried to make themselves as happy as possible, wading through the dust at Indiantown, and gazing at pleasant points and piles of cordwood. But the maddest people of all were those who missed the best part of the morning ball games in their endeavors to get at Indiantown at 1 o'clock.

Weigh the Boxes.

Buyers of strawberries will remember a warning given them last year by PROGRESS concerning the difference in the size of the Clifton box and some other boxes. The Clifton box is much larger, though it does not appear so at a casual glance, but if the buyer will place it upon the scales it will be found to contain from four to five ounces more berries than its competitor. The Clifton box weighs as a rule from 18 to 22 ounces, while the smaller one ranges from 14 to 17.

Don't read Hunter, Hamilton & McKay's advertisement, first column, last page.

HIS FIGHT FOR LIFE.

WHY THE REPORT WENT OUT OF THE MAYOR'S DEATH.

Drs. John Berryman and Inches Gave Up Hope of Him—A Mustard Bath Started Circulation and Brought Him Around—His Iron Constitution.

"How is Mayor Barker, is he able to sit up yet?" was a question put by PROGRESS to an intimate friend of his worship. A laugh was the preface to the answer. "He is doing nicely thank you, but he has never been on his back as many people think. The nature of his sickness, congestion, kept him in an upright position, and when we thought he would not live an hour, when Dr. John Berryman and Dr. Inches said that he could not live much longer than that, he was sitting in a chair. It he had laid on his back for a minute I think he would have died."

"What brought him around? I can hardly tell you. His parents had given up hope with the rest. This was so true that an offer of a hospital nurse to help was refused because she would be of no use in the short time he had to live. But I guess a mustard bath saved him. Drs. Berryman and Inches agreed when they saw him that anything that was to be done must be done quickly. They went to work with a will to start the circulation which was almost gone. The action of the heart could barely be noted, and the skin was of that peculiar color that denotes a stoppage of the circulation. The bath was the last resort, and the physicians worked all night by him."

"When none of us had hope the word went out that he could not live through the night, and early the next morning it was telegraphed everywhere that the mayor was dead. The glad contradiction flashed over the wires a few hours later, and since then the citizens are rejoicing with the mayor in his rapid restoration to health."

"The weather, up to Thursday, was very favorable, and the physicians assured him that he need not remain in the house longer than this week. He is very anxious to get around again, but his friends are urging him to take a country holiday for a fortnight, and get thoroughly renovated before he moves about again. I do not know what his plans are."

"His constitution must be wonderful. For years he has suffered from rheumatism. And I have seen him one dull morning on his back in great agony, and in the afternoon, when the sun came out, he was on the street, as cheerful as ever."

PROGRESS has no better news this week for the people than this.

The Joggins Mines and Railroad.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—I do not desire to enter into a controversy with Mr. Cruikshank, who appeared in the *Sun* of 2d, not as an answer, but as a reference to my letter of last week, and as a vindicator of himself; and therefore I do not think that it is necessary I should affix my signature to this in offering a word or two. While my historical and other statements remain uncontradicted, Mr. Cruikshank says: "The Joggins railway was built and equipped without any assistance from the Joggins association, by parties who assumed the very heavy liabilities in connection with its construction," etc., etc. I now ask Mr. Cruikshank, a gentleman I have always highly respected, did he ever bring this railway project before the company, or its largest capitalists, and ask said parties to assist in the building of said road for the benefit of all concerned? If his reply be in the affirmative, I would like to know the time, the occasion, and the gentlemen who were present.

A STOCKHOLDER.

The Orangemen for Gageton.

The Orangemen will have a great time next Friday at Gageton. The St. John lodges will celebrate the day there, and meet their Fredericton friends and brothers in the order. They will have a splendid chance to celebrate their fourth anniversary. Gageton is the centre of a county teeming with Orangemen and Sunbury and York alongside will turn out in force. The full particulars of steamer and hours can be found in another column. The attractions at Gageton will be addressed by P. G. M. Wilson and Ald Parker of Fredericton. Collector Merritt of Woodstock, one of the leaders of the Carleton county contingent will also speak, as well as Rev. J. E. Flewelling, of Centreville. The excursions of the Orangemen have always been popular, and this will no doubt be an exception. The Methodist church of Gageton will improve the day by the preparation of dinner and tea, which can be had at moderate prices.

Change in the N. B. Time Table.

Beginning Monday, the train leaves Woodstock for St. John at 7.50 a. m., instead of 7.53, and St. Andrews at 7.55 a. m., instead of 8. So don't get left.

The Largest and Best Sheet of Sticky Fly Paper for 5 cents, at G. A. Moore's, Brunswick street.

PERFECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Mr. Scholl's Exhibit of His Work on King Street.

The citizens of St. John have never seen such an exhibition of photography as that shown this week by Mr. Scholl in Messrs. A. F. DeForest & Co's window, on King street. In a large and very handsome frame, a fitting surrounding for such beautiful work, are a number of photographs of ladies and gentlemen and children, of all ages, splendid specimens of photography, and of the work of a really competent artist.

The crowds that gathered around the window Thursday afternoon and Friday, and the exclamations of expressed delight, are the best evidences of the attention and admiration Mr. Scholl's fame is attracting. And none of the praise is undeserved. The artist has not put unknown persons in his collection, but all of the portraits are of such well known people as Dr. Bayard, Judge Tuck, Mr. James Manchester, and Mr. Robert Reed. The ladies and children are also well known and the universal agreement is that the portraits are perfect.

Perhaps there is nothing the people are more particular about than any representation of themselves. They are even apt to be critical of a pen portrait, but a photograph or a crayon—they have no mercy in their criticism. They do not mind spending an extra dollar or two on a dozen cabinets if they can be assured that they will be just what they want.

But the most critical would find difficulty in picking out flaws in Mr. Scholl's work, as exhibited in Mr. DeForest's window. The frame enclosing it is seven feet long, and five feet high, made of broad polished oak, ornamented by oxidized silver. It was made in Philadelphia, and is something unique in design and finish.

Mr. Scholl can be congratulated upon his exhibit. The perfection of present day photography and his own great skill are shown at one and the same time. To get a more complete idea of the fine character of his work in crayon and pastel one must visit his well appointed studio on Carleton street.

How Is This?

How is it that Mr. Herbert Carvill, a clerk in the Intercolonial station, can get paid for half a month's absence from work when everybody else is docked? On Thursday Mr. Carvill received pay for half a month he was absent and docked for in May. There is, naturally, dissatisfaction at such partiality.

FROM THE GRAND STAND.

Frank White hasn't lost a game. Read Power's letter and laugh. The Presumpscots are big fellows. Thayer and Foster each get \$15 a week. Small has hit the ball for three three-base hits. Capt. Small has no better luck than Capt. Bell. And now it is the fatal eighth! Rattled! Phew! The St. Johns have won eight games and lost four.

Rogers got under the flies in good style Monday morning. Fredericton's nine made some money for the club Monday. Parsons made 24 runs, leading the next man, Rogers, 7.

"Look out he'll fine you," is the latest with the St. Johns. The St. Johns have made 110 runs and their opponents 103.

Parsons has made two home runs and Rogers one during the season. Jimmy Christie is a greater favorite than ever with the Shamrocks.

Lady Max and Maud C. had a grand struggle at Fredericton. The latter won.

Small has been 53 times at the bat, and has an average of .358, leading the nine.

Read Power's Halifax letter this week and learn what Haligonians think of the St. Johns.

The Thistles are more than pleased with Norris, their latest find; and they have reason to be.

Frank White looks well in his blue uniform. But doesn't it look better to see all the uniforms alike.

Parsons, Rogers, Small and Whitener have made 71 runs of 111 made by the 14 players on the team.

The grand stand was surprised at Tom Bell's first error, Monday morning. But he braced up, after it.

The enthusiast at the club house who couldn't help running out to pick up the ball, didn't please Dan.

The man on the spectators' bench who asked the fielder to get out of the way, takes the cake for nerve.

Tom Bell's worst enemy was the sun, Monday. He couldn't help missing that fly, and the spectators sympathized.

The pitcher and backstop of the amateur battery, White and Kennedy, have each crossed the home plate ten times.

The Presumpscots do not lose much time in taking the field. Their smart run from the bench caught the grand stand.

The A. A. nine were pretty well battered last week: Kennedy's and Rogers' hands were both bad, and now White is hurt.

Frank White's batting average is .291, Parsons' .315, Wilhence's .285, Rogers' .301, Kennedy's .255, Barker's .229, Milligan's .383.

Miller is a game one. He got his hand badly bruised on a steamer Tuesday, but he helped pull the Thistles through the next day.

The catcher of the Fredericton team had a \$10 fine paid by his friends before he could get out of goal and complete the battery.

The Shamrocks are financially solid. Monday's games were worth nearly \$1,000 gross. The A. A. association's gate receipts were just as large.

George Whitener wants to find the man who wrote about his playing. His office address is 27 Canterbury street; hours 8 a. m. to 1 p. m., 2 to 6 and 8 to 10 p. m. George hasn't improved in his catching—three errors Tuesday.

The St. John dorks who played rounders in the capital Monday, were disgusted at not being received in proper style. Besides no hotel was selected for the night, the umpire was afraid of the crowd. Bugtown is in the sulks at present. Jumbo is in disgrace.

Ex-manager "Billy" Down, of the LaTours was the bank of the club, but when he saw that he stood no show to get his money, he seized the club's outfit of bats, gloves, masks, etc., and sold them. He has not been on the same friendly relations with the club since the sale.

The circuit interferes with local meetings under the present conditions; owners of good horses fear that they will get records that will bar them from entering the circuit and by their failure to enter the local races are a snarl. This should be remedied next year at the annual meeting of the circuit.