

DEFACING THE STONE.

FOOT PRINTS ON THE FRED YOUNG MONUMENT.

How This and Other Public Places are Made Far From Beautiful by Thoughtless People—Actions that are Not very Creditable to the City.

The Young monument has been one of the points of interest for Sunday afternoon strollers recently and it has found hosts of admirers. Those who walked around it last Sunday, however, saw more than a "picture in stone" of a boy struggling with the waves, or wreathes and angels. A number of dirty foot marks on the small elevated platform of stone which surrounds it, attract more attention than the work of the artist, and the comments passed were very forcible and to the point.

The footmarks showed a weakness that some St. John people—and it is to be hoped that is only among the younger element—seem to find difficulty in overcoming. It was quite evident that somebody had climbed upon the monument with dirty boots and walked all around it. Anyone who had passed there Saturday evening might have seen the destroyers examining the work, by the light of matches. People who will go to such extremes to satisfy their curiosity need looking after, and if they could only be caught and punished it would be a good thing for St. John.

Whenever an attempt is made to beautify the city in any way these miscreants usually put in an appearance, and begin their work of destruction.

Attention has been called to them time and again, but still they bob up serenely whenever anything new appears. Such people are a disgrace to any city, and St. John appears to have more than its share of them. Every city of any size or importance has its parks and public places, and few of them cannot boast of a monument, but it is doubtful whether any other place in Canada can produce boys who are ill bred and thoughtless enough to climb upon them with muddy boots. In other places no one seems to think of such a thing, and any one caught acting in this manner would be dealt with without the aid of the police. But here it is different. If a certain number of people organize themselves into a society to beautify the city, and spend time and money in procuring and planting trees, another set comes along and pulls them up before they are firmly rooted.

The Haymarket square is probably the greatest monument that was ever erected to the destructibility of any people. What a number of enterprising young men with the interest of the city at heart tried to make a beauty spot, was turned into a dumping ground. One has only to look at any of the drinking fountains to see further evidences of this predominating characteristic of St. John people. It is very seldom that a decent looking cup is attached to them. If it hasn't been carried away altogether and the chain taken to decorate somebody's dog, it is shattered to pieces. And not only the cups are battered and shabby, but the fountain itself is chipped off in such a manner that it is hard to believe that it was done accidentally.

People who are interested in seeing the ornamental and beauty spots of the city looking at all decent should take the matter in hand whenever the opportunity presents itself and deal with the offenders without waiting for the public to do it. The latter cannot always be around and every taxpayer should feel that a little responsibility rests upon him in this respect. He should feel that that which belongs to the city is as much his property as anybody else's, and protect it accordingly.

This, however, is not the popular idea. At present most people seem to think that they own the property all right, but not as proprietors, and carry it off so that nobody else will get a chance to enjoy it. While this feeling is prevalent, St. John will never be remarkable for its attractiveness. The citizens of most places seem to take a delight in making their city attractive and as a result have in their gardens and parks beautiful flower beds that they do not have to put under lock and key, and monuments that retain all their attractiveness without being fenced in. Experience has shown that flowers put within the reach of St. John people usually change their location, and a reference to anything of this kind as having taken place in the Rural cemetery or old Burial ground has become commonplace.

If this weakness has such complete control of so many people, something should be done to have this particular class looked after, although when people show such little regard for matters in which they should have some pride and interest, it is a difficult matter to deal with. The only way seems to be to make determined efforts to catch some of these miscreants and punish them and make the fact generally known. There are thousands of people, who take an interest in the appearance of the city, and it is the wishes of this class that the authorities should consider.

EX-CONSUL MURRAY'S SUICIDE.

He Deliberately Shoots Himself With a Rifle.

"Ex-consul Murray shot himself this morning."

That was the short but startling sentence that flashed about the city at noon Thursday, and that was the only news. There were many people who would not credit it until they heard it again and again.

It was not until the evening papers were issued that many facts got out. It was known that Mr. Murray had been to New York and returned in Thursday morning's train. Whether the act was deliberate or committed when not himself was not known.

The facts as elicited at the inquest and from the intimate friends of Mr. Murray show that he has not been himself for some time. His family attribute the fact to an old attack of la grippe from which he had never entirely recovered. The statement of Mr. H. G. Thorne who went part of the way to New York in his company would indicate that Mr. Murray was not in good spirits. The statement of Mrs. Murray of his strangeness when he arrived home Thursday morning would go to show the same thing and the evidence of those who knew Mr. Murray intimately made it so clear to the jury that he was of unsound mind when he committed the deed that they returned a verdict to that effect. Mr. Murray arrived by the morning train from New York and went home. He was unwell and was induced by his wife to go to bed. That was the last time she saw him alive. Four or five hours later a rifle shot rang out and with it the life of Mr. Murray was taken. It would seem from all the available evidence that the act was deliberate. The rifle which he used was in the adjoining room. He must have procured it without being seen and then began his arrangements for self-destruction. The coolness and nerve required for such a deed cannot be imagined. He stood before a mirror and using the left hand to steady the muzzle of the weapon behind his ear pulled the trigger with his right hand. The bullet went clear through his head and penetrated the ceiling from which it was extracted by the chief of police.

Mr. Murray was a man well known about town and well liked by those who knew him intimately. He was a hail fellow well met with all his friends whom he delighted to entertain at all times. He and Mrs. Murray moved in the best circles in this city and but a few months ago their daughter was married to Mr. Sessions, of New York. The wedding was a brilliant one, and will be remembered by many.

Mr. Murray's body will be taken to New York for burial. He left that city but a few days ago, and according to a telegram from Mr. J. D. Leary, whose agent he was in this city, he was in good health and spirits, and had all the money he wanted.

A Costly Game of Hide and Seek.
According to the Kings county accounts for this year, which have just been issued, it cost the county \$94.93 to have excursion parties through the county trying to make the acquaintance of the men who shot Charles Sheek. Of this amount constable McLeod only received \$32.95, while the St. John officers, who probably understand all parts of the business better, ran their bill up to \$61.98. It will be remembered that Chief Clark got the nearest to the supposed tramps of any one, except the policeman who passed them out the marsh, and the chief therefore has the largest bill, \$36. Capt. Rawlings coming next in command has the next largest bill, \$15.58, while Detective Ring was content with \$10.40. Meanwhile the tramps are as free as the air, and probably enjoyed their experiences with the New Brunswick constabulary, especially the game of hide and seek at Westfield in which Officer Baxter and the chief were inseparable, and therefore lost the game. Whether Kings county enjoyed the fun as much as the police and the tramps did is a question.

The First Lot Exhausted.
A large number of people called at PROGRESS office this week to see the set of ten famous books advertised to go with the subscription price and half a dollar extra. Many of them left their orders for the set and were pleased beyond measure with the premiums. There were one or two instances where cloth instead of paper binding was looked for, but even in these days of cheap book making, ten cloth bound books could not be given for half a dollar—five cents each. The order that PROGRESS placed after the first books has been entirely exhausted and a number of out of town people who have sent their cash will be forced to wait for a day or two until the books arrive. In the meantime orders are being booked from the samples shown in PROGRESS counting room. But please remember the binding of the ten books is uniform and handsome in paper not in cloth.

REACTION OF THE BOOM.

A BUSINESS MAN TALKS ABOUT THE TIMES.

Bad Crops of Late Years—Poor Freights—An Unfavorable Tariff and the Competition of the Upper Provinces Have Done the Mischief.

It cannot be said that business has shown any improvement during the past week. In fact, if anything, it is somewhat quieter. Money continues to play hide and seek, and the collectors say it is very closely hidden. The reports from the country show that the weeding out of the unsuccessful from the successful, the reckless from the careful, the unfortunate from the fortunate has begun. When it will end is a question which few would attempt to answer.

It is a curious fact that even upon the business outlook the opinions of merchants differ widely. Some, with whom the writer has talked freely are convinced that hard times are past and that the fall and winter trade will be up to the average. Perhaps the wish is father to the opinion for it must be said that the majority of business men seem to do not take so hopeful a view of the outlook. The pessimists, of course, can see a cloud blacker than any that has ever hung over the country, while the common sense, prudent and successful merchant says he can see no cause for alarm, no reason why the future should not see trade recovered and active.

"We have seen a succession of bad crops up to this year," said one gentleman, "and the news that the harvests this fall were abundant did, I think, occasion undue elation and hope. The farmer has not recovered himself sufficiently to cause any decided boom in the country business. Then we have had a year or so of poor freights—something that affects these provinces more than anyone can well imagine. They have increased the depression which seems to have set in after a boom. Up to a few months ago—perhaps a year—there was a decided boom in the maritime provinces. Upper province business was, on the contrary, dull, and the immediate result was the outpouring of the overproduction of its manufactures. Men went into business who had no right to do so. They had no capital beyond a slight knowledge of business—and very slight in many cases—and their natural energy. Any kind of time was given, and the larger merchants of this section suddenly found themselves called upon to compete against people who were sacrificing goods instead of selling them, who promised any terms to Tom, Dick, and Harry before they would lose an order. Such competition as this was bound to do mischief, and the results are cropping out now. No matter how long the time, payments must be made in the end and the end has come. Many payments have not arrived.

"We might go a little further and lay some blame upon the McKinley bill which has, to put it mildly, disarranged some branches of trade, more particularly the lime exports."

Perhaps this sums up the causes and the effects reasonably and correctly. If it was as easy to find a remedy there would be plenty of willing hands to apply it.

Only one embarrassment of any magnitude is reported in the city this week. PROGRESS understands that offers of settlement have been made but is not informed whether they have been accepted or not.

MOUNT PLEASANT'S OIL WELL.

Two Aldermen and a Lawyer Were Induced to Investigate It.

A rather good story is told at the expense of Aids. Connor and McGoldrick and Mr. John L. Carleton, whose credulity has never been a matter of certainty before. It came about in this way: The well that was being dug on Mount Pleasant on the convent property became very deep before there were any signs of water. At last the welcome liquid put in an appearance in the oft lowered bucket and a small crowd gathered about it eagerly. It was muddy water and yet—was it water? It smelt like oil. It tasted like oil. After considerable speculation word was brought in to the city to the office of Mr. Carleton and he and the two aldermen journeyed to the spot. In the meantime the lady superior had inspected the contents of the bucket, and in her opinion it was fish oil!

When the new comers from the city heard that they were astonished. How could fish oil get into a well so deep. The idea was preposterous. They inspected the liquid. It was oily sure enough and their hopes began to rise that a find had been made. And yet they were puzzled for the smell was that of fish oil. About this time the bucket was lowered again and again hoisted. The appearance of oil was just as decided, but while the bucket was being hoisted Ald. McGoldrick made a discovery. The excavators were using new rope from which, when hanging in the well the oil had trickled into the bucket. Thus the oil well trickled out.

When there are many people interested in the correspondence contest is quite evident from the letters which have arrived addressed to this or that *nom de plume*. If the news is all right and authentic it is added to the contribution above that signature. A glance at the large quantity of city social news will show what the result has been. There is more this week than last, and so far the contest appears to be quite even.

RELICS OF FORMER DAYS.

The Exhibition and Sale of the Curios of the Tisdale Family.

Auctioneer Gerow waxed eloquent in Jack's hall this week upon the excellencies of the Tisdale furniture and curios. The sale was the event of the week among the ladies and relic hunters, and a number of people are now feeling as satisfied with themselves in possessing something ancient and unique as the members of the Tisdale family were 100 years ago, when they purchased those same articles as the latest style.

Some extraordinary prices were paid for articles which to the practical mind were apparently worthless, while really serviceable articles fell short of their value. But everything had to be sold and it was—solid silver, glass, china, old trunks, footstools, hand-boxes, massive mahogany bedsteads, down beds over 70 years old, and quilts with queer grotesque figures worked on them. There was nothing modern in the whole collection, and some of the articles offered were in a delapidated condition. A dining table nineteen feet long, with the legs gone and their places taken by unsightly packing cases, was sold to the Messrs. Lordly for \$55. A picture of the Prince of Wales as he looked when he was young and innocent and had not been initiated into the mysteries of bacarat, was knocked down cheap for \$1.10, brass frame and all. Mrs. Manson now owns a bonnet that would create a sensation on King street any day, but was considered very fashionable and pretty when its first owner appeared out in it. It is a piece of head dress that would leave even the theatre hat of the present very much in the back ground for size, and is made of yellow drawn satin and sports a lengthy white Brussels net veil. There is material in it for half a dozen bonnets as they are worn today, but it went for \$2.50. Mrs. Thomas McAvity bought two card tables beautifully carved for \$15 each, and a number of other ladies paid equally good prices for articles that they knew were serviceable and much better than the hurriedly manufactured goods of the present.

The Tisdale family were well supplied with bonnets, and these monstrosities attracted an unusual amount of attention. Although the shapes were somewhat different from those in milliner's windows, the Tuscan straw of which they were made and the satin trimmings were admired to such an extent that other defects were lost sight of.

Jack's hall was a museum this week, a good one at that.

Mr. Quinn Has His Say.

Mr. John Quinn, of Westmorland road, called upon PROGRESS this week and gave it as his opinion that the recent experience with Mr. John Sheenan, of the same place, which ended in the police station and in the speaker being fined \$5 and costs, besides taking a beating from the defendant, would make a nice little article under the head of "Silvery tongues and elastic consciences." Quinn has moved out of Sheenan's house since the trial, as the former did not appear to want him there judging by the remarks in court. Quinn, however, "holds the key," has paid \$2.00 on this quarter's rent, and is looking for a family of gypsies to rent his flat to. Mr. Quinn says that his landlord who was so much annoyed by the disturbance he made forgot to tell about the time that some of his family went up stairs and took the slats out of his bed, thinking that he would bring up on the floor. Mr. Quinn related a number of little incidents that showed that he is as eloquent as his friend Mr. Sheenan was at the police court last week.

Where Land is Valuable.

If there is any question as to whether the city is growing in population and area, there is none whatever in regard to the growing qualities of the I. C. R. and C. P. R. yards here. The visit of the government representatives this week caused quite a flutter in the vicinity of Mill street, and property there will probably be regarded as very valuable from this date. And it has been all along. People of a speculative turn of mind have had their eyes on the lots marked off on the site of the old lumber yard, and the prospects have been discussed for building on these, until the question of getting the ground came into consideration, when a number are usually forced to give up the building idea. The owners of the lots have placed a good paying value on them, but for all this building operations have been going on very lively.

Trying for the Prizes.

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LOCKED OUT AT NIGHT.

MISSIONARY SAUNDERS WAS OUT AFTER HOURS

And Could Not Get Into the Sailors' Home—He Went to a Hotel and the Ladies of the F. S. Society Have Remonstrated but Miss Hutchinson is firm.

The lady members of the Seaman's Friendly society have been in trouble, and all on account of another lady whom they admit is doing much good among the sailors and spending her own time and money to carry on the work.

When Miss Hutchinson built the Home there was no Seaman's Friendly society. She was the pioneer in effective work and there were some people who helped her who really could not see the need of starting a society to do the same work. Of course Miss Hutchinson was called upon to aid the new departure or at least to countenance it. It is understood that she did so, though with no very clear idea of what it proposed to do for the sailors that was not being done in the Home.

The ladies were energetic and began in various ways to show their sympathy with Jack and his troubles. The final move made was the engagement of a missionary, Mr. Saunders whose work was to move among the sailors and who was to remain in the Home. Mr. Saunders found the Home large enough but he complained that there was no fire in his room. When the ladies of the S. F. society who appeared to be the intermediary between him and Miss Hutchinson complained of this they were told that a man with the warmth of the love of God and his work in his heart should need no fire at this season of the year.

Mr. Saunders worked along complying with the rules of the house which were very strict and getting along amicably with everyone. One evening he walked out about 9 o'clock and remained out until between 10 and 11 o'clock. When he returned he found the doors of the house locked and the light out. He rang the bell but there was no answer and he went away again for another stroll. When he returned he rang and knocked and pounded on the door until a head appeared at a window, and a voice exclaimed "It's after hours, you can't get in."

"But," remonstrated Mr. Saunders, "you have locked the house before the hour, and I must get in."

"Ten o'clock is the hour, and you can't get in this house tonight."

"But I am Mr. Saunders, the missionary residing here at the home," said the gentleman, thinking that he might not be known.

"I do not care who you are, you cannot get in this house tonight."

And Mr. Saunders went to a hotel.

The secretary of the S. F. society sent out notices for an indignation meeting, and a determined delegation waited upon Miss Hutchinson. They found her strongly entrenched in her position, and they could not move her, and at last accounts Mr. Saunders was the guest of a city clergyman.

NOT WHAT IT SEEMED.

One of the Exhibits of a Medicine Manufacturer Proves to be Wood.

That old saying "Things are not always what they seem" has been proved again and this time at the expense of the Bank of Montreal.

When a New Brunswick manufacturer of cure-alls failed some time ago that monetary institution was among the list of creditors with a claim of \$1500. Instead of taking part or next to nothing the bank preferred a judgment and had no trouble getting it. Since then it has lost no opportunity to make said judgment as valuable as possible and keeps a sharp lookout for anything that it can lay hands upon.

Meanwhile the manufacturer is at work again making goods and selling them. He was among those who promised a large exhibit to the exhibition in this city. The space was fairly large and from all accounts that got out and paragraphs that were printed, the exhibit was to be something of value and worth talking about. Its shape was that of a pyramid and it would, of course, take a large amount of stock to complete such a show.

So thought the Bank of Montreal, and when the news appeared in the papers that Mr. So and So's large exhibit had been shipped to St. John, word was sent to the lawyers here. They informed the sheriff who laid his plans accordingly. He was not in too much haste and waited until the show was fairly open and the manufacturer's pyramid as complete as possible. Then the sheriff went and took his writ along. He seized the pyramid and made a discovery immediately. The whole thing was made of wood and worth about as much as an ordinary wood pile. The labels and other printed matter covered the blocks of course but "Cure all" was not there. Which all goes to show that the resources of civilization are in no danger of exhaustion.

MR. WHOOLEY'S BENEFIT.

His Tenth Chicken Raffle Went Off Successfully.

Mr. John Whooley, cartman, is a man of original ideas—ideas that are not only original but remunerative. Some ten years ago he began to do some marketing in the fall. He kept a sharp lookout for a good supply of chickens and ducks, and ordered them for delivery on a certain day. Mr. Whooley then sent word to his friends to come and see him and have a game of cards. Of course they all went, and spent the evening handling the paste boards for the chickens and ducks. "So much a corner," and two corners usually paid for the feathered bird; the other two were Mr. Whooley's profit.

It is quite evident that the boys patronize the raffle in good shape, for Mr. Whooley's profits last year for the evening were \$43. This year they dropped to \$35, for the times are hard and the chickens tough. But there was a goodly assembly and much fun. The only refreshment inside was apples. As a list of those invited and present would take up too much space the prize winners only are given. According to the score John H. Morrison was a duck richer when he said good night, while W. Kane carried a goose. John McAnulty secured a pair of chickens, but John Collins' lot was a young rooster. A duck and a hen fell to W. Walsh and Geo. Duffy, while John Duffy was lucky enough for a goose, and the autocrat of Prince ward, James Brennan, had to be content with an aged hen. Jerry McCarthy and Henry O'Leary each had some fortune in the chicken line, while the luck of P. Heffernan brought him no less than three pairs of fowl. Among the other prize winners were: Andrew Fox, Frank Downey, John Dewyer, and Patrick Jennings.

Everybody had a good time and promised Mr. Whooley to call again.

A Joke and Not a Joke.

There was considerable laughter around town when the report was printed that a delegation of three St. John men in Montreal were trying to engage an orchestra for the new opera house. Some people were surprised to learn that the gentlemen in question had gone into the amusement business and others that they could find an orchestra in Montreal superior to Harrison's which is acknowledged superior to any east of Boston. Of course it was a joke but one that those interested in the opera house did not appreciate when theatrical companies began to inquire if they would have to bring an orchestra with them if they came to St. John. They had evidently seen the paragraph but not in its jocular light.

Only a Few Kickers.

Some members of the Beaver lacrosse club were evidently displeased at the fact that the Unions proposed having their sports before theirs, and tried to make some unpleasantness. The Beavers have a number of good athletes among their members, and the club representation at any of the local sports usually proves a feature. The Unions, therefore, did not want to have any difficulty on that point, but having made arrangements for medals and buildings they were decided to have the sports if they had to import attractions. However, the members of the Beavers who did the talking did not voice the sentiments of the rest of the club, and when the entries closed the Beavers were well represented.

Pulling in the Quarters.

A couple of fair and energetic canvassers who were quite well known to the frequenters of the Bijou theatre last winter have been doing the town for quarter dollar tickets which will entitle the holders to admission to the Institute Monday night, for a benefit to the Princess Ida who was injured after a performance during the exhibition. They had a good many quarters when PROGRESS saw them and they weren't bashful about asking for more.

Trinity Association's Course.

It seems now to be quite the thing for a church to have its Young Men's association and for the association to have its lecture course. That of Trinity church is announced in another column. There are half a dozen evenings of literary and musical enjoyment promised in which the rector, Mr. Ellis, Mr. McKeown and Rev. Mr. Little will figure. The season tickets have been placed at the very low figure of half a dollar which is certainly not much to pay for so much.

Three Bands will Be There.

That hard working and efficient bandmaster Mr. Charles H. Williams of the Kingsville band, will be given a grand testimonial concert in the Institute next Monday evening. A fine programme has been arranged, and the City Cornet, Kingsville, and Citizens bands and Harrison's orchestra will all take part. An event of this kind will be a novelty and should draw a full house.