

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, Editor.

Subscriptions, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.

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The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor.

Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 3.

CIRCULATION, 6,800.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

"PROGRESS" AND ITS FRIENDS.

The growth of PROGRESS, and the rapid strides which it has made in the past year, are referred to elsewhere in this issue. The time has long gone by when even the most incredulous of its friends or the most violent of its enemies had any doubt as to its permanent success, and happily free from the trials which beset some experimental journals, the only problem in its management has been to make it better and better as it grows older.

This is not such an easy task as many, even among newspaper men, may imagine. To produce each week a bright and readable paper, largely local in its tone, without touching on the news matter which forms the staple of the daily journal, is a work which requires constant and careful effort. The daily paper practically makes itself, and with the possible exception of the editorials, the preparation of it is largely a matter of mechanical routine. Even they are sadly suggestive of that at times. With a weekly, such as PROGRESS, it is a different affair. With the exception of a little selected matter, which is duly credited, every line which appears in the paper is written for it, and in some issues even the "story" page has been filled with original matter. This involves the discussion of a wide range of topics in the course of a year, and when a review is made of the good work done by contributors in the last two years, it seems certain that our provinces have no reason to distrust the real literary ability of their sons and daughters.

The last Christmas number of PROGRESS, for instance, with its wealth of short stories, written in some cases at very brief notice, showed what material is at the disposal of the publisher of a purely literary paper, were the time at hand for the venture. The stories of that issue were pronounced by the disinterested critic of a leading literary journal as the best of all contained in the many and costly Canadian Christmas numbers. So, it will be seen, PROGRESS owes much to its contributors, and it is ever glad to acknowledge the fact. It is anxious to give them full credit, and for that reason all contributed articles bear a signature of some kind. It would greatly prefer to give the real name of each writer, but in many cases the contributors desire only the fame of an anonymous signature. It would be better, we think, if GEOFFREY CUTBERT STRANGE would use his own signature, and the occasional valued offerings of NOEL PILGEM would have an additional interest were the well-known name of the author disclosed. So in other cases, PROGRESS favors the idea of signed articles, so that whatever merit they have may be credited to those who deserve the praise. A signature of some kind must appear, and we do not think that any who now sign pseudonyms need fear to have their identity disclosed.

There is of course one class, and an increasing one to which this theory does not apply. The "society" correspondent must of necessity remain unidentified, for reasons which it is quite unnecessary to explain. PROGRESS is very proud of its faithful workers in this line, and can scarcely say too much in commendation of their earnest and unremitting labors. They have done good work, and have been no small factor in the phenomenal success of the paper in a very wide field of labor. While, as a matter of routine, every line of their copy is read by the editor before it is published, yet in many cases it is merely a form, for they have been so quick to take the idea of what is wanted, that they edit their own matter before they send it. In the early history of the paper a good many annoying things happened through trusting to the good faith of unknown and unprincipled writers, but that period has passed. All the regular writers today can be trusted, and the work of any new ones is investigated in the light of experience, and often, of other information regarding the society of the place represented. It is but just to say that no attempt to play any trick has been detected for a very long time.

There is still another class of contributors, which has become rather small of late, because its contributions have not been accepted. It consists of those who imagine that, because PROGRESS never mingles matters of public concern, it is anxious to know all the gossip and tattle regarding people's private affairs. It is not. Where it has to refer to citizens, as such, it prefers to have a good word for them, and to add to its friends rather than to make enemies. When, however, a man is in a public position where his acts are properly the subject for criticism, it has no hesitation in pointing out his errors committed in that capacity. At the same time it has no personal animus against him, nor does it follow him into private life to abuse him. The same issue which paints a man black on the first or fourth page may have a most complimentary notice of him in the society notes, though the same pen which censured him in the one capacity has punctuated the praise of him in another capacity. Thus it is that PROGRESS tries to be fair. It has no party to serve and no axe to grind, save that it seeks to extend its own usefulness and increase its popularity. That, in the main, its motives have been recognized is shown by its business department record today. It will try to make itself as acceptable in the future as in the past.

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What a very nice concert the one in connection with the Neptune Rowing club was. I am quite sure that the large audience enjoyed the fine programme most thoroughly. I was sorry to see some empty seats, but have been told since that there were a good many tickets sold that were not used, so I suppose that accounts for it. I hope no one was frightened away by the amount of Wagner that was sung. I am afraid I cannot say truthfully that the Philharmonic society covered itself with glory, for the march from Tannhauser, Wagner, was decidedly shaky, and the overture to Herold's Zampa was in some places most dreadfully out of tune. The "War March of the Priests," Mendelssohn's Jubilate, was performed remarkably well. Mrs. Ewing led the accompaniments for the orchestra very tastefully.

The chorus from Offenbach's Genevieve de Brabant was not remarkable for brightness or smoothness. I have since heard that the tenors and basses had but one short practice on it, and it was let go with the usual comment in such cases, "Oh, it will go all right; it's an easy one." The "Spinning Chorus" from Wagner's Flying Dutchman and the "Bridal Chorus" from Lohengrin showed much more work. I liked the former the best. And now for the soloists. Mrs. W. S. Carter's solo, "My Heart at thy Sweet Voice," from Camille Saint-Saëns' Samson and Delilah was almost perfect in its way. Mr. Ford playing difficult and effective accompaniment superbly; and although I don't approve of encores, I was very much surprised to see that Mrs. Carter was not recalled. Miss Clara Quinton sang "See the Love in Every Flower," by Abt, nicely. The song was a little too big for her, her voice being quite lost in the accompaniment at times. The duet, "A Night in Venice," Arditie, was very finely sung by Mrs. Carter and Rev. J. M. Davenport, as also was Mr. Davenport's solo, "The Lighthouse keeper," by Molloy, a new song for St. John, in which Mr. Davenport made a decided success. I don't think I ever heard Mr. Lindsay sing better than he did in Milton Welling's "Drearing."

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The Dorothy company had two very good recitals this week. The libretto was read on Monday evening, and it is said to be very amusing. Thursday evening the orchestra practised with them, and I heard of a dialogue rehearsal Friday. The arrival of the libretto evidently means hard work from this time until the 9th and 10th of June, which, I believe, the dates set for the production of Dorothy.

Part of my little story about St. Andrew's choir was wrong. Mr. Christie has not left the choir, but has resigned the position of leader, which he held. I believe that there is a possibility of having Mr. George Parker down for the summer concert, when the Oratorio society will repeat Samson. Mrs. Allen will not be with us this time, as she is visiting friends in England and on the continent, but Mr. Parker will bring a soprano with him. The concert and organ recital given in St. Andrew's church, on Tuesday evening, was a musical treat to those who were present, and there was a very good audience. The organ selections were unusually good. Miss Hea played a great favorite of mine, the Allegro Vivace "Jupiter Sinfonia," by Mozart, and she played it remarkably well, too. I don't think I ever had the pleasure of listening to the "treble clef" before, but I enjoyed their selection on Tuesday evening very much, indeed. Every one is always glad to hear Mr. George Coster. I only wish he sang oftener. His solo, "The King of Love," by Gounod, suited him well, indeed. The organ solo, "Andante," with variations, by Rev. J. S. Ford gave with a great deal of taste. One thing I admire about Mr. Ford's playing is the absence of all motion. I dislike to see an organist twist himself, or herself, all over the organ bench while playing. It may be the poetry of motion of to wriggle around, as it were, but it never fails to make your audience smile or else get intensely nervous.

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SUNDRY HITS AND HINTS.

Sing hey the merry May day and the tear. People who are changing their places of residence are trying to "move in amendment." Moving is not considered the poetry of motion at this season of the year. What is the cause of that bad odor in the vicinity of the Mount Pleasant retaining wall. If the St. John hotel keepers continue to draw the color line, a civil rights bill will be in order. Never mind, poor, tired little woman. You won't have to move again until next year—unless there is a fire. If a man dresses and behaves like a gentleman he ought to be treated as one, whether he is a blonde or brunette. The most flourishing industry throughout the country just now, is the manufacture of spring beds—in the gardens. It is rumored that the creed of St. Athanasius is likely to be said in all the Episcopal churches of St. John on Ascension day. If Mr. Leary doesn't want the earth, he ought to be pretty well satisfied with the way the common council has treated him. Thanks to the efforts of PROGRESS, it now seems certain that the common council chamber will be enlarged for the benefit of the citizens. It would be a great thing if the council could be given broader views on certain subjects, by the same process.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

What a very nice concert the one in connection with the Neptune Rowing club was. I am quite sure that the large audience enjoyed the fine programme most thoroughly. I was sorry to see some empty seats, but have been told since that there were a good many tickets sold that were not used, so I suppose that accounts for it. I hope no one was frightened away by the amount of Wagner that was sung. I am afraid I cannot say truthfully that the Philharmonic society covered itself with glory, for the march from Tannhauser, Wagner, was decidedly shaky, and the overture to Herold's Zampa was in some places most dreadfully out of tune. The "War March of the Priests," Mendelssohn's Jubilate, was performed remarkably well. Mrs. Ewing led the accompaniments for the orchestra very tastefully.

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SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

The base ball season of 1890 in St. John will be opened by the St. Johns and Shamrocks, probably on the grounds of the former. Nothing has been settled about the financial programme; that is, about the division of the receipts. If the games are all played on the St. Johns' grounds the chances are that the Shamrocks will be asked to play for a certain percentage, or a certain sum. There is a difference of opinion about this point which will no doubt be settled when the representatives of the clubs meet.

Messrs. Murphy and Nugent will retire from the management of the Shamrock club at its next meeting. They have no fault to find with the club nor the latter with them. They were first class fellows and good officers, but "business before pleasure!" Like a good many others they cannot afford to disregard this motto, and base ball will, after this, be an old love with them. The removal of Mr. McGill, another officer from the club, will leave three vacancies on the committee. There are four applicants for them, including John L. Carleton, and Messrs. O'Hearn, Sweeney and Jenkins—all of them good enough.

Messrs. C. Flood & Sons are again sole agents for the Spaulding base ball goods in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. They will not be sorry to see the base ball fever spread through every village in the province. The players must have masks, bats, etc., etc., and none but Spaulding's will suit them. Messrs. Flood are also the agents for Ayres, one of the great English manufacturers of tennis goods.

The professionals engaged by the Shamrocks are Sullivan and Donovan, battery; King 1b, McGrath 2b, Kirnes 3b and O'Brien ss. It is a fine infield and no mistake. Not too expensive either. I would imagine that before the St. Johns engaged Frank Small their salary sheet about corresponded to that of the Shamrocks.

Mr. A. N. Hanson says that he entered the Beaver sports as a Y. M. C. A. man. The official programme bears out his assertion in one entry and in another it does not, Mr. Hanson having C. A. C. after his lacrosse entry and Y. M. C. A. after his High Kick entry. Since he was not a winner in the lacrosse contest and was a winner in the high kick, I presume it would only be fair to allow the Y. M. C. A. credit for his work. In that event the total points of the Y. M. C. A. exceed those of the Beavers by one. Taking the official programme and Saturday's Sun—for the one does not appear to be any official record outside of the press—I cannot understand how any other conclusion can be arrived at. By allowing five points to the winner, three to the second man and one to the third, the Y. M. C. A. club have 31 points to their credit, and the Beavers 30. I make it up as follows—the figures to the left of the name denoting whether the contestant was first, second or third, and those to the right his points:

Table with 3 columns: Y. M. C. A., Pts., Beavers, Pts.
1-Milligan..... 5 3-Payne..... 1
3-Milligan..... 1 1-Carvill..... 5
2-Henderson..... 3 3-Vincent..... 1
3-Roderick..... 1 1-Baxter..... 5
2-R. Watson..... 3
1-Tug-of-war men... 5 1-Vincent..... 5
2-McLaughlin..... 3 3-Frith..... 1
1-Roderick..... 5 3-R. Watson..... 1
1-Hanson..... 3 1-Baxter..... 5
1-Chipman..... 5 2-Baxter..... 3

Roderick and Milligan were the heavy weights for the Y. M. C. A., while Vincent equalled them with six points for the Beavers, and Baxter doled them all with 13 points. So while the Y. M. C. A. carries off the palm for club work, the Beavers have the champion athlete in Baxter. Honors are easy, boys; keep cool and don't get rattled for lose your temper over any newspaper paragraph.

I may be wrong myself in the above statement, but I do not think so, as it has been made carefully, but if my Beaver can substantiate that I am wrong, his statement shall have the same prominence as this.

Mr. James George has something to say about the sports. I have no knowledge of what he speaks of, but his letter is plain enough. I was unfortunate enough to enter in a 220 yards race at the Beaver sports, held in the Palace Ring. Several others entered, among whom was one Geo. McLean. He had four yards handicap. Early in the race I was fouled by T. Hall, one of the five competitors, and lost several feet. Notwithstanding this, I crossed the line at the same time, if not in advance of McLean. Mr. Harrison immediately seized me by the arm and said, "This is the third man." The judges awarded me the prize, and I heard nothing more about it until after I received the prize. Several of the "Beavers" have visited me since that time, and endeavored to persuade me to give up the prize, which I think I had fairly won. If I did not return it, I was to be "shown up" in a city paper. The first of the attacks appeared in the issue of the 29th, and was worthy of the source from whence it came.

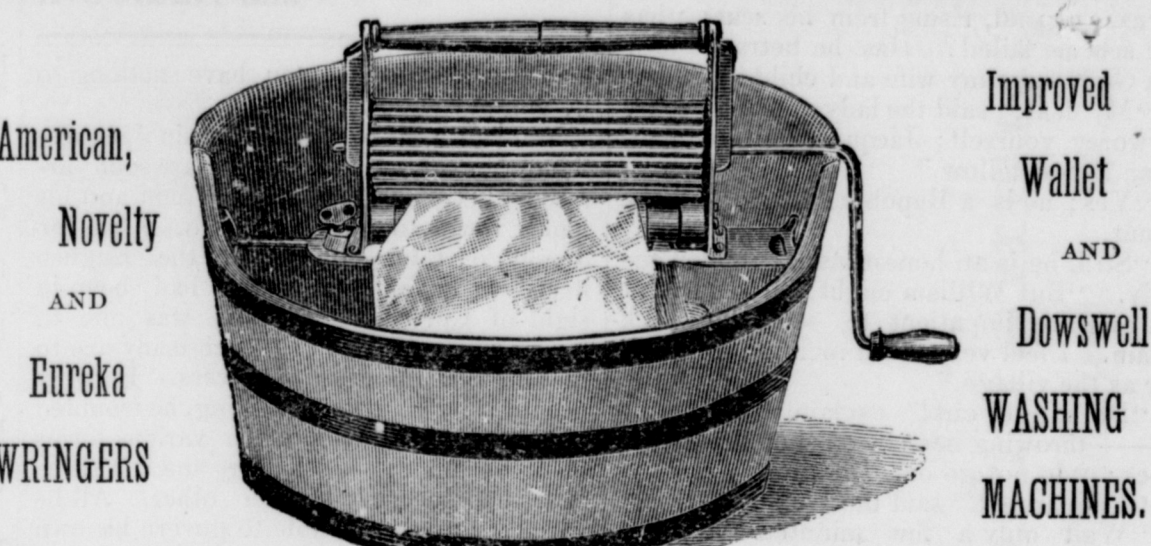
Now, to save time and all newspaper talk, I hereby challenge Mr. McLean to run me a 220-yard race, place and date to be mutually agreed upon, and if his many friends will provide him a medal in case he loses, my friends have agreed to do the same in case he should win. JAMES GEORGE. There is no minding about this. Now is your chance, Mr. McLean. JACK AND JILL.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. Sawyer and His Song. To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: It has so frequently happened that the work of my hands has unexpectedly arisen and slapped my face, that your publication of "The Girl with a Fad" aroused in me only a chastened sorrow and a qualified disgust. I wish you had seen fit to warn my friends the readers of PROGRESS that it was an "end song"—a variety of composition that, read over in cold blood, conveys a different impression of itself than one would gain upon hearing it well sung and magnificently accompanied before a great and generous audience. I trust that it does not fairly represent my extreme achievement in the way of humorous verse. Rather say that it served as a skeleton which my friend and "partner," Mr. John B. Whoriskey, endowed with life through the medium of his bright, original and "catchy" music. It is only fair to him—perhaps in a lesser degree to me—to add that the song pleased our audience, and that it is to be published by the Oliver Ditson Co. WALTER L. SAWYER. Boston, April 28.

David and Dancing. To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Allow me to have a little pleasant chat with your Moncton correspondent, "Cecil Gwynne," through your paper. With your permission, I turn to my unknown friend and ask her to allow me to turn back to the days of King David, as she suggested, a few weeks ago, in what she should do. And now we have turned back to become better acquainted with the fine old man; what do we find? We find that David was a highly honored prophet of the Lord, as well as a king, and perhaps he was the only one of all the Old Testament prophets whose name the Lord Jesus took. David was a typical character in many things which he did; but now Peter says, "He is both dead and buried," and consequently with his departure many things which he did departed, in the sense of being no longer used than to the end of the Old Testament dispensation. And why? Because the type and the typical things gave way to the glorious anti-type, who was David's son, and David's Lord. And he says, "The Spirit of the Lord was upon me, and his word was in my tongue." And he praised God in the dance—he praised God in the dance as an act of worship. Is that the way you dance, dear friend? Comparisons are generally odious, but this one of comparing the dancing of the present day with that

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What SCHOFIELD & CO. say: We have much pleasure in stating that the Caligraph purchased from you has been in constant use in our office for several years, and is still in good order. We consider it invaluable as a time-saver. Rev. C. G. McCULLY writes: A point of special value in the Caligraph, resulting from the absence of shifting keys, is the readiness with which original composition may be executed. From my experience, and that of many personal friends using the Caligraph, composition soon comes to be executed with greater readiness than with the pen. So great do I deem its utility that I would purchase a machine every year rather than be without it. Send for Latest Circular.

Finest Curled Leaf English Breakfast Tea, STAR CHOP.

Above should be seen on every package.

of King David's is doubly so. David did not dance with a woman in his arms, nor in an assembly of ungodly people. If young ladies valued their immortal souls, as they should be valued, and would study this question in the light of God's Word, prayerfully, they would never again be found in the ball-room in the usual style of evening dress. A LOVER OF DAVID.

A VISION. One night as I lay dreaming, My drowsy fancies teeming With thought of docks, Slips, dredges, blocks, Sly cliques and civic scheming, A magic spell came o'er me, An elf appeared and bore me Dead amidrem Pass'd in review before me.

I gazed in awe-struck wonder, Each civic spook bent under A heavy weight Of costly freight, Which looked like earthly plunder. They seem'd distress'd and dreary, Footsore, ill-dressed and weary. Said I, "How queer, What brought them here?" "'Twas 'boodile,'" smiled the Fairy.

Think I, this nice brigade is Now on the route to Hades, But then, in doubt, I glance'd about, To see if many ladies Were in the ranks located. Because I've heard it stated, They'd rather dwell With rakes in—heaven Than live on earth unmatred.

I heard no silken rustle, Saw no half-hidden muscle, No valley strange, Or mountain range Produced by "stays" or "bustle." Nor saw I any traces Of mundane angel graces, No pow'd'rd blush, Or bulging crush Of crinoline and laces. The spooks pass'd by me slowly, With bodies bow'd and lowly; The phantoms gaunt, Pour'd forth a chant In accents most unholy. Its theme was: "We endeavor In vain our chains to sever, For unkept oaths And barter'd votes We're doom'd, we're doom'd forever."

I asked, "Is this the station Where souls go on probation? Or is't the place Where sinners base Must undergo cremation? If so, don't flames eternal Rage in this region thermal? Don't you require A brimstone fire In this abode infernal?"

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES. Spring in the Ancient Capital. That carpet beating nuisance on the Glacis has begun again. It seems extraordinary that such an unwholesome nuisance should be allowed inside the walls. The winter's dust with scarlet fever, measles, small-pox, etc., etc., is floating over the city, either because people are too lazy to send their carpets to the Cove Fields, or because the caretakers of the Glacis are indifferent to their charge.—Quebec Chron.

The Bad Boy in Quebec. *** The host of young lads who are constantly on the look out to entrap any bird which may be unwary enough to walk into their diabolical traps. Hordes of these idle, god-for-nothing young lads, are now infesting the adjacent highways and byways indulging in their cruel sport.—Chronicle.

Mr. Kelly's Great Luck. From noticing an item from Centreville, the writer would say that Mr. Kelly, of Simonds, has a cow that has had four calves in less than a year.—Woodstock Press. The Latest Woe of Halifax. No sooner is a street nicely swept and the gutters cleared in some parts of the city, than an untidy housekeeper or shopman pitches a lot of rubbish, straw, bits of paper, ashes, anything and everything out on the street, and the first puff of wind blows it all around, and perhaps plants a lot of it right in front of dwellings where the residents are doing all that lies in their power to keep things neat and tidy. This is exasperating.—Recorder. Didn't Want Work for Dessert. Farmer—Before you had your dinner, you were willing to work; why do you now refuse? Tramp—Nothin' to gain by workin', now, pard. I'm allus willin' to work before a meal, but never after.—Boston Budget. Something in This. "No coiffure is considered artistic without an aigrette, and not one can be had under \$10"—Fashion Reporter of the Women's Convention. Precisely how this will raise the pay of a shop girl from \$3.50 to \$5 a week is the problem of the hour.—N. Y. Press.