

## A GREAT SELF-FEEDER.

HOW THE JAIL SUPPLIES THE MATERIAL FOR ITSELF.

The Surgeon and How He Makes His Rounds—An Instance of Death in the Prison—Spiritual Exhortation and Its Usual Effect.

In referring to the jail rations, last week, an unintentional misrepresentation was made by the omission of a word or two. What was written was that the morning ration was half of a two-pound loaf, that is, a loaf of the ordinary size. The types made it read "half-a-pound loaf," a size which is not made.

The allowance is small enough, at the best. Many of the prisoners are abed-bodied men with good appetites. There are, however, some who never eat the full allowance, simply because their systems are in such a state that the less they take of any kind of food that is given to them, the better they feel. Many a man is sent to jail when the hospital is the proper place for him. Perhaps he does not know how ill he is, and there is nobody in the prison to tell him.

There is, it is true, a jail surgeon, or physician, or whatever his title may be. Dr. James Christie is the man, and everybody knows that he stands well in the medical profession. He is paid a salary for his services at the jail, and as it is not a large one, he doubtless feels that he gives good value for it. Whether he has any particular day, week or month, for calling at the prison is not known. He comes occasionally and word is passed around to know if anybody is ill. He does not see the prisoners, nor do they see him unless they make the request. He stays in the office, and unless somebody is in a very bad state, the prisoners do not trouble him. If he were to make an inspection of each cell he might find an opportunity to enlarge his practice, as well as to suggest better sanitary conditions.

The turnkeys say that there is very little sickness in the jail, and they ascribe it to the fact that they use a good deal of copperas as a disinfectant. In the same way they boast of the fact that there is not as much vermin as there might be if the blankets were not boiled in salted water. As there is plenty of vermin, so there is plenty of illness, if as good a physician as Dr. Christie were to try to find it.

It is true there are not many deaths in the jail, and if the story told of the case of a man who died there last year can be quoted as a sample, it is well there are not. This man was a foreigner, a steward of a vessel, who was doing a six-months' sentence. He was afflicted with dropsy, and during the latter part of his term his ailment gave him much trouble. The jail physician prescribed for him, and seems to have thought this was all that was necessary. Three weeks passed, and during all that time the dying man was fed on the miserable jail diet, and had no further medical attendance. One evening a fellow-prisoner told a turnkey that the man was so much worse that the doctor should be sent for at once. He was summoned in haste, but when he got there it was too late. The poor sailor was past all human aid. At the inquest, it is stated, that the doctor pleaded that he had not known the man was in such a bad state.

Now, while it is probable that this man might have died of his disease, sooner or later, even in a hospital, it would have been very much more to the credit of humanity if he had been properly fed and looked after in his last hours.

The keeper of the jail, too, might have seen that the body was properly prepared for burial. Though the sailor had a bag of clean clothes in his cell, he was confined in the clothes he wore at the time of his death. The body was not washed, nor was the face shaven, though there were several razors on the same floor, and prisoners who would have been willing to perform the task.

The sailor's clean clothes, or a portion of the whole of them, were appropriated by the other prisoners, who took away the best of them when they left. A pair of old trousers, not worth taking, were in use as spare garments around the jail until very recently, and are probably there yet, if nobody has stolen them.

Such is the substance of a story of death in the jail, current among the discharged prisoners, and there is every reason to believe that it is true.

When a prisoner's term expires, he is discharged as soon as the cell doors are opened in the morning. He is not allowed even the scanty breakfast of bread and hot molasses-and-water. He may not have a cent in his pocket, and usually he has not. He may not have a home or a friend who is willing to aid him; and he may be thus sent out, hungry and destitute, on a Sunday morning, a time at which he can do little or nothing to aid himself.

There is another piece of injustice, for which, however, the police court is responsible. When the magistrate passes sentence he fines a man a certain amount, and there is no mention of any costs. If the

fine is paid at once, no costs are charged, or rather, in the fiction of the court, they are supposed to be charged and remitted. In the commitment, however, an extra dollar is charged for costs, and this must be paid before a man can get out of jail. It means \$5 for a \$1 fine and \$9 for an \$8 fine.

So far as PROGRESS can understand, there is a good deal of doubt whether a man can be compelled to submit to this extortion, for it is nothing less. Nobody knows just what it is for, but the court officials have a hazy idea that it is supposed to cover the "costs of arrest, etc.," as it is the fines themselves were not large enough. They urge that it is an old practice, and that it used to be \$1.40. Mr. Henderson, the clerk, could not understand what the odd cents were for, so he made it an even dollar, though he does not know exactly what that is for either.

PROGRESS is not informed as to where these extra dollars appear in the returns.

There is one thing of which the prisoners get an abundance, and that is spiritual admonition. Canon Brigstocke holds service in the upper hall once a week, and the prisoners are at liberty to attend or not. Delegations from the salvation army also make weekly visitations, distribute their papers and exhort through the wickets when anybody is willing to listen to them. Members of the Y. M. C. A. come on Sunday, and are either given or assume even more liberties than the other bodies. Sometimes they walk into a cell, and regardless of whether they are wanted or not, have occupants of the other cells sent in and organize a prayer meeting.

One of the saddest things, to some, is the weekly visit of the flower mission in connection with the W. C. T. U. These ladies are animated by the best of motives, and try to brighten up the prisoners by kind words and neatly arranged bouquets. Far be it from PROGRESS to discourage these workers, but it must be confessed that it is seldom their gifts are appreciated. Flowers are most acceptable in a hospital, but amid the dirt and misery of jail life they seem sadly out of place. They are accepted, of course, put in an old bottle or something of the kind, but that is the end of it. However, they do no harm.

"God made these flowers," says a lady as she passes them through the wicket. Yes, thinks the prisoner, but what have they to do with such surroundings as man has made here?

In the same way a Salvation army man looks through a wicket while a prisoner who has been unable to sleep at night is vainly trying to get an afternoon nap.

"Are you tired, my friend?" he asks.

"No, I'm hungry," is the frank reply.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," is the pious but far from satisfying answer.

Of what use is it to talk of spiritual cleanliness to men who are surrounded by material dirt? Of what avail is it to offer spiritual food to those who are physically hungry. If those who tell that the Saviour ate with Pharisees and sinners were to eat with the sinners in the jail, they would seek more practical methods of trying to reform the outcast.

The jail does not reform men, and what the visitors think is the good seed of exhortation falls on stony ground. The conditions of prison life must be changed before any good is done. Most men come out of the jail worse than when they went in it. They feel either disgraced and discouraged or they are hardened and reckless. For weeks or months they have been idle and in the company of all sorts of characters. They are sent adrift with weakened systems, and naturally enough they take liquor to make them feel better. In the physical state to which the jail diet has reduced them, a very few glasses will take effect, and soon they are in jail again. That is why there are so many old offenders.

The belief that many go to jail because they are housed and fed there is not true. There are a few chronic offenders who are too lazy to work and are glad to be in prison; but it is these very fellows who usually get the privileges of being assistants in the halls and the yard. The majority of men, however, are prisoners because jail fare and usage has killed all hope and energy. They have got into a rut, and no amount of preaching will get them out of it. The jail, as now managed, is a self-feeder, and it consumes the cinders it creates until only worthless ashes remain.

The whole jail question is in need of reformation, but the first step should be to lodge and feed men as human beings, rather than as brutes.

**The Races Exhibition Week.**

The races at Moosepath Park exhibition week will be one of the big features of the show. There will be ten races, and \$2,300 offered in purses. This is the largest purse ever offered by the track and should attract the attention of horseman everywhere, and make the park one of the points of interest to visitors to the exhibition.

## HALIFAX LABOR HAPPY.

THE WORKERS ON THE WHARVES GET \$1.25 A DAY.

Or Twenty Cents an Hour for Day and Night Work, with Double Pay on Sunday—The Ship Laborers Society is 300 Strong, while the Workers Number over 1,000.

HALIFAX, Aug. 11.—The Halifax wharf laborers are a mighty power in the working world. They number upwards of a thousand sturdy men, tanned and hardened by rough work in all weathers; and, from what your correspondent could glean in an hour's ramble on some of the steamship and West Indian wharves, where the largest gangs of navies are employed, they constitute what may be honestly called a contented section of the community. Their wages, in the light of big salaries, would appear small; but to their steady employment at 20 cents an hour, or even \$1.25 a day, the rate received by a large proportion of the ship and sailing vessel laborers, is adequate to support themselves and their families.

The rate of wages paid on the Long, or government, wharf, where the Allan line and Dominion line weekly and fortnightly steamers land their passengers and freight is 20 cents an hour day or night and double rate per hour for Sunday work; but it is only in cases of urgent necessity that work is done on Sunday. There is a strong Sabbath observance law on the Nova Scotia law book which makes Sunday working punishable, and in addition to that there is a strong sentiment among the men themselves against converting the seventh day into a working day. The same wages are paid on Pickford & Black's wharf where seven or eight lines of steamers have their headquarters, on Phelan's wharf where the Boston, Halifax and Prince Edward Island steamers land, or Noble's wharf where the Halifax lands, and on nearly all the other steamer wharves.

The West Indian merchants pay their laborers \$1.25 a day and keep them employed pretty constantly all the year round. The same rate is paid for unloading salt and loading lumber ships.

On coal steamers the men get \$1.50 a day, and can command regular employment at that rate. Work on the wharves during the winter months is just as brisk as in the summer. This is due largely to Halifax being the winter port of the English mails boats, and a favorite calling station for ocean steamers on their way to New York. A large number of these steamers put in here every winter for coal, or to be repaired, and this makes work for the laborer and tends to fill in the little gap, if any, left by the taking off of some of the regular passenger steamers that run here during the summer months.

The laborers have an organization, "The Laborers' Union," but it does not interfere with the men or their employers. It is incorporated under a provincial law and cannot, therefore, recognize strikes or dictate wages to the employers. Its membership at present is only 300. Four years ago it was 800. At its very birth in 1881 the roll of members was larger than at present. Then it did interfere in the work of the men, dictate wages and boycott non-union men, but this gradually died out and the membership with it, so that today it is merely a social society composed of a portion of the wharf laborers of the city, and with little, or no, influence in this important department of the marine commerce of the port.

President John A. Mackay of the union in conversation with a PROGRESS correspondent expressed himself as a firm believer in a labor society conducted on the same plane as the Laborers' union. He does not believe in strikes, or in an organization coercing a non-member to join the society. There is very little discontent among the men. PROGRESS met with none at all, and there seems to be a strong desire to continue in the present line so long as work is plentiful and wages sure.

**He Will Be Remembered.**

An insurance man well known in St. John shook hands with the Shore Line station agent at Carleton the other day, and left for Toronto. Quite a number of people are interested in his departure. He received many "presents" from people in St. John and elsewhere, but the donors will probably remember them better than the recipient. In fact he never seemed to remember anything when he had money, but his memory was constantly being brightened, until his visits to St. John became so unpleasant that he made them few and far between. Although his income was very much larger than that of many of his fellow boarders, the latter were all asked to contribute to it, and they did so in a way that will make them remember the absent. Some well known sporting men found him "a hale fellow well met," and always ready to enter into a game or anything that was proposed, and their friendship reached to their pocket books. Nothing was too trivial for the exodiant to receive as a loan, from a cane to \$100, but he always neglected to return it. But he has now departed, and if he returns will probably get a good reception.

## NO CUSHIONS AND SMOKE.

The Second Class Cars of the Intercolonial Are Not Comfortable.

"Seems to me that these Canadians are mighty particular," remarked a rather well dressed and fairly good looking young man on the Halifax night express the other evening, leaving St. John, who with his wife, presumably, was hustled out of the first class car into the second class by the train officials.

The remark set me thinking over the matter, and while in the main it is a little rough on Canadians, there is room for a radical change in matters pertaining to this particular train, which is one of the most important and well patronized trains on the road.

For some time past much fault has been found by travellers to and from points in the U. S. going to their respective destinations in the provinces, or returning therefrom, at having to go into the second class cars on the I. C. R., which are not so luxurious and soft in their make-up as the average traveller could wish.

In coming down through the American territory, they are provided with cushioned seats, which are somewhat preferable as a rule to the hardwood seats on the I. C. R. second-class cars, hence when they have to hustle into these cars on Canadian soil it seems rough and will continue to cause dissatisfaction and grumbling while the custom is maintained.

There are a goodly number of people who, while in every way respectable, feel it incumbent on them to make every dollar tell, while travelling, and accordingly purchase second-class through tickets. It seems as if the custom of forcing them to ride in second-class uncushioned seats, might well be changed for the better, and cause the I. C. R. to be much more favorably regarded by these patrons of the road.

It certainly would not be a very expensive job to fit up a few of the older first-class cars in a comfortable manner, with cushioned seats, for the use of these people.

If the Chief Superintendent of the Railway, or the Minister of Railways, should happen, by some adverse fate of fortune, to be compelled at some time to husband their financial resources, and, with their wives and daughters and little children, be forced to take a journey on one of these night trains on a second-class car, on the completion of the trip, we have no doubt, an order would probably issue for a more comfortable provision for the through-ticket travellers.

But this is not the worst feature of the case by any means. On this night train, which is generally always well filled, these women and children who are compelled to ride second-class on these cars, find themselves forced to sit there amid a vile and contaminating atmosphere redolent with the fumes of cigars and pipes.

The reason for this is that no smoking-car or compartment is provided on these trains, hence the annoyance which these women and children are compelled to endure.

The conductors on the road are well disposed and kindly hearted men and would no doubt willingly give these women seats in the first-class car, but some spotter would at once report them, and fine or suspension and probably dismissal would meet them at an early hour. Hence they have to enforce the rule and are subjected to much ill-natured abuse and sarcasm which they have to endure as best they can.

Is it not about time that this matter was looked into by the railway authorities and remedied?

There is no reasonable or valid excuse why these trains should not be provided with smoking cars or smoking compartments.

There is no justification in the world for the I. C. R. to force women and children to ride in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke, and it should be remedied at an early day.

These are two matters which PROGRESS believe the government and the I. C. R. officials could wrestle with as valiantly as they do many minor matters, which occupies so much of their valuable time.

There exists no good reason why the Intercolonial should not be made as popular with the travelling public as are other roads, and in the matters herein outlined is good ground for improvement.

**The Magazines Disappeared.**

Whenever some people see anything that is of particular interest to themselves, they never imagine that it will be of interest to anybody else, or do not care. Caretaker Steele, of the Y. M. C. A., has had many practical illustrations of this. Time again he has found the papers and magazines with long extracts clipped from them, and their usefulness to a large extent lost, but that was as nothing compared with what happened a short time ago. The *Cosmopolitan* and *Scribner's* for August had not been in their covers twenty-four hours before they had disappeared, and the members of the association will have to do without these interesting periodicals.

## WHO WILL BE JUDGE?

SOME OF THE APPLICANTS AND THEIR CHANCES.

Mr. B. Lester Peters Said to Have It "In His Pocket"—Mr. Forbes' Claims and what Will Happen if Mr. McLeod Gets It—Mr. Quigley's Excellent Chances.

Who will be county court judge in place of the late Honorable Charles Watters? This question was still undecided as far as could be learned when PROGRESS went to press—at noon on Friday.

The wire-pullers have been more than busy in connection with this vacancy and it is almost impossible to say who has the inside track.

It is alleged that Mr. McLeod, M. P., wants the position, and it is understood that if he insists he will get it. That would cause a vacancy in the representation for St. John. Should this occur, one story is that Minister of Finance Foster will abandon Kings county and contest this constituency. Another report is that Sir Leonard Tilley will again take the field, or that in the event of his not doing so, Mr. Baird will be the conservative candidate.

Of course none of these things will happen, unless Mr. McLeod insists on the judgeship.

The friends of Mr. James Gordon Forbes say that his chances for the judgeship are more than excellent. They claim that he has a letter from Sir John Thompson, in which the latter credits him with having done much to secure his (Thompson's) election in the last general contest, and declare that Sir John would not dare to ignore Mr. Forbes' claims at the present time.

Friends of Mr. George Gilbert are pressing his claims largely on the grounds that his appointment would be the least objectionable from a party standpoint that could be made.

Supporters of Mr. B. Lester Peters say that he is the strongest candidate for the judgeship, and it is hinted in many quarters that he has the appointment already in his pocket.

If Mr. Peters be not already appointed, it is alleged by friends of Dr. Richard F. Quigley that he never will be; that Dr. Quigley has developed great strength within the past few days, and that his appointment is almost certain. It is stated that Messrs. Burns and Adams are insisting upon Mr. Quigley's appointment on the ground that at present there is no Irish Roman Catholic on the bench in this province, and it is also said that the archbishop of Halifax and bishop of Chatham are using their influence at court on behalf of the young catholic St. John lawyer. Friends of Mr. Peters point out as a weak spot in Dr. Quigley's claim the fact that he did not vote with his party in the last dominion election.

The fight all round is certainly a very pretty one.

**Sleepy and Drunken Policemen.**

The discipline of the police force does not appear to be as effective as might be supposed from all that has been written and said about it, and the methods of dealing with offending officers do not seem to have been improved. Last Saturday there was some excitement on King square when a policeman in full uniform, not even lacking the white gloves, was arrested by a brother officer and taken to the central station. He was suspended for five days. Two other policemen occupied their time when off duty in getting into the same condition and had to be helped home between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening. They went on duty at 7 o'clock, and their condition must have made a very remarkable impression at the police station. This week an officer was reported for being off his beat, and reprimanded. The facts of the case seem to have been that he had a good sleep in a barn on St. James street, and this is said to have been known to those in authority. If this is the case it seems strange that an officer should be suspended for oversleeping in the lock-up, during his "hour in," and another should be simply reprimanded for sleeping in a barn. If there is any improvement in the force, it is coming about very slowly.

**A Forgetful 'Cyclist.**

A local bicyclist, who has been doing the country on a solitary wheel, has a taking way with hotel people—he takes himself off without paying his bill. His plan in the instance referred to was somewhat original. His arrival at the hotel—a summer one—was quite demonstrative, and while there he entertained those of the guests who listened to him with stories of his tour through the province, where he had been and what had happened to him. He passed a pleasant two or three days, and sped away on his only piece of baggage—his wheel—without saying good bye to his host.

**They Go to Woodstock.**

The City Cornet band excursions are always looked forward to with interest, and are deservedly popular. The band is always on the lookout for new ideas, and make arrangements by which everyone is assured of a good time. This year the excursion goes to Woodstock, and being in conjunction with the picnic of St. Gertrude's church, will be of a more interesting character than ever.

## WHERE IT CAN BE SEEN.

The Young Memorial and Probable Reasons Why It Will Be Placed on King Square.

The council has decided that King square is the proper place for the Young memorial, and will have it placed on the site of the old grand stand. This is the position PROGRESS favored, but why it met with the approval of the council is a question in some quarters. The monument will be "something to look at," and the aldermen have probably come to the conclusion that they have as much right to look at it as any other body of citizens, and have decided to place it in a convenient position. It will be always before them when they sit at the council board, and a splendid view will be had from the windows of the chamber, and should be of great benefit to the aldermen in their deliberations.

Besides bringing remembrances of heroic deeds, it will probably be of immeasurable benefit to the citizens generally, when weighty questions are under discussion. If there is a possibility of the board doing anything rash, a glance at the monument and recollections of the hole in the old burial ground will probably be the means of calling a halt, and inducing the aldermen to look into the future. If the mayor or aldermen discover they have made a mistake in regard to anything, and are undecided whether it will make much difference to the citizens if it is rectified at once or a month afterwards a glance at the monument will remove all doubt from their minds.

Queen square had a number of advocates, when the matter was under consideration. It was contended that the monument would show to good advantage, and be seen by people sailing up the harbor, giving them something to talk about besides the exhibition buildings, the light-house, and Martello tower. Then again it was said that an attraction of some kind on Queen square would induce visitors to wander away from King street when in the city, and make the "points of interest" more scattered. But all these contentions were swept away, and the monument will be placed where it will serve more purposes than one.

**Mistakes That Cost Much Money.**

After the experience of the school board with the reconstruction of the Bentley school building, it is somewhat surprising to find the same plan being followed in the enlargement of the Victoria school annex. The committee differs from private individuals, who employ a competent architect to supervise their work, inasmuch as the school work is done without supervision by a practical man. PROGRESS thinks with many of the citizens that money would be saved the city—and there is every necessity for all saving—if there was some such supervision. It would not be difficult to point out bad mistakes that have already been made. Another bungling error that has had to be rectified lately was the heating in the Albert school, in which a second boiler is to be placed.

**A Clever Feat.**

That excellent horsewoman, Miss Warner, was called upon suddenly a few evenings ago when riding her spirited horse along Prince William street to perform a feat that required plenty of agility and presence of mind. When opposite the Domville building her horse reared and when brought down slipped upon the wet pavement and went to earth like a flash. Miss Warner was as quick and when the horse was level with the curb she was standing alongside ready to mount again. Neither rider or horse sustained any injury and both were away before the incident attracted a group.

**A Willing Endorser.**

A well known Fredericton citizen endorsed recently for \$150, and a local wag, pretty well to do, who heard of it approached him in this fashion on the street, "Excuse me one minute, sir, but I am in rather a hard place today and you would oblige me by putting your name on this—only a hundred and fifty." The officer looked at him a second: "Why certainly, my dear sir, it would give me the greatest pleasure. D—n it I don't think I have anything else to do but oblige my friends in this fashion." The joke was thoroughly appreciated, but few can afford to take it so stoically.

**Conclusions First, Proof Afterward.**

Those who read the evidence at the police court examination and the charge of Judge Fraser to the grand jury were more than surprised Wednesday to see Charlie Stewart, the colored barber, parading King street with his dute suit, lavender gloves and walking stick. Stewart's quarters have been confined of late, and he is no doubt glad to stretch his limbs with greater scope and purer air. The action of the grand jury is not a compliment to the astuteness of the city detective. It is not always the best way to jump at conclusions and then proceed to prove them correct.