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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

MISTER MURPHY IS MAD

AND SO ARE MRS. MURPHY AND THE POOR GIRLS.

A Bad Man Named Hugh Morris Did Him Out of Thirty-three Dollars' Worth of Males an' Loonches and Capt. Rawlings Took Morris' Part.

Mr. John Murphy, white-haired, sweetfaced and gentle-voiced, and Mrs. John Murphy, fat, fair and fifty-both of Portland-came into Progress' office, Tuesday, and asked to see the editor.

"Yez had me naame twicet," said Mr. Murphy plaintively, "an' I want yez to say somethin' to go agin it."

Pressed to explain himself, Mr. Murphy said that he alluded to an item which appeared in Progress some weeks ago to the effect that a certain Portlander proposed to sue a saloon-keeper for meals to the amount of \$16. He, Mr. Murphy, was the man who supplied the victuals. The saloon-keeper's name was Hugh Morris.

"Ah, the thafe!" interjected Mrs. Mur-

"But it's \$35 I'll be afther makin' it now," said Mr. Murphy, vivaciously. "Put it down: To 100 males-lave me alone now, Mrs. Murphy, it's me that's tellin' it!-to 100 males at 25 cints, \$25; to 80 loonches at tin cints, \$8-\$35. Phwat's the tottle-\$33? Well, thin, \$33. I sint the bill for a joke, but I'll have it out av him now av it costs me me pinsion!

"It was this way," Mr. Murphy proceeded. "Hugh Morris is a bad man. He was dhriven off Main sthreet an' he didn't know phwere he'd be afther goin'. So phwat doos he do but git a man full an' make him lase two buildin's to me, bein' a rispictable man, an' thin he lases one of 'em from me. His house was away"--Mr. Murphy gave an indefinite wave of the hand -"an' he did be comin' in to me house for males, sittin' to the table, ordherin' me girls to wait on him. But I thought he was a noice man, an' I pitied him-an' I let him go on.

"Well, sor," Mr. Murphy continued, impressively, "divil a cint cud I git! Put that down. It kem to th' foorst av May, an' at 12 o'clock I took me chair intil his shop, an' I sat in it to prove me rights. Phwat doos he be afther doin' but sind for Capt. Rawlings to put me out! 'Go an now!' says he. 'I wull not!' says me. Thin he twishted me girls out be the arrum, an' he caught hould on Mrs. Murphyshtrip up yer shlave an' show him the place—an' thin sivin av thim comes for me."

"Who were they?" "Wan av thim was the young felly nixt dure," broke in Mrs. Murphy malevolently. "Him that's all ears an' no face." "Th' Tillygraft reporther she manes," Mr. Murphy explained. "Sivin av them come for me," he continued. "They used me shameful. I'm an ould man, 57, but they kicked me in the shtomick. I dunno

table man an' livin' in Halifax ----" "Sure he don't want to put that in!"

as I'll iver git over it. Me bein' a rispic-

Mrs. Murphy interrupted. "Lave me alone, now! I'm tellin' it!-An' havin' an honorable dishcharge with a pinsion! An' I want yez to put it in the paper agin the shtory yez had afore, an' if ye do it right I'll sind some papers to Halifax. An' don't yez furgit to give Capt. Rawlings a touch!"

"The woman-bater!" Mrs. Murphy remarked, with the deepest expression of scorn and contempt.

"But what are you going to do about it?" Progress inquired.

"I sint him a lawyer's letther for \$2000

said Mr. Murphy, proudly.

He Is Well Rid of Her.

As cruel and unwomanly an act as Pro-GRESS has heard of for a long time, happened in town recently. A young gentleman in a fairly good and lucrative position, was engaged to be married to a young lady. His plans were made with her knowledge and approval for the event, which would not be delayed many months. One evening he called upon her as usual, carelessly content in anticipation of a pleasant evening. What was his surprise when, after a short stay, his fiancee told him she was to be married in a fortnight to another man!! He could not believe her until she proved that she was in earnest beyond doubt by naming that man and date. Then he left her, perhaps not so careless and gay, not so completely trustful, but bitter and cynical. And she married the other man!

The Interest In Him Lives.

Notwithstanding the fact that the historic court house and jail where the famous Henry Moore Smith was tried, convicted and imprisoned was burned down some years ago, and a village school house now stands on its site, the sale of the little pamphlet, reciting his wonderful adventures and crimes, still continues to be large. Orders from the country are constantly coming in, and the chances are will for a long time to

Room paper from five cents roll at Mc-Arthur's bookstore, Main street, Portland, opposite Bell Tower.

A MODEL GLOSSARY.

Canadian Expressions Not to Be Found in Every Dictionary.

Parish Notes, a neat little pamphlet just published by Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, ought to prove very entertaining to the parishioners of St. John's. A record of the work done during the last ecclesiastical year and details of the parochial machinery working, or in prospect, take up half of the book. The remainder is given to original contributions that impress one most favorably. The modest authors of these have signed their initials alone, but there is reason to suspect that Mrs. Silas Alward is the writer of the cheery sketch entitled, 'From Liverpool to Rimouski"; Miss J. R. Barlow of "The Effect of True Poetry" Mrs. M. M. deSoyres of the stanzas, "Our Country"; Mr. T. W. Daniel of the "Memos. Concerning St. John's Church"; and that the rector is himself responsible for the "Brief Glossary of Canadian Expressions, Collected by an Enquiring Englishman." This last mentioned paper is so good in its way that Progress must ask eave to copy some of the "Enquiring Englishman's" definitions:

Chip in-To take a share.

Hurry up-Be quick. Dump-To deposit any material in a place. Quite a distance-

Have you walked any- Meaning obvious. I have walked some-

somewhere.") A very Around-("He is around comprehensive term, meaning "in the neighborhood within call."

Slump-To crush through ice or frozen earth. Variety-Dealer in general goods. To bounce-(or, "to give someone the bounce."

To get rid of: ["Five Methodist ministers bounced."] -Heading in St. John Sun. To skip-To depart unexpectedly and rapidly

Chiefly used by those who leave their country for heir country's good. To run-(i.e., to conduct or manage). Dry goods

Disgruntled-Term of local theology. "The mos disgruntled church on the circuit is that of Penobsonis."—Sun. Nov. 8, 1888. To put in-e.g., work, and especially time, with or

He happened along-Expressive ellipsis.

Get-Depart rapidly. "Since that horse is around Sand-He has not much sand in him. Substance All wool-Term of esteem: thorough genuine. He's a yard wide-He is a fair, just man, with no

nort measure. (Totus, teres, atque, rrtnndus.) Catch on-Understand. I acknowledge the corn-I ohn Sun, March 2, 1889.)

Coming out at the little end of the horn-Getting I am on to his curves-Base ball term. I am

ware of his manœuvres. Painting a town red-["Mr. John L. Sullivan painted Boston red last night." (?) Possibly a piece of fresco painting, for which this artist is famous.] "Would be snowed under at next election." Would be left in a minority.

Off his base-Base ball term; not in a safe position

Chore-Small task; piece of work.

He Could Tell a Lie-He Did It. Some people take a special delight in telling untruths, and as a consequence, very seldom tell the truth. Those who know the prevaricator intimately take no notice of what he says but the person who does not know his failing is apt to suffer some annoyance. One of these persons went to New York some time ago, but was unable to find employment. One day last week a friend of his received a letter saying that he had obtained employment, at last, with a large firm and was receiving a salary far ahead of anything he ever expected. The letter glowed with his brilliant prospects, and his friend, glad of the good fortune that had befallen the exodian. spread the news among his former friends

The surprise of the well-wishing friend can hardly be described, when, the next day after receiving the letter from New York, the young man who wrote it and was supposed to be hard at work earning a large salary in New York, walked into the office. And he came to stay.

Mr. Finn Runs the Whole Show.

Mr. Charles Tilley is a friend of Mr. Quinton's, and once in a while does some work for the provincial secretary. He wanted to see the latter gentleman, this week, and after quite a hunt he found him in conversation with his esteemed colleague, Quinton, in Mr. Finn's "little back room." Mr. Tilley knocked, entered and began to talk business. He was suddenly interrupted by a tap on the door, and Mr. Finn's placid countenance was visible.

"Mr. Tilley!" "Yes; what is it?" inquired that gentle-

"There's a man out here who wants to

Mr. Tilley went out. "Where's the

"There isn't any, said Mr. Finn. "The fact is, those gentlemen in there are talking business, and we don't want them disturbed."

His Thoughts Were Wandering.

An Episcopal clergyman, who is rector of one of the oldest parishes in the diocese, made a curious slip in his service a few Sundays ago. The congregation was standing expecting to recite the creed with the minister. To their astonishment and amusement the reverend gentleman said the Lord's prayer instead.

Smokers will not fail to try the "National" Havana Cigars, and Virginia Tobaccos. The best in town.

IT WILL BE A GREAT DAY.

THE ILLUSTRATED BASE BALL EDITION OF "PROGRESS"

Will Appear Next Saturday-How to Spend the 24th of May - The Base Ball Season Opens - Excursions and Horse Races-Read All About It.

Next Friday and Saturday will be gala days in and out of town. The boys and girls of St. John always count on plenty of tun on the Queen's birthday and the older olk, remembering the weaknesses of their youth, never deny them healthful pleasure. Already the toddlers of the household are lisping that old fashioned nursery and school house rhyme:

The 24th of May Is the Queen's birthday, If we don't get a holiday

We'll all run away. But the holiday will be on hand and all the running away will be done by either the ball cranks who will perch on the grand stand and hang about the ropes at the A. A. grounds, howling with delight, at the opening game of the season, or the good sailors who can down mal de mer and enjoy a sail on the Monticello, or the men spot on earth on a holiday.

The rest of the people will remain at it was to get it. home and Progress thinks a good many

houses will be empty, Just a word about the ball games:

No one knows yet who will pitch the game. The committee will act on the purest business principles and sentiment and those gentlemen have gripped it yery will take a back seat. If a man shows on hard since. They say now that they do trial that his balls are easily found by our not think they will sell the right to publish boys, the chances are that he won't be in the official programme since the other newsthe box. Nor will he want to be. But it papers objected. is certain that if the weather is fine there will be two games Friday-one in the model dogs in the manger. They would morning and one in the afternoon-and one | not give anything for the official programme Saturday afternoon. Judging from the and object to Progress giving \$100 and "air fanning" the St. John boys have done since Small struck town Wednesday, the South Portlands may not find him as easily as they wish to.

Moosepath programme can be found on the sporting page of Progress. It will be found attractive and enticing. Plenty of good people would lose their dinner and spend 50 cents to see a horse race. They enjoy life better for the temporary excitement, the anticipation, the doubt and the joy and sorrow of seeing a favorite win or

Then there is Digby, the favorite Nova Scotia resort of St. John people. All that is wanted is a good boat, an excursion fare and a fine day to make scores of rest-hunters happy.

And what will Progress do? Get up at 5 o'clock next Saturday morning and see. Scud around the corner and whistle for a newsboy. If you can find him be happy and give him a five cent piece. The paper will only cost three but if you can get one you should not grumble for the rest of the day.

Progress will be on time as usual, and run the finest account of the ball games you ever read. And, best of all, it will be illustrated! Almost every man who throws and catches a ball may expect to see his ugly countenance in Progress, next day. There are Small and Parsons and Rogers and White and Kennedy and Whitenect and Bell, and it's hard to tell how many more, or whether there will be any more. But above and beneath them will be their good and bad deeds, and all around them will be the flashing, brilliant account of the

Progress usually goes to press Friday noon, but next week will be an exception. It won't be put on the press until evening, and when it does come off it will be a "regular liner," red hot; catch it on the fly or there will be one error scored against you, right in the first of the season.

The fact is that Progress dare not go to the country, Saturday, without a full account of those ball games. It would never do. And consequently outside news dealers and subscribers will please note the fact that, next week only, Progress won't be on hand early Saturday morning, but will arrive at the same time as the St. John morning papers. But it is only for a week, and nobody will be sorry when they see the paper.

There will be something else, almost forgotten. Next Saturday will be nomination day in Kings county, and the new solicitorgeneral, Hon. William Pugsley, will appear in Progress, clad in the speaker's robes. There will also be a sketch of his life. Kings county people will be pleased, and will swell the list of persons to be made happy next Saturday.

It will be a great day for everybody, Progress and its newsboys included.

Kelly and the "Nationals."

There is a sympathetic bond between Kelly, the tailor, and the ball tossers of the A. A. club. He made their new uniforms. He should have made them for nothing for the advertisement, but there's no evidence of that fact.

Latest and most accurate foreign and local base ball news at the "National," the ball

"DOGS IN THE MANGER."

The "Other" Newspapers and the Programme Committee.

The programme committee of the sum mer carnival are in a bex. They don't quite understand what they are doing or have done, and they are sadly in need of what Rev. Mr. Botterill calls "backbone."

When the carnival executive was organized, Mr. Cornwall thought there wa something to be done in the way of an official programme. He gave his idea freedom in conversation with a firm of publishers of the city, who listened and then offered to undertake the publication.

At the next meeting of the executive Mr. Cornwall spoke of the composition and publication of the programme and named the two gentlemen he had spoken with and himself as a carnival programme committee. As it was understood that the published programme would be well fortified with advertisements, one of the executive thought there was a "snap" in the official publication for the three gentlemen of the committee. The arrangement seemed too neat and complete to suit him and, upon his motion, the privilege of exclusive puband women who prefer Moosepath to any lication was opened to tender. The man or firm who was willing to pay the most for

Progress offered \$100 for the privilege. This was the only tender from a newspaper and the only bona fide written tender handed in. The executive turned the matter over to the programme committee

"The other newspapers" appear to be

The hope may fairly be expressed that the general business of the carnival will be conducted or firmer and better principles.

The Portland Fire Department.

Boss Chesley and the Portland fire committee are preparing for the union. They have increased the number of firemen by five. Three of them are said to be very good men. The fourth, a young man, was coaxed to accept the position, and then the boss came along with Chesley, jr., aged about 17, and he doesn't look a day older. Chesley, jr., is a son of Boss Chesley's. He is young, but may turn out better than some old men now on the department who are

hardly able to walk, much less run to a fire. A number of Portland people, among them persons directly interested, would like to have the investigation into the management of the Rolling mill fire continued. But the committee think it isn't worth while investigating the matter, when the amalgamation is so near. They came to this conclusion, when they found that the blame did not rest on the person on whom they

expected it would. Isn't this union a good thing for some people, anyhow, since it made it "not worth while" to hold these investigations?

The Tale of a Sign-Part II.

It wasn't the printer's fault that the pubhe was not informed that the story entitled, "The Tale of a Sign," commenced in last week's Progress, would be "continued in our next." When the paper went to press, Friday, this story of real life, of the joys and sorrows and the trials and triumphs of a mug of ale, were not at an end. The reader left the hero, after he had come through one of his sorest trials, only to find that the cloud had a silver lining. The sign's working hours had been shortened and it spent its nights indoors like other people, and commenced work at the same hour as its owner. But the hero has again been separated from those to him so dear. People who, in their daily walks, had come to know him looked in vain for the familiar mug, Saturday morning. It was out bright and early, but did not "come to stay." The frothing ale no longer tries to obscure the glass. It has vanished. The sign is gone. Somebody stole it.

The First Maritime Weekly.

We are happy to place on our exchange list the St. John Progress. Last week this valuable paper celebrated its birthday anniversary by publishing an enlarged number. Not only from the choice of its reading matter but in its typographical appearance also it is the first weekly in the provinces. It is indeed a paper of remarkable progress during its first year. We wish it every success. Progress may be found on sale at A. E. Alexander's store Campbellton, every Saturday morning .-Restigouche Pioneer.

"How Long, Oh Lord, How Long!"

The government have met and adjourned, and still editor McCready is without that legislative council seat .- Farmer. Back again and prepared to give satisfac-

faction to my old patrons in Cleaning and Repairing Clocks. All orders by mail will be attended to.

I shall visit Carleton weekly, and orders left with Mr. John Rippy will receive attention. R. B. Jackson, 20 Peters Street, St. John,

A CITY OF BARROOMS.

WHERE RUM, RIOT AND FIGHTING ARE THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

Wild Scenes in Portland Last Saturday and Tuesday Nights-Some Changes the Portland Division Will Experience, and Localities That Were Changed.

Poor Portland! The union cannot comtoo soon. The people are anxiously waiting the time when the grand amalgamation will take place, when law and order will take the place of recklessness, blackguardism and ring rule.

Drinking, fighting, shouting, biting That was the programme on Portland's leading thoroughfare between 9 and 10 o'clock last Saturday evening. A scuffle, struggling men spread over the sidewalk, a rush to the spot, and then the combatants, picked up beaten and bleeding were rushed into dark alleyways.

Young men and boys took part in the disgusting spectacle. The crowd of sightseers who tried to keep the run of the different fights had a hard time. When the drunks on the front street looked as if they were going to be peaceable, word arrived of a big fight on "the back road."

There are seven liquor stores within 100 yards of each other on Portland bridge. They all seem to do a good business. Saturday nights they are crowded, and the majority of the crowd are generally "full." They are hustled out among the throng of people who travel between St. John and Portland every Saturday night, and are anything but good company. Many of these liquor stores have entrances from what has been sarcastically called "Bond avenue"-a dark, uneven road, without any lights whatever, running back of the buildings facing on Portland bridge. This place comes very handy to hustle the drunken pugilists into, and here they can have their fight out or crawl into one of the numerou

Surely such a settlement of bar-rooms as this, with double the number within a few hundred yards, needs the strictest supervision of the police. Indeed, one would think two policemen none too many to keep anything like order in such a place. Yet last Saturday night the wildest disorder prevailed. Men were beaten, shutters knocked down, decent people were unable to get near their own doors, and a grocer had to exert himself to get his barrels in off the sidewalk before they were toppled over into the gutter by the drunken

And so it is all over Portland. There seems to have been a mania for starting rum shops. As soon as a store became vacant, the landlord would instantly receive applications for the rental of it "to start a barroom." Hitherto quiet and respectable streets have been made the scenes of disgraceful rowdyism by means of these barrooms, many of them being open at all hours of the night.

Tuesday, about midnight, people living any crooked business. near one of these places, recently started, -which has become pretty well known by reason of its "sign"-were awakened by fighting and shouting. The genial proprietor, a Mr. Wilson, was amusing himself with some of his customers, one of whom was wishing at the top of his voice that the very ordinary blood with which his hands were covered was somebody's heart's blood.

Who is to blame?

would be to blame. In Portland they have more than they can do. In keeping order they are afraid of offending those in whose power it is to cause their dismissal.

But a change must come. It must be wonderful change—almost too great a one for an old man like Chief Marshall to undertake. The strictest discipline will have to be exercised with the Portland division. It will be quite a change for them if they have to do duty like their St. John brethren. No more sitting round the barroom stoves, no more showing inexperienced 'budgers" where they can get a drink, late at night or early in the morning, and they will have to make a few more mistakes like they made last Sunday, and report some barrooms for doing business after hours. Let the work of purification begin at

Read Hunter, Hamilton & McKay's Ac ertisement, first column, last page.

Give It a Rest.

A curious report has been industriously circulated among the Catholics of the city crediting two prominent Protestant citizens with saying, "We don't want the Irish; when we want them we can buy them." and "one Catholic judge is enough for this city." We have the best authority for saying that there is not a word of truth in the report. So give it a rest.

Machine Oil and Needles at the Portland

One Hundred Cents to the Dollar.

The owners of Maritime bank notes ought to be happy in the possession of 100 cents to the dollar.

The "National" Dining rooms are the best in town. Dinners from 12 to 2. Choice lunches at all hours. SUMMER RESORTS IN "PROGRESS."

The Myrtle of Digby and Inch-Arran of Dalhousie-Notes and News.

Mr. Morrison, of the Myrtle house, of Digby, has faith that PROGRESS goes to lots of people who go to Digby for the summer, and in today's issue he tells them something of his hostelry. In a private letter, he says that "with the present efficient bay service, there cannot be any doubt of Digby's popularity as a summer resort increasing.

Writing of Digby, Rev. Dr. Ambrose, the rector, says:

Toilers with brain or hand, lovers of nature, who eek relaxation and complete change of scene and circumstances, beyond the worry of sweltering cities, find the beauty, quiet and restfulness of Digby the very fulfilment of their imaginings.

'Far from the maddening scene's ignoble strife," vet most easy of access-not as yet invaded by those who carry and excite city extravagances, and equally free from those who make a prey of the fashionable, and destroy the charm of nature's choicest spots, it is no marvel that people of true refinement, e they rich or poor, look upon Digby as one of the choice watering places of the maritime provinces.

The card of the Inch Arran hotel at Dalhousie, is also printed this week. Capt. C. C. Clapham is manager of the Inch Arran this season. He is well and favorably known in the upper provinces, and the former guests will be glad to learn that he returns this year with them.

Mr. Geo. D. Fuchs, the manager of last year, finds plenty to do looking after the Brunswick in Moneton.

Manager E. E. Phair of "The Beaches," has no idle hours on his hands at present, the preparation for guests by June 10 being carried on rapidly. In so short a time "The Beaches" has become wonderfully popular, in both lower and upper Canada, and a large number of city people will not fail to flock there. PROGRESS will have an authoritative announcement next week, and ladies and gentlemen on the lookout for resting places in the warm weather, should get all the information they can of Richibucto and "The Beaches."

Progress is arranging for notes and news from all the summer resorts of the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the proprietors of the hotels will find it greatly to their interest to let the people know what they are doing and propose to do. Plans are being made abroad for the summer, and as the people who read Pro-GRESS include all those who spend their vacation out of town, the proprietors of summer resort hotels will find it to their advantage to be in the "Summer resort column" of the paper. The arrivals of guests at such hotels will find a place in Progress' columns.

It Was Economically Managed.

The City Road Kill Time society met as usual this week, Perry Doxey in the chair. Brother I. Samm, the kicker of the club, made his usual kicks. He believed the society was being mismanaged, and asked President Doxey if he had caught on to

President Doxey replied that the only crooked business he had "caught on" to was curve pitching when he played backstop for the Guzzlers.

Treasurer Hunks proposed that the name of the society be changed to "Chicago club," because they had the champion kicker in it.

Brother Samm said he didn't care whether they called him a kicker or not; he wanted informatiton. He would like In a city rightly governed the police Treasurer Hunks to state how much money had been expended for coal, the past win-

> Treasurer Hunks said the club had been very economical in its expenditures. To save the price of cartage some of the members had carried the coal themselves, lump by lump. As to the price of the coal he referred kicker Samm to the I. C. R. com-

A vote of confidence was unanimously carried and after transacting some routine business the club adjourned.

PORTLAND.

A Delightful Trip Contemplated.

There is a strong probability that several of the lady teachers of the Victoria school will accompany Mr. and Mrs. George Hay to the Paris exposition. Among the names mentioned Progress hears those of Miss Bartlett, Miss Narraway, Miss Powers, Miss Edith Clarke and Miss Puddington, of St. Stephen. The trip would be a delightful one, and if some unexpected difficulties which have arisen over the steamer's dates of sailing can be arranged, the party will no doubt sail from New York in the early part of the vacation.

The Newsboy and the Squire.

One of Progress' newsboys thinks Squire Tapley a very funny man with no conception of business, whatever. The boy tried to sell the squire a Progress, but it was no use.

"I'm sorry for you, my boy," said the squire, "but I would like to see you better employed."

The boy has been looking for a better paying business ever since, but can't find it. New patterns of Room Paper and Paper

Blinds, very cheap, at Portland News Depot and branch store, Sydney street.