

PROGRESS.

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HER BEGUILING WAYS.

INDUCED THE YOUNG MAN TO ORDER HER DINNER.

He Was Initiating the Fair Maid into City Ways and the Initiation Fee was Just the Price of a Dinner—He Thought Her too Kibbernet for Beans.

The late exhibition was responsible for many incidents and adventures of a more or less amusing nature than have been yet given to the public. Many citizens take much enjoyment in observing the anxieties of rustic visitors as to the safety of their companions and in the case of rustic lovers who can be identified at a glance, as they pass along hand in hand, indulge in not a little merriment at their expense. The laughing however is not always at the expense of the visitor as a young lady from a country district of Charlotte county who was visiting the fair can readily testify. The story is too good to keep and as the victim was, not the visitor, but a young citizen who is supposed to be, and is usually, up to date and too sharp to be easily "sold" the joke loses none of its flavor. It appears that one day during exhibition this young city gentleman thought he would dine at a popular cafe on Prince William street and entering the place found there many guests intent on the same object. This gentleman had been seated but a few moments at a table which was the least occupied when he saw three or four ladies also enter for refreshments. One of the newcomers on taking a survey of the room remarked to her companions "Every seat is taken." Now the gentleman knew there was a seat vacant near him and observing that one of the ladies was quite good looking and young, pointed out to her the vacant seat and invited her to occupy it. Nothing loth the maiden availed herself of the chance and the gentleman who had ordered soup for himself courteously placed in her hands 'the bill of fare.' The young lady examined it leisurely and ordered 'a dish of beans.' Now it so happened that 'beans' formed no part of the bill of fare that day, but as the maiden might be mortified had it become necessary for the waiter to tell her they had no beans, or whether the gentleman feared such a reply would deprive him of her company, he gallantly interposed with the remark that she did not want beans that there was roast beef and elegant chicken and other good things in abundance, and added, 'you had better let me order dinner for you.' The young lady cheerfully acquiesced in the suggestion, and each article ordered was laid on the table and duly discussed, a pleasant conversation being carried on the while. The young man thought he had made a 'mash' and he was not without some justification for his belief, when his proclivities as a 'masher' were taken into account. The meal like all other things came to an end and the lady left the table after thanking the young man for his courtesy. She disappeared but she was thought lost to sight to memory dear as the would be 'masher' found to his cost, because when he proceeded to pay for his dinner and tendered the price of the same, the waiter respectfully remarked 'another thirty five cents please.' "What for?" enquired the gentleman. "Why there were two dinners—your own and the lady's 'whose dinner you ordered.'" The young man smilingly accepted the situation and paid for the lady. The sweet young thing in her innocence of heart and ignorance of city ways really thought of course the kind gentleman having taken the trouble to provide such a nice dinner for her instead of the commonplace "dish of beans" naturally would settle for her meal, so trustingly she rejoined her friends. The young man did settle. The best of the joke is that no one enjoyed it any better than the city man who was the victim.

HOW HE LOST HIS VALISE.

The Constable Was One Too Many For the Hurried Exodist.

A young North end man is mourning the loss of a fine new valise well filled with good clothes which left him a few days ago and at last reports was comfortably ensconced in a freight shed in Boston. The manner in which the young man and his valise parted company was to say the least a novel one and the circumstances surrounding the departure of the valise were such as to leave a vivid impression on the young man's mind that will not fade for a time at least. For some time the young man has been conducting a small liquor business in North end but trade was dull and he soon found it necessary to make preparations to leave this country for the republic to the south. He had however contracted several debts before he made up his mind to depart and as his creditors were pressing ones his preparations for flight were naturally hurried. He purchased a valise and hastily gathered his best clothes together bled him to the American boat and embarked for Boston.

An old adage says there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and it proved so in this case, for as he was lounging on the deck of the steamer waiting to sail he saw the portly form of constable Beckett on the wharf. The young man felt sure that the constable was after him so he at once made himself scarce. As the constable boarded the boat at the landing the fleeing debtor got off the boat by the freight gate and calmly walked up the floats. Hastily looking at his watch he saw that he had half an hour to spare before the boat sailed so he determined to get out of that locality until the constable would leave and the coas' become clear. He arranged with a friend to entice the officer away until after the hour of sailing. He then boarded a street car and rode up Prince Wm. street and to the transfer station at Paradise Row where he changed cars and rode roundly by way of Charlotte street to the head of King street where he again changed cars and rode to South End. Arriving at Reed's point within a few minutes of sailing time he was astonished to find the constable was still on guard at the wharf so determined was he that his prey should not escape him. The young man then decided to wait until the next day before taking passage when he remembered he had left his new valise with all its contents on the deck of the steamer. At first he thought he would go and get it but the merciless constable was still on guard and there was no prospect of vigilance being abated. So he was obliged to stand helplessly by and watch the steamer sail away with his valise on board. He still mourns the loss of his valise but he takes some consolation in reflecting that he tricked the constable.

COMPARE YOUR LIGHT BILLS.

And See How Much Larger They Are This Year Than Last.

Users of incandescent lamps are being surprised now-a-days by the difference in their bills as compared with those of previous years. They are at least twice as large and in some cases three times greater than they were formerly. The manager of the Company explained to PROGRESS that the old meters did not do the Company justice and that they were forced to charge them in order to get the right measurement of the light used. There are few people who will not smile at this lucid explanation of the enormous bills they are getting now for light. Perhaps it is too much to expect them to believe that all these years such a gigantic error has been made and that the company has furnished them with so much light for nothing. PROGRESS has been shown a number of monthly accounts for the year 1895 and corresponding months bills for 1896. The difference is so great that it is amusing. The same number of lights were in use though if anything, in one case particularly, the light was used fewer hours each day and still the bill was almost three times as much. The employees of the Company say that

the meters are inspected by the government inspector and that they are correct, but they admit that they are a different kind of meter from that which has been used. If a customer is not satisfied he is at liberty to have his meter taken out by the Company and examined by the government inspector. If the meter is wrong the Company pays the inspector's bill which is \$1.75 but if right the customer has the privilege of contributing that sum to the revenue of the country. Still in spite of this government inspection the meters are wrong sometimes. This was proved by a hotel proprietor who objected to his account. The meter was taken out and tested and found to be fast. The company paid the bill for inspection but how is any customer to know that his meter is not in the same condition? He may not relish the chance of paying \$1.75 for its inspection and even if it is wrong, for how long will the company allow for the error? The manager of the company says that he hopes to have all the old meters out by November 1st, and it may be that the people will get used to the change and the bills in time

HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW.

HE HAD DOUBTS ABOUT SPRINKLING AND SO GOT DIPPED.

The Remarkable Freak of a Military Man—Unable to Procure the Services of a Clergyman A Brother Officer Baptized Him—Other Matters Discussed.

HALIFAX, Oct. 15.—People are talking of a strange baptism that took place in this city some little time ago. The ceremony was performed not in a church nor by an ordained clergyman, but in the open air and by an officer of the British army. The baptizer was Captain Winn, R. E., and the baptized Captain Wiggan, of the Royal Barks regiment, and his wife. This deviation from the ordinary procedure would be remarkable in the case of civilians, but when the principals are such prominent military people it becomes still more strange. Captain Winn has been in this garrison for three years or so, and he has been a power in many good works. He is a devoted christian man, attending the meetings of the Plymouth brethren and also the services of St Paul's Episcopal church. By the way, the Plymouth brethren of Halifax have had serious splits in recent years and now are badly disintegrated. The cause of the military baptism was this: Captain and Mrs. Wiggan, are both members of the Church of England. They were baptized in infancy and in due time were confirmed and have lived exemplary and useful lives. Recently, however, they were led to believe that baptism by immersion was the proper method, and that there was something lacking while yet they remained unbaptized in this way. Their consciences urged them to secure for themselves the performance of this ceremony. Application was therefore made to Bishop Courtney for permission to have the ceremony performed by a minister of the Church of England, to which they belonged. This permission was refused, the bishop holding that he could not grant a license to perform for the second time this sacrament at the same time it was held that the church of England has no rule against baptism by immersion, for that method will be adopted whenever insisted on.

Failing the required baptism by the Church of England Captain Wiggan turned to the Baptist Church. Surely there his desire would be satisfied. Rev. Mr. Hall was communicated with, and he was perfectly ready to rebaptize the applicants, and a time was set for the ceremony in one of the baptist churches of the city. Before the day came round, however, it transpired that while Captain Wiggan wished the baptism by immersion, he had no intention of becoming a member of the baptist denomination. This did not suit the minister, and the arrangements for the contemplated service were cancelled. All these disarrangements did not turn Captain Wiggan from his intention. He was determined. Again the church of England standards were referred to and this time it was found that laymen are permitted, in cases of necessity and where a clergyman cannot be obtained, to perform the ceremony. Failing a church of England minister, and a baptist minister, Captain Wiggan turned to his brother officer Captain Winn, who consented to officiate in the sacred matter. No church was available, so the only thing they could do was to betake themselves to the most advantageous open water to be found. Chocolate lake was chosen, and a couple of Sundays ago a solemn party gathered on the shores of that pretty spot west of the Arm. The hospitable residence of Mrs. Lear, near by, was used as a place of preparation. Chocolate lake has been the scene of varied gatherings, but never before was there so unique a proceeding as that when Captain and Mrs. Wiggan were solemnly baptized in its waters by Captain Winn, R. E.

SOME NORTH END REVENGE.

How a Tailor Tried to Get Even With a Local Thespiian.

The sports in the North end are having lots of fun at the expense of an Amateur actor and all round sport. It appears that a certain North end tailor closed his books last week and in doing so closed in on some of the stylish dressers of the North end. One young man found it necessary to skip over the boarder and avoid the constable. He was assisted by the would be Thespiian who planned the escape so as not to be detected. The young man's creditor heard of the affair and how the Thespiian had helped to get the young man out of town. He was very wrathful and declared that he would get square with him. The name of the young man who had fled was among the first letters of the alphabet and consequently among the first to be looked after, but his chum who came further down on the was on the ledger for a little balance of \$2.50. This made the tailor happy and he at once placed it in the hands of the constable, who was not long in paying his man. It was on the street and the debtor

HER REASON RETURNING.

LITTLE MAGGIE DUTCHER BEGINS TO REALIZE HER POSITION.

No Doubt as to How the Wounds Were Received—They Could not Have Been Done While Being Carried Out—Her Lucid Moments and What she says.

The visitor who after 'showing just cause for action' and convincing her implacable guardian that his visit is not actuated by idle curiosity, accomplished the difficult task of seeing little Maggie Dutcher, the sole member of the Meadow Brook tragedy, whose life is now trembling in the balance between life and death—will probably be conscious of two distinct sensations when his eyes will rest on her. The first, of surprise at the unusual delicacy and refinement of the child's features; and the second, a sort of awe at standing in the presence of a human being who has passed through such an

A SCHOOL MEETING SCRAP.

Mr. Irvine is Hauled off the Platform for His Uncomplimentary Remarks.

The little district of Milford outside of Fairville does not flourish very often in excitable events, but last Saturdays school meeting has set the residents in an excitable mood and has given them lots of food for gossip this week. It was the annual meeting of the school board for the election of officers and transaction of business for the ensuing year. Unlike the city government this district elects its school board through the eligible rate payers of the place. There were about seventy present with John J. Waring in the chair and John Irvine secretary. After the general routine business had been gone through with the election of officers was next in order. Mr. John Irvine, Ex secretary, and Mr. Wm. Stout were nominated as candidates for the office of secretary of the school board. Mr. Irvine was elected by a small majority and being so elected over his victory he at once mounted a desk, thanking those who had voted for him and said that he knew of the conspiracy against him, and that an election would not have been necessary had it not been for the old maid on the staff and her tool who was working for her. The 'tool' referred to happened to be present and was not long making his way to the desk from which Mr. Irvine spoke. The scrap was warm. He pulled Mr. Irvine down and began punching him right and left, when the crowd interposed and quieted things down. It was some time however before the meeting was in order again when the discussion on a vote of \$900 for running expenses for next year arose. Mr. Irvine who was obstinate to the last got up to remark that he did not mind the \$900 being voted for the schools but he did object to the salary paid the principal for running the school. He thought it too much for a 'bushman' and in an attempt to be jocular referred to the board once being run by a bushman, meaning himself.

THE DOG KNEW A GOOD THING TOO.

He Went to the Theatre and got Enthusiastic over the Act.

At one of the matinees given at the Opera house during the week, some one of the patrons was accompanied by a small sly terrier dog. Now the presence of the dog in the theatre is not in itself such a remarkable fact, but this was a dog of unusual intelligence, not to say discrimination. Either it was capable of judging good work on the stage or its dog sense prompted it to imitate its human neighbors, but whatever the reason whenever the audience applauded the little dog also became enthusiastic and raised its voice in concert with all around it. The voice of the canine was somewhat discordant it must be admitted and every one looked in the direction whence this unusual sound proceeded but although the sound could be located no one evinced any sense of ownership. The dog's voice jarred unpleasantly on the ear of one of the constable officials an ear attuned to pleasant sounds, and he valiantly endeavored to capture and remove the little canine. This animal, still after the fashion of a human being under like circumstances, vigorously protested against any ejectment proceedings and emphatically signified dissent by nipping the intruding hand of the official. The interview was brief but decisive and the officer abandoned the attempt. The dog controlled the situation and remained master of it. Doubtless it realized that its owner had paid for admission and that where its owner was there it had a right to be.

GO TO McARTHUR'S BOOK STORE FOR SOUVENIR CHINA.

Go to McArthur's Book Store for Souvenir China.

was much surprised at being presented with the paper. He would not take it and pushing the constable to one side ran hastily away, closely followed by the constable. It is said that they went through back streets and yards, workshops, factories and private residences and had the neighborhood for a distance of two blocks in confusion. When about half through the chase the constable discovered that he had lost his papers and stopped to find them, but the party pursued went right on for some time after. A weak leg however finally gave out and this seemed to bring back his senses, for stopping short he found two horrified women who demanded his reason for running through their house in such a manner. He collected himself together and apologized politely asked for a drink of water. The boys in the factories and workshops had some fun during the chase. They placed all kinds of things in the way to fall over and would occasionally send brick bats after the fleeing ones.

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ordal, and stood close to the verge of the grave, as that poor little girl! There she lies on her neat little cot bed, her large deeply fringed gray eyes half open and one thin, trembling little hand lying outside the coverlet tightly grasping a piece of candy which she occasionally munches with great relish. Her right hand which has been partly paralyzed, is regaining its strength and the child uses it though rather feebly. Her pretty light brown hair is clipped close to the poor battered little head which lies immovable on the pillow, the child being unable to move her head, neck or shoulders. On the top of the head, where a tube has been inserted to cleanse the wounds, and over each ear is a pad of antiseptic cotton. The left side of the face near the temple shows a pale livid blue, and behind the left ear is the worst wound of all an indented fracture of the skull, which it is feared has left the bone pressing on the brain.

A very brief examination of this poor little patient is sufficient to dispel any doubt as to how the wounds were received, and convince even the most charitably disposed person that no accidental blow caused them, and that it would simply be impossible to inflict such injuries in carrying her out of the burning house, no matter how roughly it was done. A slight description of the wounds will serve to prove this. Besides the fractured skull—which might without exaggeration be described as one side of her head beaten in, since it was quite soft and pulpy and has only begun to fill out lately, the left ear was split, the top of the head all contused, and blood coagulated under the scalp, the right ear bruised, one cheek burned, the back bruised black and blue, and a burn on one shoulder. It is just possible that one cruel blow might have inflicted the injuries on the ear and left side of the head, but impossible that it could have caused the wound on the top of the head and the bruised back; she must have received several blows.

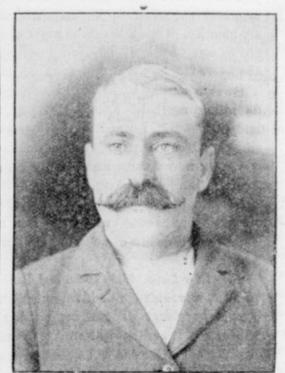
Looking at that pretty, helpless child it is hard to imagine any human creature vile enough to have brought her to the condition in which she now lies by brutal treatment. For it is more than doubtful if Maggie Dutcher will ever be able to speak intelligibly even if she recovers. Her face and head show signs of more than ordinary intelligence her forehead being full and broad, with beautiful brows and an unusual breadth of the head above the ears. It is obvious even to the most casual observer that the child is in a constant state of abject terror. Though not in any pain now she is almost constantly either moaning calling, out or crying; she sleeps little and is subject to paroxysms of unreasoning terror, especially at night. She is able to move very little, but her voice, changed and roughened by her illness but strong and full, is scarcely ever still. Her speech is affected, and she seems unable to put sentences together, but such remarks as—'I'm scared, I'm scared,' 'Let them go away' 'Don't let them get me' 'Let me go, make them let me go' 'I can't get out' and 'mama! mama! run mama run!' fall from her lips incessantly. After listening to her speech for a few minutes it is quite easy to understand her. Her brain appears to be in a state of curious activity and she calls incessantly for 'Harry' 'Mam-mie,' 'Willie' and her little

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school friends. Sometimes it is 'Henry,' whom she wants then 'Mary' then 'Ned' the maimed brain never seeming to rest. She appears to understand everything that is said to her, but is seldom able to respond. She will shake hands with a visitor, distinguishes between the nurses who relieve each other, and lately has seemed aware of her surroundings sufficiently to cry to be taken home. The room in the almshouse, in which the child lies is large, and airy and though very bare, it is clean, wholesome and sunny; there are flowers on the table, a wood fire, a litter stretcher to which the child can be transferred when she grows restless and wants a change; and at the foot of the bed sits the pretty little nurse, neat and fresh in her pale blue lined gown, and big white apron, looking as cheerful and serene as if her days and nights were not full of weariness, loneliness and anxiety. It is no light task that the Misses Crossdale have undertaken, and it is to be hoped the authorities will see that they are properly remunerated, especially as Miss Crossdale being unable to leave the case now, has been obliged to cancel a permanent appointment in New York which she had accepted and was to have entered upon on the first of this month. Not only is the case a trying one on account of the responsibility attached to it, but as the poor child sometimes cries for hours at the time, utterly refusing to be pacified, and moans and cries out nearly all the rest of the time; being constantly alone with her is very hard on any but the strongest nerves. Lately an element of unlooked for danger has been added, and it would seem as if these young ladies were almost taking their lives in their hands by continuing in their present position. It will scarcely be credited that such a thing could occur in a civilized community, but it is a fact nevertheless that what looked like a very determined attempt either to abduct the poor little creature on whose words so much depend, or else finish her altogether was made in the early hours of Monday morning. At about two o'clock Miss Crossdale was disturbed by a sound of men's voices speaking in muffled tones just beneath the window of the room, which is at the front of the house. Though not at all alarmed she raised the front window gently and looked out, but as the night was very dark she could see nothing. After a short interval the same sounds were heard beneath the side window, but still nothing could be seen, and Miss Crossdale gave no further thought to the matter. In the morning Mr. Forbes, keeper of the Almshouse informed her that the front door could not be opened, and it was found necessary to send for a mechanic from the city to open it. He discovered that an attempt had been made to pick the lock resulting in breaking it, and the miscreants whoever they were defeated their own object and were unable to effect an entrance. Other inmates of the house heard voices at the back door, and a quantity of burnt matches were found on the front doorsteps. It is scarcely pleasant to contemplate what the fate of the nurse might have been had she offered any resistance. It would really seem as if John Sullivan's was an unusually plain case of "save me from my friends" for his friends and relatives are certainly doing their best to put a noose about his neck by their misguided efforts to help him. For impudence and untruth, his brother's evidence both at the coroner's inquest and the preliminary examination almost amounts to contempt of court, and so fitly does he contradict himself in order to give some color to the alibi theory, that his evidence is absolutely worthless. He shows not the slightest compunction in saying that what he stated at the inquest was untrue, and impudently gives as a reason that his memory has improved since then as his confinement in the police cells had affected it. He has practically contradicted everything he swore to at the inquest, and nonchalantly announces that "the knowledge has come to him since." This of course looks bad for his brother. A guard will be placed over the almshouse at night, in future; a precaution which should have been taken before, though such a return to the dark ages, in the suburbs of a city like Moncton, was a contingency scarcely to be looked for, or provided against. William Dutcher, Maggie's brother, who is devoted to the little creature, has taken up his residence in the almshouse, refusing to leave her until there is some decided change in her condition. The child was the baby, the only girl in a family of seven, and being both pretty and bright, she was the pet of the family, always tenderly cared for and daintily dressed. It is a singular thing that on the night of the fire she was found dressed only in a chemise and petti coat, when, her brother says that she was well supplied with nice night dresses. There can be no doubt that everything possible is being done for the little sufferer. Dr. J. D. Ross the physician is widely known for his surgical skill, and the physicians he has called in consultation are all agreed that nothing more could be done than he is doing. McArthur's for dolls, toys and Fancy Goods.