

# PROGRESS.

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## BELLA, HORRIDA BELLA.

GRAND DRESS REHEARSAL OF THE TRAGEDY OF WAR.

Farmers Leave Their Fields and Rush to Camp Sussex—The Horses Unhitched from the Carts to Haul Field Artillery—Gallant Action of the Hussars.

SUSSEX, July 6.—It is a great day for King's county when the military go into camp at Sussex, and this year has seen the largest gathering known in a dozen years. There are all kinds of soldiers there in the rank and file, from the common privates of Penobscot to the Royal Rushers of Rusagornis who wear the gay glorious trappings of the 8th Hussars under the special regis of the Princess Louise. There are fat men from the pancake districts, and lean men from the smelt grounds, tall men and short men, men who are so erect that they bend backward, and men who bend forward until they look like sled runners standing on the hind end. There are old men and young men, and all sorts and conditions of men

of them wear portions of it on every possible occasion. They used to come to the market in St. John in military attire, and at all state functions in Kings county, as well as on many ordinary occasions they wear the habiliments of horrid war in the company of peaceful farmers.

The Hussars are good horsemen—some of them—and it is only when one of them has borrowed a charger instead of riding the family horse, that there is any trouble. One of this class was seen trying to mount a horse which had not been used to having people on its back. As fast as he put a foot in the stirrup, the animal wheeled away, varying the performance at times by standing on its hind legs. Various expedients were resorted to, but in vain, until the happy thought occurred to put the horse alongside of the fence, climb on the fence, and jump into the saddle in a hurry. The scheme was a great success, and the Hussar rode over the field triumphant, while the band played a striding march.

The cavalry got a taste of the hardships and perils of a campaign, last Tuesday.



COLONEL MAUNSELL.

from the North Shore, the St. John river and the blooming county of Kings itself.

Then there are men who ride horses as though born to the saddle, and men who cling on as if they expected to be jolted off when the critter did anything faster than a walk. There are men with guns on their shoulders, and men who have a cannon on wheels between a lot of them, and there are boys who blow bugles and others who try to blow bugles, but have not yet got the hang of the things; so they simply make a dreadful noise, and their instructor looks mad and swears.

Then there is the staff of gorgeous looking gentlemen with elegant uniforms and all sorts of titles. Col. Maunsell is a sort of general for the purposes of the campaign while his staff includes some of the most famous of the officers of the St. John, Fredericton and Sussex soldiery.

So far the casualties have been few, and the most important of them was when Lt. Col. Donville's grit charger tried to kick Major Markham of Markhamville, and touched his foot so as to make him remember the fact for half a day. Nobody has shot anybody yet, and nobody has yet been run over in the brilliant evolutions of the Woodstock field battery.

The men of this battery are full of grit, and show a stern determination not to be conquered. They have guns with horses attached, and some of the horses have been trained down pretty fine, so that they will not run away with the guns, and go back to Woodstock by the shortest route. This precaution has its disadvantages, however, when a man has to try to hurry up a horse by pulling it along by a halter, while the beast braces its feet, and yanks its head in the air in a contrary direction.

"Left wheel!" roars out a commanding officer of one of the companies of infantry; but, finding his soldiers a little off in the evolution, he motions with his hand, and yells with vigor, "Come around this way you fellows."

"Forward, march," is another order, while the direction, "Don't ye rub agin' that fence," follows as an explanation of the course they are to take.

Under a tree an instructor, very red in the face, and a good deal out of patience, is trying to teach three boys to blow the bugle, with indifferent success.

"Ye couldn't have blowed worse than that if ye had tried," he finally remarks, and he sends them off to practise by themselves for a while.

The proudest soldiers on the field are the Princess Louise Hussars, the flower of the yeomanry of Kings county. They have new brown boots, just out from England, and there are new helmets on the way. The men of Kings county cavalry think so much of their uniform that some

The whole of them and their boots went to Waterford, eight miles away, over a dusty road, on a warm day in a Scott Act county.

Advance and rear guards were thrown out, as well as flanking patrols to ascertain the nature of the county and the condition of the crops. They found a few strawberries but no beer. When they got to Waterford they captured a field and put outposts around them, but nobody attempted to molest them and the only thing they had to fight was a shower of rain. When this came, headquarters were removed to a saw mill. On the march home two men were wounded by their horses falling, but nobody was killed and the hussars returned covered with mud splatters and glory.

Some of the marksmen of the 71st made a great record at the targets one day. It was a pretty hot day, and the regular markers belonging to the I. S. C. were not to be found. Two civilians, a Sussex man and a commercial traveller from St. John, volunteered to keep the score, and did it to the entire satisfaction of the shooters. Out of a possible 80, there were several who were astonished to find themselves making 79, while 76 was a common score for men who did not pretend to be anything in the way of crack shots. The crowd made a magnificent average, but how far the amateur markers helped to swell the record is still a matter for argument.

This week will see the breaking up of the camp, and the men will return to their farms to speculate on the prospects of the crops in general, while the fierce cannon will be housed and the fiery chargers will be found hitched to the mowing machines and the hay waggons. Grim-visaged war will cease its sullen note, and the voice of the bullfrog will wake the solitude of the fields at Camp Sussex.

### They Were Two of a Kind.

On one of the Sunday night trains for the west recently was an exodian who was making for the land of the free with all due haste lest his creditors should interfere with his projected exodus. Peering into one of the cars he was startled by the sight of a St. John constable who, he at once assumed, was on his track to arrest him as soon as midnight passed. He took good care to find a part of the train where he was out of the constable's way, and kept concealed until the United States border was passed. Then, confident of his security, he boldly approached the constable and said, "We are over the border, and you can't touch me now." The constable smiled a very broad smile as he responded, "What are you talking about? I am skipping out of St. John myself." And the two exodians congratulated each other.

New Books in McArthur's Exchange Library, 80 King Street.

## HE ESCAPED THE LAW.

THE CONSTABLES AFTER MR. TYRONE POWER.

Some Creditors Mourn His Hasty Exit—They Escaped Under the Cloak of Sunday—Who Were Left in the Lurch and How it was Done.

Tyrone Power and his "excellent company of players" escaped the constabulary and left town Sunday night for Montreal. Perhaps it would be unfair to say of many of the company that they escaped the constables, or that many of the lesser lights in it fled from the officers, but certainly if they could have interviewed Mr. Power Saturday, he might have left the city much lighter in pocket.

It appears strange now that Mr. Power and those who were with him should have been able to get into the affections of St. John people to such an extent as they did. Whether the glamor of his artistic appearance overcame their usual scruples, or his eloquence persuaded them to lose sight of their accustomed caution, is not clear, but that he did succeed in leaving a number sadly out of patience and pocket there is no reason to doubt.

Mr. Power and three other members of his company stopped at the Clifton House, where it did not take long for an account of three figures to run up. This included sundry disbursements in cash for such incidentals as laundry bills, telegrams, etc., that are usually settled for by the clerks upon delivery. Like the cautious host that he is, the Clifton proprietor rendered his account a few days in advance, but that was all the recognition he got out of it. His guest remained as usual, undisturbed, and went and came with the regularity of clock-work. Of course there had to be a final leave taking, and the proprietor had a clutch on them there that the outside creditors lacked. He had their trunks. It was Sunday before he was satisfied by outside security that his account would be settled, and then that their hotel clearance was all right and the constables being forced to remain idle on account of it being Sunday, Mr. Power succeeded in getting out of town.

Among those who mourned his departure was a local hair dresser who made and loaned the company wigs, etc., for use in their new play, The Sins of His Father. After much importuning Mr. Power returned the wigs, but the money that was to come with them did not appear, neither could his creditor obtain an interview with him. He was denied admission to the dressing room where Mr. Power was, and finally getting out of patience he departed to return later with the law, in the shape of a constable and a capias. But although the performance was over and the audience and many of the actors came out, Mr. Power did not. The constable paced the sidewalk opposite the opera house entrance until the janitor came out and closed the gates. Then he shifted his beat farther up the street and kept his eye on the alley leading to the exits. Eleven o'clock passed and still no Mr. Power and then another hour went on its round until it was twelve o'clock and Sunday morning. Then when the law was powerless before the greater majesty of the day, Mr. Power and his companions came forth and smilingly took their way hotelwards.

Another creditor who had been put off from day to day, and from hour to hour also, was on the beat Saturday night. He had an order on the box office, and counted himself tolerably safe, but just as he went up the steps the keeper of the box passed through the lobby with the box in his hand, and disappeared. After that, an order on the box office was no good. He failed to see Mr. Power, and after awhile becoming impatient, he too contributed his mite for a capias and a constable. They had the same luck as the emissary of the hair dresser.

Then another hotel man who looked after the physical comfort of the balance of the company had a long account of three figures, that seemed to be worth at one time about as much as the paper it was written upon. Rumor has it that he too effected some kind of a security settlement, and permitted his guests to depart in peace.

But if outsiders had plenty of fun in greeting at Mr. Power, so also had the members of his company. They found it very hard work to get anything at all out of him and PROGRESS understands found rest in the hands of some legal gentlemen whose mild persuasion secured them orders in this way and that, sufficient to satisfy their most pressing demands. They were not inclined to be merciful at all since they claimed that Power had given them to understand that the organization was to be a stock company. What was their surprise when they reached the first town to see staring them in the face from every dead wall the startling lines.

MR. TYRONE POWER.

Considering the fact that many of the company had a stage reputation that Mr. Power can hardly hope to secure, the situ-

ation was comical. Those who have met him here soon arrived at the conclusion that while he was an agreeable acquaintance he was much troubled with the common complaint of "big head."

### MR. LITTLE'S LETTER.

He Takes Advantage of a Courteous Letter to Discredit Facts.

In a letter to one of the daily papers Rev. H. W. Little, rector of Sussex, seeks to convey the impression that in its account of the recent examination of the so called Madras school or department, in his parish PROGRESS did not state the facts as they were. It may be as well to say that somewhat out of pity for Mr. Little who appears to have enough trouble on his hands, PROGRESS did not state all the facts. It might have related all the instances of the examination, how utterly ignorant of the catechism and the scriptures the children proved themselves to be, how hurriedly they were gathered together when the examiners announced their intention to pay that district a visit, and how the school embraced children and servants as well. PROGRESS might have related with particulars how the remark of Mr. Frith was greeted by the rector when he ventured the opinion that the children did not appear to be up in their catechism, how Mr. Little "got upon his high horse" and objected to listening to any such remarks, which consequently were repeated to the teacher. When Canon Brigstocke asked what part of the scriptures Mr. Little would prefer the school to be examined upon, he received the reply that it made no difference. And it did not—they were equally ignorant of both Old and New Testaments.

In the light of these facts PROGRESS ventured the opinion that it was probable the grant would be withdrawn, and one of the examining committee reading the paragraph, thought it but fair to write Mr. Little that the examining committee had not presented their report and had not furnished the press with particulars. This was right, PROGRESS' information came in a direct line but not from the committee, whose report will no doubt do justice to the school and to Mr. Little.

At one time PROGRESS gave the public some startling information concerning this gentleman and his business methods: at another time at the request of a number of the friends of his church who wished to save it notoriety, certain unpalatable facts were suppressed. It is a pity they were not printed: the church and the parish would have been saved trouble.

### Requiescat in Pace.

The Josie Mills company failed to play in the institute Dominion day. The performance on Thursday night was their last. In vulgar parlance the company "busted" and the actors and actresses got out of town as best they could. The fiasco at Halifax was not repeated here because it is understood that in spite of the miserable audience, manager Haystead's particular friends put up the cash to satisfy the salaries. Mr. Ashton made an arrangement with Haystead to call all his indebtedness off if he gave him a benefit Thursday evening. Haystead did so, and after the institute rent was paid there were some sixty nine cents for Ashton. Haystead and Josie Mills continued at the Royal for some days after the company disbanded and according to one paper he says that he will have another company on the road in the fall. In that event he will probably give the Maritime provinces plenty of sea room.

One of PROGRESS' good agents in Truro sends a note which explains itself.

In PROGRESS of the 24th inst. the dealers in Truro are charged with selling all the PROGRESS to Josie Mills. It is true one dealer did. We did not. Manager Haystead telephoned Friday that he would buy all PROGRESS and asked us to take the bulletin out of the window. We refused as we have many regular subscribers. On account of there being only one other store that kept PROGRESS, we naturally ran short.

Yours Truly, D. H. SMITH & Co. Truro, N. S. June 29, 1893.

### Will They Ever Learn.

Several communications containing social and personal news are not used in PROGRESS this week for the reason that the writers, not being regular correspondents, did not send their own names in confidence. It occasionally happens that news of this kind is used when it is otherwise known to be reliable, but as a rule no attention is paid to it. Mere initials are of no use. Will people ever learn that PROGRESS has this rule?

### Father Collette's Picnic.

Father Collette's St. John friends will remember that his popular picnic is to take place in Quaco on the 18th of this month. The train will leave St. John at 7 in the morning, for half fare if ten go together. The Hampton train for Quaco will connect for half fare. A more beautiful spot than Quaco could never be selected for a day's pleasure, where games, races, brass band, meals and refreshments will be had at moderate terms. The cause is a good one: the clapping of the church.

## IT IS THEIR BUSY DAY.

HALIFAX SWELLS KEEP SUNDAY ON THE CONTINENTAL PLAN.

They Do Not Care a Continental What People Think About It—Exciting Athletic Sports on McNab's Island—The Day Too Hot to Keep a Score.

HALIFAX, July 5—Halifax is not a particularly Sabbath observing city, but flagrant desecration of the day is not looked upon with favor. People are the less likely to overlook any shortcoming in young men who assume to themselves a sort of lofty superiority over others—if not morally or intellectually, at least socially. Dudes are not regarded with very much favor, except by themselves. An illustration follows:—

A large crowd of "dudes" are in the habit of taking long tramps on Sundays; not much harm in that, or in going to MacNab's Island either for a day's outing. But when they spend the afternoon at the island roystering and frolic; when they make up two baseball teams, and go down to the island for a genuine game of Sunday baseball, it is going a little too far for public sentiment. That was what happened last Sunday afternoon, and some indignation has been expressed. One of the ball teams was largely composed of members of the City Club.

Prominent among the jolly players were J. T. Lithgow, a government bank clerk, who some time ago attained considerable notoriety at a cock fight which the police hunted down; George Tracy, who was once a champion amateur runner, was another; Frank Grierson, and Faro Stimpson, of the customs, were also City Club players. It was the other team in which Mr. H. H. Fairweather figured. Perhaps he chose it because of its pretty name—"Hillside Perfect Ladies." Hillside Hall is a fashionable private boarding house here. The captain of the latter team was "Clem" Burns, R. P. Greenwood was another "lady," were Guy Mott, W. H. Neal, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Graine, and Mr. Ross. These were some of the players, and there was besides a crowd of kindred spirits, attired in the highest style of the tailor's art. The result of the match has not been handed in, though of course gallantry demanded the "perfect ladies" should win. But there was so much to eat and drink that perhaps they forgot to make up the score. It was a glorious time!

### POOR JACK IS DEAD.

One of the Best Known Frequenters of King Square Departs.

One of the best known frequenters of King Square is dead. For nearly sixteen years he has guarded the stable of his master, John Ryan, and no more intelligent or popular canine lived in the city. "Jack" was as familiarly known to all his acquaintances, had a larger share of intelligence than the average dog. It is said of him that never since he has been the property of his master has the fire bell rung for the station at the other side of the square when Jack has not been on hand, barking and whining until the firemen appeared. Then, if the blaze was close at hand, he would follow the engine to the spot and accompany it home again. But it was in a distant part of the city Jack seemed to know and returned to his quarters.

Many years ago one of those who knew him well and made much of him was a conductor on the train between St. John and Halifax, and on two occasions he persuaded the dog's master to allow Jack to accompany him to the sister city. Shortly after this the conductor was transferred to a western route, and Jack, missing him, started himself for three successive trips and made the journey to Halifax. Arriving here he went to all of the haunts of his former friend and looked in vain for him in one place and another until train time, then he boarded the train and came home again. He repeated this three times, and then seemed to come to the conclusion that he was not in Halifax or on the road. It was seven years afterwards before the conductor came to St. John again, and when he did so one of the first places he visited was the old stable and the old dog. He found the latter guarding the doorway as usual, and when he spoke to him was paid but little attention to, but upon repeating a well known call, that in former days always used to bring the dog to him, those who saw the meeting can well recall the demonstrations of joy with which Jack recognized his friend.

There are many other stories told of the dog that would be worth printing did space permit. Those who knew him will be sorry to learn that he has been poisoned by some miscreant whose life, perhaps, has not been half so useful as that of the faithful four footed brute.

### Hoodlums at the Bay Shore.

There should be some way of protecting ladies who visit the Bay Shore, without escorts from the bad language and actions of hoodlums. The other day two ladies with some small children were having luncheon on the beach when two boys,

about 16 or 17 and of the rowdy stamp, came along and with very bad oaths demanded some cake. If it were not given to them they would take it they said. They got the cake in this instance and they probably meet with success in their operations on other occasions. There are many complaints of rowdiness of one kind and another at the Bay Shore this summer.

### THE MANAGEMENT IS SLOW.

No Races at Moosepath Yet and Future Prospects Poor.

If that part of the season that is past is any indication of the part to come the horsemen of the city are not likely to see much in the racing line this year. Whatever fault could be found with the gentlemen who had charge of Moosepath in former years it could not be said of them that they lacked enterprise or energy. They made the most of thankless offices and gave the public races. Sometimes at a loss and again at a profit. But this year there have been no races. The two holidays that usually attracted good crowds to the park have passed and Moosepath has been deserted. This is the more remarkable since there have been so many meetings in other parts of the maritime provinces—two in Halifax, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Calais, Moncton, even Memramcook and Richibucto, have had their share but St. John remains inert. This is but poor encouragement to trainers and owners of fast horses and really there is no excuse for such lack of energy.

There could have been two races on Dominion day without any trouble. There are enough horses in training around the city to have filled two classes, a three minute or a 2.40, and a free for all. Mr. Carvill offered the management \$25 for the track, and he would have conducted the meeting on his own responsibility, but the track wanted \$50 and failing to get that there was nothing done. It would have paid them to have given the track in order to keep up the interest in racing. The more people they interest in the track the larger number of tickets will be sold, but the result of this stand-still and wait policy is that the number of tickets taken out is far less than it was this time last summer.

The latest talk is about a meeting in August, but even the date of that is uncertain since they fear that the dates spoken of will interfere with those of other tracks in the New Brunswick circuit. The only way to get and keep your own dates is to make and publish them far enough ahead to draw the attention of other track managers and they will act accordingly.

### FERRY RULES OF THE ROAD.

Why There Is a Difference Between the East and West Side Floats.

A contributor to PROGRESS recently wondered why passengers were directed to keep to the right on the east side ferry floats and to the left on the west side floats. The explanation is found in the location of the toll-houses. In passing through the house on the east side the passenger finds himself on the right-hand side of the floats, going to the boat, while passengers landing on the floats go up the right-hand side to reach the gate to the street. This is reversed on the west side, because the available site for the toll-house was on the left-hand side of the approach to the steamer.

A good many have been puzzled to know why the words "the left" are over the archway over one of the west side gates, while over the other archway is a blank. The man who did the painting tells PROGRESS how it happened. The design was to paint "Keep to" over one gate, and "the left" over the other, and as the staging was in position around the toll-house the painter put the last half of the sentence in its proper place, intending to rig a staging to paint the other part. When he was ready to finish the job there came a howling snowstorm, and having other matters to attend to, the painter went away, and that was the end of the matter.

### He Found It Everywhere.

"I have been in every corner of the Maritime provinces in the last three months and have come to the conclusion that PROGRESS reaches a wider field and covers it more thoroughly than any newspaper I know of. I met it everywhere. I heard about it constantly and was persuaded that for advertising it could not be improved upon." These are the words of a well known traveler who is on the road all the time and knows what he is talking about.

### Believes in the Old Name.

Writing from New York last week, Wm. F. Burrows, formerly of St. John has this to say to PROGRESS:

I take the liberty of congratulating you on your stand in regard to the changing of the name of Sheffield street. Let it retain the name it bears. You cannot change the morals of a people by changing the name of a street.

### Little Cum Dulce.

The royal wedding on Thursday is commemorated by the issue of a supplement to PROGRESS in the form of an excellent portrait of the Duke of York, with valuable information appended. This combination of the useful and the beautiful, will doubtless be fully appreciated by the public.