

PROGRESS.

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A "JACK THE HUGGER."

WHY WOMEN SHOULD NOT GO ON MONCTON STREETS

After Dark Without an Escort—A Young Lady Seized by the Ankle on Christmas Night by a Despicable Ruffian—Where are the Police?

MONCTON, Jan. 2.—London groaned for months under the shame of an undiscovered assassin called "Jack the Ripper" who committed a series of most brutal murders almost with impunity, under the very eyes of the most efficient and vigilant police force in the world who utterly failed to obtain the least clue to his identity, and who smarted under the undesired censure not only of other nations but of the English people themselves. He pursued his terrible hobby—for such it seemed, until satiated with slaughter, or deterred by circumstances, and to this day his identity is merely a matter of conjecture; there has never been any certainty about it, and even his horrible crimes are being gradually forgotten. But ever since he won his title there have been feeble imitators rising up here and there in large cities, and we have constantly heard of "Jack the Kisser," "Jack the Hair Cutter," "Jack the Chaser," etc., men who have made a practice of terrifying women in some way or other! Moncton—not to be behind larger cities in the evidences of a high state of civilization—has recently become distinguished by the possession of a one, only, and original "Jack the Hugger" in the person of some human brute who amuses himself by frightening women and young girls at night.

It is far from being an enviable distinction and the fact that the nuisance has been permitted to continue for so long, is scarcely creditable to the authorities. For some months past items have appeared from time to time in the daily papers drawing attention to the fact that there was a man, or perhaps more than one man, who made a practice of lurking in unfrequented spots, especially unfinished buildings, and springing out at ladies who passed by, even chasing them for a considerable distance when they are unprotected. Last autumn I referred to the matter at some length myself and gave some instances of the special form of persecution adopted by the man; and now again I am obliged to speak on the same subject and remark that things seem to have grown worse, instead of better, in spite of the general attention which has been directed towards what is a disgrace to any well governed city as small as Moncton. In the last month complaints have grown far more frequent, and the fellow, whoever he may be, seems to have grown so bold that his capture ought to be a very simple matter if any organized effort was made to effect it.

Only two or three weeks ago this man sprang out from behind the shelter of a fence on Highfield street, one of the best lighted and most respectable streets in the city, as early as seven o'clock in the evening, and seized a young lady who was passing. A week later he rushed out from an unfinished building on Bonnacord street, and grasped another, seizing her before she even had time to turn and see him. Both of these ladies showed what is called "fight" in so decided a manner that the coward was terrified and fled, one of them assuring him with great spirit that if she thought there was any hope of meeting some one she knew she would chase him until she found out who he was and give him in charge of the first policeman she met.

The latest outrage occurred on Christmas evening. A young lady was walking up Church street, which is perhaps, next to Main, the most populous thoroughfare in town, and where a very short distance from Main street a man sprang out from a small unoccupied lot, almost the only dark spot on the street, and seized her by the ankle. Her shrieks of terror alarmed her assailant, who dashed across the lot, and disappeared in the shadow of the Methodist church.

Now Church street is so brilliantly lighted that one wonders how a man could find sufficient shadow to conceal himself in, and so thickly populated that it is scarcely possible to pass along without meeting a number of people, so the extraordinary boldness of the ruffian is the more to be wondered at. The electric lights from Main street are supplemented by the powerful arc light, on the corner of Church and Queen streets, and those in front of the churches, so it is, as the saying goes, "almost light enough to read by" at any time of the night. I do not imagine the police are to blame for this state of affairs, as their different "beats" are probably appointed for them, but it seems rather a mistake that on the side streets, which are really the dangerous ones, meeting a policeman at night is almost unheard of, while Main street, the safest part of the town, is unusually well guarded. Moncton is a great place for meetings of every description! I think it has more societies to the square yard than any city of its size in the Dominion, and its ladies and young girls have always

been in the habit of attending such meetings alone, when their escorts were otherwise engaged, without a thought of danger. Young girls in groups, and even singly, were frequently seen returning fearlessly from early choir practices, Christian Endeavor meetings, young people's sewing circles, and prayer meetings, and Moncton was pointed out as a model town, in that respect. But a very unpleasant change has taken place lately, and now when few ladies are courageous enough to venture out alone, even early in the evening, it seems to me that the time has arrived for the citizens to take the matter into their own hands, and organize a hunting party if need be, to capture the wretch, or wretches, who are terrorizing the women of Moncton. It could surely be managed, and the city relieved from the reproach of being unsafe for a respectable woman to venture out in, even after the early dusk of a winter's day. I hope the matter will be seriously taken up, and the utmost penalty of the law, if there is a penalty for such offences, meted out to the transgressor. GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

HOME NEWS FROM ABROAD.

A Nova Scotian Interested in a Divorce Suit in a English Court.

The following extract from the North London Echo of December 19, 1894 will be of interest to many people in these maritime provinces and gives the reader some idea of the diversity of enjoyment these trips across the Atlantic afford Canadians:

The following case was heard before Sir Francis Jeune last week:—Dent v. Dent and Silver, otherwise Sinclair.—Mr. Barnard appeared for the petitioner, and Mr. Pritchard for co-respondent, the respondent being undefended.—For the petitioner, who is living at 19, Cranbrook-park, Wood Green, it was stated that the parties were married in May, 1881. Petitioner was a commercial traveller, and upon returning from one of his country journeys on March 2nd last, he found his wife had gone from home, leaving a letter, the purport of which was that she had left him for ever, and advising him to forget her. On the 24th of the same month petitioner met respondent at Victoria Station, when she acknowledged her guilt of being unfaithful to him, and that she had lived at the B at Hotel, Esher, with one Arthur Percival, as his wife. The latter had, however, sailed away two days previous to the meeting. Petitioner, believing from information obtained that his name was Sinclair, took proceedings in that name. Ultimately, from letters intercepted, his real name was discovered to be Arthur Percival Silver, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and upon his return to this country about May 8th, petitioner met him with a solicitor, tracking him to the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool. After being insulted by the co-respondent, the petitioner administered to him a severe thrashing. Petitioner went into the box and swore to the foregoing, and Mr. Tod Pullen, of the Bear hotel, substantiated the fact of their living together at his hotel. The facts of the adultery having been admitted, the co-respondent denied knowing that the respondent was a married woman. The judge granted a decree nisi without costs, as the proof was insufficient to show that the co-respondent knew she was a married woman.

TRINITY'S FISH.

An Anecdote of two Prominent Nova Scotia Clergymen.

Not only are the Trinity church chimes guilty of anachronisms, as they play an evening hymn at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at twelve o'clock at night, and sometimes at noon, they play "Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee"—not only is the Trinity church clock generally about five minutes fast, and after a heavy snowstorm does it indicate one hour the whole day through, but the steeple of the church is a very poor object lesson in natural history. The fish that tells which way the wind blows is on its back—a fact that has not yet been discussed in the Natural History Society. Of course it may be argued that a fish so far out of its natural element would not likely be in its natural position, but this is, at best, a poor excuse.

Speaking of vases, an anecdote of two Nova Scotia ministers might be related. These gentlemen used to meet each other every Sunday when driving to and from the remote parts of their districts. One minister one day remarked to the other when they meet near their respective churches, which were close together, "That weathercock on your church is symbolical of your people—they shift with every wind that blows."

"The symbol on the top of your church," said the other minister, pointing to the glass ball on his contemporary's temple, "is likewise appropriate. It is a mighty poor conductor of heavenly fire."

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

A SPLENDID SPECTACLE.

THE FUNERAL OF SIR JOHN THOMPSON WAS MAGNIFICENT.

All the Pomp and Dignity of Canada at Halifax—The Pageants and Processions—The Funeral Director had a Hard Time of It—What the Cost Will Prove to be.

HALIFAX, Jan. 3.—This has been an eventful week for Halifax. All the dignity and pomp that Imperial and Dominion authorities could impart was centralized here in a series of great pageants. Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday were days long to be remembered by the residents of the city and by hundreds of guests from all quarters.

On Tuesday commenced the obsequies of the premier. On that day the Blenheim arrived at the port and many thousands saw the landing of the body and the military funeral from the Ordnance wharf to Province hall. It was a solemn and impressive sight. The chief object of interest was the casket borne upon the grand carriage. To those who had never seen a military funeral before it was a spectacle that held them rapt. There was the grim emblem of war with the coffin wrapped in the British flag. Then the four powerful prancing horses with three fully uniformed soldiers, one driving and the other on the horses' backs, was a striking sight. The slow steps of the guard of honor, with several guns and the stately music of the dead march, combined to deeply affect those who saw and heard. To add to the sombreness of this scene the air was full of rain and the streets were crowded with slush. Along the route of the procession there was a sea of umbrellas. The storm did not keep people out and among the crowd were seen many old people and delicate persons who endangered their lives by being present but could not stay away.

On Wednesday came the "lying in state" and many thousands flocked to the council chamber where the remains reposed. Here a scene of unsurpassed magnificence awaited them. The natural beauties of the room had been retained and the trappings added to them and set them off. In rich silks, cashmeres and crepes the room had been hung and black, white, purple, silver and gold were blended in pleasing proportions. The effect was softened by the presence of a profusion of calla lilies, palms, and other green plants. The floral tributes were of the richest sort. From all parts of Canada and from England they came and many were massive and beautiful in design.

The crowd had been coming into the city for some days and the culmination appeared to be on Wednesday. On that day many trains arrived, special and regular, bringing dozens of carloads of people. One train had eighteen cars filled up.

Then the question arose, where shall we stop? And here people found trouble. All available rooms at hotels had been taken long before and people had much difficulty to find a place to stop. Toward the Halifax hotel people seemed to converge and all day the scene was a busy one. Thousands of people were in that hotel during the day. The big tiled office was full of people sitting and standing gathered in groups talking politics and funeral, shaking hands, smoking, laughing and joking. It was interesting to watch the crowd. There were there the chief men of Canada, cabinet ministers, leading politicians, railway men, journalists, members of parliament, lawyers, judges, ministers. There were a great many Antigonish men about. In fact, I heard one man say that the whole county was in the city.

Perhaps the most sought man in the whole audience was Louis Coste, the man of the Dominion public works who had charge of the whole funeral. He had the distribution of the tickets for the cathedral services and he was all the time being buttonholed by people who desired tickets. But his ability to satisfy the wants of seekers was very limited. After the officials and visiting delegations were provided for there were only about five hundred seats left and about ten thousand people were after these. But he did the best he could, though thousands of people were left unsatisfied.

On Thursday there were two great events. There was the service at the cathedral and there was the funeral procession. The service was a beautiful one. The singing of the mass was most impressive and to many who had never heard it before it was most interesting. All classes and denominations were present and in many ways the service of a church known to be most exclusive was very cosmopolitan. The music was sublime and the oration of the Archbishop was masterly. The church was draped in delightful taste and naught was wanting to the service.

The funeral was a magnificent cortege and nothing has probably ever surpassed it in America. It was conducted with all the dignity that the state could give it and was

of tremendous proportions. The funeral car was of a magnificent structure drawn by six horses and thousands were in line behind it while tens of thousands saw it pass.

The whole obsequies were conducted on a most elaborate and expensive scale and the question is whether Sir John would have wished it himself. It is probable that he would not have for he was a man of quiet tastes. But the immortal government took

LORD ABERDEEN AT CHURCH.

How He Went to an Episcopal Instead of a Presbyterian One.

HALIFAX, Jan. 3.—Halifax Scotchmen are an enthusiastic set. They are somewhat clannish. Some of them are now talking in a way which would make Earl Aberdeen, if he heard what was said, think that he is not so popular down east after all, and his excellency finds popularity not distasteful. The Scotch presbyterians of

COLUMBUS'S DOUBLE.

How Rev. W. W. Brewer Was Mistaken for the Discoverer of America.

There is no minister in the maritime provinces more thoroughly and favorably known than Rev. W. W. Brewer, who has been stationed in St. John, Fredericton, and many other parts of New Brunswick and the other maritime provinces. Mr. Brewer was recently in New York, assisting Rev. B. Fay Mills, the evangelist who created such a sensation in Halifax, some time ago. Mr. Brewer as will be remembered by St. John people, wears a slouch hat, which rests jauntily upon a magnificent head of coal black hair, which is as long as it is black. Mr. Brewer was passing down one of the great streets of New York lately when he saw something in a shop window which attracted his attention from things spiritual for a few minutes. Then it was that he found he himself was becoming as great a centre of attraction as anything in the store windows. Even a larger and noisier crowd of newsboys than may be seen on Canterbury street any fine afternoon was looking at Mr. Brewer with deep interest and intense admiration. One of the newsboys ventured the remark, "That's Buffalo Bill."

A good many of the newsboys had seen the famous Prince Edward Islander who has made so much money out of that name, and accordingly the one who ventured this remark was promptly "sat upon." Then it was that a little black-eyed fellow gave his opinion upon the stranger's identity,—an opinion which was received with much more respect and credence. Mr. Brewer said that he never felt more surprised and gratified in his life than he did when the little black-eyed fellow said "Dat's Christopher Columbus, de man what discovered America."

A New Year's Incident.

A pathetic incident occurred on the Carleton ferry boat New Year's night. Two little girls, about 10 and 12 years of age, were looking for a church of England clergyman to administer communion to their dying grandmother. They had seen one minister, but he said it was against the rules for a minister of another parish to intere, and he sent the girls to look after Rev. Mr. Street, who had been preaching in St. Luke's for a short time. The dying woman lived on Fort Howe and she sent for the nearest minister. The girls heard that Mr. Street lived in Carleton and they were hunting for him there in the fearful storm that raged. How much better it would have been for the minister and for his church if they had not been able to repeat this tale to the crowd that gathered about them on the ferry boat.

He Still Smoked the Cigar.

An officer was walking towards the police station with a slightly inebriated prisoner on Thursday evening. The prisoner was placidly smoking a big cigar. The officer did not think it necessary to put bracelets upon the prisoner, but he saw his mistake when he got on Union street, and the drunken man make a break for liberty. He did not break very far, however, for the officer caught hold of his coat. The drunken man slipped and fell, carrying the officer with him, and they both rolled over and over, much to the amusement of a large crowd. But although the drunken man's face was sometimes against the cold, cold ground, sometimes towards heaven, he never relinquished the hold his mouth had on the cigar, which was kept brightly burning after he was put on his feet again. Then he calmly and steadily walked to the police station, a little ahead of the policeman, and nobody meeting the pair would think that they had any connection with each other whatever. And he still smoked the cigar.

Another Glorious Victory.

A couple of our most burly finest captured a framer from a five year-old toddler, a girl, at the lower end of Charlotte St. about half-past seven Sunday night. These peace-preservers were evidently going to turn over a new leaf and not be caught napping. It is to be hoped they will be as wide awake to everything.

Letters from N. P.

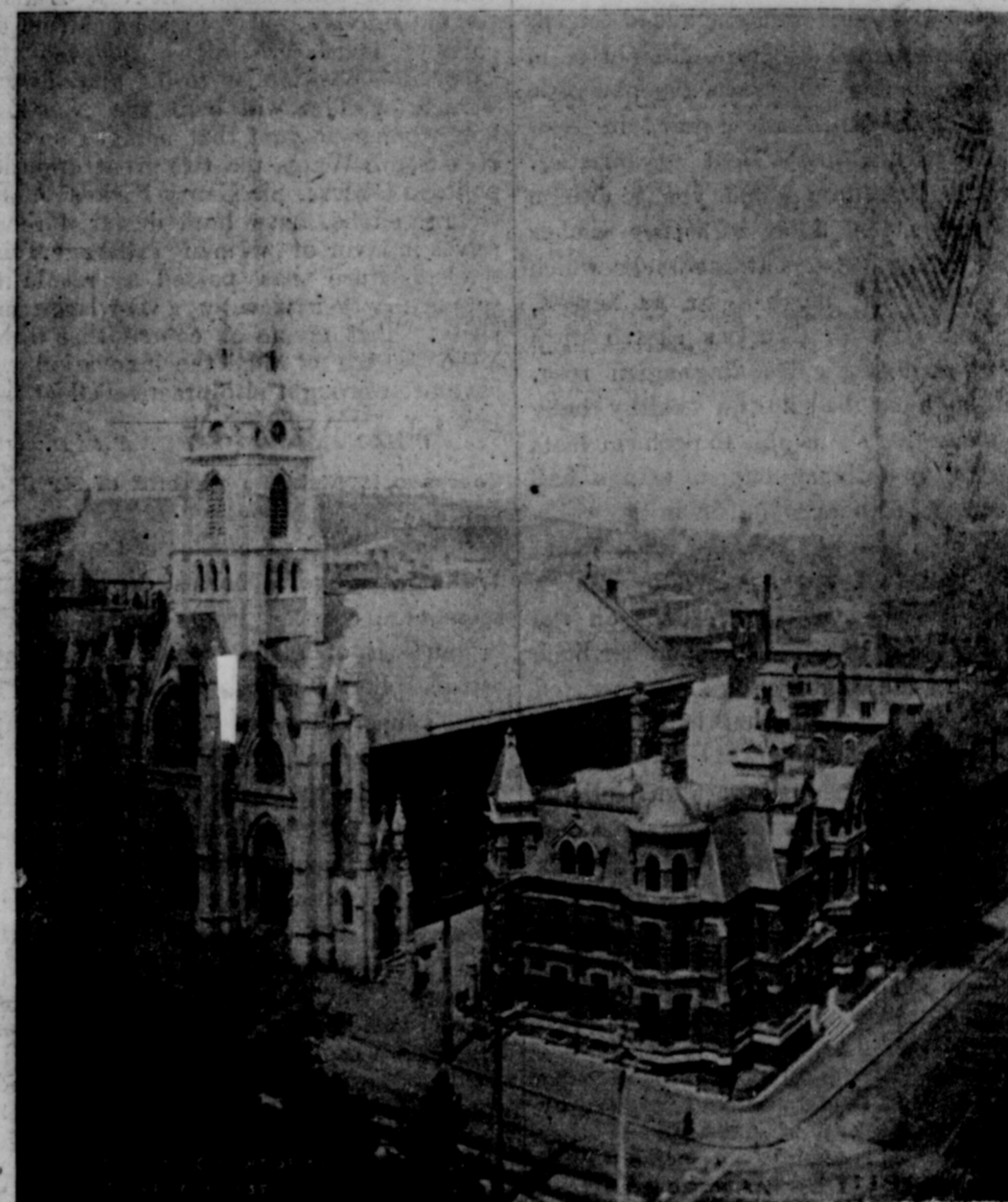
Next week PROGRESS will begin to print letters from N. P. Nannah who has recently been on a visit to Honolulu and has written an account of the trip and his impressions of the islands for PROGRESS readers.

It was a Private Ball.

At a social dance held on Wednesday evening in the Mariners' and Mechanics hall, St. James street, it was deemed necessary to put on the door a placard bearing the legend, "Spectators not Allowed."

Not with "Progress."

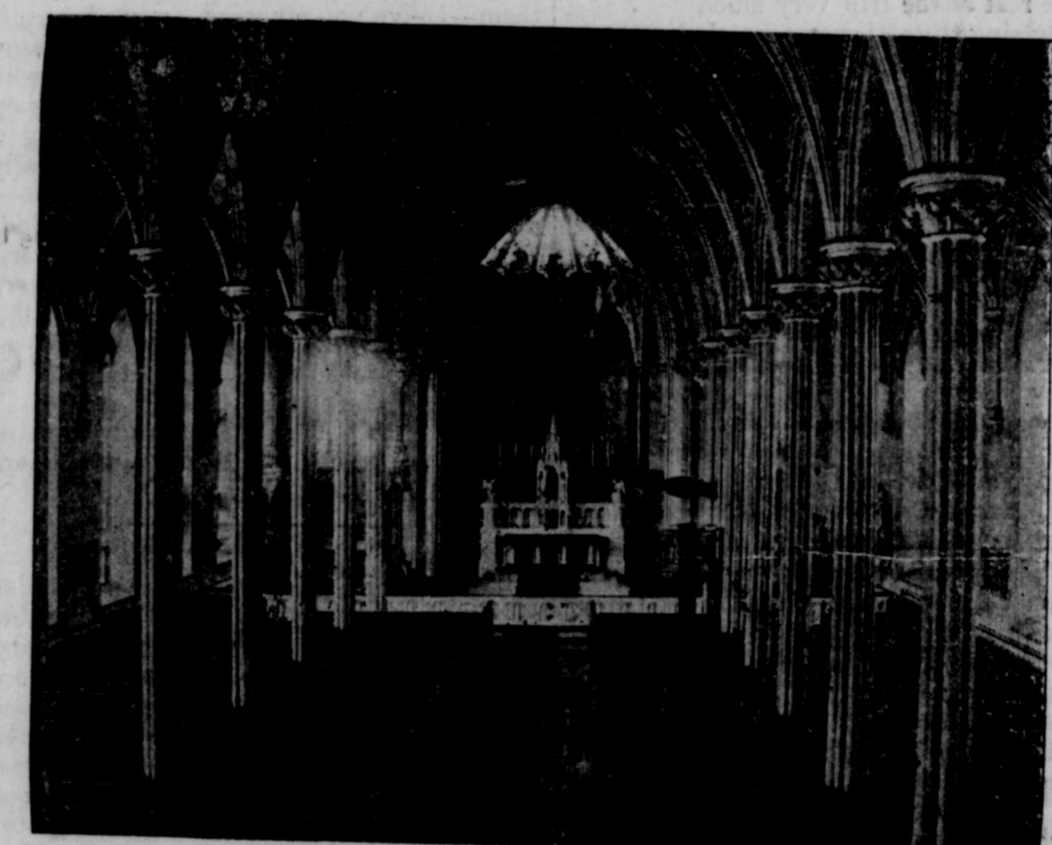
Inquiries being made from time to time at this office for Mr. W. K. Reynolds it may be as well to state that he has not been connected with the staff of PROGRESS since May last.



ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, HALIFAX.

the initiative and the Ottawa government followed it up. The funeral must have cost many tens of thousands of dollars. There was the trip of the Blenheim across here just for the purpose. The decorations of the city made a big hole in a hundred thousand dollars. I heard that one firm expected for their work a cheque for \$10,000. The vault, the funeral car, the flowers, and countless other things have swelled the expense considerably and then there is that which cannot be counted in

Halifax are complaining that while the Governor-General is, like themselves, a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, and even an elder of the kirk, that when he comes to Halifax he seems to put himself out of the way to ignore the church of the "North country." He seeks St. Luke's cathedral where episcopalian fashion reigns. Sunday night he betook himself there where Anglicanism of the highest type is the rule. Earl Aberdeen would only have to continue this a little longer to lose some of the popularity



INTERIOR OF ST. MARY'S.

money the influence upon business, the loss of time to people, services given gratuitously, &c.

But then such things as these have a great moral influence. They elevate men emotionally, they inspire and keep alive the feeling of reverence, they place

he has held with his co-churchman of the Presbyterian communion in this province. His excellency has a perfect right to go where he likes to church, and no one has the vestige of a right to criticize him in this matter, but at the same time he possibly would have made more friends had he gone to Fort Massey or St. Matthew's,



WILLOW PARK, Sir John's Former Residence.

the ideal of the beautiful and good before men, and this one by drawing attention to the life of Sir John Thompson especially brings a splendid model before people.

or St. Andrew's church, than by hearing the gospel preached at the church of England cathedral. Such may not be the case, but it is what some Scotch presbyterians here are saying.