

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1893.

YALE BEATS HARVARD.

LARSEN GIVES SOME DETAILS OF THE GREAT BALL GAME.

Women Who Will Have the Franchise—St. John Man Nominated to an Important Position—He Has the Woman Against Him—His Probable Chances.

BOSTON, Nov. 27.—Last Saturday was a cold, bleak day, a day for ulsters, and one on which everybody had an excuse for turning up his collar.

All afternoon Washington street, in front of the newspaper offices, was one solid mass of people who cheered loud and long, but only at intervals, for it was one of those days when the average Bostonian had very little to cheer for.

Harvard was not in it. That morning the railroad depots from which trains run to Springfield were filled with a rushing yelling crowd, with miniature flags of crimson, with huge red chrysanthemums—red mind you, for white chrysanthemums are everyday wear with young men who wear box coats here in Boston. The chrysanthemum is the flower. But Saturday they were dyed crimson, and went to Springfield by the hundred.

Football is great sport up this way. Everybody is interested in it, and two thirds of the population have the blues when Harvard loses. It has been estimated that \$100,000 was spent at Springfield Saturday by the 25,000 people who went there, and another authority states that fully \$100,000 changed hands as a result of the game.

Now the bowler season is on, and every village in the country has a team. The interest in this great sport has grown every year. Last season when the final games of the Massachusetts amateur bowling league were played, the crowd, the exclusive crowd, for last season bowling here was on a par with cricket in St. John, the exclusive crowd, then, which filled the big Casino building to overflowing, was as enthusiastic as an old time base ball mob.

Last season hundreds of amateurs were bowling in public alleys, spending their evenings there, and as a result bowlers developed at an alarming rate, some good ones too, men who in scrap matches found themselves making scores as large as those of the crack bowlers in the league. Then during the summer, bowling and bowling tournaments were kept up at the pleasure resorts; so when the amateur league began to talk business for the winter, it had as many applications for places in the series, as man does now-a-days who advertises for male help.

So many good teams made application that the league games and teams were made up in three divisions of eight teams each, and this mighty host is knocking the pins down every evening all over the state.

Bowling has improved wonderfully and although the record smashing last season was of a decidedly interesting character, more of it is expected this season. It has been figured that last year there was an improvement of about 10 points all around, the average men in the championship competitions jumping from 155 to 165. In 1891-92 the highest average was 163 and last year 173. The pace set this year is a fast one and experts say a greater improvement may be looked for.

A remarkable fight is going on here at present, although newspaper readers know very little about it. I made some reference to it last week, and happening to drop into a different church last night heard an even greater appeal for free schools. The speaker was none other than Gen. T. J. Morgan, commissioner of Indian affairs under President Harrison, and from his remarks one would almost get the impression that the Republican administration was defeated because of the manner in which he conducted his department by his refusal to appropriate money for parochial schools. His reason for this was that he did not believe the government should give money to any particular denomination for the purpose of building schools but that the government should build the schools and teach all denominations alike.

The school question here in Boston will probably interest St. John people from the fact that Mr. S. A. Wetmore, a St. John man, has been nominated for the school board this year; also from the fact that he is an admirer of many features of the school system in the provinces. While on a visit there a few years ago he looked up the school question and found many things which he had passed unnoticed while he was learning "readin', writin'," etc., for you know one never appreciates a good thing until he runs across something worse. Mr. Wetmore is in the thickest of the fight, but how he got there he not probably anybody else is fully able to explain. He has received the nomination of both the Democratic and Republican conventions, and on the face of it looks as though he ought to win.

The war, however, is on, and the women are taking a hand in it. Last year over 9000 women registered and 95 per cent. of them vote. This year 16,000 will register. Mr. Wetmore it is said will not get any of

that 16,000. He is one of three victims of woman's wrath, and whether the trio will survive it is an interesting problem in Boston today. The best political mathematicians are working on it, and admit they are at sea. R. G. LARSEN.

PASTOR FELIX'S COMMENT.

He Takes Issue with Pelham's view of Gay's "Life a Jest."

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—Will you permit a word of reference to the citation from Gay in "Pelham's" paragraph,—who, in saying, "There may be people foolish enough to take life seriously, (we had supposed the reverse was folly) gives it sufficient endorsement,—and also that from Shakespeare, which cannot be considered as quite correspondent. For Shakespeare must not be taken as expressing his own opinion, much less enunciating a philosophy of life, but expressing the mood of a distraught, guilt-cankered mind. With the people of this poet's creation life may be found mean or great, reclusive or active, loathed or loved, coveted or rejected, according to their several disposition and character. It we regard "Gay's epitaph" as philosophy, or as a statement pretending to be serious or exact; who can doubt its faultiness and its presumption; for surely life's tragic, as well as its nobler and more heroic phases, are quite as appreciable as the comic and farcical. To affirm positively, from our own knowledge, that our existence at its most is either the one or the other would require deeper insight than a mortal possesses. But we prefer to consider the "Epitaph" as a mood of the man,—of the poet. Viewed as a bit of melancholy experience, (for perhaps it may be true that life to us will be what our living makes it); or as an expression of personal chagrin over failure and disappointment, we think we may better understand it. No disposition have we to undervalue the friendly companionable light-mannered Gay, so dear to his friends and of whom Pope and others could speak so tenderly; his memory, for many reasons, is not wholly unpleasant, and his history and writings are open to inspection. But any man, of serious mind and earnest heart, who shall read them will question the ability and right of that poet to assure us what life essentially is. Not such, we think, is his real intent but to express, as already suggested, a mode of feeling, either transitory or permanent, with him. For what must this supposed posthumous utterance be otherwise construed to mean? It is supposed to come from one who has passed through death, and who still lives to testify that the absurd and empty thing called "life" is continuous, and as meaningless there as here,—for how, it death is nonentity and oblivion could he then "know it?" What is this, then, he must tell us? "Life is a jest." This universal scheme, which includes the existence of man as its most significant part, is only an empty jest, infinitely extended, and cannot be dissolved like the bubble which for lightness it resembles. And, if life is a jest, what of Him who makes its so? The mind instantly advances to the idea of an infinite jester, who stands "within the shade," with a sneer upon his lips, and his jibing finger pointed against the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of mankind. No, no, Mr. "Pelham!" do not so missapily or misconceive the poets. If we love our Shakespeare, let us open him again, to better purpose, and read:

"O gentlemen, the time of life is short; To spend that shortness basely, were too long." It is with that class of sentiments we confess our sympathy, and it is when one says,—"Life is real, life is earnest," or "A sacred burden is the life ye bear," that our heart responds, as to what we deem the truth. That life, as we commonly live it, is poor enough, with sorrow we confess; but we have heard, at least, of fit ideals and examples, that commend themselves, as well they may, both to our taste and our judgment. To follow them we trust may be our effort and desire.

PASTOR FELIX

P. S. Would we not smile if "Pelham" should say that his "paragraph" was a simple sarcasm upon such a view of life? We wish he would so say, and we can assure him of a comical alteration in our countenance. P. F. Cherryfield, Me., Nov. 27, 1893.

Money Was No Object.

Anxious to get rid of their pastor, a congregation out West were considerably perplexed how to do it without hurting his feelings. After considerable discussion, they concluded to inform him that they were obliged to reduce his salary. A delegation was appointed to wait on him to notify him of the fact. "Brethren," was his reply, "I have been with you in prosperity, and I will never desert you in adversity."

Died Without Help.

A country doctor met one day the son of a patient of his who had been very ill. "Well, my lad," said the doctor, "how is your father this morning?" "He's died," said the boy. "Dead!" said the astonished doctor. "Was there a medical man beside him when he died?" "No," replied the boy, "he just died hisself."

SO MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

SOME GOOD ADVICE TO THE MONCTON REFORMERS.

On the Water Question—Geoffrey Cuthbert Strange Talks about the Water Supply of the Past and Present and Has Some Advice to Offer.

MONCTON, Nov. 28.—I never could understand why it was that human nature always seems disposed to "kick against the existing state of things and want something it hasn't got! I do it myself all the time, I know and perhaps that is the reason I am especially interested in the subject. Shelley expressed this peculiarity better than any of the rest of us could possibly do, when he said:—

"We look before and after And pine for what is not."

We always seem to be crying for the moon and it we ever succeeded in getting it we should immediately begin to complain because it did not shine all the time; and want it regilded on both sides.

I don't think the citizens of Moncton are any exception to this rule, and just at present the particular piece of gingerbread from which the gilding is rubbed off seems to be the Moncton Gas Light and Water company, which has catered for the wants of the citizens so far as illumination and irrigation are concerned, for a great many years. What the special grievance is at the present time I am not at all certain since things seem to be running with reasonable smoothness in the water system just now and the article supplied is of a very fair quality and reasonably abundant in quantity.

I cannot deny that there was a time in the history of the city when it was unsafe to take a drink of water without immediately swallowing an antidote, and those who drank much water were obliged to keep an accident policy on their lives, their affairs in strictest order, and their wills made, as precautionary measures lest the antidote should fail to do its work satisfactorily. But now all that is changed, and it is possible to have a pitcher of the choicest vintage of the wind-swept reservoir in a room, and either sit or sleep in that room without placing a painful of some strong disinfecting agent in each corner.

I cannot deny either, that there are times in the heat of summer when Moncton water is rather too strong and too odoriferous a tonic for most people to stand, but still I don't imagine it is any worse in taste than the far-famed waters of Bath, or the product of either the Vichy or Kissingen springs at Saratoga, and perhaps its properties are quite as medicinal. Of course I admit that people might reasonably object to taking mineral waters as a steady drink and that such a practice might have a very deleterious effect on their health in time, but still they were getting a good deal more than they paid for, and had very little to complain of in that respect.

I know that there have been very sensational stories circulated in connection with the reservoir, and the water works in general, but still there are sensational rumors about almost everything in Moncton, and such stories should be taken, if not exactly with a grain of salt, at least with a teaspoonful of sulphate of potash to sweeten them. People said that there was a large and determined pig who made her home near the reservoir, and bathed two or three times a day in its pellucid waters, that there was a break in both pipes where the large main which supplies the city crossed the main sewer, and that the intermixture of contents was largely responsible for the very mineral taste and smell of the drinking water last year. Passing into later days, it was announced early in the past summer that the tame bear and the hunting dogs of the mighty sachein Sellick gambolled at their own sweet will in one of the estuaries of the reservoirs, while their master kept the tainted meat on which they were fed, in the same stream. These rumors were officially contradicted however, and the citizens settled down to their normal condition of using the city water for washing and cooking purposes, and running about with tin kettles amongst their friends who possessed wells, to get enough water for drinking and making tea.

Now it does not seem fair to me that the Gas and Water company should be held responsible for the quality of the water supplied. They do their best to keep the reservoir clean. In fact, I believe they clean it out every Sunday because I know that until within the last few weeks the water used to be turned off all Sunday, and those who wanted to give themselves a Sunday wash couldn't; while those who did not, rejoiced exceedingly. Of course it was very annoying to those who lived in the upper part of the city not to have any water in their bath-rooms after 5 o'clock in the evening, and to be as badly off for water all Sunday as a traveller in the desert, especially as it was always turned off without warning; but now all this is changed, the water flows in a strong and steady stream all day and every day. Some people are unkind enough to con-

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"TIMELY ADVICE."

Now is the time to Purchase Materials for Embroidering and the making up generally of a thousand and one articles suitable for Holiday Gifts.

Stamped Linen Pieces, such as D'Oyley Tray Cloths, Table Centres, Five O'Clock Trays, Handkerchief Cases, Glove Cases, Toilet sets, Combed Covers, Bureau Scarfs, Sideboards. Many of the above for cutting out and buttonholing. Denim Fancy Work is Cushions and Table Covers, stamped and printed Denim Art Draperies by the yard. Tinted Fancy Work, Soreno Work, Mosaic Work. The above in D, Oyleys, Cushions, Table Covers, etc.; Openwork Linen D'Oyleys, Centre pieces, Trays, Pillow Shams. Brown and Black Burlap Canvas for Shopping Bags, Handles for Bags. All kinds of Canvas for Fancy Work, Art Linens by the yard, Embroidery Linens, Smooth Felts in all Colors. Fancy Linen Fringes, Fancy Silk Fringes, Rope Linen Threads, metallic Embroidery Floss, Rope Silk, Roman Floss.

EXERCISE WISDOM. MAKE EARLY SELECTIONS. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

next this improvement in the water service with the different meetings which have been held by the citizens for the purpose of considering the advisability of the city taking over the water works and looking after the water supply independently. But whatever may have been the cause the effect is most satisfactory, and it would be wise to accept the improvement in a spirit of thankfulness without digging down below the surface in order to find the motive.

The Gas and Water Works Company have served the city well in times past, and it seems to me a great pity for the citizens to be anxious for a change, before they are quite certain that they can do better than the company here have done. It is well to make haste slowly in these matters, and to remember that it would probably cost the city a great deal more to manage the water works than it costs the company, because, in the first place, the present owners of the plant have the advantage of experience, while the city fathers would have everything to learn; and, in the second place, a city corporation always finds it necessary to employ more people to do the same amount of work, than a private company would require, therefore the expense is sure to be greater; while in the third and last place, it seems scarcely prudent to more than double the municipal debt, just at the time when commercial depression is so general, and the prospect of either the population, or the business of Moncton growing in proportion, seems so very unlikely. It is all very well to talk about bloated monopolists and municipal independence, but perhaps the time may come when the citizens will regret their hasty action too late, and come to the conclusion that there are worse things in the world than bloated monopolists, and municipal independence is not nearly such an unmixt blessing, as it looked when viewed from a distance.

GEORGEY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

Where is Der Team?

Two sewing machine men and a life insurance man, all belonging to New Glasgow, met at a hotel at Westville a few days ago, and in course of conversation the insurance man, who was on foot, asked what time they expected to return, knowing that the machine men drove a good horse, and a walk of five miles was not a pleasing outlook.

"Going back in half an hour," was the reply.

"Can you take me along?" asked the insurance man.

"Why, yes," was the reply, "but you ought to sit them up." This the insurance man did with alacrity; and again, as they were about to start, he generously set them up again, and was happy in the prospect of a five mile drive.

After a walk of five minutes the insurance man began to wonder where the team was, but as there was a blacksmith's shop at the edge of town nearest New Glasgow, he concluded the team was there. As they passed the shop the man of policies said: "Where is der team?" "What team?" was the rejoinder.

"Why, your team!" "Our team! My der man, we have no team. We're just walking like yourself; but you are welcome to come right along, just the same."

The insurance man held his breath for about a hundred yards, then he said: "If you'll promise to say nothing about this I'll go back and set 'em up again." But the joke was too good to be hid in that way, so the trio tramped it to New Glasgow together, much to the amusement of the machine men.

There never was a man to whom ostentation and self-advertisement were more distasteful than Rev. Thomas Mozley, the famous editorial writer of the London Times. There is a story told of him to the effect that when he was in treaty for the publication of one of his early books his publisher, who only knew of him as the quiet country clergyman, and was rather doubtful as to his literary capacity, asked whether he had ever written anything for publication before. "Yes," replied Mozley, two volumes of sermons—the publisher's face dropped—"and about 7000 leaders for the Times."

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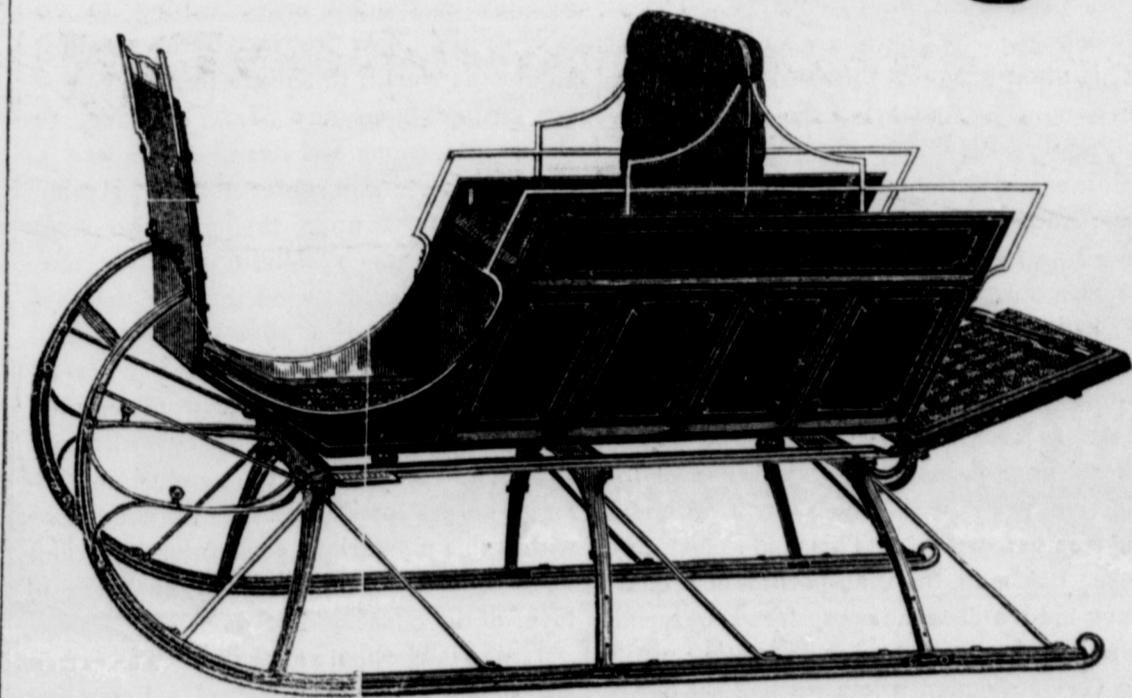
The Big Shop.

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