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## SING ARMS AND THE MEN.

### COLONEL TUCKER TAKES HIS MEN AWAY ON A HOLIDAY.

They Have a Fine Time in St. Stephen—Their Adventures on The Return Journey—How They Were Received When They Returned From the Scene of Action.

When Major Thankful Sturdee issues another edition of the Chronicles of the 62nd Battalion, he can tell of the time when the men faced danger and a few of them shed blood in equinoctial evolutions around the county of Charlotte.

Col. Tucker took the men to St. Stephen for a holiday last Wednesday. It was a generous act on his part, and is only one of many indications that he is anxious to spend time and money in the interests of his new command. He thought the men wanted some recreation, and he was willing to provide it in the way of a special train as he would be to set up the bread and cheese and beer after a march out. The 21st was the day fixed for the sun to "cross the line," but Mars would cross the border in the county of Charlotte a day in advance.

When Col. Tucker was connected with a crack volunteer corps in the East Indies, it is understood the recreations of his company always had a spice of danger in them. To sally forth at bugle call to pursue and apprehend predatory natives, or to pursue, if not to apprehend, the treacherous tiger of the jungles, does not fall to the lot of the citizen soldiery in St. John. They have been longing for a bit of adventure, seasoned with danger, and this time they got it.

They went to St. Stephen by the Shore Line railway, which is owned by Major Hugh H. McLean, Hon. Russell Sage and others. Including the Major and the Colonel, they were nearly 250 strong, and they marched proudly along the street with the band in full bloom, about breakfast time in the morning. They were accompanied by a number of non-combatants, including Mr. James Hannay, the war correspondent and military editor of the Telegraph, who probably drew a mental contrast between the days when the old 104th marched overland to Quebec, and the present day, when the best passenger cars were taken from the regular train, in order that the Fusiliers might not be too much shaken up on their journey.

They had a good time in St. Stephen, and were much admired, even though the war correspondent refers to their uniforms as "gaudy". There was a street parade, too, and despite the supposition that British troops are supposed to lead the way for themselves, Col. Tucker's newspaper is authority for the statement that "a barouche containing Mayor Chipman, Major Gordon, Major Armstrong and a representative of the Telegraph, led the procession". Col. Tucker and Major McLean marched with the men. And then the band played.

There were some evolutions which pleased the people and satisfied Major Gordon. Then there was a dance, and at 10.30 at night, the troops started to come back to St. John.

The official account of the affair in the newspaper of which Col. Tucker is manager and Major McLean editorial censor says that the war correspondent was in the rear car trying to convert a seat into a Pullman berth, when there was a jolt that could not be accounted for by the explanation that the section boss has been off duty lately. The next thing learned was that several of the cars were off the track, and that one of them, containing troops, accoutrements and munitions of war, was lying on its side, as helpless as if it had been trying to investigate the workings of the Scott Act in St. Stephen. When the men crawled out, two were reported wounded with cuts from broken glass, and many were bruised and shaken. Col. Tucker had not led his men to battle, but he had well nigh led them to slaughter.

The surgeons of the battalion were on hand, and one of the papers says they had gone prepared for emergencies. In addition to their prescription pads, they had some sticking plaster, and it may be, some tincture of benzoin—not "benzine," in the vernacular sense of the word. The wounded were cared for and such of the train and passengers as were ahead of the wreck went on to St. George, six miles or so beyond. Then the cars were sent back to the wreck to bring in the remainder. They picked them up but skipped past St. George, and came on to St. John, getting here about four o'clock in the morning. Col. Tucker and Major McLean nobly stood by the men, and remained at St. George.

There was a bivouac in and around the station. Fires blazed, and troops slept wherever they could find the soft side of a plank. Never since Fort Tipperary was strengthened to repel the Fenian invasion has quiet St. George had so much to remind it of the horrors of war.

Col. Tucker got all the grub that could be found and distributed it. The war correspondent says there was also a wash boiler full of good coffee. The men did

not stop to enquire whether it was a new wash boiler or one from which the family wash had been hastily dumped for the occasion. It was no time to ask questions, and besides soldiers must face what comes to them.

The coffee apparently did not keep them awake. Had they been restless the war correspondent might have read them extracts from his history of the gallant Loyalists, but it was not necessary. They slept.

Admiral Glasgow had received word that the train from St. Stephen would reach Carleton about two o'clock in the morning, and that when it did arrive a transport must be ready to carry troops from the shores of Carleton to their own Canadian home in St. John. Admiral Glasgow was prepared for the emergency. He close hauled his flagship, the "Western Extension" by tying her to the floats with a chain, doubled the regular watch and wound the official clock. Then, having given his orders to the officer of the deck, he went home, for he had been a soldier himself, and knew the value of sleep and rest when on active service.

Admiral Glasgow's war record dates back more than twenty years ago, to the time when the volunteer movement was in its glory. He enlisted in the company of Captain Adams, but had only reached the rank of sergeant when he retired in consequence of wounds. It happened this way. The company had a drill shed at the foot of South Rodney wharf, and that wharf was the field of their evolutions. One dark night the company was sent up the wharf on the double-quick, and Sergeant Glasgow trotted by the side of his company. It was the post of danger, for there were butt ends of timber sticking up near the side of the wharf, and over one of these the Sergeant tripped and fell headlong, cruelly bruising his shin, while his gun and fixed bayonet flew yards ahead of him. He recovered the gun, sat down and began to conclude there was a good deal of nonsense about the whole business. When the company came back again, flushed and panting, Sergt. Glasgow threw his gun into the rack and told the captain in terse and emphatic language that he was not going to drill any more—and he didn't.

The boat waited until after four o'clock before the troops came, and then there were only a few of them. Some of them were very tired. One man went to sleep in the cabin, and crossed the harbor three times before he was discovered. The regulation requiring fare for each trip was not enforced.

The bulk of the troops and the war correspondent arrived by the regular train at noon Thursday. There was a distinguished gathering at the post office corner to see them debark. For instance, there was Col. R. W. Crookshank. He is never called "Colonel" partly because he is an unassuming man and does not want it, and partly because everybody knows he does not need a military title to hold a position in the front rank of good citizens. For all that, in date of commission he is probably the oldest colonel in Canada, and what is still more is not merely a lieutenant-colonel like all the rest of them, but a "full colonel" just as was that good old citizen, John V. Thurgar, when he was the colonel in the city of St. John before many of the rank and file of the fusiliers of today were born.

Then there were Col. Blaine, Col. Dombville, Major Sturdee, Capt. Charlie Harrison—who saw actual service in the Northwest—Capt. Edwards, John H. Leah, who fought for Garibaldi—Capt. Baxter, Sidney Kaye, and many others of less prominence.

They expected the band would play, but it did not, for part of it had come home on the first train. The men in the ranks wore overcoats, and looked tired and sleepy. Col. Tucker marched with them, but disdained an overcoat. They took the Water street route for the drill shed.

The only thing in the nature of an ambulance was a coach which bore Major McLean up Princess street in solitary grandeur. To all the salutations of his friends as he passed, he returned only a sad smile.

Thus ended the holiday of the Fusiliers. Barring the breakdown, the excursion was a great success. The boys appreciate the colonel's free handed hospitality, and will shout for him every time.

**May Good Luck Go With Them.**  
Mr. Robert G. Larsen, formerly of PROGRESS, and now the Lowell representative of the Boston Herald, was married in Boston last Tuesday, to Miss Stella Belyea, daughter of Mr. Caleb Belyea of this city. The ceremony took place at the Mission Church of St. John the Evangelist, Boston, and the wedding tour will include a visit to Chicago. The wedded couple have the sincere wishes of PROGRESS for their future happiness and prosperity.

**It Is Always Readable.**  
The Autumn number of the Delineator has been received from Geo. H. McKay, and, as may be judged, is of special interest to the ladies at this season.

## WILL HAVE NO FOOLING.

### GENERAL HERBERT BELIEVES IN DISCIPLINE IN THE RANKS.

An Irate Nova Scotia Captain Gives the General a Piece of His Mind and Gets Bonused—A Halifax Lieutenant also Finds Himself Not In It.

HALIFAX, Sept. 21.—The military camp at Aldershot, in this province, which closed last week was an event in the nature of an epoch with the militia of Nova Scotia. This is not because the camp was the largest that has yet been held, nor the best conducted, though both are facts. It is memorable because it brought home to the militia the knowledge that General Herbert is an officer with whom strict discipline is everything. He showed the citizen soldiers that he is not in his position to see them play at soldiering, but that he means business. Some of the men now call General Herbert a martinet, and others say he is the right kind of a man for the place. He showed his authority at the camp in a way not seen before. The most minute details had to be properly attended to by both officers and men, or he found out the reason why without delay. A couple of instances will not be out of place, and they have not hitherto been printed.

One morning the captain of a company appeared for duty two minutes behind time. The general did not conceal his disgust as he informed the "late" officer that he was inexcusably tardy, and that he was only two minutes behind time did not alter the fact that he was not on duty when he should be. Only two minutes late was late, nevertheless.

Another instance which may be mentioned is sensational, and though it has been whispered around the city for some days, is known to only a few outside military circles.

It affects a well known resident of Kings county, who is known everywhere in Halifax.

A couple of days after the camp opened the company of the 68th battalion, of which he is captain was being manoeuvred. The movements were so poor that General Herbert's attention was speedily attracted. He could restrain his impatience no longer, as he watched the awkward squad, and he stepped over to the lieutenant who was in charge of the company. He found to his surprise that it was only a lieutenant who was in command, and one at whose inexperience or ignorance, he was shocked.

The general asked where the captain was. The lieutenant replied evasively, though he knew only too well what the matter was, and what kept the captain from his post. General Herbert began to suspect the trouble, and he expressed himself in plain language, both in regard to the lieutenant's way of doing things and to the captain's absence, and the cause thereof.

Later in the day, the captain, who had heard what passed, made up his mind that his dignity demanded he should have satisfaction from General Herbert. He had performed no duty in the meantime. He strode up to the general, with flushed face and flashing eyes and told him his mind. What was really said by the irate captain is not exactly known, but it was more emphatic language than General Herbert had ever before heard from an officer, and savored rather of a lawyer abusing the opposing council than of a captain of the 68th battalion addressing in uniform the commander-in-chief of the Canadian militia. It was unbearable, and General Herbert told the captain so. The latter told that his name would be erased from the force at the camp, and so it was, a few minutes later. The record was: "erased for intoxication." It was a nine days' wonder in the camp that more severe measures were not taken, considering all that had been seen of the general's severity in other directions. What will be done about it further remains to be seen. Efforts are being made to propitiate General Herbert.

The 68th had another misfortune, and again General Herbert acted with a promptness which has not always been seen on the part of his predecessors. This time it was the company of which a Halifax man was lieutenant. That officer was not on duty, for the same reason it is alleged, that kept the captain away. A couple of days elapsed. His absence could no longer be winked at, and his name, too, was taken off the list of officers in camp. Lieutenant Nagle, of the 66th, P. L. F. at Halifax was sent for to fill the vacancy, and he went up to Aldershot to take the position. Mr. Nagle is a son of an officer in the British army, who was long and very favorably known in Halifax, and the misfortune that befel the retired lieutenant is offset in that it was a good thing for Mr. Nagle.

Yes, it was clearly established at Aldershot camp that General Herbert does not intend that the militia of Nova Scotia shall play at arms, and the captain and lieutenant in question are today proofs of the fact and victims of his displeasure.

**Director Smith Wants Facts.**  
In the opinion of Ald. Law, Ald. Christie was only getting off a joke when he said, at a recent meeting of the treasury

board, that men in the employ of the public works were walking around Portland with brooms and shovels on their shoulders, and were paid for doing nothing. When Director Smith heard of this he went before the Board of Works and stated that if such were the case neither he nor Supt. Martin knew anything about it, and he wanted the matter investigated. It was then that Ald. Law advanced the joke theory. A committee was appointed to look into the matter, however, and Ald. Christie will either have to make good his assertion or take back water.

## TRAVELLED ON HIS CHECK.

### How a Gilded Youth Succeeded in Doing a Pretty Smart Trick.

There has been a good deal of quiet talk during the last week or two in regard to the calm and quiet way in which a strange young man of prepossessing manners succeeded in imposing on people of position in St. John society. The stranger stayed at one of the leading hotels, and early made the acquaintance of the people in question. He was a little short of money, temporarily, because his father, who was very wealthy, was hunting in the Rocky Mountains, and could not forward remittances. The stranger found no difficulty in borrowing money from his St. John friends, however, and he also borrowed a number of elaborate and costly toilet requisites. He was treated to yacht excursions, was put up at the Union Club, and the best in the land was not too good for him.

The end had to come, however. The gilded youth owed the hotel about \$40 for board, and he concluded he had worked St. John as far as was prudent. One day he asked the hotel man where he could get his valise repaired, and was directed to a well known concern. Lightly and boldly he tripped out with the valise, but instead of going to the trunkmaker he went to a railway station, and took the train for Montreal.

In his hurry, or inadvertence, he carried away the silver toilet articles that had been kindly loaned him.

It is understood that he has been heard from by the hotel man. He refers to his bill which he is not prepared to pay just now. The hotel man will have to wait until he is ready. If he does not like that, so much the worse.

There is possibly a moral in this story, in regard to entertaining strangers when they travel on their check.

## THEY ARE SAD OVER IT.

### North End Aldermen Were Much Surprised by the Popular Vote.

There was wrath and tribulation among some of the North End aldermen and their friends after the vote on the charter last week. They held an indignation meeting composed of a small but angry band of kindred spirits, and they consoled with each other as well as the circumstances would permit. Some were for the repeal of the union, while some thought the North end should continue in the union until it got all it wanted.

The informal meetings held at that time and since have been conspicuous for the absence of "I told you so." Some of the North End aldermen were confident that the citizens would vote "no" on the proposed changes, and as late as the day before the election one of them staked his reputation as a prophet on the result. He is not in the prophet business to the same extent this week.

The man who took the adverse result with the most good nature and philosophy was Ald. John Conner. He was around last Saturday gravely suggesting that as the electors in most of the wards had voted that they were not satisfied with the existing condition of things, the aldermen for all the wards which had voted "yes" ought to resign. This would not effect the North End wards, for they had voted "no" and proved that they were satisfied as things are.

## The Judge Was Up.

While the appointment of Judge King to the bench of the Supreme Court of Canada was the topic around town Thursday morning, a prominent citizen happened to meet the junior member of the firm of Barker & Belyea. "Where is Dr. Barker this morning," he inquired. "Oh, he is up before Judge King," replied Mr. Belyea, meaning that there was a matter before the judge in chambers. "Ah," responded the citizen, "it seems to me that Judge King is 'up' before Dr. Barker this time." The point was seen without an explanation being necessary.

## Easy to Get to Boston.

The autumn excursion of the International Steamship Company enables anybody to go to Boston and return within 20 days for the small sum of \$5.50 at which tickets are sold. No better season could be desired for a visit to the cultured city, and nobody could ask for more reasonable rates.

## KATRINA AND ARCLIGHT.

### THEY MAKE A SENSATION AT THE RACES IN FREDERICTON.

Charlie Bell's Error of Judgment and Its Consequences—A Beautiful Race—Surprises Seen to Be Plenty in the Events This Time—Some Nice Work.

FREDERICTON, N. B. Sept. 21.—The sensation of the racing meeting to-day was the records of Katrina and Arc Light, owned by Dr. Steeves, St. John and Dr. Taylor, Hampton, respectively and driven by the veteran Charlie Bell. The track which was in pretty bad condition yesterday was in beautiful order and the 2.35 trot, postponed from Wednesday, was won by Katrina who made the mile in 2.25 1/2, distancing all other horses in the race. Bell would have had no trouble in putting his horse in the list and would have had the right to claim Harry McLellan's offer of one hundred dollars for the first get of Wilkes to enter the 2.30 list this year, and same time to have permitted Slipp's Heck and Watson's Thorndale Echo to win second and third money. His error of judgment gave Katrina a mark that will probably shut her out of all races save free-for-alls and has cost Slipp and Watson fifty dollars.

Stranger never headed Arc Light, who trotted second heat in 2.24 1/2, but it was a beautiful race. Learmont's chestnut was always so close to Arc Light that the son of Rampart could not afford to make any mistakes. Pushing him for all he was worth he drove Stranger into several bad breaks and cost him second place, the black mare Favorite owned and driven by Wm. Blair, of Amherst, taking second money. Deceiver saved his distance.

Rampart Jr. paced badly first heat and Slipp's Maud had no trouble winning as she pleased in 2.36.

Then Maud took to breaking and Rampart won the next three heats chased in by Slipp in 2.31 1/2. Henderson's grey surprised everybody by his showing in such company. He was always well up and made it hot for the leaders.

Peter Clinch's runner had no trouble with McMonagle's May Day and Ida Grey. Barry Wood rode Ida Grey, and the eleven year old jockey who rode Clinch's entry had to carry thirty four pounds and fight an old jockey. He had no trouble and finished easily in 1.52. Bygone Days, out of Sussex Las, was drawn.

One of the nice performances of the day was three year old Sir Richard's, mile in 2.37, finished at a jog. Banshee took second money. John McCoy drove Annie Sprague and was third.

Johnny Dick and Minnie R. driven by McEvoy and Golding in the three minute class were drawn from the 45 class, much to the surprise of their friends.

Charlie Ward made a good starter, proving himself to be patient, cool and fair.

The Exhibition has been a grand success from every point of view, financially and otherwise. The horse show was exceptionally good. Many strangers are in town from all parts of the province.

## THE CHIEF WAS ON HAND.

### A Discussion of Applied Electricity Gives Him a Little Run.

Chief Engineer Kerr was in the Union Club about 5 o'clock last Saturday afternoon when the fire alarm striker rung out a single stroke. The chief was at attention in the fraction of a second, and when two strokes came, a moment later, he began to button his coat for a run. Following this came four strokes, and that seemed to locate an alarm at Box 124. In another second the chief was speeding along German street to intercept his wagon as it rattled down King street. A number of citizens stood by to see the sight, for the spectacle of the chief and his chariot on the way to a fire is always an attraction for the people.

There was no wagon in sight, or any other apparatus, nor was there the sound of a bell to be heard. Then the chief concluded there must be a mistake of some kind, and as mistakes are dangerous in the fire department he went up to No. 3 house and asked Mr. Wilson what was the matter with the alarm.

Mr. Wilson said the alarm was all right, and it the striker in the club had sounded it must have been worked from the chief's law office. The club striker works by a closed circuit, the reverse of the city system, and when the hammer in the chief's office flies back it comes in contact with a strip of copper, closing the circuit and sounding the gong in the club.

Then the chief began to investigate and found that two gentlemen who were in his office had been admiring the ingenious appliance, and that in the course of conversation the striker had now and then been touched just sufficiently to illustrate the operation, and that the result had been the formulating of a box number. It will not happen again.

When the chief was a common fireman, several years ago, he had a somewhat similar experience. He had then, as now, a striker on his house in Queen street.

One evening he had the infliction of a very troublesome client who was likely to bore him for hours. A friend of Mr. Kerr, seeing the situation, concluded to do him a good turn, and going into his room tapped 13 on the striker. Of course, John was off like a flash, and ran up town for all he was worth. It was not until he reached the market that he found there was no alarm. When he got back to his house, the bore was gone, and the motive of the false alarm was explained to him. He was grateful, of course, but it seemed to him that the number of box a little nearer home might have been chosen with equally good results.

## WHEN THE JUG WENT DRY.

### Melancholy End of a Festive Function in Halifax Club Life.

Halifax, September 22.—The city club had a sensation some days ago, which has not yet blown altogether over. A New York gentleman, son of the founder of a great light literature publishing house there, and related to a college professor in Dalhousie college here, had been visiting in Halifax. Before his departure he entertained his friends at dinner at the club. Wine flowed freely, so freely that the committee in charge forbade more being served the party. This refusal led to remonstrances and remonstrances led to a scuffle. But the wine was withheld all the same. In the altercation a city father was one of the principals on behalf of the committee, and as a result of it one member of the club has handed in his resignation. He was an ardent member too.

## The Unity of Man and Wife.

There is a very good piece of sentiment and something more perhaps that regards a man and his wife as one. So far as the transportation companies go no railway or steamboat that PROGRESS knows of regards a man and his wife sufficiently a unit to permit them to travel upon one ticket. But there is a good natured ferryman at Gondola point, near the old village of Kingston, who carries the scriptural idea of the unity of a man and his wife into his business. If a man and his sister or brother or some other man's wife crosses his ferry in a team he charges for the team and two passengers, but if a man is accompanied by his wife he pays seven cents less. Mr. Pitt has ferried the river, spring, summer and fall, for fourteen years and this has been his invariable rule. Will somebody please calculate what this eccentric bit of sentiment has cost him!

## Such Fun is Dangerous.

It is not the fault of two or three well known practical jokers that Alfred Riggs, the wooden leg specialist, is alive this week. They put up a job on him Tuesday evening, by inducing him to mount a high bicycle, with which he was to reach the Market Square ahead of an imaginary man on a safety cycle who was to start after him. Riggs started on Charlotte street and went all right until he turned into King street. There, having no control of the wheel, it simply went down the hill at full speed to the surprise and alarm of everybody. When it got to the bottom Mr. Riggs and the wheel got piled up in a heap. The only wonder is that he did not break his neck. The funny men of St. John should confine their efforts to practical jokes of the Captain Teakles saml.

## The Ticket Was a Present.

In referring to the departure of Father Davenport, last week, PROGRESS stated that he had a return ticket to St. John. It should have been stated that he did not purchase the ticket with the intent to return with it, but that it was a gift in the nature of a strong hint that he ought to use it. The statement, unexplained, unintentionally put in a false position those who had been in charge of petitions asking Father Davenport to come back to St. John.

## They Choose the Wrong Time.

A King street merchant, who has his windows washed before most people have had their breakfast, wants to know why some other people on the street select the hours when everybody is around, to deluge the sidewalks with water. He is of the opinion that 11 or 12 o'clock in the day, or six in the evening, when ladies are passing up and down, are not the hours for sidewalk aquatics. Perhaps a hint will abate the nuisance.

## Keep the Schools Comfortable.

PROGRESS is informed that is one of the orders from the management of the city schools that there shall be no fire in the buildings until the first of October. If this is correct, it is very wrong, on a recent morning the temperature was too low for children to remain in a school-room without some heat. It does not do to make cast iron regulations where the weather is concerned.

## The Door Will Slam.

If, as some say, slamming a door is a woman's way of swearing, there is a good deal of profanity around the public library. It is the fault of the door as much as of the people, and it could be easily remedied if the directors would give it their attention.