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ONE GAME WON BY ROSES

FROM THE UNBEATEN TARTARS OF FREDERICTON.

Intense Excitement on a Ball Field—Spectators and Players Get Rattled and the Umpire Leaves the Field—The Tartars Won the Last Game and some St. John Money.

One and one. That is the record of the Roses and Tartars this week.

The ball tossers of Fredericton came to St. John expecting and prepared to win but they were only half right in their calculations.

The truism that base ball is the most uncertain game in the world was proved beyond a doubt during these splendid contests. Both of them were spectators' games and the large crowds present enjoyed themselves as they seldom have on St. John grounds.

The Roses meant to win and to assist them to do so they secured Holland the brilliant little pitcher who did such work for the Alerts against the Portlands, to twirl the ball the first game. Then the Portland backstop took the place of the reliable McLeod, who for so long did faithful work for the Roses. He went west on Tuesday almost at an hour's notice and the Roses had to do the best they could. Therefore some additions and changes became necessary.

The Tartars came with their friends and their new and famous back stop McLean, an athletic looking fellow more than six feet tall and a great catcher. Their tried pitchers, Howe and Tibbits, were in both games.

Considering the intense rivalry and interest in the games there was but little dispute. Danny Connolly was the umpire and he gave his decisions impartially. He may have made one or two mistakes and those who bet on the Tartars the first day no doubt felt sore at his judgment of a foul hit along the line of third base, but it is pretty hard for an umpire to watch bases, foul balls and everything at the same moment. He was honest in his decision and if he was wrong it was not from any intention to be wrong. He was right in the second game when the Roses made the strong kick against him, sending Curren back for getting hit purposely by the ball and the Roses should have given him credit for the honest way he has umpired and accepted his decision without a murmur. But there was a lot of betting, excitement was intense; the Roses were getting the Tartars rattled, the noise was indescribable and it is little wonder that the umpire lost his temper and refused to officiate longer. Hundreds of people swarmed upon the field, the grand stand occupants became excited, the players left their positions and the situation was critical for a few moments. However cooler counsel prevailed. Connolly returned and the game went on to the end when the Tartars won 8 to 6.

In the first inning of the first game the Fredericton boys scored five runs and the impression that the Roses were not in it deepened. There were plenty of Roses backers present and their fingers clutched heavy rolls of bills but they were cautious and refused to go against such odds as that. When six innings had been played the Tartars were eight and the Roses three and then in the lucky seventh the home team placed four more runs to their credit. The crowd went crazy with pleasure and excitement, the Roses themselves played the game of their lives and retired the Tartars in the eighth with a blank. Then amid a perfect pandemonium the Roses went in for their half of the eighth. Two runs was the result and these the Tartars claimed were got on a foul hit on the line of third base. The press men in the stand and the fair spectators said it was a foul, though a close one, but the umpire did not see it that way although after the game he expressed his doubt as to the correctness of his decision. This gave the Roses one of a lead and the Tartars went in determined to even up at any rate. They did so and again the crowd yelled and shouted themselves hoarse. With an even score the Roses went in for the last half of the ninth and they scored. The Tartars were beaten and there were sore throats and joyful hearts among the home people.

The betting began right away for the game next day. Even money was the rule. There were many small amounts wagered and in the aggregate they may have amounted to seven or eight hundred dollars. The assertions made afterwards by the

THE ROSES BASE BALL TEAM.



A Group Taken Last Year But Including Most of the Players on the Present Team.

Tartars that they had won \$1,700, beside the game was all nonsense.

Thousands—some say 2,500—flocked to the second game depending on seeing the home team vanquish the visitors. In spite of that opinion many of the city men looking at the game the day before made up their minds that the Tartars would win and placed their money accordingly. They were right. The Tartars did win but by a small margin.

The game was even more spectacular than that of the preceding day. The crowd was larger and all of the adherents of the Roses who could attend were there with

eight. Another paper said twelve of Friars and six of Tibbits. It seems that scorers are not any more infallible than umpires.

Tibbits had four strike outs. Friars had none, according to one score. Tibbits gave four men their bases on balls while Friars only gave one. Tibbits fielded his position sharply, so did Friars. Both are good batters, cool at all times even when the crowd is shouting madly and trying to rush into the infield.

Finnemore was said by Mike Sullivan when he was here to be a star short stop. He made some bad errors in his games

evening, to blame the umpire and lay all the faults of the players to his decisions but there were enough square people about to stop all such nonsense. The teams will meet again and the best players will win. So far this week they are even.

A young man who has started betting recently offered McFarlane, one of the Tartars, \$25 if he would throw the game. It would have meant much to him and his friends had McFarlane been of the stamp that accept such offers but he was not. It was a wonder that the sport escaped with his skin. Such incidents



MRS. BLIZZARD OF WICKHAM, QUEENS COUNTY. Who Celebrated Her 107th Birthday Last Wednesday. An Interesting Family Group.

their lungs expanded. But the visitors were wise. They put in their good work in the first innings. The Roses seemed dull, unlike themselves, without life, energy, snap and the seven runs made in the first two innings lost them the game. Some say Curren lost the game by his bad work at short and his batting attempts. Certainly he was much off, missing two or three balls at short and batting like an amateur. It is absurd for any batter to stand with his back to the plate in order to live up to that ridiculous rule "play the limit" because if a pitcher can pitch at all he can send a straight ball across the rubber and retire the striker. Curren found that out on Thursday and he did not make any friends by his trick. They did not hesitate to say when leaving the grounds that the Roses should have a new short stop who could bat too.

There was a rumor that the Roses would have a new pitcher. Friars has played against the Tartars so often that they are "on to his curves" and one of the papers said the visitors had thirteen base hits off of him, while the Roses hit Tibbits for

this week. If in the eighth he had not muffed Tibbit's short throw to second there would have been no four runs because there was a splendid chance for a double play. But the error was made and the runs came in and the hearts of the Tartar backers sank as they saw Tibbits throwing wildly also just after such a sad break.

Give all credit to O'Neill, Friars and Shannon of the Roses. All of them play ball from start to finish. Mills did well at first on Thursday but he was one of the outfield on Wednesday. Shannon has made some great catches this year. His own hand work is remarkable and he has made catches that seemed impossible and would have cost dearly had they not been made.

There is no better player than O'Neill in the provinces. He is a fairly safe batter, runs bases like a deer, takes chances and keeps his head. Some say he is struck on the grand stand but that is the privilege of a good player.

A few of the admirers of both teams attempted to play the games over in the

as this are what degrades honest sport. Few will object to a man backing his opinion with money but to get up a lot of money and then try and buy a sure thing is something unworthy of sport. It savors too much of the tactics of Robinson and Pickering and it recalls the painful impression that there was a job put up to make money when the Roses went to Halifax.

There were four of the old Shamrock team in the grand stand the first game, John Mitchell who has been 19 years in Boston, Mr. Holland, also of Boston, Pat Keane and Jack Walsh. When they saw the muffs the Roses outfield made that day they thought they would go on the diamond again to show them how to play.

The Alerts were interested spectators of both games. Perhaps their sympathies were divided. At any rate they were free in their expressions of opinion, Kennedy especially so. For a new man he has plenty of "assurance" as the countess in Darkest Russia knew the word.

The engraving PROGRESS prints of the Roses this week was a group photograph of the team last year. They have had none

HOW HE FOOLED PEOPLE.

A CHICAGO AGENT WHO WAS SELLING ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

About St. John and the Province Got Contracts Signed Calling For Forty Four Dollars Instead of Four—Merchants and Others Caught by His Persuasions.

A number of gentlemen in this city were badly fooled by a canvasser who was here some time ago. He represented that he was taking views of St. John and New Brunswick and proposed to publish them in so many parts which were to cost \$1.85 each. He was a plausible chap and he got a good many orders. Merchants, hotel proprietors and generally the shrewdest people in the city did not hesitate to subscribe for the work.

The strange part of it is however that few of them read the finely printed contract. They took the words of the agent to represent his contract and they signed without hesitation. They thought they were subscribing for two books illustrating St. John at \$1.85 each and had no idea that they were in for two sets of the work the cost of which was \$44.

It seems that the contract read that the illustrations might be published in eight parts or not more than twelve and that each would cost \$1.85. The twelve parts were delivered and those who signed for two books, as they thought, at a cost of \$3.70 found themselves with an account of \$44.40.

Some of them paid the bill and at the same time vowed that they would look over their next contract with a microscope but there were others who bluntly said they would dispute the matter in the courts. The man who got the orders did not put in an appearance to collect and the collector found that nearly all of his customers were kickers.

One of them is closely connected with the affairs of the city. He said "I did not want the books as I have lots of them" with more and better illustrations in them but to encourage the publication, because I think that all such do the city good, I subscribed for two parts. I did not think for an instant that I was signing for twenty-four books to cost me over \$40. My good nature is not so expansive as that. The representations the agent made to me were all that I went by. He spoke like an honest fellow but I have learned that he worked everybody the same as he did me. I have found out that he had no license and of course that raises a question as to the legality of his contracts. He may be sure that the next time he comes the officers will be after him with a sharp stick."

A Former Resident's Visit.

Mr. John Mitchell, who was in the bakery business here at the time of the fire and suffered with many other people, was in the city this week with his youngest son who is a young man now and came this year with his father to see the place he left when he was three months old—nineteen years ago.

Mr. Mitchell went to Boston at that time and pursued his calling with such success that in three years he had made enough money to have some to spare. His friends do not hesitate to tell how he came back to St. John then and paid every dollar he owed and they have a humorous incident in connection with his interview with the late W. W. Turnbull when he called on him to square up something that had been marked off the books.

Mr. Mitchell has been here three times in nineteen years. He used to play in the old Shamrocks and to-day in his business in Boston his assistants are all St. John men with the exception of one Nova Scotian.

He Went to The Ball Game.

Hazen Brown the driver of the North End Salvage wagon doesn't care much for discipline. He went to the base ball game Thursday without saying "by your leave" to his captain. The latter called during his absence and found no one in charge. He was mad all through and there is much probability that Hazen will be in trouble again. If he is the safety board is not likely to save him again.

This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 inclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition—all of them must be sent to the same address.

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)