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PRICE THREE CENTS

WONT WEAR DIAMONDS.

THE GATE RECEIPTS OF THE AMATEUR BASE BALL LEAGUE.

The Boys Played For Love of the Game and Spaulding's Pennant, and Got in Debt—How the Shamrocks Fared, and When Policemen Were Not Needed.

The St. John amateur league will probably hold a meeting next week. It will be somewhat different from the merry and hopeful gatherings held a few months ago, when all the amateur base ballists in town howled for a league.

The league was a success, inasmuch as the clubs hung together, played the first and last games, and brought forward a number of players who give promise of good work in the future; but financially it was a failure of the very worst kind.

The amateurs are not afraid of losing their standing. They did not play for money—but to get in debt. Three of the clubs seem to like it, for the Franklins, West Ends and LaTours are very indifferent about an assessment of \$2.50 made a short time ago.

None of the figures on the secretary's books are very large, except, perhaps, some of the scores, and the only place in the accounts where three figures are needed is in the total expenses.

The largest gate receipts were \$31, and the smallest 30 cents. On one occasion \$2.15 was taken at the gate. The umpire claimed the \$2 and the Shamrocks took 15 cents for the use of the grounds. The league was generous; for the agreement with the Shamrocks only entitled them to one-third of the receipts after the expenses were paid. That club, however, seems to have been the only one in the seven that made any money out of the league, receiving \$73.57 for the use of its grounds.

Policemen were engaged at the first of the season to keep order and protect the umpire; but when the amount paid these useful individuals reached \$13.50, a halt was called. The league couldn't afford to spend any more in that direction, and besides a new umpire was employed, which did away to some extent with the necessity of having a policeman around.

The Thistles came out ahead both in the number of games won and financially, their total earnings for the season being \$35.40, while the La Tours brought up the rear with one game and \$8.38. None of the league players will wear diamonds this winter.

The managing committee couldn't make \$86.68 "go into" \$110, and the league is in debt. Whether it will stay in that condition or not is to be decided at the winding up meeting. The total receipts were \$86.68, of which \$37.50 was raised by assessments on the six clubs.

PROGRESS prints the receipts of the different clubs, as a warning to all who imagine there is money in amateur base ball:

Table with columns: Thistles, Franklins, Shamrocks, La Tours, West Ends, W. Ends. Rows show receipts for various items like Thistles, Franklins, Shamrocks, La Tours, West Ends, W. Ends.

IT WAS THE WRONG DOOR.

Remarkable Experience of a Traveller Who Tried to Keep From Freezing.

"Save me from the best bedroom of a country hotel in the winter time," said the old traveller as he lighted a fresh cigar. "It is the coldest room in the house, as a rule. A few years ago, I happened to be at a house on the northern division of the Intercolonial during a cold snap in January. They liked me so well that they gave me what they called the bridal chamber, a big room, as cold as a barn, and as all the other rooms were full, I had no choice but to take it. As a matter of precaution I turned in with my clothes on, overcoat and all. It was not long before I began to shiver, and at the same time to get very drowsy. Now, as I am naturally nervous, I began to imagine that if I once got into a stupor I would freeze to death. I had heard of such things, and the more I thought of the risk the more frightened I got.

"By great good luck, I happened to have an alarm clock with me, and a bottle of whiskey which I was carrying to a sick friend, you know. I decided to utilize both. First of all, I took a fair drink of the liquid and set the alarm to ring just one hour later, so that I should not sleep myself into a stupor. When the hour arrived, it woke me. Then I took another drink, and set the clock for the next hour. I kept this up until morning, and by that time the bottle was empty. The man in the next room swore a little about the clock. He wanted to catch an early train, but did not fancy having to jump up every time the alarm went off, under the impression that it was morning. However, I saved my life, and that was enough for me.

CLARK BRADEN SPEAKS.

HIS OPINION OF CHARLES WATTS AS AN ADVERSARY.

He is Not Afraid of the Secularist, but is Very Anxious to Add Him to the List of Vanquished Unbelievers—A Vigorous Statement of the Case.

The attention of the writer has been directed to an editorial in PROGRESS of Oct. 5. The facts are these: Charles Watts visited Halifax in 1889, 1888, 1887 and, the writer thinks, once before 1887.

In his first visits he challenged all ministers and friends of the bible; and never hinted such an idea as demanding that his opponent be endorsed by anyone. His challenge was as an individual, unendorsed and representing no one but himself. It was to all individual preachers and believers of the bible, and hinted no demand that his opponent be endorsed.

After his visit of 1887, he learned that a movement was on foot to have Clark Braden accept his challenge and without offering any endorsement of himself, or hinting that he would furnish one, he demanded that Mr. Braden be endorsed by the Evangelical Alliance of Halifax, or by the ministers of Halifax as a body, knowing that Mr. Braden's engagements were such that he could not be in Halifax, when he visited the city in 1888.

Mr. Watts announced that he would be there to debate with himself; and did this although Mr. Braden had not been endorsed, nor did Mr. Watts make any demand for an endorsement in his announcement.

Mr. Watts' challenges are made to attract attention, and to secure a hearing. They give his backers a chance to boast that no one dares to meet him. They lead the young and thoughtless to believe that he must be invincible. In May, 1889, it was announced in Halifax papers that Mr. Braden would lecture in the city the last of June. The sceptics of Halifax sent for Mr. Watts, who came and delivered two lectures before Mr. Braden began his lectures, to a mere handful. To get an audience to his last lecture, a challenge was put into the papers, that Mr. Watts would debate the issues between Secularism and Christianity with any ministers of Halifax, or any one that the ministers of Halifax would endorse.

This was intended to be a demand that Mr. Braden must be endorsed by the ministers of Halifax. Mr. Watts did not think that the Evangelical Alliance would endorse Mr. Braden. He hoped to gain notoriety by his challenge, and did not expect to be called on to make good his bluster. He accepted all terms Mr. Braden proposed, thinking that Mr. Braden would not be endorsed.

But, to his chagrin, the Evangelical Alliance did endorse Mr. Braden as a defender of the teachings of the bible. Then Mr. Watts absurdly insisted that Mr. Braden be endorsed by the ministers as representative of their views!! His challenge was to debate the issues between Christianity and Secularism, and not differences between Mr. Watts' private notions and the various and conflicting views of the party ministers of Halifax. How a person could represent the various and conflicting views of the ministers of Halifax, no person of sense can understand. Perhaps Mr. Watts can! The ministers are not such simpletons as to give such an endorsement, and Mr. Braden is not such a fool as to accept it. The demand was a silly attempt to cover cowardice.

Such are the facts. The demand of Mr. Watts was that Clark Braden be endorsed by the ministers. That was done. Then he demanded that he be endorsed as a representative of the views of the ministers. As Mr. Watts is endorsed by no one in Halifax, and is set forth by no one in Halifax as a representative of the views of any one, the citizens of Halifax very justly characterized his demand "as ignorant assurance or cool impudence." What right has a man who has no endorsement, and represents no one, to demand that his opponent be endorsed by all the ministers in a city as their representative? The manhood of a sporting man leads him to lay down his demand of his opponent and to say to him: "Cover it."

The citizens of Halifax merely demand that Mr. Watts first do just what he demands that his opponent do. They offer to do far more than they ask Mr. Watts to do. Is there any subterfuge in this action? Their object is to deprive a bragadocio of his main reliance in getting a hearing. Also to unmask a braggart as cowardly as Parolles. They have to do so. They do not expect to hear from Charles Watts, except as the people of Summerside, P. E. I., heard from him. An audience of over 1000 people passed resolutions similar to those passed in Halifax, and requested Mr. Watts to publish them and Mr. Braden's last article in Halifax papers, in his paper. He refused in a long editorial that was insulting to the meeting, and its officers and committee. Had he published what they had a right to ask him to publish, it would have convicted him of a score of falsehoods in editorials.

Thought He Saw Snakes. Although the row of bar-rooms in Portland all do a pretty good business, there are times when the proprietors and bartenders are at loss how to keep themselves employed. One of them has not been seen lounging around his store door lately, like most of the proprietors do. He has found a new occupation in which to amuse himself during his spare moments. He lifts the trap door and fishes eels. It is said that one of his customers "swore off" after seeing one of the slimy creatures hauled up, some nights ago. He thought it was something else he saw.

It Was Long Enough. The judge of probates, R. C. Skinner, had a curiosity last Tuesday. It was the will of a deceased resident in the north end, who had taken just 25 words in which to dispose of his real and personal property. It was as good and sufficient as if a quire of paper had been used for the purpose. Indeed, there were four or five words more than were really required. The document was duly proven in the probate court.

A Good Recommendation. Rolling Mill Boss (to applicant for a job)—Could you stand the heat, if we hired you?

"Sure of it, sir; I've been up to the inquest three nights this week."

"Take off your coat."

IT IS SIMPLICITY ITSELF.

HOW CHARLOTTE COUNTY SAVES MONEY IN CRIMINAL CASES.

It is Cheaper to Let Them Go Rather Than to Feed Them in Jail and Incur Expense in Convicting Them—How They Live in Calais and "Do Business" in St. Stephen.

Charlotte county had a reputation once. It was that the evil-doer did not go unpunished. In the case of Dowd, in 1878, it beat the record by finding a murderer, trying and hanging him in about three months, at a total cost of about \$300. Since then, it appears to have taken a rest.

It may be that the county officials are trying to economize still more. Admitting, in the interests of society, that law breakers must be arrested, it is financially evident that it costs something to keep them in jail, try them and convict them. When this is done, the result is that they are in seclusion for a time, but having served their sentences they return and resume their labors. If they escape, on the contrary, they cross the river to the state of Maine, and cease to become residents of St. Andrews or St. Stephen.

True, they may return, as they usually do, in the night, and "silently steal away" as before, but there is a chance that they may be caught if they get too bold, and fare worse the next time. There are occasions when patience ceases to be a virtue.

The case of a gentleman by the name of Pine is one in point. From all accounts, he appears to be a "conscience Pine," not morally sound. It is charged that he was the terror of St. Stephen for two years, until finally he so abused his predatory privileges that he was arrested and committed for trial. It might have been all right if he had distributed his favors, but he got too personal. It was bad enough when he broke into the store of G. S. Wall, taking money and goods, but when he visited Mr. Wall's house and took a gold watch, and finally rowed away in Mr. Wall's boat, the newsdealer decided that three visits were at least one too many. He determined to catch him.

The task was accomplished after considerable expenditure of time and money, and the rough Pine's board was arranged for at St. Andrews jail. He was to have been tried this month, but he anticipated the court by trying himself. He tried to escape, and succeeded. The effort was not one to exhaust him. He simply walked out of jail because the door was left open. He is by no means the first who has accomplished such a feat.

Jailer Hall is a man who is personally held in high regard throughout the county, as an officer who has served faithfully and well. No one for a moment questions his integrity. He is beyond suspicion in that respect, but in his kindness of heart and unsuspecting nature, he allows himself to trust human nature too much. He is old enough to profit by this lesson, and do better next time.

Mr. Pine is in Calais, and will doubtless make occasional visits to St. Stephen. He will travel incog. The presence of so much Pine on the St. Croix does not please the lumbermen, or any other folk. The Courier is as silent about the matter as if the jailor or Mr. Pine was a shareholder in the old St. Stephen Lottery swindle.

She Knew What She Wanted, and Insisted on the Comforts of Home Life, Even at a Bazaar. The scene was laid at a bazaar, and the couple were young, tolerably good looking, evidently from the rural districts, and very evidently "mashed."

They seated themselves at the refreshment table, with a calm assurance intended to impress all observers with the idea that such scenes of festivity were perfectly familiar to them, and they treated the young ladies serving behind the table with a cold superiority that was an unmistakable sign of good breeding.

They issued an order for pie, and as they seemed incapable of specifying which variety of that many-sided dainty they were in quest of, one of the amateur waiters thoughtfully suggested "lemon pie," and was graciously permitted to carry out her suggestion. She brought the lovers a generous slice apiece, supplied them with forks, and turned to attend to some one else. What was her surprise, a few moments later, to see them sitting with gloom on their brows, and their untouched pie still before them. She hastened to their assistance, and inquired politely if they would prefer some other kind of pie.

"No," from both at once. "Then perhaps you don't care for this; is there anything wrong with it?" "I don't know, I'm sure. We haven't tasted it yet," said the damsel, with an indignant sniff. "Then, is there anything else I can get for you?"

This was too much for the overwrought feelings of the rural belle, and she burst forth fiercely: "Yes, there is too! You can get a knife for each of us. We ain't used to eating pie with a fork!"

On City Road. "Here, sonny, run across the street and get this bill changed." "Couldn't do it ma'am. I can't swim."

INSPECTOR KING'S VIEWS.

What He Has to Say About the System of Letter Box Collecting.

The Sun of Monday had a letter from Post Office Inspector King, taking exception to the remarks of PROGRESS in respect to the unreliability of street letter boxes. In order to allow the fairest presentation of facts, a representative of this paper subsequently waited on the inspector and heard what he had to say. Here is the official view of the case:

The double boxes introduced by the late William Paisley were abandoned for several reasons. In the cold weather the inner box was liable to freeze to the outer one, so that much time and trouble was required to remove it. The first cost of the boxes was high, and as they were liable to breakage from rough handling, they were a constant source of expense. They were not trustworthy, it being possible to remove letters from them without unlocking, and while they were supposed to be checked on arriving at the office, as a matter of fact this might be neglected. After a full consideration, and consultation with the late Chief Inspector Dewe, the double box was abandoned and the present system substituted.

So much for the Paisley box. While some might say that the mechanical difficulties could be overcome by any ingenious mechanic, it may be assumed that the boxes did not answer the requirements of the service, and were properly abandoned. The next question to arise was in regard to the efficiency of the present system.

On this point the inspector was full of faith. He considered the service exceptionally well performed. It was more efficient than the ordinary service of the butcher, the baker or the carrier of daily papers. Complaints were very few, and when boxes had at times been missed, there had been very reasonable explanations of the neglect, such as new drivers not familiar with the route, etc. The complaints had been chiefly from two boxes, one of which was at Parker Bros' store. This box had been placed there originally at the request of the firm, and in opposition to the inspector's wishes, as it was out of the way of the ordinary rounds.

When questioned as to his opinion of the contract system as compared with collections by regular employees of the post office, as in vogue in the United States, the inspector believed that one way was as good as the other. There might be negligence under either plan, and as the collector was sworn in either case, and a contractor gave bonds as an office employee did, the chances of honesty were the same in both instances.

Against these theories is the fact that the box at Parker Bros' store was one of three from which the largest street collections in the city were made. That without any attempt to test the regularity of collections from it, it was accidentally discovered that it was neglected on no less than five separate occasions. On the last occasion, a man who mailed fifteen letters found the box so full that he had difficulty in squeezing them in, leading to the inference that there was an accumulation of more than one day's mail.

It is also a matter of fact that the box at Chaloner's corner, one of the most public places in the city, has been neglected more or less in the past. Without claiming that any other box has at any time been neglected, it is for the public to decide how far there was any justification for the assertions of PROGRESS.

It Was Only Bedding. It is but just to Capt. Frink to state that the article which he ordered the refractory member of the salvage corps to remove from a house at the Golding street fire was simply bedding, and not dirty. Reports of a contrary nature have been circulated, but are untrue. The council has endorsed Capt. Frink's action.

He Will Have Peace. HOULTON, Me., Oct. 5.—Enclosed find express order for one dollar. For goodness sake send me PROGRESS for one year, that I may have a little peace in my household. I remain,

SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS.

The Opinion of a Man at the Base Ball Grounds, on the Orange Question.

The withdrawal of the letter which County Master Kelly had written to a daily paper spoiled the opportunity for a fresh contest in Orange circles. There are no new developments in the matter, nor have the delegates yet offered any explanation of their conduct. Grand Master Armstrong has, however, condescended to notice, but not to reply to, the strictures of Grand Chaplain Macdonald.

This happened at the last meeting of York Lodge, No. 3, where a full attendance "especially of the members of the new Trinity Preceptory" was fraternally requested. As the business of an Orange lodge cannot under any circumstances be done "on the black," members of the order, not in the confidence of the delegates, wondered not a little, until it was rumored that the grand master wished to gather his chosen few in order to explain matters.

Sure enough, he did make some remarks. He said that after the grand chaplain's epistle appeared he met a man at the base ball grounds, who told him that any person who would write such a letter as Mr. Macdonald wrote was a dangerous man to be abroad in any community.

That was the way he explained matters. Johnson Lodge, No. 24, is true blue to the core. It meets in the regular Orange hall, and has no affiliation with "The-Little-Church-Round-the-Corner." Twenty members were present at its regular meeting on Monday night, and Worshipful Master Rogers occupied the chair. A motion was offered that the lodge endorse the action of lodges 1 and 27 in censuring the delegates to the grand lodge. The master tried to head off the motion, and succeeded. Then through the medium of the deputy master, a vote of want of confidence in the master was passed by a vote of eighteen to two.

It is asserted that the action of lodges 1 and 27 would be endorsed by nearly every lodge in the province, if it were any object to secure such a result.

Meanwhile, though a certain few are annoyed at the publicity given to the matter by PROGRESS, the great body of those who have the welfare of the Loyal Orange association at heart are glad that the true state of facts has been made known. It may lead to a more healthy condition of things.

Improved Court Etiquette.

One of the most striking things in connection with the inquest in the poisoning case is the excessive politeness of the officials. The coroner, in his strict impartiality, assumes nothing but what is before him, and as there is no prisoner in the room, he refers to McDonald as "the gentleman who is accused of this crime." In the same way the colloquies between coroner and counsel are models of Chesterfieldian politeness. The high constable, of course, is most suave, even in his rebukes. Some court officials startle nervous people by shouting "Order!" or "Keep back there, I tell you," in a harsh and imperative voice, but the high constable says, "Gentlemen, will you please keep order. Be kind enough to move back a little." The solicitor-general, it is quite unnecessary to say, has nothing in his manner or speech which would render him unworthy of his title of "Sweet-William."

Altogether, the spectacle, as regards deportment, is pleasing and instructive. The lesson should not be lost on officials in general.

It Deserves It.

A steam fire engine is to be sent to Carleton, to take the place of the old-fashioned machines on which that part of the city now depends. This is better than waiting until a big fire demonstrates the necessity for improved apparatus. That the west side has not suffered more in the past is due rather to the care of its householders and the energy of its firemen than to the protective agencies at their command. Carleton deserves all that the liberal heart of the united cities may bestow upon it.

The Franklins Got There.

A team composed of the very best players in the amateur league defeated the Thistles on Thursday in a six inning game. The score was 2, 3. The next two games in the series promise to make an interesting ending to the ball season.

All They Want, Now.

The police are going to get new overcoats. All the northern division wants now are cauteens. They would save them the trouble of playing hide and seek in the vicinity of barrooms.

They Stuck To Their Grips.

The excursionists in town this week didn't seem to have a very high opinion of the restaurant keepers. They got their dinners and then carried big valises around town all afternoon for safety.

On City Road.

"Here, sonny, run across the street and get this bill changed." "Couldn't do it ma'am. I can't swim."