

PROGRESS.

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A PLEASANT SEA TRIP.

TO AND FROM BOSTON BY THE INTERNATIONAL STEAMER.

Hospitality in the Hub—Three Jolly Contractors Who Make Life Pleasant For Their Friends—A Trip to Bass Point and Return Home by the Cumberland.

Many visitors leave St. John with a good impression of the place and people, but of all those who have seen this year, few, if any, are in a position to say pleasanter things than those three whole souled jolly contractors, Messrs. Harris, Heron and Briggs of Cambridge, Massachusetts. They came to the province for a good time and a rest. They had a good time and the rest will be theirs in the future. They saw Ben Lomond and any attractive suburbs that came in their way; they went to Fredericton and did not forget the outlying hotels at Springhill and Killarney. Proprietor Coleman took good care of them and did not permit them to miss anything worth seeing. In fact their visit to the barracks will long be remembered by those within and without. They brought away remembrances of their visit there, all indicative of soldier's life and soldier's ways. In St. John their headquarters were at the Dufferin but they made many friends wherever they went that it was really a difficult matter for them to reach the hotel again after leaving it in the morning. While here they found an intimate friend and a genial spirit in the person of Dr. Mackenzie of the Eye and Ear Infirmary of Boston who joined them on the return trip and added to the enjoyment of a very pleasant journey. A few gentlemen from this city, including a PROGRESS representative, were also on board the steamer State of Maine and as the Massachusetts Fusiliers with a splendid band boarded the boat at Eastport the trip was one of particular enjoyment, enhanced as it was by good music and the best of good fellowship.

The American visitors returning from St. John and the province were all more or less intimately acquainted with the Fusiliers and their lady friends and consequently there was no lack of entertainment or companionship. Music and mirth, wit and repartee were the order of the day and night; argument and politics had no place on the programme, as ex-almirman Flood learned to his discomfort when he encountered the witty Heron.

But even the pleasant trip must end and when at early dusk the steamer glided up Boston harbor, she did so to the merriest and most appropriate music the band could play. At the wharf the civilians parted from the military in spite of an urgent invitation to join the ranks and go to the love feast at the armory.

If St. John men had assisted at all in entertaining the Boston gentlemen mentioned at the first of the article, certainly they were taken charge of in the hub and used in that hospitable manner which has made the social reputation of Messrs. Harris, Heron and Briggs. These gentlemen have elegant homes in Cambridgeport and all being in the building line are consequently very frequently associated in business as well as pleasure. It is their pride to treat a stranger right, to introduce him to men of their own good sort, wholesome, genial and generous, who are all intent upon keeping him upon the move, seeing the best that is to be seen, enjoying the best that is to be had. Such was the pleasant fortune of the St. John men who fell into their hands. The Bowdoin Square hotel was their headquarters and a pleasant place it would be difficult to find. It is made more so by capable, courteous clerks in the persons of Mr. Myles and his associate as well as the proprietor, Mr. White, who constantly studies the comforts of his guests.

An excursion trip to Bass point and a fish dinner at Durand's was another feature of a programme of entertainment that was as varied as it was full of surprises. It was on this trip that the party enjoyed the company of Mr. Thomas Tape who spent a short time in his native city, St. John, this summer and who vied with everyone else in making things pleasant for the visitors. Mr. Tape has a responsible position in Boston as manager of the establishment of R. G. Brown & Co. on Avery street where he has been for many years. In the busy season no fewer than 700 people are catered to daily in this place. The manager is simply another example of the successful Canadian in Boston.

The opportunity to make a return trip on the Cumberland was not to be missed for a genial, obliging and courteous purser like "Barry" Thompson can make it very pleasant for passengers. In fact the whole company on the Cumberland from the Captain down are deservedly popular with the travelling public. On the State of Maine Steward Bend could not have done more than he did to make everybody comfortable.

Old friends, such as Mr. W. H. Welsh of R. Hoe & Co., and Mr. Minchew of John Carter & Co., gave the party a cordial greeting and devoted much of their time to them. These gentlemen are well known through these provinces where they have done much business in the past and will, no doubt, in the future.

THE FAMOUS LILLIPUTIANS.

Mrs. General Tom Thumb Returns After Twenty Years Absence.

Twenty years ago General Tom Thumb and his diminutive wife visited St. John and attracted crowds of people nightly. They were feted and made much of by St. John people and altogether had a delightful time in this city.

Last week Mrs. Tom Thumb again visited St. John, but without the celebrated partner by whom she was accompanied on her first visit. Thirteen years ago General Tom Thumb joined the silent majority and his present successor is the Count Magri, an Italian. The entertainments at the Opera house were



BARON MAGRI, COUNTESS MAGRI (former Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb), AND COUNT MAGRI.

very well attended and the hundreds who were present at the matinee on Wednesday afternoon were glad of an opportunity of shaking hands with the famous little lady at a reception held after the performance. The Countess Magri is just as popular as was Mrs. General Tom Thumb and she was the centre of much attraction and admiration during her stay in St. John. The diminutive Count and his brother the Baron Magri are both bright and interesting and as they have travelled widely are interesting conversationalists.

Mr. and Mrs. George Laible are two other small members of this unique company, Mrs. Laible being particularly dainty and interesting. Her home is in Louisville Kentucky and she has a deep love for the sunny south. The costumes of both ladies are very beautiful, most of them being Paris creations.

On Friday morning the company left by the Prince Rupert for Nova Scotia and it is confidently expected their tour will be a successful one. The programme offers many bright and interesting features. The Countess Magri and her company go to Europe after a short stay in Nova Scotia and it is hardly within the bounds of possibility that she will ever be seen in this part of the world again.

WHO IS THE REAL HERO.

A Couple of Young Men Who are Too Modest by Far.

At the Bay Shore a few days ago a life was saved through the bravery of a young man about whose identity there seems to be some doubt. A little girl the daughter of Mrs. E. I. Simonds was being carried by the waves beyond her depth and beyond the reach of her mother who was on the beach. In the vicinity at the time were several young men enjoying a swim, who with true St. John pluck hastened at once to the rescue. The child was speedily restored to the much alarmed mother. Thus far everything is certain enough but when the press made note of the event, a majority of them said the name of the rescuer was Mr. John Lawlor, a popular though modest member of the staff of the C. P. R., Telegraph company; one proper nevertheless asserted with equal positiveness that the hero of the occasion was a Mr. Taylor, a Montreal athlete. Now though, Jack Lawlor is nominated by a majority of the daily papers as the rescuer he has not asserted his claim to the distinction nor has he given any contradiction to the assertion that Mr. Taylor was the favored man. Nor has Mr. Taylor asserted his exclusive claim to the distinction of being a life saver.

Everybody who knows Jack is confident he would not for a moment desire to appear in borrowed plumes or appropriate any honors that rightfully belonged to another man. In respect to Mr. Taylor, who, if one may judge from the tenor of the note connecting him with the occurrence, is favorably known in athletic circles in Montreal, it is only fair to credit him with similar sensibilities. Both these gentlemen have many friends who would like the vexed question settled. In other words to have it determined for all time who saved the child?

AT THE GROCERS PICNIC.

A DESCRIPTION OF HOW THE AFFAIR WAS MANAGED.

The Boats Did not Leave on Time and There was an Awful Scarcity of Food—How the Sandwiches Were Built—What the Isle of Pines Looks Like.

"Mama! this is a grocers picnic, where are the groceries?" was the question a tired, hot and very hungry little girl asked her mother last Tuesday at the Isle of Pines, in a tone loud enough for every one in any way near her neighborhood to hear. Hundreds of people had asked themselves the same question, in a little different form perhaps, during the day but up to the time the last weary excursionists had been landed in the city in the early hours on Wednesday morning it had remained unanswered. The grocers who bossed the job say there was a big mistake made somewhere, and with this statement all who attended the long talked of grocers picnic on Tuesday last will cordially agree. One of the city papers remarked the other morning that if the picnic had lasted more than one day a famine would have been the result. Only those who went on the big excursion can perhaps fully appreciate the truth of such a statement.

For several days the grocers picnic was anxiously awaited by those who were looking for novelty in that line of amusement and the fact that it was to be held on entirely new grounds added not a little to the general interest. On Tuesday morning crowds lined the wharves at Indian town and goodnaturedly joked and jostled around for some time the chief amusement consisting of anxious enquiries as to the cause of delay in starting. Finally every boat that could possibly hold a man, woman or child was on its way to the Isle of Pines and the grocers and everybody else was happy for the time being.

The second trip was scheduled to leave at 11:30 and all who wanted to take in the trip were on hand long before that time. A few wise ones who knew of the delay in the morning and fully expected a repetition in the afternoon did not show up till after they had partaken of a good dinner.

The faces were not so bland and smiling as those of the morning and as time wore on and there seemed no prospect of an immediate start a great deal of impatience was noticeable. In fact several things were very noticeable chief among them being the men who having got left in the morning had managed to have a good time anyway. There were also parties who carried big picnic baskets which called forth many sarcastic remarks upon the smallness of people who ostensibly patronizing a worthy class of citizens, and carried their own lunch. It is hardly necessary to say that before the day ended these astute and wary excursionists were regarded as the embodiment of wisdom. It was nearly two o'clock when the 'Aberdeen' came in sight sailing along at a rate that belokened utter indifference to the outraged feelings of five or six hundred people. Somebody in the rear of the crowd tried to raise a cheer but it died in its infancy.

In the meantime the committee were having their own troubles in the office of the manager of the line. It is necessary to explain that this important individual was nowhere to be found, so as everybody in authority was trying to get out of everybody else's way the committee took possession of his office and to the numerous enquiries regarding the delay there was but one answer—find the manager and make him explain. The manager could not be found. He appeared simultaneously with the Aberdeen: that is to say when the Aberdeen came in sight the manager came into his office with an air of triumph as though the steamer was away ahead of time.

There was considerable hustling for places and finally the sail up the far famed St. John river began. It might be remarked in passing that the Isle of Pines is entirely too far away for a picnic. A two hours and a half sail to an affair of this kind makes the average individual very weary even on a very fine day and on the St. John river.

The objective point of the merry crowd was reached a little after four o'clock and it was then the picnic may be said to have been inaugurated. The search for dinner or tea tables brought nothing to light and despair settled upon the crowd when it was explained, unofficially of course, that by some mistake only a little of the good eatables prepared had been taken off the steamer and that the rest had made the return trip to the city.

The small refreshment tables of which there were three or four were besieged by hungry crowds and it is only fair to those inattentive to say that they were at least generous in regard to the things dispensed by them. At one table in charge of two or three young men, sandwiches of wonderful build were sold, the bread averaging from one and a half to two inches thickness; and for these fearful structures

the sum of five cents was charged, but nobody grumbled at that. Whether by accident or not the table was hemmed in at the back by high rocks while in front of it and almost screaming the waiters from, view at least from touch, a great tree had fallen. The table had no cloth and the centre piece, its only decoration, was a tub of golden butter, ornamented with pine burs, bits of bark around which ants and spiders sported. In playful glee. As the general crowd did not see this however, the sandwiches were none the less sweet to the taste. A lady who was there with her three little children, one of whom made the remark mentioned above, managed to get a cup of tea but as the tea for the occasion was made of salt water it was undrinkable.

The disappointment in regard to this picnic was very great because having been announced as a grocers picnic everybody expected a magnificent spread. They didn't get it. They only got lots of sand in their shoes and a good healthy appetite for a home supper.

The Isle of Pines is hardly likely to become a popular resort for it is entirely to sandy and has one or two other drawbacks. Seen from the river however it is a very pretty place, hence the disappointment on landing. If good beginnings count for anything, the Isle of Pines started out very badly indeed. Aside from the bad management which will make the picnic a memorable one a shooting accident occurred by which a lady was severely injured. No blame is attached to the unfortunate person who proved so bad a marksman.

So far as the sports were concerned everything passed off very well. The return trip at six o'clock on the Aberdeen proved a most pleasant one even though the steamer was crowded. The hand accompanied the excursionists and as there was a bright moon everybody felt rapid in a measure for the discomforts of the day by the pleasant evening spent on the boat. The last trip left the Isle about eleven o'clock and reached the city about 1 a. m.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

ONE OF THE CARNIVALISTS REPORTED MISSING.

Otherwise the Names of Delinquents would have been Published—Trouble over admission Tickets to the Committee boat—No Crew to go in Train.

HALIFAX, August 20.—Since the last issue of PROGRESS there has been great fear and trembling on the part of the men who subscribed to the carnival fund and who did not pay. They feared lest their names should be published as were those of the men who failed to make good their subscriptions to the main carnival fund. Every one of these should have the benefit of all the publicity that pen and ink will give them, but on this occasion they may reassure themselves, for they will not be called upon to suffer. There is one very good reason for this and that is that the subscription book for one of the wards at least is believed not to be in existence. It would be manifestly unfair to publish the names of some delinquents without those of others or all and the major part of those in arrears are to be found in that missing book, said to have been destroyed.

There was a nice little row among the collectors in one of the districts, owing to the refusal of those in charge of the committee boat, the government steamer Newfield, to give to them tickets of admission to her deck. These men who had collected subscriptions right and left were refused admission on board along with the newspaper and steamship men and other friends of the executive. They therefore raised their backs very high, and it is not altogether surprising that they did. So now other collectors than those will have to do the work when the next carnival is proposed.

For all that nice discrimination, and that the crowd on the Newfield was kept so select, one hoodlum at least must have been on board, for the captain's marine glass was stolen from the bridge. The sneak thief passenger, whoever he was, got in his work, and all the efforts of the committee were unavailing to find a trace of the thief or the valuable property. The glass was taken the night of the harbor illumination which is the nearest approach to the light-figured rascal that the committee has been able to make.

The racing boats are safely housed with the Lorne club, but there is little, if any, hope that the anticipation of the city will be realized in seeing a four in training, this fall for next season's work. The money is not forthcoming. There is no one to go after it, and that kind of cash does not come in unsolicited. So people may make up their minds that there will be no would-be Halifax champion four in training this year on our waters.

In connection with the list of delinquents published last week it should be stated that Alderman Geldert, chairman of the carnival executive, all along was strongly of the opinion that they could and should be sued for the amount due. The alderman holds that this can be done, while others claim that no consideration having passed for the money it cannot be collected. But again it is urged that the law provides for the enforcement of such obligations as these delinquent carnival subscribers voluntarily took upon themselves, and accordingly the executive at a meeting on Monday night, decided to give till Thursday to pay up, after which if the money was not forthcoming, writs would be issued. If the money is not paid without the compulsion of this threatened suit PROGRESS may have another interesting little list to print.

THE OFFICIALS ARE DISGUSTED.

At the way the Crooks Were Dealt With by the Judge.

HALIFAX, Aug. 20.—The rulers of the police of Halifax are a deeply disgusted lot of men. This disgust is caused by no less an occurrence than the acquittal by Judge Johnston of one May, a suspected carnival crook, who was caught, as the papers at the time said, "red-handed" in the act of stealing \$25 from an Ontario visitor. Detective Power arrested him on the complaint of the man robbed, who said \$25 in \$5 bills, had been taken from his pocket. In identifying the money the loser told how the bills were folded and that a certain mark would be found on the uppermost of them. These were found just as described in May's pocket. Then May was shown to have been a chum of Frantz, who was also arrested, but who made good his escape from Constable Wilson at the Court house. Judge Johnston, after a two day's trial, acquitted May, and ordered that the \$25 taken by the police be given back to him. This is the circumstance which has so angered the police officials of Halifax, capturing a criminal red-handed, they say, is one thing, but obtaining a conviction before Judge Johnston is quite another.

McBurney, the slim-flam operator, who was convicted some time ago has not been sentenced. One or two points were held

THEY PAID FOR THE FUN.

Two or three Young Men who Helped a Brother to Evade Arrest.

One of the city constables had an adventure early this week that proved beyond a doubt that a constable's lot does not bear any striking resemblance to a bed of roses. The constable was Mr. Wm. A. Beckett and the little incident that must have left a strong impression on his mind happened in Sutherland's shoe factory on Union street. The constable visited the factory to arrest an employe of that place on an execution issued at the instance of a King street furniture dealer for a debt of \$7.13. Several other members of the family are also employed in the shoe factory and when constable Beckett called there they at once surmised the nature of his business. Then the fun began. The constable was determined to arrest his man and the brothers were just as determined to prevent the arrest but in this case the representative of the law proved the strongest. The constable read the execution over to his prisoner and attempted to arrest him but he was too quick for him and eluding his grasp sought safety behind a large cutting machine. Beckett ran behind one end of the machine and the men ran out the opposite end. The chase continued for some time until finally the constable cornered his man. Then the other members of the family took a hand and attacked Mr. Beckett using him very roughly before he succeeded in beating them off. He, however, succeeded in arresting his man and conveyed him in triumph to the Central police station, and had him safely locked up. His next move was to go before Magistrate Ritchie and lay an information for assault against two brothers of his prisoner. In due time they were arrested and taken before the police magistrate. Both pleaded not guilty, but Beckett's charge was easily proven, and as a result of the scrap they were fined \$10 each. They are now fully convinced that it costs money to assault a constable, even though there may be considerable satisfaction in it.

No Music in the 63rd.

HALIFAX, Aug. 20.—The crack 63rd Rifles now has no band, and this because the band committee, backed by Colonel Egan, was determined to make the musicians strictly conform to military regulations. The C. O. came to the conclusion that the "volunteer" element in the band and the regiment must be completely wiped out and the 63rd made a "militia" regiment pure and simple. To an outsider it looks as though this trouble which has destroyed the 63rd band was merely a disagreement between the band and the authorities in the regiment. This is to a certain extent true, but it is also true that the officers themselves are arrayed in two hostile camps on the question. The feeling between the "volunteer" party among the officers and the "militia" party, headed by Colonel Egan, is intense and its effects may be far reaching. It may result in the 63rd being kept indefinitely without a band as it has already resulted in annihilating the good one that existed. Colonel Egan's views on this band question are not new though only now have they been put into effect.

The Steamer Went Without Him.

Among the passengers on the Cumberland, Tuesday, was Mr. F. R. Land, lead accountant of the Chadwick Leal works of Boston. Mr. Land usually pays St. John a visit every summer but makes it so brief as to come on one boat and return on the next. He did not manage to do this Tuesday for he liked the town so well that the boat left the wharf at 5.30 without his genial presence. He had a pleasant time until the next afternoon when the St. Croix bore him homeward. While here he was entertained at the Union club by his friends of which he has many in this city.

No Doubt That They Were Found.

The story of the finding of the jewelry on Britain street in PROGRESS last Saturday was incorrect in many particulars. The police are thoroughly satisfied that the package was picked up in the gutter and moreover that prompt notification was given of the fact. The gentleman who lost the packet has also assured PROGRESS that such was the case. This will leave no doubt whatever upon the point.