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PROGRESS.

Notices coming under the heads Wanted, For Sale, To Let and Found, under 25 words in length, cost only 10 cents in PROGRESS. Thirty thousand people read PROGRESS from the heading to the last line.

VOL. II., NO. 56.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

THE MAN WHO BORES YOU

PUT HIM ON THE LIST—HE NEVER WOULD BE MISSED.

Definitions of a Bore Increased by One of "Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange"—The Handsome Young Man and His Dog—He Was Very Knowing.

One witty writer has said that a bore is a person who, having ten minutes to spare, goes and spends them on some one who hasn't. Another has still more happily described him as "a man who persists in talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself." So I will add my mite towards enriching the literature of my country by defining him as a person who always makes you wish you weren't there whenever you see him coming. And, if you have ever read much Scotch poetry, you will sympathise with the Scotch lad who, having kissed his lassie as he thought unobserved, discovered that the whole family had heard him do it, and felt in his confusion that he "could ha' crept into a rabbit's hole" had there been one at hand.

In thinking of a bore, the picture that generally rises up before one's mental vision is that of a stout, rubicund individual with a bald head and a very conspicuous set of shiny false teeth. But this picture is by no means certain to be correct. The most intolerable bore I ever knew was a very handsome young man, so handsome that at first sight he was most attractive—but only at first sight, the second was always sufficient to make you hope there might never be a third meeting in store for you; and to see him coming with his brown eyes sparkling in joyous anticipation of a fresh victim, whom he could talk into a brain fever, made you long for the wings of the historic dove to flee away and be at rest, for wherever he is, there will there be unrest in its most cruel form.

The bore usually possesses a horse or dog quite different from anything canine or equine the world has ever seen before, merely because they are his. The dog may be the most harmless and well behaved of his species, but in the hands of his master he becomes a terror to society in general. There are few people who would not prefer to have the fiercest Spanish bloodhound "sicked on" at them rather than endure an hour *te-te-te* with that bore and his dog. He tells you how he got him first, and what he paid for him, just how high he stood from the ground and how wide he was across: for if our friend has one gift above another it is for a minute description of details. Detail is his strong point, the sharp end of the gimlet, which is his instrument of torture. He tells you how he trained his dog, just what he gave him to eat and how devotedly attached the benighted animal was to him. I really and truly knew a bore once who had a dog that he taught to say "apple," though why neither of them had the sense to select the word "bone" is a problem I have never been able to solve. But when I asked to see this marvel of canine intelligence and hear him "say his little piece," the bore said he was dead. He died of water on the brain. I did not wonder! I had a better opinion of that dog cold in death than I ever had of him in the zenith of his glory. He had preferred a watery grave; to life, with the society of a bore thrown in as a necessary condition.

The genuine bore is invariably self-implicated, no one knows as much about farming as he does. He never saw a farm in his life perhaps; but that does not matter; he will instruct a man old enough to be his grandfather, who has been farming ever since he began his career by chasing the chickens out of his mother's garden, condescendingly inform him what is the best soil for potatoes, and advise him to get over his old-fashioned ideas, and sow his turnips broadcast next year; drills are out of date. He knows all about shooting, no one has ever yet brought down quite so many birds at one shot as he has, no one has ever caught so many fish at one time. I have known him to catch two fish on the same hook—but then of course in fishing one is privileged to use a very long bow and call it a rod.

He is very fond of contradicting any statement that may be made in his hearing. Any remark that has the appearance of carrying conviction with it has the same effect on him that a scarlet cloak has on a "gentleman cow." He lowers his head at once, and rushes at it.

You meet him on a rainy day, and remark, in passing, that it seems to have settled down for a regular downpour, and he immediately stops short and says that if you will take the trouble to turn round and look at the western sky, you will see that it shows every indication of clearing, and when you fail to see any sign of fine weather, he settles himself or an argument, as calmly as if it were a balmy day in June. You say that you really cannot stop, as your feet are wet, and wet feet always mean a cold. "Not at all," he answers; "that is all an old idea. I've had my feet wet for three weeks at a time, and I never took cold; it's drying them too suddenly that is the trouble."

I have told you a great deal about the constitutional bore, and I could tell you a great deal more, nearly twice as much, for the subject is not by any means exhausted; but I had better stop now, or you will come to the conclusion that his name is

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

A CHANCE FOR THE BOYS

Money to be Made Easily and Without Leaving School.

PROGRESS has a great circulation in outside towns and villages, but there is only one place where it could not be increased. In that town, one of the smallest in the province there is a little fellow who goes to school every day in the week except Saturday, which he devotes to business. In one hour he makes 50 cents selling PROGRESS.

A few weeks ago he sent for ten papers, saying that he had customers for all of them and mentioning the name of a gentleman whom PROGRESS knew who promised to be responsible for payment. In a very short time he had 20 customers and he made 20 cents every Saturday. Then he had 25 then 30, then 40, then 50. And now there are 50 people in — who know that as soon as the mail arrives Saturday morning their young newsdealer will be around with PROGRESS. He makes from two to three dollars a month in this way and is getting a knowledge of business affairs that he could get in no other way. For though a mere boy in years he writes all his own letters, remits the amount of his account as regularly as the sun rises the first of every month and is in every way a model business boy. PROGRESS predicts a successful future for him.

But there are such boys in every town. All of them have friends who would help them along, and if they did not want PROGRESS for the value of reading in it—which is improbable—they would take it to help their young friend along. Here's a chance for the boys to make money. Get some older person, who knows you, to become responsible for payment and no capital is required. All that you want are customers, and there is no difficulty getting them. The papers will be sent you for two cents each; you can sell them for three cents, and the more customers you get the more money you will make.

A SCRAP IN THE BUCKET-SHOP.

A Customer Remonstrates, Kicks, Then Hits from the Shoulder.

There was a scrap in the bucket-shop a few days ago, that afforded the frequenters of that skin den considerable amusement. No person was expecting the encounter. There were no seconds, no ring, no referee. London prize-ring rules governed the fight.

It appears that one of the customers had put a considerable amount on a certain stock, and had left instructions to have it kept margined. The stock had been steady, but during his absence fluctuated outside of his margin, and he was wiped out. This was not the first instance of "wiping out" by any means; in fact, the "gentlemen of the stock exchange" have become quite accustomed to this remarkable feat, but the customer in question, when left instructions to have his purchase remargined, felt safe, and when he found what had been done he was as mad as a March hare. He remonstrated, kicked, and then fired his fist at the gentleman in the little glass cage. He caught it and came over the counter on the jump. Then the fun began. It was a regular rough-and-tumble catch-as-catch-can. Hitting below the belt was allowed, until the wind of the belligerents gave out. Then time was called.

Then the foolishness their impetuosity had led them into was seen. Each was willing to forgive and forget, and all present resolved to say nothing about it. But it leaked out how that contract was settled.

A New Policeman's Experience.

One of Portland's new policemen found plenty to do during his first few days of service, if he didn't have something to show for it every morning. He kept his eye on a house three nights, waiting for a chance to arrest a disorderly character who was beating his wife, and when changed to another beat saw a woman give her husband more hard knocks than he ever saw anybody get before. Taking all things into consideration, he has concluded that the women are to blame for the greatest part of the trouble.

For an Idle Hour.

"I started to read *That Frenchman*, Gunter's new book, last night, and I could not drop the book until I finished it. It beat *Mr. Barnes of New York* and *Mr. Potter of Texas*, all to pieces." This is the opinion of a gentleman who knows a good book and PROGRESS gives it for its worth. Messrs. McMillan have the book on sale 50 cents.

The Only Way to Be Sure.

If you would be sure of getting PROGRESS Saturday give your newsdealer an order to save it for you. Then you can call for it as late as you please, and be sure to get it. Last Saturday hundreds went without PROGRESS because they depended on getting it late.

Chairs Cased, Duval, 249 Union street. Cool and refreshing drinks at the "National," 22 Charlotte street.

HURRAH FOR ST. JOHN.

FOUR THOUSAND PEOPLE SEE TWO VICTORIES

Taken From the Champions of Maine By the St. John Boys—A Great Opening of the Season—Queen's Weather Granted For the Day—Everybody Play Ball.

Play ball! Morton shouted the magic words that opened the season, with more than 1,000 people at the A. A. grounds.

It was a great morning, cool and pleasant, just the kind of weather ball tossers pray for and spectators want.

If the opening ball game of the A. A. club is indicative of the season to come, the boys will be able to start a bank in the fall. Considering the opposition attractions, lacrosse, excursions and the hour of the day, the audience was a good one.

Everybody was happy, for why? The boys won, and White and Kennedy, the amateur battery, beat the club who held the championship of Maine last year, by a score of 11 to 6. What more could be wished for?

But it was a loose game and it lacked in some degree the greatest charm of base ball—life. The star players of the home club were White, Whitenect, Parsons and Rogers. Kennedy ought also to be included if he had been more fortunate at the plate. But he did great work behind the bat.

Small was unfortunate, and some say nervous. He was at third and made two or three inexcusable muffs, which happily



FRANK SMALL.

Frank Small has had a great interest for St. John people since he pitched here last season. His magnetic curves took the crowd by storm, and the ball committee began to think of him as a popular professional for this year. He is here and at work. Five feet ten inches high and 175 pounds are not bad accompaniments for a lad of 23 summers. Four of these he has spent on the diamond, winning reputation for himself and victories for his club. In 1886 he tossed the leather in Yarmouthville, Me., and the next year found him at Rockland, Portland and here again by this time, and lost no time in securing him to help them along to the New England championship, and last year he went to Davenport, Iowa. Small has won a great reputation wherever he has played for honest, good work. He talks but little, but puts his whole heart into the game, caring nothing for what may be said about him.

cost nothing. He made the greatest catch of the game though, pulling down a high throw of Kennedy's when there were two men on bases.

A quieter and more gentlemanly nine than the South Portlanders would be hard to find. They came to play ball and did so. They had no loose talk, and quickly won the good opinion of the crowd. Every good play got its needed applause, and the best of good feeling prevailed.

At 10.40 sharp the agile umpire, Morton L. Harrison, appeared at the plate with Brown and Dunning as the battery of the visitors. Whitenect held the stick and found the leather, to send it into the hands of the left fielder. Parsons had no better luck, the second and first basemen exchanging the ball before his arrival, and Rogers did the same act, and the first inning of the first game for the home club showed a goose egg.

The first ball of Frank White's was a strike, and McGovern, who faced him, looked at the bright amateur closely. He got first on a safe to left field, and Griffin followed him through a muff of Whitenect's who did not seem as loose as usual. Both he and Small hung up their error score to full view when Tilton passed his next, a sharp clip, by both of them and McGovern scored. Small caught Dunning, Webster died at first and Griffin scored. Brown with two strikes called on him tied to Capt. Bell.

Small faced the pitcher in the St. John's second innings, but retired with the ball in the second basemen's grip. Frank White got first and stole second and third amid thunderous applause. Then Rogers began to coach and the crowd began to laugh. Bell failed to reach first and Kennedy's luck, an error of the second base, gave him a start and sent Frank home—the first score of the game. Jimmy stole second in the excitement but Holly failed to connect and he remained there.

For the Portlanders, Spear died at first, and Oliver struck out, while Capt. Trefethen gave Whitenect a chance, which he did not take. He caught McGovern's fly,

though, and there was another blank on the score, which was 2, 1.

The third innings of St. John was a regular Waterloo, the slugging fever was on them, and there was nothing but crack, crack as the leather bounded outside. Then the fielding and catching of the visitors were loose, and all combined to give the home club a hard lead. Barker opened the ball, and tramped on the first bag. He stole second, an example that Whitenect followed. Parsons sustained his batting record, and Barker scored, leaving Whitenect and Parsons on third and second. Small came to the bat, and Whitenect



D. W. PARSONS.

Another Maine boy who will play on this diamond this season is Parsons, of Colby, whose bright, fearless face can be seen above. Just past his majority, the crack college pitcher and second basemen of Colby will be greeted heartily by New Brunswick ball tossers. In his first game in the box, he held the Bowdoin down to one hit, and since that time he has curved many a victory from his opponents. He is a fine all around player—a good second basemen, a great slugger and a puzzler in the box. George Whitenect will hold him, and it is safe to say that no battery of the club can give better work at the bat than these two boys.

scored on a passed ball, while Parsons followed suit on a wild pitch. Small hit for first, stole second and came home on a magnificent three-bagger of Frank White's. Bell fied out; White got home on a passed ball, and Kennedy, who hit safe to first, succeeded in his daring attempt to steal second and third. Holly struck out, and left him. There was a tremendous cheer at the close of this inning, for, no matter how bad ball is played, the crowd like to see the home club ahead.

Griffin got the first base on balls, the first of the game—and though Tilton and Dunning went down at first, Webster gave Barker a fly to muff and he scored. Brown went out at first.

So many passed balls was hard for the visitors to stand, and Dunning was replaced by Webster, the crack catcher whose reputation beats Pusher, and who is to hold "Manny" Robinson at Moncton. The manager of the Moncton nine, Charlie Nevins, was behind him in the grand stand and the little catcher must have tickled him all to pieces. Barker struck out and Whitenect got struck, thereby getting his base. Parsons brought him in, stole second and third, caught Webster napping and scored. Rogers got his base on balls but trying to get home ran out of line and was declared out. In the meantime Small hit safe, Frank White got his base on balls and both were left, Bell failing to reach first. Spear hit safe but died stealing second, Oliver and Trefethen hit to the pitcher, and the leather was at first before them.

Kennedy, Holly, and Barker went out in one, two, three order.

White gave McGovern his first on balls and he got home, while Griffin and Tilton failed to connect at first. Then Dunning gave Small a twisting fly which seemed easy enough to catch. He muffed it and the crowd groaned, though it cost nothing. Rogers made a magnificent running catch of Webster's sky scraper and the side was out.

Parsons was the hero of the 6th inning. He showed his great speed and successful, daring stealing around the bases and scoring. Whitenect and White struck out, Small died at first and Rogers was left on the base.

Small redeemed himself in the same inning by his one hand catch, while Barker sustained his fielding reputation by snatching Oliver's great fly. Spear and Trefethen went out at first.

In the seventh the old National *belle noir*, Bell and Kennedy fied out and Holly could not get first.

McGovern, Tilton and Dunning had the same experience as Holly, while Griffin improved a safe hit and his opportunities by getting to third, and scoring on a blocked ball.

Barker and Parsons scored in the eighth; Rogers was out trying to steal third, Whitenect fied to shortstop and Small and White, who got to third and second by fine work, were left by Bell failing to find Brown's curves.

Webster made a safe hit, and, working round to third, was brought home by Spear, who failed to steal second. Parsons fied and Trefethen struck out, while Oliver got as far as second.

Both nines got a whitewash in the ninth,

and the hungry crowd hurried to dinner, glad that the game was over, glad that St. John won, and happy in thought that White and Kennedy won their first game. They worked in great shape, and the score will tell the story of their game.

ST. JOHN A. A. CLUB. A.B. R. IB. SH. P.O. A. E. Whitenect, ss..... 4 3 1 0 2 2 2 2 Parsons, 2b..... 5 4 2 0 0 1 0 0 Rogers, cf..... 3 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 Small, 3b..... 5 1 2 1 2 4 3 3 White, p..... 3 2 1 0 0 12 0 0 Bell, 1b..... 5 0 1 0 18 0 0 Kennedy, c..... 4 0 1 0 2 6 0 0 Holly, lf..... 5 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 Barker, rf..... 5 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 Totals..... 38 11 9 2 27 25 7

SOUTH PORTLANDS. A.B. R. IB. SH. P.O. A. E. McGovern, lf..... 5 2 1 0 1 0 0 0 Griffin, cf..... 4 3 1 0 0 0 1 0 Tilton, 1b..... 5 0 1 10 0 0 0 0 Dunning, c and 3b..... 4 0 0 0 2 1 3 3 Webster, 2b and c..... 4 1 1 0 7 2 4 4 Brown, p..... 4 0 1 0 0 13 1 1 Spear, rf..... 4 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 Oliver, 2b..... 4 0 1 0 5 2 3 3 Trefethen, ss..... 4 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 Totals..... 38 6 7 1 26 18 15

Score by innings: St. John A. A..... 0 1 5 2 0 1 0 2 0—11 South Portlanders..... 2 0 1 0 1 0 1 0—6

More than 3,000 people went to the afternoon game. It was the greatest rush St. John has ever seen at any game. There wasn't a spare seat in the grand stand, and you could not get within ten feet of the ropes. Small and Rogers were the home battery, and Kelly and Webster were the visitors' stand-by. It was a great game from first to last,

THERE WAS NO SCENE.

Not the Time Nor the Place for an Unseemly Discussion.

Police Magistrate Ritchie was on time last Saturday morning, and was sworn in his seat when Mr. B. Lester Peters arrived in court. It appears that some days before Mr. Peters had intimated that he would like to see Mr. Ritchie's appointment. The document was shown him, and after reading it over he made the remark: "And is this what they have done?"

The government, in making the appointment, treated the office as a new one, and the document did not say "vice B. Lester Peters," or "in place of B. Lester Peters." Many persons take the position that the office was not a new one, and that when Mr. Peters was not removed he was still police magistrate of St. John.

Therefore when Mr. Peters entered the court room Saturday, some of those present thought there might be a scene. There was not. He had all his dignity with him, and he talked to the gentleman who presided with that far away look in his eyes that many a prisoner has wondered at. His tones were so low that the spectators could not hear what was said, but what he did remark was: "This is not the time or place for any unseemly discussion as to who has the better right to this position." There were no congratulations.

Leave your orders for Carpet Cleaning at Harold Gilbert's, 54 King street.

President Doxey's Wisdom.

"I do not wish to Foster hard feelings towards the nut-shell gentlemen," said President Doxey, after calling the Kill Time club to order; "but I would rather see more pigs and less taking at the fair which the farmers hold at the Marsh bridge every month."

After the applause had subsided, Bro. Jay Koles arose, arranged his blue necktie, and proceeded to deliver a temperance speech, in which he remarked that he was sorry to see Bro. Samm coming out of a bar-room, the other day.

Bro. Samm said he was sorry himself, but it couldn't be helped. He owed the saloon \$13; the bar-tender wouldn't give him any more rum, and he had to come out. If Bro. Koles would give him eight cents he would go back again.

In answer to the question, "Is the Jersey Lily a star flower?" President Doxey said, "No; 'Jersey Lily' is not 'Star' flour."

Speaking about newspapers, Bro. Seegood wanted to know the meaning of a "fly" paper. Bro. Doxey ventured an explanation. He said a fly paper was a newspaper with flies on it, one that the newsdealers got "stuck" on, and a paper that nobody wanted to gaze at.

In the matter of decorating the room, Treas. Hunks promised to furnish the club with a motto, to be placed over his own desk: "In the midst of life we are in debt."

Bro. Tomy wished to state for the benefit of the members that the reason Minister Foster's speech was called a budget was because the tenor of it was such a solid fact that the grits could not budge it.

Just as Bro. Kenatt was about to reply the wick and the oil in the lamp failed to connect and the members grouped their way to the street to discuss the question of holding future meetings in the day time.

PORTLAND.

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

Frank had all the pitchers' points down fine, and no man on the base could fool him.

Trefethen is a gentleman and a fine short stop, manager and captain.

Parsons is the darling of the crowd. Applause is his when he wants it.

There was a great spread at the National afterward. PROGRESS wasn't there and is sorry for it, but business before pleasure.

Where are the pictures of Bell, Whitenect, Kennedy and White? Between here and New York. The engravers and PROGRESS failed to connect this time, but they are coming and will be just as good looking when they do appear.

Small hurt his back catching that one hard fly in the morning. But he pitched a dandy game all the same.

I wonder what Morton wears under that shirt of his? He was stouter yesterday than usual, and his legs aren't going to be bunged up again if he knows it.

There was an impression abroad that Scouder couldn't see straight, else he would have given Tom that put out.

Some hoodlums had nasty remarks to make to the visitors on their road home—and two or three of the Portlanders were mad enough to eat them. They should not mind such trash.

Why doesn't PROGRESS have the score of the second game? Because the paper went to press as soon as the game was finished.

C. FLOOD & SONS, Wholesale Agents for SPALDING'S Base Ball Supplies; a full assortment always on hand, at special Club prices.

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