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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

DENNIS AND HIS WOES.

THE LAW IS SO CURIOUS THAT HE CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT.

His Crimes and How They are Punished—Hard Lines When He Gets Drunk, and Worse When He Hits a Man, Unless He Kills Him, Which Alters the Case.

Dennis O'Donnigan is a bad citizen. With a full realization of the prospect that Dennis is bringing a libel suit in order that this fact may be more clearly established under oath, PROGRESS makes the assertion.

Dennis drinks, which is bad, and he drinks North End whiskey, which is worse. As an infallible result, he gets drunk. Being unwary in his perambulations, he gets arrested, and when tried he is fined.

If he happens to get drunk on Sunday, he is fined as much as \$8, a sum which neither he nor his friends happen to have on hand, and as a result he is sent to jail for 40 days.

Hard lines, Dennis! Hard lines! You are shut out from the sunshine for 40 days, because you tried to put a little sunshine into that wretched life of yours, and took the wrong kind of whiskey to do it. But this is the law.

Dennis gets out of jail, sober and sorry. He is misanthropic, though he doesn't know that is the word. In the commencing of his own heart he says he will "bust somebody's snout."

He does not succeed to the extent of his ambition but he makes a very creditable attempt, and is arrested again. This time he is charged with common assault, and being convicted is sent to jail for two months.

Hard lines again, Dennis. You miss all the sunshine, all the whiskey, and when you get out again your work is spoiled for the season. It seems hard, Dennis, my boy, but this, too, is the law.

Dennis wonders what will happen to him the next time he gets before the court. It will be six months, sure, he thinks, for every offence he commits seems to have a heavier punishment than the one which preceded it. Dennis is puzzled, the law is such a curious thing in his eyes.

Dennis becomes gloomy and an outcast. He finds a place where they sell whiskey which goes right to the spot, because sulphate of zinc and other ingredients make it bite the whole length of his absorptive system. Then he becomes wild, calls at a neighbor's house, Sunday night, has some words—

The next thing he knows he is on his way to prison again. He understands that he has killed a man and that the same hard law which has persecuted him in the past says this is murder. He did not mean to murder anyone, but he has taken human life, and he sees the gallows ahead of him. The coroner's jury says it is murder. The police magistrate says it is murder. The grand jury says it is murder, and then another jury is called on to decide whether the previous juries and the magistrate were right or wrong about it.

Dennis is in a very bad case, until he finds a lawyer who tells him that it is not murder, but manslaughter, and that he will not be hanged but imprisoned. "Forever?" he asks.

Perhaps for life, but probably not. Some men in such cases have been shut up for twenty-eight years, some for fourteen, seven, five, and even as low as two years. He will be very lucky if he gets off with five years, he is told, because plenty of men go to prison for that term when they have really injured nobody, but simply broken some very stringent laws. Dennis is very sad, and no wonder. It will be a long time before he takes any more North End whiskey.

The jury take pity on Dennis. They don't believe he intended to murder his friend, who was not a very valuable citizen, anyway. They decide to convict him of manslaughter. One of them opens the statutes of Canada at chapter 162 and reads: "Everyone who is convicted of manslaughter is liable to imprisonment for life."

Hold on for a moment. Another reads from chapter 181: "Everyone who is liable to imprisonment for life * * * may be sentenced to imprisonment for any shorter term."

"That hits it," they all cry. "The judge will probably give him ten years on a plain verdict, but if we recommend him to mercy he will get off with five or seven years, which is about right for him."

So they bring in their verdict. The judge had decided, perhaps, on a lenient sentence, and when he hears the recommendation to mercy he is filled with compassion for Dennis. Dennis doesn't know this and his heart is heavy with direful anticipation.

He thinks of sentences he has heard about. There was the boy who was hanged for stealing, the old man who got 28 years for passing a forged cheque, the man who got 25 years for stealing a coat—all in this country, to say nothing of the English laborer who got five years for striking

a "gentleman's" dog. He wonders how he will stand the next five or ten years of his life.

Listen, Dennis, to the sentence. Be brave, my boy, and prepare for the worst. The sentence of the court is that you be imprisoned in the common jail—for one month.

And this, too, is the law.

It's a lucky thing for you, Dennis, that you killed your man. If you had only hit

their efficiency, and in the case of the West Side, he did not make exceptions by choosing outsiders on the ground that all denominations should be represented at a fire.

There are, however, several creeds represented among those who did not get positions, and they and their friends appear desirous of maintaining a strict neutrality with the new department. Last Tuesday night, Superintendent Glasgow was startled

reported that one of them had said he never would read it. Whether it was read last Sunday by direct command of the Metropolitan is not known, but it is stated that one of the reverend gentlemen omitted certain portions of it, and then preached a sermon against it. In this he stated that it was not the creed of Athanasius, that it was wrongly translated, confusing, and, if retained in the prayer-book, should be in the back part merely for reference.

them so in August would require that the owners wear nothing under them, and as some might complain of such a primitive attire, the chief has asked that new, short, loose summer sack coats, with light helmets and batons, be furnished by the council. By the time he gets all he has down on his memorandum book, St. John will have a dandy force. The chief does not think that policemen with \$1.45 a day should be com-

WE ARE READY FOR HIM.

SAMUEL SCHOFIELD AND HIS SUIT WITH "PROGRESS."

Nothing could be more fortunate than to have such a Plaintiff in a Libel Suit. Likely to be a Rare Raking up of Some Commercial History in St. John.

The general countenance of Deputy Sheriff Rankin beamed on the publisher of PROGRESS Wednesday afternoon. He came with the compliments of one Samuel Schofield in the shape of an action at law. To the best of his knowledge, the publisher of PROGRESS does not owe Mr. Schofield a copper, so it may be fair to assume that Mr. Schofield does not appreciate some of the interesting matter printed in PROGRESS.

Without being in the least ashamed to own it, this is a matter of very sincere congratulation to PROGRESS. This is its first libel suit, and if the paper had searched from Halifax to Edmundston it could have found no plaintiff so acceptable in every way as Samuel Schofield. It is a pity that space will not permit the reprinting of the alleged libel, which was, by the way, one of the most interesting stories printed in PROGRESS for a long time. But for the information of those who have not preserved the paper, or perchance may have missed it in the hurry of the day, it may be said that it will not be a difficult matter for them to procure the number. The scope of a libel suit is exceedingly wide, and much valuable information of men and things is frequently brought to light through such means. For example nothing could be more interesting to the commercial world and more especially that in and about St. John than an inquiry into some commercial history. History is always entertaining, but it is much more so when those who read it recognize the characters who figure in it. Through the kindness of Mr. Samuel Schofield PROGRESS proposes to be able to print this history. Its readers can rest assured that there will not be a dull paragraph in the entire series of articles.

PROGRESS courts the very fullest inquiry in this matter, and will take care that the plaintiff shall have all, aye and even more, publicity than he desires.

The Jury Had Their Walk.

The constable in charge of the jury during the recent murder trial had very strict orders as to what was meant by keeping them in his custody. After the adjournment of the court on Tuesday they wanted to take a walk, while he preferred them to stay indoors. A note was sent to the judge, who replied that they could certainly take a walk under proper restrictions. When this was shown the constable he asserted that the reply was a forgery, and intimated that he had some doubt as to the right of the judge to give such permission. The jury settled the question for themselves, by boldly walking out, leaving their guardian to follow. They gave him and themselves a pretty good tramp; and when the constable complained to the judge, the next day, that it hurt his legs to walk, he received the poor consolation of being told that if such were the case, the court would have to find a constable whose legs were good. The jury scored one that time.

For the St. Croix Again.

The reception of the working team of the Encampment of St. John at St. Stephen was so cordial that some of the party have decided to go to the border again with additions to their number. In response to an invitation from the St. Stephen chapter, a working staff from New Brunswick, Carleton and Union chapters will visit the St. Croix on Monday for the purpose of exemplifying the work of the M. E. and R. A. degrees. If the St. John companions carry out their part of the programme half as well as those at St. Stephen are sure to do, the event will be an important one in the history of caputular masonry in this province.

A meeting of those who intend to go will be held at the Masonic Temple at 7.30 sharp this evening, when the final details will be arranged. It is important that all who have any part in the work be on hand at the hour named.

Mr. Nixon was the First.

John Nixon, of Brussels street, was the first to send PROGRESS a solution of the puzzle given last week. The answer is, Balaam's ass, for which see Number xxii, 28.

Open for the Summer.

Mrs. Sweeney has opened the Bay Shore house again for the summer and has good reason to expect patronage even more generous than usual for the summer months.

It Is Too Bad.

Letters from Annapolis, Yarmouth, Truro, Bathurst and Chatham, which came Thursday afternoon, are unavoidably crowded out. Send so as to reach here not later than Thursday morning.

Why suffer with Ingrown Nails, when you can get a permanent cure, without pain, at Prof. Seymour's, 21 Sydney St., opp. Old Burying Ground? References if required.



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

him with your fist the magistrate would have given you 40 days for being drunk on Sunday, and two months more for common assault.

The law is a queer thing. Isn't it, Dennis?

THEY ARE STRICTLY NEUTRAL.

West Side Men Who Will Not Interfere With a Fire in Their Neighborhood.

Chief Kerr has organized the West Side paid fire department, and in doing so has chosen his men from among those who have borne the burden and heat of the night as volunteers in the past. He could not give all of them positions, and some of those who have been left out are reported not to feel very happy about it. It is also said that several men who had not been firemen had an ambition to serve the city under the new regime, and were confident of success, because they had "a pull" with certain aldermen. It is further said that certain aldermen were of the belief that they had "a pull" with the chief; but the result of affairs show that both the aspirants and the aldermen were mistaken.

It is understood that the chief qualification of some of the aspirants was their religious faith. It happened, however, that there were none of that particular faith in the old volunteer company, and hence there are none in the new department. The chief, in selecting men in the East Side, has not made their religion a test of

to see the roof of Adams & Gregory's mill on fire, and called the attention of several bystanders to it. They did not appear interested, and some of them laughed as though it was a very good joke. Mr. Glasgow finding that the idea was to let the new department discover and extinguish fires, started to alarm others, and met with the same kind of a reception. Then he realized that something had to be done pretty quick, and started up town to ring the bell. By that time the mill watchmen had discovered the flame, and, obtaining assistance, extinguished it before it had made much headway.

So far as the other spectators appear to have troubled themselves, the mill might have burned to the ground. If this feeling is to continue, it is probable that there will be an advance in insurance rates on the West Side.

THE CREED WAS READ.

But One of the Clergymen Preached a Sermon in Opposition to It.

The congregations of two of the Episcopal churches were somewhat surprised last (Trinity) Sunday morning when their respective clergymen read the creed of St. Athanasius, appointed by the rubric for that day. The rubric also says that it "shall be" sung or said on such occasions as Easter, Ascension day and Whitsunday, etc.; but the clergymen in question omitted it from service on those days, and it was

LOOK AFTER THAT SIDEWALK.

A Man Trap Which is Likely to Produce Some Actions Against the City.

There is between the Marsh bridge and the one-mile house an alleged sidewalk which requires prompt attention. It was originally laid down by the city of Portland, and like a good many things done by that corporation, was a bad job from the beginning. Refuse deal were used, and when the upper part rotted they were turned, with the result that the whole fabric were soon in a state of dissolution. At the present time the holes in such of the planks as are left and the gaps in places where the sidewalk has disappeared, make the locality one to be avoided by any prudent pedestrian. Any hour may see an accident with a resultant suit against the city. Either the Department of Works should repair the sidewalk or the Department of Safety should close it to the public.

He Will Have a Dandy Force.

Chief Clark having decided that the police shall wear their coats buttoned, in order to present a more military appearance, found himself confounded with a new problem. The coats are long, thick and heavy, and however valuable in winter, will be found an intolerable burden if worn buttoned in the summer. Indeed, to wear

Long, Selected Chair Cane is Used in all Chair Seating by Duval, 242 Union street.

pelled to supply their own uniforms, and there is at least food for thought in his remark.

The Chief Means Business.

An elderly gentleman of rather uncouth appearance was before Magistrate Ritchie Monday morning for drunkenness. He was evidently determined to make the best of his case, so he began by telling his honor, that although he had been in St. John for 25 years, he had never been in the toils of the law before.

"Was that because you never got drunk, or because the police looked after you pretty sharp?" asked the magistrate.

He couldn't say that he never "took anything," yet he was never arrested before.

"Well, then," said his honor, "you'll have to look pretty sharp for the next 25 years, for it seems that the police are going to be more active—the fine is \$8."

Stanley and His Story.

The lecture by Rev. H. W. Little, in Berryman's hall, next Thursday evening, will be sure to interest all who hear it. The subject, Henry M. Stanley and his explorations, is one on which Mr. Little is specially well qualified to speak, he being the author of several works relating to Africa, of which country he has a valuable personal knowledge. He should have a large audience.

Umbrellas Repaired; Duval, 242 Union street.