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VOL. III., NO. 111.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

THEY HAVE TO PAY TOLL.

THE COMPLAINT OF A THEATRICAL MANAGER.

He gives his opinion of St. John Artistically, Theatrically, Reportorially, and Managerially—Too much truth in his statements.

Some weeks ago—not many—Harry Lindley's Co. arrived in this city and played an engagement. Under the date of June 9 he writes his impressions of St. John as a theatrical town. He talks to the point and so plainly that he is about right in thinking that PROGRESS would be the only paper to print his remarks. Why, can be gathered from what he says.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I have been liberating for the past week or so concerning St. John and its dramatic peculiarities and, although I may, like "Mansfield," drop into a literary pitfall, I must speak my mind. To begin with, your theatre is a veritable dramatic dog kennel—dirty, unventilated, mal-odorously inconvenient, and badly located, but even these trifling defects are nothing compared to the system upon which it runs. There are no stage properties whatever, unless you make a separate arrangement with some mysterious parties who have a lien upon them, and for which cash is the only solace. Every man, woman, or child around the building is devising some means to raise the wind. Then the City of St. John claims for dramatic license, \$5.00 per night, but if you don't engage policemen at your own expense, the gallery will sweetly vocalize "Annie Rooney," expropriate tobacco juice, and indulge in blasphemous verbosity, which made me imagine after playing in theatres in the U. S. that St. John had the belt of pandemonium.

The company I am with lost money, so probably you may think my remarks are jaundiced. It is not so, for we lost money in Moncton, and yet must say that Moncton, as regards theatre employes and audience is the acme of civilization and refinement in comparison with St. John.

Now I studied hard to find out how St. John got its ideas of dramatic criticism. I read columns of Harkins upon Harkins' eulogium and Little Lord Fauntleroy endorsements, and yet I found Halifax particularly cold to their merits, or merely acceptable. These two companies are fair, but I cannot find that they are above the average from the American standpoint, or that Harkins is even reckoned a half-fledged star there, but please understand I concede that he is a very clever artist, and deserves all the kindly treatment he obtained personally. Now for Little Lord Fauntleroy: I know that this is not to be deemed a metropolitan company, and with all their rights to the play which I argue are *nil*—the same company attempting to bull-doze me into not playing it at Moncton—I will ask the Moncton public for an honest contrast, I will wager that they will concede the palm to my organization and my Canadian dramatization, although they have had both.

The *Two Barnays* is, according to the St. John press, a magnificent presentation. How is this? Simply because this company played on percentage. If you do not play in St. John on share with the newspaper people who profess to be "local managers," you will find your efforts dampened, your prices elevated, and every obstacle thrown in your way by the functionaries of the Mechanics Institute, who look upon you as legitimate prey. We came to St. John as strangers. They took us in, and although we have played *The Costanzas* in the largest cities of the U. S., we were ignored and left your city with about as poor an opinion of it artistically, theatrically, reportorially and managerially, as any it was ever my lot to play in. I stand or fall by my statements, and can show as I will hereafter in the dramatic papers that it will not pay to play in St. John unless on percentage with the newspaper people, who prefer greed and lucre to honest criticism. I write you as I imagine yours is an independent organ. Elsewhere business is good.

Chatham, June 9. HARRY LINDLEY.

What Mr. Lindley says is, in a great measure, too true. St. John is no theatre worthy of the name, and PROGRESS knows that the manager's complaint about properties are founded on hard facts. But it is an unpleasant remark that the theatrical companies must pay toll to the "newspaper people." This is a wide term, Mr. Lindley, and includes more gentlemen than those who profess to be "local managers." So far as PROGRESS knows, this distinction belongs alone to one of the editors of the *Telegraph*, who, for the past ten years, if not longer, has made use of the paper on which he is employed to boom his own shows, no matter whether they were good or bad. Not only has he "puffed" them for weeks in advance, but even after the companies proved themselves not worth going to see or hear the most fulsome flattery would appear in the *Telegraph* in the morning. Unfortunately, the same "managerial journalist" has been able, by placing advertising and job work with the other dailies to influence their criticism also. The *Sun* appears to have broken away from this programme lately, and to be in a while says what it thinks about a show, but it never fails to insert the seductive advance notices, which are furnished with remarkable regularity for ten days, at least, before the date of the performance. No wonder Mr. Lindley talks about the criticisms.

It might be stated here that just as soon as the "local managers" learned that a three-inch advertisement in PROGRESS could not secure them unlimited space for advance notices, and a false and complimentary notice of a bad play, the advertisement and press courtesies failed to put in appearance. They know by this time that the absence of such tokens makes no difference. For a bad show like *Si Plunkard* gets a proper condemnation while a fairly good entertainment such as Harkins' was, receives its share of praise.

The *Telegraph*, however, is old enough to know better than to permit its columns to be used for any such purpose and to such ends. There was a time, about three years ago, when such practices had to be abandoned, and as a result, the "managerial journalist" went out of the theatrical business for a time, but this summer he seems to be running it for all it is worth.

WELCOMED AT THE BORDER.

St. John Masons Make Another Trip to St. Stephen and are Cordially Received.

What will probably be the last visit for some time of the St. John Masons to St. Stephen, was made last Monday, when a delegation from the various Royal Arch chapters, of St. John, visited the border for the purpose of exemplifying the capillary degrees. It seemed a good deal like crowding the mourners for a party from St. John to invade the valley of the St. Croix a second time within a month and enjoy the fat of the land as guests of the hospitable Masons there, but there was no help for it. Two or three of the leading spirits there insisted that it should be done, and it was done. Apart from the enjoyment of the occasion, it is believed that the visit will be of historical importance in the annals of Royal Arch masonry in New Brunswick.

The party which went from St. John by the New Brunswick railway consisted of W. B. Wallace, present Z.; Harold Gilbert, present H.; John A. Watson, past Z., with companions W. A. Lockhart, D. R. Jack, John Rubins, E. V. Wetmore, R. C. Farmer and D. M. Olive, of Carleton chapter; W. A. Ewing, present Z.; H. V. Cooper, present J., with companions Leah and Turner, of New Brunswick chapter; W. K. Reynolds, present J., and E. J. Sheldon, past J., of Union chapter, with several others, who modestly requested that their names be withheld from newspaper publicity. The party was in charge of Excellent Companion Reynolds, to whom had been entrusted the arrangements of the trip.

During the afternoon, those of the visitors who had the time were shown the sights of the country, and were the recipients numberless attentions from such hospitable companions as J. T. Whitlock, W. F. Todd, George F. Pinder, F. M. Murchie and many others, who have various modes of showing hospitality, but who always do all that man can do when the stranger enters within their gates.

In the evening the Masonic hall was crowded to witness an exemplification of work by the visitors, special paraphernalia having been taken from St. John and brought from Calais for the purpose. The M. E. degree was worked with M. E. Companion, W. E. Ewing in the chair, after which three candidates were exalted to be Royal Arch Masons, with the following staff:

W. B. Wallace, Z.; Harold Gilbert, H.; Julius T. Whitlock, J.; H. V. Cooper, C. of H.; W. K. Reynolds, P. S.; G. R. Davis, R. A. C.; John Rubins, R. C. Farmer and John H. Leah, Ms. of V.; E. J. Sheldon, organist.

It was nearly midnight when the work was completed and then followed a banquet in Trinity hall, prepared by the ladies of Trinity congregation which, if anything, exceeded that prepared by the same ladies when a visit was made by the encampment, a few weeks before. It was a repast worthy of any occasion, and the lady waiters were most assiduous in their attentions. The chair was occupied by J. T. Whitlock, with Messrs. Reynolds and Wallace on his right and left. The speakers were Vice Consul Goodenow, for the President of the United States; W. H. Sadler, and George F. Pinder, for the Grand Chapter of N. B.; Rev. Mr. Vincent, for the Grand Chapter of Maine; Messrs. Reynolds, Wallace and Ewing, for the visiting chapters; Messrs. Vroom, Vincent and Gilbert, for the press, pulpit, and petticoat; Dr. Blair, for the medical profession; and Hon. James Mitchell and W. B. Wallace for the bench and bar. "Rocked in the cradle of the deep" and "Cross and crown" were sung with fine effect by D. Miller Olive.

The party returned to St. John the next day impressed with the fact that the St. Croix is a very fine place to visit, and that its people have a superabundance of life, energy, and hospitality.

He Didn't Know Whitenect.

George Whitenect, the ball tosser, was fully impressed with the emptiness of fame, Monday afternoon. He arrived on the ball grounds with his uniform under his arm, and, running from the gate, vaulted lightly over the ropes, on his way to the dressing room. Sergeant Covay was on hand, however, with strict injunctions to let nobody on the diamond. When he saw Whitenect shoot passed him he was astounded, but recovering himself, called the catcher back in a quiet, confiding way, so that he would not get frightened and keep on in his wild career. Whitenect, quite puzzled to know what the officer wanted, returned and was asked to explain his conduct, which he did to the amusement of those standing by, and further added to the embarrassment of the officer by a few of his inimitable monkeyshines. Sergeant Covay explained that when on duty he is not supposed to know anybody. The supposition seems entirely unnecessary in his case.

Umbrellas Repaired; Duval, 242 Union street.

BEAUTY ON THE STAGE.

ST. JOHN AMATEURS TRY THEIR HAND AT DOROTHY.

Three Good Houses Great Them—The Affair was a Musical Success, at Least—Tarbet's Criticism of the Singing—Its Strong and Weak Points.

The musical event of this week was, of course, Alfred Collier's *Dorothy*, played by the St. John amateurs, and I think I may safely congratulate them on their success, musically, if not financially, for I do not think that they had anything like the houses they should have had, and really deserved. Of course, I do not mean to say that the performance was without flaws, but the acting does not come under my notice. Mr. Ford deserves any amount of credit for the



way he has trained his choruses, and when one considers that a great many of the vocalists (girls especially) came before an audience for the first time on Monday evening, I think they will not judge them too harshly for any nervousness in singing. I myself think they made quite a respectable noise for so few.

The first chorus, "Lads and Lasses," went very smoothly, Miss McInnis and Mr. Thompson taking up the solos between the first and second parts. This was followed by the dainty solo and trio, "Be wire in time, oh Phyllis, mine," by Miss Fowler, Miss Burpee and Miss McInnis, whose voices blended very nicely. The quartette, "Have you beer, or ale, or porter?" had but one fault—Mr. Daniel's voice is rather heavy, and over-balances the others. I do not think I ever heard Mr. Ruel's voice to better advantage than in his ballad, "With such a dainty dame none can compare"; but the best number in the first act was the quartette, "A father's joy and pride they are," sung by Miss Fowler, Miss Burpee, Mr. Ruel, Mr. Daniel and Mr. Christie. The quintette introduces a lovely waltz song for Dorothy, and a drinking song for Wilder, both of which went well.

The quartette, "You'll swear to be good and true," was not quite as smooth as it might have been. Mr. Harrison's song, "I am the Sheriff's faithful man," was much appreciated. I cannot say that Mr. Harrison's voice is very strong, but it is true, and he adapted it very well to Lurcher's music. The finale to the first act went very smoothly, but I cannot say the same for "Under the pump." If the chorus had paid a little more attention to the music and not quite so much to knocking Lurcher about, the results would have been better. Mr. Paul's song, "I bend my back and bow my head" with chorus, and Mr. Lindsay's Toast Song, also with chorus, were both good.

The duet and chorus, "Now let's to bed," was sung very carefully, and was followed by a recitative and quartette, Miss Fowler, Miss Burpee, Mr. Ruel, and Mr. Daniel.

Mr. Daniel's ballad, "Queen of my heart," was rather high for him, I thought, and he had to sing one part an octave lower than it is written, which was not an improvement. The trio, "Are you sure that they are all in bed?" was not at all evenly sung. Why will people make the music subordinate to the acting instead of putting it the other way? The chorus "What noise was that?" was very effective all through, and the "Hunting Chorus" in my opinion, was really magnificent.

The third and last act opens with a chorus of old women, which was amusing, and a very sweet ballad, "The time has come." Miss McInnis did it justice, although she seemed a little nervous. The septette and chorus, "What joy untold to feel at last," was beautifully sung, the high B flat was taken so clearly by the sopranos, and the second part went with a swing. The finale was also a success by the soloists.

I can only say that I do not think better people could have been picked out in this city to fill their parts. The chorus might have been stronger, but so many left the opera when it was too late to fill their place.

The *Dorothy* companies have had a great many difficulties to contend with, and I am glad they have come out so well. To Mr. Ford I offer my congratulations, for I

happen to know what hard work he has had, and he deserves the credit of making a success of one of the most hopeless looking affairs, in a musical way, that has ever been seen here.

To Mr. Harrison's clever orchestra the opera owed much of its popularity, and when one considers the short time they had in which to get the music up, one cannot say but that they did remarkably well.

Miss Hancock sang the role of Dorothy on Tuesday, and really I have not made up my mind yet which Dorothy I liked best. I hear that they had to draw lots for the last night.

There is some talk postponing the Oratorio concerts until the autumn, probably on account of the trouble Mr. Morley has had with his eyes.

The Old Musical club will have one more meeting before breaking up for the summer months. It will be on the 17th of June, I think. TARBET.

WHAT THE TEACHERS MUST KNOW.

The Paper on Domestic Economy presented at Normal School.

At the Examination held in the Normal School this week, the paper on Domestic Economy, given below, was placed before between 100 and 200 young ladies who propose to instruct the youth of the country as soon as they get their licenses and situations. It is a remarkable fact that the demand for teachers is greater than the supply, notwithstanding the grist mill method by which a hundred or two bright blooming girl teachers are turned loose every year. There is only one explanation of the scarcity—they soon meet some young man who persuades them that matrimony is better than teaching. The result is that many of the best wives in the country can find a first, second, third class license when they want it—but, pardon this digression, that paper on Domestic Economy which was worked by first, second, and third class candidates in one and a half hours, contained seven questions, as follows:

- PART I.—THEORY.
1. Explain fully—*Simmering, stewing, dripping, washing, stock pots.*
 2. Describe how you would boil potatoes. How would you prevent them from becoming water-soaked?
 3. Name some precautions which should be observed in giving food to patients.
 4. What are the essential points to be attended to in ventilating a sick room?

- PART II.—PRACTICE.
- (Material— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard unpressed white cotton). Work the following questions on the cotton furnished:
1. One ordinary sized button-hole.
 2. Put a patch 3 in. by 4 in.
 3. Trace the letter B with a lead pencil and then work it.

Legal Definitions for Law Students.

- Case—A dozen.
- Assault—A sailor.
- Staying proceedings—Putting on corsets.
- Accord and satisfaction—Lynch law.
- Rule absolute—Where the wife wears the trousers.
- Attachment costs—Damages in a breach-of-promise suit.
- Judgment on the roll—Unfit for publication at our boarding house.
- Notice to quit—When a girl's mother begins to wind the clock.
- Ejection—When her father interests himself in the matter.
- Proceeding after issue joined—Enraged parents pursuing their eloping offspring.
- Trespass—Enquire of your neighbor's bull-pup.
- Bound over to keep the peace—The bull-pup's return leap over the fence, after securing the piece from your nether apparel. F.

Thoughts Induced by Ice Cream.

Kerr's ice cream parlors, on King street, have proved a great success already, the customers thronging in upon him nightly. If there is one thing that St. John girls share in common with their less beautiful sisters in other places—outside of this province, of course—it is their fondness for ice cream. It is an expensive luxury for a young man to have a girl in the town in the summer time, yet they seem to think the girls worth it. So long as this desirable condition of affairs continues there will be no lack of spring and fall weddings, and the ice cream saloons will prosper.

Repertorium Toxicorum.

While it is not once in thousands of times that even a trivial mistake made in the putting up of a prescription, Messrs. F. E. Craibe & Co. are taking precaution by which even the most remote possibility will be avoided. They have just added to their prescription department a case in which everything in the nature of poison is secluded from ordinary drugs, and have established a system by which a mistake is practically impossible. If all druggists would take the same precautions, their would be no need of legislation on the subject.

Another in the Field.

Mr. Fred Knowlton has secured the New Brunswick agency of the Phoenix Insurance Company at Hartford. It is an excellent company, and in such energetic hands is sure to control a good business in a short time.

WHO, NOT WHAT HE IS.

HOW THE NEWS OF THE LIBEL SUIT WAS RECEIVED.

Some Subscribers ask Some Questions—One From the Back Woods—Some Description of the Plaintiff in Answer to his Interrogations.

Who wouldn't have a libel suit—such a libel suit as PROGRESS has on hand just now?

When the contents of PROGRESS appeared in the *Globe* supplemented by a local paragraph stating that Samuel Schofield was after the publisher of this paper with a suit for libel, the feeling around the city was one of blank astonishment and intense amusement.

"Sam Schofield after you for libel! Why it can't be true," said one gentleman, a few minutes after 5 o'clock.

"That appears to be what he is after," was the laughing rejoinder.

"Well, I congratulate you. You're in luck."

And so from one end of the town to the other the congratulations poured in. The best business men in the city, the ablest lawyers had no hesitation in declaring that PROGRESS could not have had a more acceptable opponent for its first libel suit. The unanimity of this opinion is surprising. Even the laborer joined with those engaged in daily commercial transactions, and gave his impression in a terse and emphatic fashion:—

"Have you a libel suit with Sam Schofield? Sure I'm glad. If you want any help, if you want to know anything about him just call on me; and I will tell you enough to fill a book; every word of it as true as gospel."

It would take too much space to repeat half what people have put themselves out to say about the suit and the offers of assistance from all sides. PROGRESS is not unmindful of such kindness, and when the right time comes will not be found ungrateful. At present these congratulations and assurances of assistance serve to confirm and strengthen its opinion that its first impressions of Mr. Schofield were correct in every particular.

It is a curious fact that a libel suit always booms the circulation of a newspaper. It booms it more or less, just as the newspaper pleases. If it has plenty of material to work upon and is not afraid to use it, there is usually something worth reading in every issue. It does not fail to keep its readers acquainted with every phase of the suit, and with all the movements, in a legal way, of the plaintiff. An instance of this at present is the scorching *World* of New York is giving Judge Hilton, who was foolish enough to bring a libel suit against the great newspaper which commented upon his use of the Stewart fortune.

PROGRESS is not as big as the *World*, but St. John is smaller than New York, and Samuel Schofield can hardly be called as prominent as Judge Hilton, yet there is one thing he need not trouble himself about, that his present suit will not give him as lively notices as Hilton got from the *World*.

Several country subscribers have been bothered about the announcement of the suit, and have written enquiring about facts. They belong to that class of people who always take an interest in the successes of their favorite paper and want to know all about them, so that they can appreciate them thoroughly.

One gentleman wants to know who and what Samuel Schofield is!

Now who will say after this that PROGRESS does not go to the back woods. It is frequently considered a disadvantage to live in the timbered section of the country, but after reading that subscriber's letter there can be no denying that there are decided advantages in having a residence in the back woods.

But the question, Who and what Samuel Schofield is?—that is a poser. It is easy to say who he is, but what he is: you ask too much. He is the son of an Episcopal clergyman—a very respectable man—and brother of the manager of the Bank of New Brunswick, another esteemed gentleman, and at present carries on a shipping business on Prince William street. He is a member of the firm of Schofield & Co., (Limited). We regret our inability at present to give you much information about the "Co." part of the firm, and we really do not know where we could refer you for enlightenment on that point, but if you wait a short time even this information will be given you.

To see Samuel Schofield on the street and form your opinion of him at a distance you would conclude that he is rather a good physical specimen of a man, and that he walked as though he was after something. He always has that appearance; he does not loiter on Chubb's corner and talk over the events of the day, but when he is out of his office he is out on business, and means business.

In his office you will find simplicity and comfort. You will find him in the inner office always, and if your business with him is of any length and requires any explanation—for example we will suppose that you are an owner in one of the vessels that he manages, and you are getting impatient because the dividends are slow or unsatisfactory. You want to know all the reasons and you are there for that purpose, having made up your mind before you went to his office that you would know all about the vessel and what she was doing, and whether there was any chance of better returns in the near future—such matters would be explained in a low monotone by Mr. Schofield. He would tell you, perhaps, how unfortunate it was that the vessel needed repairing at a certain port; that the charges were exceedingly high at that place; that she had come in ballast from such a port or a hundred such excuses. If you were a close observer you would notice that while he talked he did not stare you out of countenance, or in fact, looked at you more than an instant in a casual fashion.

Mr. Schofield is also a member of the Board of Trade, and when he takes a notion, he makes himself heard there. His projects and resolutions for warehouses, etc., are always written in duplicate, and sometimes in triplicate with the type writer, and that is just where they stay—on paper.

Space prevents us from giving a more exhaustive review of Mr. Schofield this week, but there will, no doubt, be opportunities to do him full justice before and after his suit comes to trial.

In the meantime we have to thank him for 500 increase in our circulation last week.

A Forgetful Groom.

A good story is going the rounds that proves that a man may not be forgetful of everything connected with that very important event—his marriage. A recent groom, who was married with some eclat, found when he entered the pullman that he had forgotten to see the agent, and had no berth secured. He was in a ridiculous frame of mind for a short time, and would have given all his ready cash—and a bridegroom's pocket book is usually heavy—to have remedied that little oversight. The inducement of \$100 failed to convince another groom on board, who had the drawing room apartment, that money was better than comfort. The train pulled out of the station before he and his blushing bride were quite settled, but this paragraph can be a warning to all grooms of the future who are inclined to forget.

Two Little Girls From St. John.

A fete champagne was given on the Queen's birthday at Crawford Priory, Fifehire, by the Fife Habitation of the Primrose League, at which 5,000 members from all parts of Scotland were present. The correspondent of the *Fife Herald* writes:—

Seldom have I seen such well-turned-out children as two pretty Americans, got up in sailor suits. The one costume was composed of a cream-colored flannel skirt and blouse, the latter lapped in pale blue, with a skirt of cream and gold. The skirt of the other was of navy blue and white striped flannel; a naval jacket, with large brass buttons, opened over a full front of the stripe. Both wore huge black straw hats, with posies of buttercups and marguerites, and bent to suit each face respectively. Their characterizing feature was an amber necklet.

As this refers to the Misses Nelly and Blanche Collier, it shows that St. John can hold its own anywhere.

A Tribute to Her Memory.

A very handsome stained glass window has been placed in St. Stephen's church in memory of the late Mrs. Macrae, wife of Dr. Macrae, pastor of the church, whose sad death some months ago is still fresh in the minds of everyone in St. John. The memorial was put in at the expense of a number of the members of the congregation who wished to pay a loving tribute to her memory.

A Better Looking Front.

A plate front is a great improvement to any store, but more especially to one which contains fancy goods, or anything that is likely to attract the eye. Crockett's drug store on the corner of Princess and Sydney is rejoicing in the possession of such a front this week. There is plenty inside to make a beautiful show, and the goods do not belie their looks.

What About It?

Has the new board of school trustees found out where the Canada School Supply Co. is? Have the assessors found out if the company owns any property or does any business? It wasn't so very long ago since a genial officer of the board was showing samples of the paper that could be supplied by the Canada School Supply Co. How is this?

Off to the Old Country.

Mr. Thomas Youngclaus has gone to the old country, and after he has completed his business, bought his stock, which is always large and complete, he proposes to take some time for a pleasure trip, which Mrs. Youngclaus will enjoy with him.

Thanks!

"Of the many papers on our exchange list," writes a Nova Scotia newspaper man, "there are none read with greater interest than PROGRESS."