

## THEY DID IT IN STYLE.

### HOW THE COUNTY COUNCILLORS MET AND CONDOLED.

An Address that Rises Above the Commercial Aspect of a Telegram—The Consensus of Opinion which Resulted in An Address to the Queen.

"I say," said Councillor Cote, of the municipality of Somewhere, to Councillor Queer of the same eminently respectable body. "I say, we ought to do the decent thing about the death of the duke. It may be all very well for the mayor to telegraph the governor general to convey an expression of sympathy to the queen, but we ought to do something more dignified. A telegram has a commercial aspect and looks as though we were in a hurry. We are not; we never were, in an official capacity, and we never will be. Let us put our heads together and get up an address."

"Yes," said Councillor Queer, "the people expect something of the kind. The eyes of the nation are upon us. If we send a telegram it will be forwarded like everybody's telegram. We will put our thoughts on permanent record to be preserved in the royal archives for all time to come. We will retain counsel, if necessary and do the thing in style. There are no flies on the municipal council of Somewhere."

So Councillor Cote and Councillor Queer called upon the other councillors, and they all put their heads together to get up an address. They resolved themselves into a committee of the whole and unanimously carried a motion to begin. Councillor Quill was requested to act as secretary and instructed to write down the suggestions of each councillor until the address was complete.

"How shall I begin?" asked the secretary.

"In the usual way," said Councillor Grump. "Say, at a meeting of the municipal council held this day, the following were present—"

"No, no!" interrupted Councillor Bang. "I should start it this way: Whereas, it has pleased—"

"Gentlemen," remarked the warden, "deliberative bodies are supposed to follow precedents. We should adhere as far as possible to the language of the last address we passed on a similar occasion. Does anybody know when that was?"

Nobody knew. There had not been a death in the royal family for a long time, and it was very doubtful if a copy of any direct address to the queen on such an occasion could be found in the archives of Somewhere. A good many other kinds of addresses and memorials were hunted up, but none of them seemed available as a form in which to build another for this occasion. It was unanimously resolved to invent one, and each councillor was requested to lend a hand in the construction of it.

"Shall I begin with whereas?" asked the secretary.

"Not at all," replied Councillor Cote. "Address it to the queen direct."

"I think that official documents usually start with 'Victoria by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, defender of the faith,'" said Councillor Queer. "How will that do?"

"Let me alone," replied the secretary, "and I will read it as I go along."

So he wrote for a while and then he read:

To Her Most Gracious Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, etc., etc.

May it please Your Majesty: We, the warden and council of the municipality of the city and county of Somewhere, in the province of New Brunswick, Canada, humbly desire to approach your majesty with the expression of our firm attachment to your majesty—

"There—I'm stuck for a word. What will I say next?"

"Put in something about throne and power," suggested Councillor Wigwag.

"To your majesty, throne and power," continued the secretary.

"Is that good grammar?" asked Councillor Kicker.

"It sounds fine," said Councillor Cote. "Let it go. What next?"

The secretary continued:

And at this time of bereavement and sorrow, of our deep and respectful sympathy and condolence at the unlooked for and most lamented loss which you, your family and the whole realm have sustained in the death of your majesty's grandson, His Royal Highness Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence and Avondale.

"What will I say after that?"

"Make some remark about his being in the prime of life, or budding manhood, or bloom of youth, or something of that sort," said Councillor Wigwag.

The secretary wrote awhile and read again:

Taken off as he was in the bloom of youth under circumstances peculiarly distressing, and of deep concern to all your majesty's world wide subjects. While we beg earnestly to assure your majesty that no bereavement and no grief could come to your majesty or the royal family which would not call forth our deepest sentiments of regret, we humbly feel that in common with all your subjects we have a more absolute and personal share in your majesty's present affliction.

"That won't do," interrupted Councillor Wigwag. "I don't like the assertion that we have an absolute and personal share. It's assuming too much."

"Qualify it by adding 'if we may say so,'" suggested Councillor Queer.

The secretary resumed:

We have a more absolute, and if we may say so, personal share in your majesty's present affliction in the removal of one in the direct line of succession to the throne and sceptre under whose rule and gracious sway we have enjoyed so many years of peace and happiness.

"I protest that 'throne and sceptre under whose rule' is not good English," said Councillor Kicker.

"It sounds first-rate. The sentence has a good ring to it. Let it go," replied Councillor Cote. "Now say something about the Prince of Wales and the Princess May."

"Here it is," replied the secretary.

We would also express most respectfully like feelings of sympathy and regard for those to whom this dire calamity comes nearest home, their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Princess May, whom the whole nation were prepared to meet as the bride of him who has been so suddenly snatched from her side.

"Capital! Couldn't be better. The finish of it could not be beaten," exclaimed a chorus of voices. Councillor Kicker alone ventured to say:

"Her name isn't May; it's Mary, and if you give the rest of them their titles, who do you speak in that way of her?"

Cries of "sit down" prevented any further criticism, and the address was ordered to be engrossed and forwarded. The suggestion that the names of the authors be appended for the information of future generations was not adopted. Adjourned.

## HAD SOME KIND OF A "TIME."

### The Ingenious Theory of a Toronto Man on His Travels.

To account for everything that happens when one "is around with the boys" usually requires a fairly inventive mind. People will look with suspicion on bruises, battered hats and broken watches, and the commercial traveller who comes to the front with the latest explanatory yarn need not wonder if his theory fails of general acceptance. He tells it to the *Toronto Empire* in this fashion:

See this here watch of mine, doesn't it look as if it had an attack of the delirium tremens? Just gaze on it and see how crooked the face is and how weakly the hands work. It's a brand new watch, too, but you see I have been down to the maritime provinces, and that's what has caused this fearful wreck. Down there they run two times—not twice, but two times—the solar, or local, and the standard. In parts of New Brunswick there is 35 minutes difference between them, and in others 45, while in some parts of Nova Scotia there is exactly an hour, and in other places pretty nearly an hour. Well, I tried to keep time at the different towns I visited, and this is the horrible result. Watch looks as if it passed through a Toronto mayoralty contest, and I'm afraid it's a total wreck with no insurance. Next time I go east I am going to take a patent India rubber watch, or an old-fashioned hour glass—can't afford to spoil another good timepiece.

A "good old-fashioned hour-glass" might be an improvement, but that, too, depends on how still the barkeeper makes it. Several glasses an hour naturally have the tendency to cause two times or more, and the result is sometimes bad for watches and other perishable articles. The Toronto man should turn over a new leaf.

## Appreciated Everywhere.

"May I take this opportunity," writes one of *PROGRESS*'s subscribers, to "say that my daughter who has been three years in Maryland and to whom I send *PROGRESS*, writes that as a breezy, refreshing and public spirited paper it is greatly admired and appreciated in Baltimore. It is seized upon with avidity each week by her friends and they are legion, passed around a constantly widening circle of readers. If she has no intention of sending it to any one, it is always sent abroad either west or south—and from every section comes an appreciative verdict and a request to send it again. It has taken in Colorado, California and New Orleans, to say nothing of innumerable other places. The illustrations and descriptions of St. John, have brought me many congratulations that as my home must be north, it has fallen in such a pleasurable city. I hope you will feel as much pleasure in hearing this as I do in writing it. Southerners know well how to appreciate a good thing."

## A Fourteen Cent Scheme.

There are more ways than one of making a dollar, and there are a number of people in St. John who are fully aware of the fact. One of the latest schemes is being worked by a woman who has made herself very well known around town during the past week or so. She is evidently too proud to beg, but is not above asking a favor. Her plan is to walk into a store and suddenly discover that she has left home without any money. She don't want much, however, and informs the man behind the counter that fourteen cents would cover all her expenses, and that if he would loan her that amount, she would send her little girl down with it the minute she reached home. She usually got the money, but the little girl has, so far, failed to materialize.

## TO SIMPLIFY THE CODE.

### HON. CONCUSSEY PYNE HAS A SUGGESTION TO MAKE.

Amendments to the Criminal Procedure Which Will Add to the Labors of the Judiciary—The Functions of Judge, Jury and Executioner to be Combined.

Hon. Concusssey Pyne was in town this week. He reports rather dull times at Hogback Settlement, and says that unless there is snow before long there will be very little lumbering done in that section this season. Many of the neighbors are ill with la grippe, and the recent death of Squire Grubhunter has cast a deep gloom over the entire community.

"I have been trying to see Mr. Foster," continued Mr. Pyne, "and I expect to have a talk with the St. John members before I go home. The fact is I have an idea that a good deal of money can be saved to the country in the administration of justice. It costs a tremendous lot as it is. When a crime is committed there is this and that preliminary at the outset, before the case is sent to the higher court. Then there is a grand jury, a petit jury, a judge, a sheriff, a jailor and at times an executioner. There is no need of all this red tape, and my idea is to dispense with most of these officials."

"Quite an original idea, if it will work, isn't it?"

"No, I am free to say that the idea is not original with me. It has been suggested by Judge Tuck. I read in the papers that when he sentenced Maud Lindsay to imprisonment for life, he apologized for having to let her off so easy. He remarked that he had been jury as well as judge he would have had no hesitation in finding her guilty of murder. I take this to mean that any pleasure the occasion had for him was marred by the thought that he could not have the woman hanged. Now, I suppose that is natural enough, and if I were a judge I should like to have a hanging case now and then, and Judge Tuck hasn't had one yet. That he should come so near it, and be fooled by a chicken-hearted jury is enough to rile any man. Why, my dear *Progress*, at the rate things have been going, he may finish his judicial career without ever pronouncing a death sentence. It wasn't so in olden times, when there were hangings enough to suit the most exacting taste. We can have the old time back again if we combine the functions of the judge and jury."

"That would be something very novel, wouldn't it?"

"Not at all. It would be only returning to mediaeval methods, when the accused was dragged before the judge, condemned by him and executed in his presence. I think that is the custom in some Eastern countries to this day. Why it used to be a common thing for the judge to attend in the torture chamber to see that the victim got all he was entitled to, and I would have that praiseworthy custom revived as well."

"How in the world can you do that?"

"Easily enough. Judge Tuck had another prisoner before him—a colored lad, whom he sentenced to receive a lashing on the bare back. Now, I see by a daily paper that the judge has said he will be on hand when the whipping takes place, to see probably, that no measly motives of mercy actuate the man who does the thrashing. The arrangements are supposed to be in charge of the sheriff, but the judge appears to think that he may not make the victim suffer enough, so he will boss the job himself. I suppose, if there were any need of it, he could do the flogging with his own hands, and then he would be sure it was well done."

"Oh, no. A judge of the supreme court would never go that far. What do you suppose Sir William Ritchie or Sir John Allen would have said if such a suggestion had been made to them at any time in their career? They would have resigned sooner than take upon themselves the functions of a common hangman, and I very much doubt if they could have been induced to attend as spectators."

"Likely enough. They belong to the old school and have a lot of notions about the dignity of the bench. Judge Tuck is more practical in his views, and when he gives a prescription he wants to see it operate."

"Do you suppose he would have superintended the hanging of Maud Lindsay, if he had found her guilty in the capacity of jury and sentenced her to death in the capacity of judge?"

"You will have to ask him about that, but why should he not? Why, indeed, should not my idea be carried out so that a judge of the supreme court should, ex officio, be jury and executioner as well? Give him an extra allowance, if necessary. Don't you know that it is sometimes hard work to get a man to do the flogging, because even the average jail prisoner does not take much pleasure in torturing his fellow. Now, a judge of the modern school ought to be so strictly impartial and rise so superior to merely human emotions that he could carry out his

own sentences with as much ease, if not with as much gusto, as he could swallow an oyster or a gin-cocktail. I think the idea of combining all the functions in one man is a capital one. As I have said, I intend to get the St. John members to talk to the minister of justice about it. I wonder where I can find Zeke McLeod this morning?"

The Hon. Concusssey Pyne is one of the leading merchants of Hogback and stands well in his native village. He has served two terms in the county council and is an assessor of taxes and measurer of bark for the current year. His views on the simplifying and cheapening of criminal procedure will be read with much interest by his many friends.

## WOUND UP WITH A DANCE.

### The Colored Folks Have a Bazaar and Enjoy Themselves.

The colored people of the city had a bazaar this week on Germain street, and it the hall was not crowded every day it was not for want of advertising. Many novel ideas were introduced by the management in this respect. On the opening evening a brass band made up of members of the 62nd, Carleton cornet and serenade bands and musicians who did not belong to any band at all paraded the streets behind a banner with the usual inscription "Remember the bazaar tonight." Each succeeding evening the fact that the bazaar was going on was announced by a colored boy at the door with a bell, who in answer to the inquiry, "what is going on?" invariably announced, "There's a bazaar upstairs, but you'd think it was a auction."

The hall was tastefully decorated with Chinese lanterns, and three or four large tables set off with fancy articles, refreshments, and other things attractively displayed. But the great attraction was the queen, a colored girl, who sat in Noble Grand's canopy of the lodge room, shut off by curtains, which would be drawn aside and the queen shown for the small sum of five cents. On Thursday evening the proceedings did not seem to be so brisk, but the little colored girls were as active as those usually found at church fairs, and invariably produced the grab-bag—five cents a grab—when anything from a tin whistle and piece of gum to a diminutive pewter spoon was among the probabilities. After the auction, at which Mr. Hamilton got a bargain in two bottles of scent for fifteen cents, because nobody seemed to be interested in that particular article, the floors were cleared for dancing, and there was a hustle for partners. As is usual on such occasions there were bashful people who could not dance, and the inevitable lack of male partners. Nevertheless once the ball was set in motion, she went with a swing, and dancing was kept up to the morning.

## All Were Disappointed.

There was a good deal of disappointment on City road one day last week, especially among the small boys. A report had been industriously circulated that a widow who keeps a bar room in that locality was going to be married and a day had been set for the event. Some persons had even gone so far as to lead a number of people to believe that they had been invited to the wedding, and the small boys, who never take a back seat worked hard in making a formidable collection of barrels for the bonfire. Strange to say, no one had approached the widow on the subject, and when the night arrived and everybody was in anticipation of a good time, it was suddenly discovered that there was no truth in the report. Hence the disappointment.

## They Want More Light.

The patrons of the electric light companies have been doing some talking lately and it is not all of a very complimentary character. The lights are not giving the satisfaction that was expected, and all want to know the reason. Perhaps things will be better when the consolidated company gets down to business, but in the meantime many of the stores with the incandescent lights should look brighter, than those of people who are not so modern in their ideas and still illuminate with kerosene and gas.

## Conversation on Chubb's Corner.

What was the name of that crank who used to carry a lantern around in the daytime when he was looking for a man?"

"Diogenes, the cynic philosopher."

"Well, if he were here now, I could give him a permanent job at night in trying to help the incandescent lights in my office when I have to do any writing. A good old-fashioned lantern would be a valuable aid to the student nowadays."

## The Police Make a Discovery.

The police made a raid last Saturday night, and discovered that liquor was sold in one hotel and one barroom. Whether this experience has satisfied the curiosity of the force, is a question that people are waiting to hear answered.

## HE HAD A LITTLE TRIP.

### THE SECRETARY REPRESENTS THE ST. JOHN VICTIMS

At the Exciting Meeting of the Bay State League at Boston—The Members Unwilling to Drop Any More Into the Bottomless Pit.

When the members of the Bay State League in this city were notified of the embarrassment of the head officers in Boston, and asked to send a delegate to take part in the last act of the tragedy, the St. John men decided to let well enough alone, and keep what money they had left after paying all their assessments.

In fact, none of the members seemed willing to take the responsibility of representing the lodge. All had excuses, and the local officers were quite positive that they could not spare the time to make a trip to Boston. This was the understanding when the meeting broke up, but at the last meeting of the St. John lodge, the secretary presented a report that had at least the novelty of being news to many of those present.

The secretary had been to Boston and had represented the St. John victims at the very lively meetings held there. The exciting scene when the furious delegates from all parts of the country met face to face with the supreme officers has already been graphically described in the despatches. The secretary's report was also interesting, and differed from that in the newspapers inasmuch as the latter neglected to mention the part taken by the St. John man. The two reports differed very materially in this respect. The part taken by the St. John representative was of incalculable importance, according to his report.

The most interesting part of it, however, was the explanation as to how he happened to go to Boston after the members deciding that it was unnecessary to send a delegate.

After the meeting to consider the matter it was found that there was about \$15 in the funds of the St. John lodge. When the discovery was made the secretary decided that he could perhaps find time to go to Boston after all. A number of members who evidently thought they could afford to drop a few more dollars into the bottomless pit of the Bay State league, were curious, and hoped there might be a chance of recovering something if they were specially represented. So they clubbed together and added enough to the amount in the treasury to bring the sum up to about \$34.

With this the secretary started for Boston and spent four days there looking after the interests of the St. John victims of the league.

The amount just about covered his expenses, so he said, and asked the lodge to uphold him in what he done. Meanwhile some figuring had been done, and he was able to tell the members just how much each one would have to be assessed in order that they might share the expense of the trip. The amount of the assessment is not very large, but from all accounts, the men who "put up" the money will have to stand the loss, for the majority of the members have evidently come to the conclusion that they have dropped enough money into the Bay State league.

The secretary was about the only one in town who derived any benefit from it, as he was exempt from all assessments, owing to the position he held. And he had a very pleasant trip to Boston into the bargain.

## Don't Like Typewriter Letters.

"I beg to second the motion," writes Islay Blend, "of the lady in *PROGRESS*, who says, 'don't write your letters on a type-writer.' No, please don't! To my mind such an epistle possesses about as much individuality as a lamp-post, and no matter how tender the words they never appeal to oneself, as do the most straggling, erratic lines that somehow bear the character of the scribe. To begin with, whose mental nose does not take an upward turn at the color of the production? Blue ink! Besides, I always have a lurking conviction that the whole thing has been dictated in cold blood to some flippant type-writer, who clicked it off all in the way of business, at so much per folio. Far rather would I extricate my letter from the meshes of the worst penmanship, than have it stare me coldly in the face all neatly printed in blue ink. As for a love letter—but that is absurd, as Euclid says, and he is right!"

## What It Means.

An official order has been received which would seem to imply that Rev. Charles Hamilton and several other employees of the St. John post office were to lose their places, because they have not passed civil service examinations. The meaning of it is supposed to be that they will stay where they are, but that examinations will be required in all cases of appointment in the future.

## HE DID NOT OWE THE AMOUNT.

### Yet He Got Into Jail and Came Near Having to Stay There.

It is quite possible for a man who has paid a bill to be arrested for the amount and kept in jail, despite the fact that everybody is aware that he owes nothing. There was a case of this kind in St. John not long ago. A man was taken on a bailable writ issued out of the county court, for a claim which had been settled and for which he held a receipt in full. He did not like the jail and secured a lawyer to explain to the judge that there had been a mistake. More than that, he made affidavit, and annexed the plaintiff's receipt in full. The judge did not doubt the man's statement but decided that the question of payment could not come up until the trial at the next term of court. In the meantime, there was no legal way for the court to release him. He might get bail, but in this instance the man had nobody who was willing to enter into the security required. His lawyer finally settled the matter by getting him to "swear out," otherwise he would have been in jail now.

## Style In the County Jail.

Charles Stewart is again "cutting a shine" among the lodgers in the county jail. He is becoming quite familiar with the interior of the institution although as yet he has not been convicted of anything. If Stewart were a great actor the amount of advertising he has received would have been of incalculable benefit to him, but no doubt he enjoys the notoriety as it is. Of one thing nobody will accuse him, and that is of neglecting his personal appearance. The immaculate Charles has become a well known figure, and a stylish one at that. It takes a police officer, however, to discover how very much in the fashion Stewart is, for everyone is not privileged to see his gold bracelets. Meanwhile a good many people are curious to know how things are stolen from Waterbury & Rising's store, and who steals them.

## A Long Time on the Road.

"What's the matter? lose anything?" was the question asked a man who was making a minute inspection of the doors of the post office, the other evening.

"No, but I'm a little curious," was the reply. "I came down here the other night after the office was closed and dropped some letters into the hole in the door, and should have had an answer to them before now. I was just looking to see what kind of arrangement it was."

"You are doubtful, then, whether the letters reached their destination?"

"Well, no; but I don't think much of the letter box system of this town. I know a man who put a letter in a box on Garden street before Christmas and it hasn't reached its destination yet."

## Opposition Tactics.

The snow was a great boon for the market square and Indian town hackmen. They had their sleighs out before there was enough snow on the ground to hide the mud on the pavement, and have been making the best possible use of it. The "spring like" weather was all right for the horse cars, but now the laugh is on the other side. Every body takes the sleighs, but that does not prevent the hackmen from doing as much canvassing as ever. One Jehu orator caused some amusement the other evening by driving alongside a horse car and shouting with all the vocal power at his command, to the people inside: "Come on! come on, now gents, don't wait for them boxes." And they didn't, but filled the sleigh.

## The Unkindest Cut of All.

The bear that fell into the hands of the Dominion express men, has had a varied and exciting experience since he started on the road, and although he has been decorated with tags and sealing wax until his own mother wouldn't know him, and has travelled all over the continent in that condition, he has never uttered a complaint. But even this did not satisfy the express people. Now some cruel wretch has written poetry about poor bruin. This is more than even a bear can stand.

## They Sent Them C. O. D.

An old gentleman in Fredericton had occasion to send to St. John for a box of herring. When they came they were marked C. O. D. Reading this inscription on the box he broke forth: "I won't take them! I won't take them! I sent for herring and they sent me cod."

## A Model of Brevity.

The common council has passed a resolution of condolence to be forwarded to the queen. The aldermen succeeded in expressing their sentiment in one sentence, but it contained 261 words.

## For Somebody With Time to Spare.

A correspondent wants an answer to this conundrum: Sold a horse for \$52 and made as much per cent. on him as he cost. What did he cost?