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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 leading to the last line.

VOL. II., NO. 53.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

WHAT DO YOU DO IT FOR?

A SERMON TO SOME NEWLY-WEDDED COUPLES.

Text, "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Going to Boston to Get Married"—The Illustrative Experience of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Foolhardy.

In order to take the most cheerful view of "the advantages or disadvantages of going to Boston to get married," I will begin by considering the advantages of skipping to the "land of the free and the home of the brave," etc., in order to get, vulgarly speaking, spliced.

I suppose that deep down in our secret hearts we all have a more or less hidden spring, called love of notoriety. We won't own to the weakness, even in private conversation with our own selves, but still we do like to know that people are talking about us, and wondering what we are going to do next. The wee, modest, crimson-tipped daisy is so alluring in poetry, but after all, the daisy has a stupid sort of time, unless someone finds out its hiding place. And so when Araminta finally consents to name the momentous day which is to open the gate of paradise to Algernon and herself, the dear boy begins to make plans at once for the wedding. It is not to be a common, ordinary wedding. Not by any means! He never was married before, and he hopes he never will be again. Perish the barbarous thought!

That he could ever love again, if he lost his adored one. And so Algernon, being young and foolish, or what is a great deal worse—old and foolish—decides in a moment of excitement, bordering on mental aberration, that he will do something which, unknown to himself, he is going to regret for the greater portion of his life. "I tell you what it is, my veriest own! We'll go to Boston! A mere ordinary wedding in St. John would never do for us; besides, I dislike ostentation. I don't want to be stared at by crowds of curious friends; one does not mind strangers; besides, just think how annoyed everyone will be. Ever since our engagement was first announced, lots of people have been looking forward to the wedding, and what a crowd there would be."

Happy thought! Brilliant thought! Worthy of the brain of Algernon. They embrace. And to Boston Algernon goes a decent space of time before the momentous day, and "registers his intentions." Advantage number one! He does not have to buy a license; and Araminta is only twenty-one last birthday; so "age is no object." And Algernon feels justly elated over a piece of clever financing.

He decides at once that he will not wait in Boston for his bride to arrive, so he will go for her and escort the lady of his love, as did the knights of old, to the temple in which she is to bestow upon him the priceless gift of her hand.

And then, that of the rapture, the piquancy of that pre-nuptial wedding trip, as it were, when Araminta, surrounded by her maidens, is travelling on the same train with him, not quite his very own, but so soon to be his quite, quite own.

So he goes back, and Araminta is very much surprised to see him, and not especially pleased, for she is afraid he is going to be in the way—and he certainly is, as she finds out before the journey ends. But they start: Araminta's papa and mamma and her two sisters who are to be bridesmaids, and Algernon's sister who has been invited to attend in the same capacity for fear Algernon should feel slighted, but who is not particularly pleased with the match, and thinks her brother might have done better; and there is the prospective bride's bosom friend, who is to make the fourth bridesmaid, and Algernon's best man, who does not see why his feelings were not consulted in the matter to the small extent of inviting his Ada to assist at the ceremony when everybody knows that they are engaged, and thereby making things a little pleasant for him, and who consequently won't flirt with any of the bridesmaids, and help to beguile the tedium of the journey.

And Algernon sees his idol afar, but reaps no advantage therefrom, for her bosom friend makes a point of occupying the seat beside her during the entire journey. Arrived at the modern Athens the party separate to reunite only at the church door. Next morning it is raining and there is an east wind, and the cabs have muddy wheels and mud beneath the seats, but the wedding party assemble with what cheerfulness they can summon, and proceed to the church. Araminta's mamma is weeping in sympathy with the skies, or, perhaps, it is the skies that are in sympathy with her, but no matter. The church is reached, and it looks very chilly this morning, though, perhaps, it is the lovely little "Church of the Advent," but a half-empty church always looks cold in the morning, and there were so very few in the large, busy, intellectual city of Boston who cared to witness the marriage of these two young Canadian lambs who seemed somehow to have strayed out of their own fold into strange pastures that, if they were really shunning notoriety, they had succeeded in one way, and, if they

were seeking it, they had succeeded in another.

Then Algernon and his best man come out of the vestry, and the former takes Araminta to be his wife, to have, and to hold, etc. And the organist plays the wedding march, and the bride and groom pass down the aisle, and the rest of the party follow, and as the cabman slams the door after the newly wedded couple are seated, Araminta bursts into tears, and sobs: "Oh, Algernon, I wish we had stayed at home, it was all so different here," and Algernon answers, "I wish we had!"

"Advantages of going to Boston to get married," five dollars and fifty cents saved on license, pleasure of journey to Boston with intended, during which time he only spoke to her twice, and both times in the hearing of a third person—together with the satisfaction of disappointing one's friends, and being talked about; against the Disadvantages of two trips to the Hub of the universe at twenty dollars a trip, fees to two clergymen instead of only one; discomfort and worry of wondering whether everything would pass off smoothly; agonizing doubts as why Araminta seemed so cold and indifferent, and finally, the knowledge that people were making very unkind remarks about their folly in going across the border to get married, when they might just as well have stayed at home.

And now! my dear young friends, who are Canadians, and also who, being Canadians, are not particularly young, let me ask you what you do it for? Is not St. John good enough for you to get married in? Your fathers and mothers thought it was quite good enough for them, and they had some very charming and "swell" weddings in their day. It is a beautiful thing to get married! I hope I will do it myself some day, but why under the bright Canadian sun should you run off to Boston to commit matrimony just as if you were ashamed of it?

If you want to marry your uncle, or your stepmother, or your deceased wife's sister, you have to go across the border to do it, particularly if you belong to the Church of England, for she is a very particular mother and will not let her children do quite as they like. But provided you do not want to do any of those things which you ought not to do, stay at home, in your own city, where you have every variety of beautiful churches to choose from, high and low and medium, and have a pretty wedding or a very quiet one, just as you like. But this habit of going to the states to be married is getting too common, much too common.

Read this over again and weigh the advantages against the disadvantages, and then in future years when some one asks, "Do you know Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Foolhardy?" delightful people, aren't they?" nobody can answer, "Yes, but they got married in such a strange way. I forget about it now but it was a sort of Gretna Green affair, went off to Boston and were married on the sly. Perhaps she was his first wife's sister, but I really do not remember."

GEORFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

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

Honesty Is the Best Policy.

The small audiences and critical notices the morning dailies have given the "Opera company" announced for this week, support PROGRESS in its warning last Saturday. The company was merely an operative concert company, and not, as the advertisement would lead persons to believe, a complete opera company. Another amusement company is posted for next week. It has been playing in Halifax, and notwithstanding their generosity to shows, bad and good, the Halifax press has been unusually moderate in its laudation of the performers. But those St. John people who wish to judge will have a chance to pass their own verdict.

Sometimes Called a Marriage License.

Commenting upon Mr. George J. Clarke's visit to Fredericton, the *Farmer* says he was warmly welcomed by his numerous friends, and left for St. John Tuesday. "It is understood that during his stay here he successfully negotiated at the provincial secretary's office for an important document, which will be delivered to him during the summer, and which will, undoubtedly, materially decrease the number of his visits to the commercial capital.

Roses and Chrysanthemums.

Among the attractions in the sight seeing line on King street are two pieces of artistic work in Mr. Holman's window. One of them, the Panel of Roses, is the work of Miss B. Bowman, and the Basket of Chrysanthemums is by Miss McInnis, her pupil. Either of these flower studies is well worth seeing.

No Connection With Them.

Mr. F. A. Jones, the instalment man, wishes PROGRESS to state that he tries to do a square and legitimate business and has no connection with the Charlotte street store run by the National Supply company.

Children's hoods done up equal to new, at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

MARRIAGE IS A FAILURE.

MR. JAMES CRAWFORD, OF PORTLAND, THINKS SO.

And His Experience Ought to Constitute Him a Judge—Mr. Crawford's Notice in the "Globe"—Advice Procured on the Divorce Question.

ALL PERSONS are hereby cautioned not to trust any person's goods in my name, as I will not pay for the said goods, unless an order is received from me.
JAS. CRAWFORD.

Everybody knows Mr. Crawford as one of the bustling news agents of Portland. Not only a buetler, but so prosperous that he has lent his additional money-making activity to starting news stores on Brussels and Sidney street in this city.

Notwithstanding this gentleman's business cares he is an affectionate man, with leanings toward home and family life. He believes in the axiom, "Man was not meant to live alone," and though extremely unfortunate, inasmuch as his first and second life companions died, he persisted in living up to his motto and marrying again!

Many persons remember the event. It was quite an event at the time, some two months ago, especially with all of Mr. Crawford's young friends, who filled the interior and crowded about the exterior of St. Stephen's church while the knot was being tied.

Mr. Crawford's young friends are not always as polite as they might be. They get much of their ideas of how the world wags from the dime and half-dime literature that adorns his counters, and their language is replete with all the slang phrases given to the world. Thus it was that no notice was taken when the wedding party came from the church of such suggestive phrases as, "Put wings on her, Jimmy!" and so on. No doubt they all knew that Mrs. Crawford was an angel in the eyes of her lord, and that was the best way they could convey their congratulations.

But a change has come over the household, and the peaceful domestic life so congenial to Mr. Crawford's tastes has not found him yet. Nor has he run across it. Mrs. Crawford also pines for the unrestricted freedom of her girlish days and thus it is that so serious a difference has arisen that legal talent has been consulted with a view to divorce. Mrs. Crawford seeks the advice and Mr. Crawford retaliates by inserting the above notice in the *Globe*.

Now St. John is not Chicago, else this trouble might be arranged in short order. There a man may be married one week and divorced the next, provided he can prove that his breakfast wasn't teeming hot and to his taste every morning.

Mr. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford's complaints are not of this nature and PROGRESS does not think them sufficient to warrant the proceedings that have been taken, but there cannot be much doubt but that some of the young people will follow the advice Mr. Crawford is now distributing so freely and steer clear of matrimony. He ought to know something about it by this time.

New Note Paper and Envelopes 120 sheets for fifteen cents, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

THEY STRUCK FOR MORE PAY.

But They Didn't Get It, and Are Still "Out" of James Harris & Co's.

Over 20 men, who last week were workmen in Messrs. James Harris & Co's foundry, are now out of employment. They struck! At least, twelve of them did. They were helpers in the blacksmith's shop, at \$1 per day. They thought they were worth \$1.25 per day, but the firm thought differently. So, Monday afternoon, the men put on their coats and left the foundry, with the intention of returning only when their employers would agree to give them the advance. Messrs. Harris & Co's blacksmith shop cannot get along very well without men to help the blacksmiths. Men must be procured to take the places of those who left. The laboring men in the yard could do the work well enough, and so the bosses decided they should sling the sledge hammers. The first laborer asked to go to work in the shop said he'd go home first. He went. The next had the same answer. About ten laborers were asked to go to work with the blacksmiths, and ten laborers fled out of the foundry gate. When pay night came the men were all paid off, something over 20 in all.

A Sussex Man's Trip.

Mr. H. A. White of Sussex will wander in the old country this summer, starting soon after May for England and the continent. He does not propose to do it alone, for Mrs. White goes along. They are sure of the pleasant envy of their friends, who will, however, not forget to wish them a safe voyage and a good time.

More Situations Than Applicants.

"There are fewer young men than there are situations now-a-days," said a merchant this week. "I advertised for a clerk and all the applicants, nine I think, are in other houses. There's no reason why young men should seek situations abroad."

Dual has not moved. Same location, 242 Union street.

BRIGHTER THAN THE SUNLIGHT

Were the Faces of St. John Merchants Thursday Morning.

Mr. George Robertson, according to his usual custom, dropped in at the Board of Trade rooms Thursday morning about 11 o'clock. He was looking remarkably well and said his feelings were in just as satisfactory a condition. And he picked up a popular journal and laughed a good genuine laugh.

If Mr. Robertson was in excellent spirits so were other men. Brighter than the morning sunlight was the face of every citizen. And no better reason could he give than the knock-down the senate gave the insane proposal approved of by the commons the day before.

There was boom in the air, Thursday morning. Every man carried it about with him. He gave it to his friends and sprinkled it on his enemies; he felt ready to shout aloud and bring everybody about him to join in the jubilee. If someone had only manifested his delight in this fashion, then the town could have settled down to business—but everybody waited for his neighbor to begin the din. The result of this suppressed mirth was that every citizen owned a broad grin all day.

You could tell about 7 a. m. that something was up—there wasn't a paper in the hands of a newsboy. When the morning dailies disappear in that style, you can bet with certainty that something of national importance has come over the wires.

There are few persons in town who get the *Fredericton Farmer*. When they read it, Thursday morning, they nearly had a fit of apoplexy. Here is the cause. Read it slowly and with care:

The exhibition the St. John people are making of themselves is as amusing as it is pitiful and ridiculous. A more selfish position than St. John has assumed on this Short Line question, is not written on the page of history. It is as mean, if not meaner than when the people of that city endeavored to snatch the seat of government from Fredericton. But perhaps it is useless to expend words to properly characterize the insane agitation of St. John on this matter. The views of Fredericton have been met on the Short Line question, the faith of parliament has been kept, the government have once more stood up for the general interests of the country, and let the heathen rage.

Let the heathen rage! Practice what you preach, friend Farmer. St. John feels quite well this morning, thank you.

Ladies' and Children's Dresses, Sateen Nuns' veiling or Cotton cleaned at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

THE END OF "PROGRESS" YEAR.

A Great Demand For Papers That Could Not Be Had.

Last Saturday was a great day for the newsboy hustlers who sell PROGRESS. Their only and great trouble was the scarcity. Long before the majority of people were awake there was an impatient and incredulous gang of small boys in front of PROGRESS' office on Canterbury street, unwilling to believe the fact that every paper had been sold. And yet it was a dreary morning, with the rain falling in torrents!

Unfortunately for the boys, for the people and for PROGRESS it was impossible to print more papers. The present mechanical facilities will not admit reprinting an issue of twelve pages in an hour. But before long there will be no complaint of that nature.

Nothing but praise was heard for the edition. Everybody was pleased with it and many rejoiced to see such a convenient index to the contents of the year's papers. News stands found their supply entirely insufficient and order after order came to the office only to remain unfulfilled. Even the few copies kept in the office for business and editorial use have been almost demanded by ladies and gentlemen who "always send copies away."

As for those generous advertisers, Messrs. W. C. Pittfield & Co. and Harold Gilbert, they could not have been better pleased. Mr. Gilbert's advertisement was called the "handsomest business announcement" that has yet appeared in any St. John paper, and Mr. Pittfield's was alike massive and interesting. Either of those gentlemen will not hesitate to say that PROGRESS gave them full value for their money.

When advertising favors crowd upon PROGRESS in the way they have this spring there must be more space for reading matter and that can only be attained by adding extra pages.

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

What He Thinks About It.

A prominent St. Stephen man writes: "If a man cannot be in business and be a Christian then business is wrong. It is a libel on a large portion of mankind. Many years experience in London, England, taught me that 'The Master' could do the business of many firms without loss. One merchant when asked 'How do you keep your soul alive in the midst of so much bustle?' said, 'Christ is in all this!'"

This is a Prophecy.

The I. C. R. Telegraph company will be doing business in Halifax within two months.

Room paper from five cents roll at McArthur's book store, Main street, Portland, opposite Be! Tower.

THEY GOT AN EAR FULL.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND PROVINCIAL SECRETARY LISTEN

The Leaders of the Party in St. John—The Heavy-Weights Present—Howard Troop's Terse Speech—The Premier Refuses to be Questioned.

There was a notable gathering of some strong supporters of the local government in Troop's building, Thursday. "Purely informal," one gentleman told PROGRESS, but, if faces are any indication of business, it was the most formal gathering of the season.

Who were there?

Attorney-General Blair, Provincial Secretary McLellan, Dr. Silas Alward, M.P.P., Dr. Stockton, M.P.P., George McLeod, Howard D. Troop, George Blake, Samuel Strang, James Manchester, Manager Geo. A. Schofield, of the Bank of New Brunswick, Thomas McAvity, George A. Hetherington, M.D., Arthur Everitt, Joseph W. Lawrence and William Shaw.

There were others invited, who would have given much to be present, but business engagements intervened. Among them were John McMillan, who is one of the strongest and most influential of the government supporters.

The meeting was called to give the members of the government some idea of how the removal of Police Magistrate Peters would strike the constituency.

Mr. Blair expressed his willingness to hear such opinions from those present, and the general impression when the meeting adjourned was that "he had his ear full."

One of the gentlemen present in his impetuosity attempted to question the premier upon the appointment, but he quieted down when the attorney general said he was there to listen and not to be questioned.

Secretary McLellan talked a little. He discussed the situation in a free manner and the result of certain events, such as the opening of the constituency.

Mr. Arthur Everett was in the chair, and though there was much excitement around him he remained quite calm and collected. Howard Troop made a very terse speech when the advisability of opening the constituency was mooted. It will be placed on record as the briefest and most expressive political speech of the century. "— you open the constituency now and you will devilish soon see what will happen."

The one thing that the gentlemen present forced upon the attention of the attorney general and provincial secretary, was the inadvisability of removing Police Magistrate Peters. The question of the appointment of a chief of police was not mentioned, the *Sun* to the contrary notwithstanding.

Neither of the gentlemen of the government dropped a word as to their intentions. They came, they said, simply to listen, and not to talk. They should have brought stenographers along with them, because, unless they have the memory of a Daniel Webster, they won't remember a quarter of what was said. The gentlemen present were all friends of B. Lester Peters, and they were in earnest.

New Rugs, Beautiful Patterns, Joes, the Installment man, 36 Dock street.

BERRYMAN-MASSIE.

A Boston Society Journal's Story of the Recent Wedding.

[Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, April 27.] The wedding of Mrs. C. C. Massie, of Brooklyn, a cousin of Mrs. Pauline A. Durant, widow of the founder of Wellesley college, and Dr. John Berryman, M. P. P., Canada, took place very quietly last Tuesday, at 11 o'clock, in Trinity church. Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks performed the ceremony in the presence of a few relatives and intimate friends of Dr. and Mrs. Berryman. At 12 o'clock Mrs. Durant entertained a large number of friends at a breakfast and reception in their honor, at her beautiful home, No. 30 Marlborough street. Magnificent white azaleas forming a screen in each of the drawing room windows, exquisite orchids on the dining table, and roses and lilies tastefully arranged on tables and mantelpieces, were decorations specially charming and appropriate for a spring wedding. Mrs. Durant was assisted by Dr. Berryman, who, it will be remembered, is a brother of Mrs. Guildford Reed, of this city, and by Mrs. Berryman, who wore a tasteful gown of pearl gray silk, with bonnet to match. Among the guests were Mrs. Cheney and Miss Cheney, of Wellesley, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Guild, ex-Governor and Mrs. William Claffin, Miss Edna Dean Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Douglass, Mrs. Townsend, Mrs. H. B. Goodwin, President Helen A. Shafer, of Wellesley college, Dr. and Mrs. Guildford Reed, Miss Reed and Miss Ethel Reed, Professor Hosford, Mr. and Mrs. Denny, Dr. and Mrs. Phipps, Professors Morgan, See, Denio, Hodgkins and Halliwell, of Wellesley college, and Prof. and Mrs. Junius W. Hill. Dr. and Mrs. Berryman will reside in New Brunswick.

He is the Only One.

Capt. Richard Rawlings is willing to bet money that he will be the new chief of police. If it is any consolation to the captain PROGRESS assures him that he is the only man in the community that owns that opinion.

No News to Us.

St. John PROGRESS is one of the spiciest papers published in the provinces.—*Antigonish Casket*.

Machine Oil and Needles at the Portland News Depot.

Umbrellas repaired. 242 Union street.

THEIR MARRIAGE AND TOUR.

A Fairville Couple Get Married and Do the Tour the Same Day.

A Fairville fellow and girl came to town Monday, on business of great moment. Another fellow and another girl came along to keep them company and act in an important secondary position. They took the street cars down town, made their way to a well-known church, and in a very short time returned from the interior smiling and happy. They were married. They looked very foolish, but very funny, as they made for King street, followed by their attendants. The groom was airing his great grandfather's silk hat, and his pants—they were so colossal that somebody suggested that he had stepped into a pair of flour bags, dyed and altered for the occasion.

These trifling details made no impression on the bride and groom. They were out on their tour, and they lost no time in getting over all of it—King and Charlotte streets.

The small boy got on to them, and then there was fun. "Hi, there!" said one gamin. "Get on to the squirrel." "Shoot the hat," said another, and so the chaff kept going.

By this time the wedding tour began to get important. Merchants and drummers rushed after their clerks and followed the quartette from Lancaster with their eyes. Ladies turned on their way down town and laughed, for the girls' costumes were more ridiculous than their companions. Turkey red was a very prominent color in their attire. Tired at last of their promenade, the party held a consultation at the corner of King and Germain streets, with the result that the bride and bridesmaid were provided seats opposite Tim Cronin's saloon, while the groom and his supporter proceeded to satisfy their thirst. When they started for Fairville half an hour later, the bride was supporting her husband and the bridesmaid performed the same kind office for his friend. It was a memorable, miserable day for them.

New Goods, Rubber and Base Balls, Bats, etc., at McArthur's, 80 King street, wholesale and retail.

Portland Officials at a Cock Fight.

It looked at one time as though the select audience that was present at the recent cock fight, on the hill near Connor's ropewalk, would be disappointed of, their sport for want of a referee.

Sport Solicitor Gregory was requested to act in that capacity, but his modesty prevented. "I'm afraid I haven't got the rules down fine," he said.

Then Ald. Murphy was pitched upon, but he, too, felt bashful. "I ain't up in the fine points, either," he observed, "but you bet I know a good bird when I see him!"

Ex-Ald. Pat. Connor wasn't asked to referee. Before they got around to him a well and duly qualified judge had been found, and the intellectual amusement went on.

Married When On His Death Bed.

"Whit" Breen died Monday. Totally blind for more than a year, and worn out by consumption death was a great relief. "Whit" was a character. He was the body and music of the life and drum band, though his brother was leader. He was a barber and thus knew a good many people who were not allowed to forget him. Four days before he died he was married. Not possessed when in health of very rigid ideas of morality, the approach of death changed his views and he was married to his faithful companion and nurse.

"Nat" Littler in Halifax.

When "Nat" Littler accepted the management of Stephens' carpet warehouses in Halifax, people who knew him predicted that he would rattle the dry bones of that ossified town—in the carpet line. He did so and gave Messrs. Stephens such a free advertisement as they never had—for the first window he dressed blocked the street. To put it clearer, the crowd that assembled blocked the street. The St. John man generally gets there.

Wait For Another Year.

Major Armstrong and County master Kelly will get out of town as soon after the 24th of May as they can to take part in the great Orange gathering at Toronto. They will represent the orangemen of St. John. This will make it hard for the active James to run for aldermanic honors in ward 3. The election will be held June 4 and he does not return until June 6.

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