

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE EVENT OF THE YEAR.

HOW "PROGRESS" IS GOING TO CELEBRATE DOMINION DAY.

Far From the Madding Crowd's Ignoble Strife—The Happiest Day in the Lives of the Happiest Newsboys in St. John—Sir Leonard Tilley not Invited.

Don't you wish you sold PROGRESS? Don't you, Mayor Robertson? and you, Sir Leonard Tilley? and you, and you! Oh we pity you!

But St. John's grand old man believes he is a trifle too old to sell PROGRESS. It's fun, of course, and there's money in it, but it's the pace that kills an old fellow.

And Mayor Robertson smiles, and though he knows there is undoubtedly money in selling PROGRESS, thinks that he can worry along without having to make change in a hurricane of a hurry, for the demand for PROGRESS is—well, just watch the newsboys.

But bless you, Mayor Robertson, and bless you too, Sir Leonard, it wasn't the money we had in mind when we asked you if you didn't wish you sold PROGRESS, though that certainly is a big consideration. And it wasn't the fun of selling the paper either, Sir Leonard. It was this, gentle sirs—and don't you go and tell it to any

And the newsboys won't talk sederunts, for they don't know what that means, and no more did you till a week or so ago. And they won't talk religion either—but they'll go in for the religion of having a good time, and helping others to have a good time. It isn't a bad sort of religion, either.

The "Cedars" is a great place. It was just made for a picnic. They've got a new hotel there, and they've got a grove, and they've got a lot of other things. Don't you wish you was us?

There'll be swimming, of course. The ministers didn't go in swimming, but the boys will. The picture of that fellow with a fishing pole and line? Observe the



gentleness depicted upon his countenance. That's the sporting editor of the Record teaching a boy how to swim and not get drowned.

And there's a picture of the boys in swimming—those that can swim, that is, and there are mighty few newsboys who can't. Like as not we'll have Mr. Anthony Comstock down on us for illustrating this feature of PROGRESS' picnic, if we're not careful. But honi soit qui mal y pense.

There's going to be something to eat on this picnic. That's where we've got the bulge on the presbyterian ministers. And there's going to be a mighty pretty girl at the head of the grub committee too, it pictures don't lie. Pictures of presbyterian ministers do,—but there we have the bulge on those fellows again. These illustrations show us just as we're going to look on picnic day. We'll not look as if we were at our grandmother's funeral, we won't. We're going to fish, and swim, and row, and eat, and drink and be merry.

We have telegraphed to E. Stone Wiggins to predict rain, and fog, and hail, and snow. And the sun will shine, and the boys will be boys, which is the best thing they will ever be. They needn't keep off



the grass. The shores of the St. John river will put their glory on; the hills will clap their hands, and stamp their feet, and be joyful; the air will be balmy, and all the little birds that are will sing; the sky will be blue, the river will be bluer, but there'll not be a hint of an azure tint about the boys who sell PROGRESS. They will look and feel anything but blue, and will paint the shores that nature made on purpose for boys the color of a New Brunswick sunset.

PROGRESS proposes that all of the boys who have sold it regularly will be entitled to go upon this picnic. The last time there was rather an indiscriminate distribution of tickets among the boys and many went who did not know what it was to sell a newspaper. This will not be allowed this year. Every boy's name will be written on his ticket and it will not be transferable. The Daily Record will provide tickets for its own boys.

While it is expected that there will be a pretty good crowd of the friends of PROGRESS still, as was the case the last time, many people will wish to go, pay their way and see the fun. Consequently a limited number of tickets will be sold at 25 cents for the round trip. This price is purely nominal, but it may afford some people a chance to spend a pleasant day in the country.

Where Some People go Sunday.

Any person who drives on the Loch Lomond road on Sunday will get some idea how a good many of the people spend a part of the day, at least. The country is too beautiful to resist and from Loch Lomond to the four mile house every stopping place has its patrons. The fields and the lakes know them best and the tables that groan under the ample provision made for the guests are none too well provided for such appetites as the country air encourages.

THEY STILL OBJECTED.

AND DID NOT GIVE MR. KNOWLES A CORDIAL WELCOME.

The Minority in Fort Massey Church proves stubborn and would not listen to a man they objected to—So They Stared Away—Another Incident of the Day.

HALIFAX, June 21.—Fort Massey presbyterian church of this city, is in a flourishing condition under the pastorate of Rev. A. Gardier, B. D., the most popular minister in Halifax today. Every department of the church's work is prosperous. This is in marked contrast to the condition of the congregation less than two years ago. Then the pulpit was vacant and the congregation had become almost helpless in its search for a successor to Rev. Dr. Burns. Rev. R. E. Knowles, of Ottawa, was called, and 90 per cent. of the people were in favor of him. The other ten per cent. were a determined minority, however, and they were unrelenting in their opposition. Mr. Knowles was stigmatized as too fond of some worldly habits for Fort Massey. The minority were so well able to make themselves heard in Ottawa that Mr. Knowles declined the call. A year later Rev. A. Gardier was called. Everybody united upon him, and he is proving a thoroughly successful minister.

Rev. Mr. Knowles recently came from Ottawa to attend the general assembly in St. John, and on Sunday he came over to Halifax to fill pulpits vacated by ministers at the meeting in the sister city. Mr. Knowles was announced to preach in Fort Massey Church in the afternoon. One would think that the minority, who had been successful in defeating him, would have turned out in force as an act of courtesy to the vanquished majority, as well as to hear what kind of a preacher Mr. Knowles was, after all.

But many of them took the opposite course. They at once said they would not go to church to hear Mr. Knowles preach, and that they considered it high impertinence on somebody's part that he should be asked there, even once, to occupy Fort Massey's pulpit. They were as good as their word and quite a number of members were absent last Sunday morning from Fort Massey's church. Such conduct does look like carrying a notion or prejudice too far, and would seem to indicate a line of preaching which Rev. Mr. Gardier could profitably follow for the next few Sundays. Perhaps he will take the hint when he reads this, which is written in the best interests of the congregation. Mr. Gardier will, there is little doubt, make himself heard in this little matter.

Speaking of Rev. Mr. Knowles recalls an episode of last Sunday. Rev. Allan Simpson, while in St. John, it seems had arranged that Mr. Knowles should preach in Park street church in the evening. But some of the Halifax ministers who had not gone to the assembly decided that he should preach in St. Matthew's church, and that Rev. Thomas Fowler should preach in Park street. Saturday night's papers announced the latter arrangement, but in accordance with Mr. Simpson's arrangement it was given out in Park street church that the preacher there in the evening would be Mr. Knowles. There was some wire-pulling in the meantime. The two announcements each had the effect of bringing out large congregations. Whether or not the audience at St. Matthew's was satisfied with what was heard there may be a question, but when the people at Park street saw Rev. Mr. Fuller in the pulpit, though they would not have minded on ordinary occasions, they were a rather disappointed company this time. It is said some of them, determined even then to hear Mr. Knowles, left the Park street and hastened down to St. Matthew's church. "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley," as Rev. Mr. Fowler would quote.

A NEWSPAPER MAN'S STORY.

Ten Miles of Exercise Rather Than Swell the Expense Account.

HALIFAX, June 21.—A young man employed as reporter on one of the Halifax morning dailies tells a touching story of how himself and a fellow newspaper man trudged in ten miles from Bedford rifle range to this city after the intermarriage match last week. They each brought their respective offices the scores of the three teams. It was not remarkable that they should bring in their "copy," but it was somewhat unusual for them to walk such a distance at dead of night. The young man's traveling companion was the editor-in-chief of his paper, who combined an afternoon of recreation with the light task of copying the score cards. He paid for his outing by the toilsome walk home of ten miles. An idea of the economical way a newspaper can be run in Halifax is gained from the statement of the fact that the business of the senior journalist's paper refused to allow him to hire a team and drive into town at a cost of 75 cents. He had had to let the evening train pass, because at that time the scores were not complete. If he

waited for the late C.P.R. train his office would not be reached till 2.30 in the morning, too late to get the type set up. Permission to engage a 75 cent carriage refused, and the senior editor very desirous that his paper should not be scooped, and determined not to pay for a team from his own resources, he decided to walk home with his "copy." He was the more ready to make the journey on foot because the young man who tells the story, and was bustling for a good report, had announced his intention also to walk in, and for a like reason, that his office expressed a disinclination to pay expensive transportation charges. The two set out at 9.30 p. m., and they were in Halifax at midnight, not bad going especially for the older man, but both of them had to spend 25 cents next day for liniment to loosen out stiffened joints.

By such economy as this a "great metropolitan journal" expects to gain a fortune, but probably a quicker way to make money would be the publication of all the incidents and strong language that were seen and heard during that mid-night tramp of these Halifax journalists from Bedford range to the offices of the two Halifax morning newspapers.

HE WAS NOT RECEIVED.

One Application for Presbyterian Membership Not Favorably Entertained.

One of the deliverances of the presbyterian General Assembly, which has just concluded its session here, has more to do with the lights and shades of life than it appears. This was its refusal to grant the application of the presbytery of Pictou, N. S., to receive the Rev. W. P. Anderson into the church.

Rev. Mr. Anderson is claimed by the baptist denomination and by this province. Whether either would display as great anxiety to press its claims as did the cities of old when Homer had made his fame is somewhat of a question.

Some years ago he labored in a small baptist pastorate somewhere in the province. It was in the days of strife between partisans of Scott Act and anti-Scott Act in Fredericton. The friends of the latter party heard of the reverend gentleman's fame as an orator and they asked him to come over and help them. Rev. Mr. Anderson heard their call favorably and went over, and all his powers he devoted to the cause of anti-Scott Act. Then when his efforts had been properly rewarded he went his way again.

Then the time came around for the baptist association, of which he was a member, to meet. He heard that he would be called to account for his actions, so he was on hand early and when the session opened, by delicate manipulation had himself elected to the chair. But the rest of the delegates arrived and he was dismissed from that office. Condign proceedings were about commencing against him when he repented on short notice of his misdeeds was let off and restored to the chief executive office.

Afterwards he drifted over to Nova Scotia and as it appears a desire arose to join the presbyterians. He made application but, as the result showed, without success. Perhaps his works did follow him.

Alderman O'Donnell's Warning.

HALIFAX, June 21.—Alderman O'Donnell is a prominent feature of the circle of city fathers which assemble at intervals in the council chamber. He has decided opinions on some subjects, which not one of the eighteen aldermen can shake. Then, too, he has an original way of expressing himself which is sometimes quite refreshing. Here is the way Alderman O'Donnell the other day sized up the condition of Stipendiary Matton's police court, a condition which, by the bye, neither Premier Fielding, the city council, nor the bar society has yet had the courage to remedy.

Alderman O'Donnell—"Look here, Inspector Banks, I'd advise you not to have Donneghy arrested again for illegal liquor selling."

Inspector Banks—"Why, how's that?" Alderman O'Donnell—"Well, just for one reason. If you bring Donneghy before Stipendiary Matton, the magistrate will be likely to convict you, Mr. Banks, and sentence you to a term in Rockhead, imposing on Mr. Donneghy the duty of conveying you to the city prison."

After all, the alderman is not far wrong in his estimate of what might happen. Things just as strange have occurred in Stipendiary Matton's court during the past few months.

Races For Dominion Day.

The races at Moosepath on July 2 promise to fill well. There are three trotting and one running. The entries close the 27th inst. and it is expected that there will be some fast horses entered, especially in the free for all. Little Rocket and Josie Mack will both go again, it is said, and this will be one of the races of the day. Josie Mack has trotted close to 2.35 since the last race and little Rocket has also improved.

THEY HAD THEIR TALK.

TAX REDUCTIONISTS CAINE AND FRIEL DO QUERY.

Not Satisfied With the Work That is Being Done—Mayor Robertson Makes a Frank Speech and Explains How the Committee is Working—Aldermen Also Speak.

A spirit of uneasiness that existed among some of the members of the tax reduction association showed itself in the call for a meeting on Thursday evening. The few who were present were rather a surprise to those who had been doing a good deal of talk but the frank and pleasant speeches from the Mayor and aldermen present were none the shorter or less interesting for that fact.

Both Mr. Caine and Mr. Friel were present. These gentlemen have been especially anxious that the advent of the reform council should have been marked at once by the departure of a lot of officials, who in their opinion do little or nothing. They are not alone in that opinion, it is true, but those who share their views are not so ardent in expressing them. With Mr. Emmerson in the chair, Mayor Robertson began an informal explanation of the progress the investigating committee had made. He spoke of how they began to go about the work, how, in order to counteract the impression that they were aiming especially one department—that of safety—they undertook the investigation of another department—that of public works. Without going into particulars, he showed that something had been done, much information gained, and in this connection he paid a hearty compliment to the late Mr. Gilbert Murdock, whose systematic handling of his part of the work was a monument to him.

Then the mayor talked about the market, of some things that had been remedied and some improvements he hoped would be brought about in due time, but he deprecated haste and showed how the wave of reform that had swept over Toronto resulted at first in the discharge of many officials, all of whom were, a few weeks later, taken back at the same salaries. St. John did not want to make such a mistake as that. The investigation must be thorough, and when the report was ready he would assure them that those officials the city could do without would be done without. Sentiment would not stand in the way of reform. No pleading for employes would be listened to. The council would do its duty by the people and stand or fall by its action.

Referring to some of the things that had been done he spoke of the fact that the city had a large loan from the bank of B. N. A. at five per cent. against which the bank held city bonds. At this time this loan was had from the bank of New Brunswick at 4 1/2 per cent. which represented a considerable saving in interest on such an amount. He also noted the fact that the position vacant by the death of Mr. Murdoch had not been filled but that one man was now attending to the work of the water and sewerage engineer's department and that there was no assistant. It was further stated during the evening that the committee had about arrived at the conclusion that one man was sufficient for this work before a change was so suddenly brought about.

Mr. Friel did not hesitate to question his worship when he sat down, and there was some amusement over the directness of his queries. He did not agree with the policy of keeping the works of the departments within the expenditure, if that was going to make less employment for the laboring man. "Cut off the officials," was his cry, "begin there and in that way save expense." He talked considerably about the blown meat in the market and made the sweeping assertion that there was little meat there that was not "blown." He appealed to Dr. Daniel, if such a practice was not dangerous to the health of the people, for his contention was that if the man who blew the meat was not in perfect health he affected it to the injury of those who consumed it.

Altogether the impression of what was said was good, though considerable doubt seemed to exist in the minds of Messrs. Caine and Friel, even after the full explanation given.

A GREAT JOURNAL'S EARLY DAYS.

The Evolution of the Lancaster Argus, the Organ of the Insane Asylum.

The Lancaster Argus in its June number indulges in an account of its early days. The first issue of the Argus, we are told, was printed on Monday, March 2, 1891. The first number had only one page, 6 x 5 inches. The Argus, with none of the diffidence that some papers show in speaking of their circulation, claims that that of the first issue was four copies. The popularity of the paper took its rise from the contents of the first number. PROGRESS is a sixteen page paper, so cheerfully gives to its larger circle of readers the entire contents of that first Argus. These are they: "In order not to weary our readers, we shall not make our first number needlessly long. Poor indeed is he who thinks he never

has enough." A later edition of the same issue was put forth soon after. The titles and motto of the second edition consist of fifty-five words; the rest of the paper is expressed in thirty-nine, and is that familiar story of our school-days "The Latin for 'Cold.'"

No. 2 was issued in June 1891. The Argus was then considerably enlarged, and the circulation was increased threefold.

No. 3 was issued in July. The peculiar thing about the Argus was that although it was called a semi-weekly, it was issued once a month. Here is an excellent chance for the critic of the Chatham World to get in a few remarks.

The July number had an issue of sixteen copies, and the Argus makes the interesting financial statement that two or three of them were sold for a cent each.

No. 4 was enlarged to four pages. It is not every paper that can, on the occasion of the issue of its fourth number, boast such an enormous percentage of increase in circulation over that of the first number as can the Lancaster Argus. And moreover, this was not an edition of free copies. "Some twenty or thirty of them," says the Argus historian, "were sold, chiefly by Capt. McLaughlin and William Walker at the Bay Shore."

The June Argus gives its readers all the contents of the issue of March 27, 1891, which had a circulation of ten copies, but "was not counted as an issue, on account of the indistinctness of the type." "This issue," continues the Argus historian, "was the composite result of the thought of three of us, two of whom have now found employment outside the institution."

HIS POSITION UNDEFINED.

Rev. Finlow Alexander is in Doubt and Courts Suspension.

Those who have attended services at the Fredericton cathedral in late years with any regularity were not so greatly surprised this week when the announcement was made that the sub dean, Rev. Finlow Alexander, had expressed such opinions in favor of the Roman catholic church that he had been suspended by the bishop until he had satisfied himself regarding those things about which he was in doubt.

The "low church" element in the cathedral congregation have viewed with much concern the progress that was being made in the direction of ritualism and nothing but the strongest attachment for the church and dislike to change, has prevented them from seeking another place to worship.

Mr. Alexander's change has not been sudden. For years it is known that he had a very kindly feeling towards the church of Rome and it is even asserted that while he held the view that a child could not be saved unless it was baptised baptism by a priest of the church of Rome would suffice if a minister of the church of England was not at hand.

This view of infant baptism is not to be debated over here but a large number of the members of the English church regard it as narrow and wrong.

But that Mr. Alexander is honest in his doubts, no one will question. He has not been at ease for months and, it is said, wished to be relieved of his charge some time ago. The bishop would not listen to him then, probably because Mr. Alexander assigned as the reason that the congregation might drop off under him. No gentleman in Fredericton has been more highly esteemed than him. A friend to the rich he was an ever welcome visitor to the poor; sympathetic with all and ever ready to extend his assistance. Many a sick room has been brightened daily by his cheerful visits, his kindly words, his skill and counsel.

This is why the church people of Fredericton are stunned, at it were, at the sudden move of a man of whom they thought so highly. Mr. Alexander is at present in this city endeavoring to satisfy himself of the correctness or incorrectness of his views.

It Meant One Hundred Dollars.

A gentleman who was engaged to wind up an estate in the city received five per cent. for his trouble. The matter was concluded a few days ago by a kind of winding up purchase of \$2,000. The bank that held the claim and by whom he was engaged has changed managers since and the present occupant of that position refused to allow the commission on the ground that he had made the sale it himself. In spite of the assertion of the buyer that the bank manager had not made the sale, the commission, PROGRESS understands, has not been paid yet and is not likely to be.

Mr. McCully Wants Work.

Rev. Mr. McCully, whose full and frank explanation of his acquaintance with the young lady of Fredericton appeared in the last week issue of PROGRESS, has since resigned the vicarship of the cathedral. He has not left the city and, it is stated, does not propose to leave but wants work. He has ability to be pretty successful at anything and there should be plenty of employment for such men as he.



one else, for PROGRESS is planning for a scoop on this news—PROGRESS is going to give its newsboys a picnic.

Now don't you wish you sold PROGRESS, Mayor Robertson? And don't you, Sir Leonard? It either of you two could possibly be as happy as those newsboys are going to be, couldn't you give considerable—hey?

But you're not going to be in it, Sir Leonard Tilley, and you're not going to be in it either, Mayor Robertson. You don't sell PROGRESS.

"In it" is not slang in this case. "It" is a definite pronoun. "It" stands for the steamer Aberdeen—the new stern wheeler Aberdeen.

That's what we're going on. Last week we actually didn't know where we were going. But we do now. We're going to the Cedars.

When? Why, don't you know? On Dominion day, of course!

You're surely not going on Sunday? "Sunday"—What the Helerfax d'yer take us fer? Think we're a Sunday paper, do yer? Well, you go 'n' lie down some-



wheres. We're the warmest supporters Mister Charlton hez, we are! What the Hel—"

There, there, my boy, says the editor who gets out the Sunday reading, and swears only when the printers put a yarn about Cromwell in the middle of it—let me explain. By a decree of the ancient lawgivers, in such cases made and provided, whenever Dominion day comes on Sunday, it doesn't come until Monday. Selah.

This year Dominion Day comes on Monday, July 2nd. And the reason that Barnes & Co., have that date printed in red on their calendar, is because it will be a red-letter day for the most prosperous newsboys of St. John.

It will be a considerably livelier crowd on the steamer Aberdeen come next Monday week than was on that boat last Saturday a week ago. Last Saturday's picnic, with everybody dressed in black and talking religion and sederunts, had something of a funeral air. But this picnic PROGRESS is a-going to have will be none of those ministers funeral, it won't. Why, those fellows don't know what to do at a picnic.