

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

WERE REGULAR TRAMPS

THOSE CATTLEMEN AND HOW THEY WORKED ST. JOHN.

They Were not so Green as They Appeared to be—They Obtained Considerable Money From Prominent Citizens by Solicitation—Other Matters.

A short article appeared in PROGRESS a week or two ago concerning the 'stranded cattlemen,' that attracted some comment. It was said by some that the article in question was almost too severe, classifying as it did the individuals in question with the ordinary 'tramp.' That PROGRESS was quite right has been abundantly proven by subsequent developments and by the testimony of many citizens who helped contribute towards the 'cattlemen's' support.

It appears that during their stay here they carried on a systematic course of begging, not only soliciting food but money as well. No class of citizens were exempted from the visits of the tramps. All kinds were equally taken in. The first move the cattlemen made was to visit Mayor Robertson and complain of Mr. Rolley's alleged severe treatment. The gentleman was in a quandry. He was unused to having a number of hungry men foisted on his hands without any warning and did not know what to do with them.

There was no city fund for that purpose. A happy thought struck him so he sent them to the county jail as protectionists. They were kept in jail for several days and citizens were relieved of them. At last even the jail officials tired of them and they were again turned loose to wander about the city and levy on citizens for their support.

This they did with a vengeance and for two or three days it seemed as if an epidemic of tramps had struck the town. They did not work together but separated into several small bands and took up different sections of the town which they worked very systematically. If refused alms at any place they at once became insolent and in many cases insulting.

At last the band dwindled down by degrees. Some started away with the idea of walking to Montreal but more likely with the prospect of beating their way in box cars in a thoroughly up-to-date fashion, worthy of the varied tramp. A city gentleman who is interested in several local charities sent one of them back to Montreal while several others followed his example until only two men were left in the city. These waited upon Mayor Robertson and told a tale of woe, embellished in many ways which did not detract in any manner from the story and which were intended solely to influence His Worship. At the conclusion of their story Mayor Robertson asked them how much money they had between them. They replied none. His Worship then suggested that they call on some of the citizens and state their case saying that they would probably receive assistance. They did so with the result that when they waited upon the Mayor the following day they had over eight dollars each. They however, stated that all their money amounted to the small sum of seventy cents. As this would not be of any use Mayor Robertson told them to keep it and generously furnished them with tickets to Montreal. They left on the C. P. R. that afternoon and St. John has seen nothing of them since.

After they had taken their departure enquiries were made as to the amount of cash they had collected. It could not be discovered accurately however, at the time various speculations were made. One systematist offered to give each of the men ten dollars while they also received contributions from Archbishop Brigstocke, Ald. McArthur, Rev. J. M. Davenport, L. P. D. Tilley, H. C. Tilley, Dr. Daniel and others.

This list would no doubt yield them quite a sum and it is altogether probable that their time on the return journey to Montreal was taken up with exchanging experiences and rejoicing at the ways of the public who were so easily taken in. The episode has had a good effect on the council however for they have decided that St. John shall not be made a dumping ground for such specimens. In accordance with this line of thought they have decided that any more imported labor brought into St. John shall be paid for at reasonable rates and that full license fees will be exacted in every case.

MR. KNODELL'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

Many of The Trade Units in the Compliments of the Season.

One of the new publications for the week and quite incidental to the season, is "Christmas Bells" for 1896. This is an eight by twelve pamphlet with a borrowed portrait engraving on the cover of two small boys lighting their first cigarette. There is nothing to indicate who is the editor or publisher of this enterprising and timely publication but the average printer

from its very appearance would have little difficulty in placing it as an output of the printing office of Mr. G. A. Knodell, Church street.

Mr. Knodell is a job printer and for many years has shared the good and ill fortune of the trade. He had been fortunate enough when wards elected aldermen to have a share in the city council and a goodly share of civic printing and when the local government in its last campaign wanted a candidate Mr. Knodell was chosen. Later on when the liquor bill passed and there were three commissioners to select from this city, Mr. Knodell was again chosen to do what was right and just on that body. He has had a salary and a small bonus already but now that the holiday season has approached it would not have been fitting had such a man gone without public recognition of any kind. Nor has he. The publication called "Christmas Bells" owns up to the fact in the shape of a score of attractive advertisements that Commissioner of Liquor Licenses G. A. Knodell has the good will and best wishes of a considerable number of the licensed liquor vendors of the city of St. John.

After the fresh and attractive cover described above, the first page starts out with a story entitled "Our Christmas Dinner" which is flanked, or supported as it were, by the advertisements of M. A. Finn and the Cafe Royal. Mr. Finn, in the wording of his advertisement pays particular attention to the Christmas season while William Clark, the proprietor of the Cafe Royal just has an everyday sort of an announcement, as you would expect, with that old fashioned phrase "meals at all hours" displayed in attractive type.

The first news on the next page is about Lang's restaurant but as that gentleman does not deal in anything but oysters and such edibles as go to make a restaurant he will not be held accountable for the fact that he is supported on the same page by those good citizens M. A. Harding and M. McCallum. The former of those does not pay any attention to the "cup that flows" but dwells upon oysters and "something extra choice for the family Christmas trade."

Nothing more pleasing and attractive could meet a reader on the third page than the bland and innocent visage of James H. Slater who, with a photograph for the occasion, looks with a stern gaze upon those who on glancing beneath his "ad" see that "Al" Smith keeps a restaurant on the same street. However Mr. Smith has no license and of course sells nothing in the shape of drink but J. W. Roop of the Central House who supports him in the same column does so. So does James Quinn of 154 Mill street and Josh Ward announces that he keeps the "Prince Rupert Exchange" on Dick street. If the reader goes much farther he will think that he is reading a barroom directory. Nothing of the sort. The next advertiser is John O'Regan and those who know this gentleman are also acquainted with the fact that he is a wholesale liquor dealer and does not retail over the bar. On the fifth page of this interesting holiday publication there are a number of advertisements and among them James McDade of 467 Main street, John F. Kelly and Peter Dolan say that they are in the business and (though they don't say so) have contributed \$900 toward the revenue of the city and province.

If the sizes of their advertisements are any indication one would think that T. O'Leary, P. M. O'Neill and the International Cafe contributed twice as much but that is not a fact. They might have to the commissioner printer but their license was the same. Then Edward Bourke and the Hotel Stanley are above J. H. Graves, the oyster dealer on Leinster street, while John Rhea, the originator of five cent ales has a little corner all to himself.

Then on the last page is a Canadianized American, Jas. E. Hogan, who says he has the best of Christmas liquors while R. Sullivan & Co. speak of Canadian goods as well as imported and remind the trade that they are in the wholesale business.

There are a lot of other advertisements but the liquor trade has the majority and contribute toward a very respectable Christmas Box for the commissioner printer.

Help the Widow and Orphans.

The sudden death of Thomas Macnamara who left a wife and four small children has excited that sympathy that goes out from warm hearted people at this season of the year, and many a substantial offering will find its way to the sorrowing wife and the little ones so quickly deprived of their protector and supporter. Fathers and mothers with happy unbroken family circles, will not hesitate to give a little from their abundance and contribute to the only solace that it is in the power of friends and strangers to give the widow and orphans.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Dressed, 17 Waterloo.

A JUDGE'S LITTLE WHIMS

MR. JUSTICE WEATHERBE AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

There is Likely to be Sharp Friction Between the two at the Next Session—The Justice Gives Orders Without Consulting the order of Other Prominent Officials.

HALIFAX, Dec. 24.—There is likely to be sharp friction between Mr. Justice Weatherbe and the Halifax municipal council at its approaching winter session next month. Or the trouble may be confined to the county court house commission, a body in which is vested the custody of the court house. The charge is made that Judge Weatherbe gives expensive orders on behalf of the commission of which he is a member, without having consulted that body in any manner or form. He was appointed by the local government, or was years ago, by virtue of the statute which says that 'any two' may be so appointed by the government. The rule does not say one of them must be a judge. The county council is likely to kick, because, while Judge Weatherbe gives orders which should only have force when coming from the commission duly constituted, they entail great expense on county tax-payers and mean nothing more than the carrying out of his own private views or wishes regarding county court house matters. The warden of this county—J. E. Shatford—is an intelligent man, and is *ex-officio* chairman of the commission; but it is precious seldom, so a well informed councillor tells PROGRESS, that Judge Weatherbe consults him about his proposals—proposals which sometimes cost the county hundreds and even thousands of dollars. Councillor Madill is another member of the commission who knows nothing of what is done by Judge Weatherbe, alleged to be acting for the commission, till it is finished. Then there is Attorney-General Longley. Is he ever consulted about changes or repairs or alleged improvement in the court house till after they are made? This intelligent councillor, who is one of the men who has to pay for the work, and who has to see his constituents pay for it, says he believes that Warden Shatford, Councillor Madill or Attorney-General Longley are never asked by Judge Weatherbe.

Judge Weatherbe may find that he has run up against a snag in his latest orders. He has set Contractor S. Grant at work putting on a new ceiling on the upper hall of the court house which will cost a heavy sum. That bill will come in at the next session of the county council. That body is very patient, or perhaps they are a little afraid of the judge, but yet the chances are that they will ask first when the commission ordered the work done; secondly, what was the exact date of the meeting, or if, indeed, it was ordered at all. Warden Shatford, when once his ire is aroused, is not the man to stand anything of this kind, even if a judge be the antagonist whom he will have to face. And there are good men and true in the ranks of the council who may prove equally fearless and determined.

Yet another grievance the municipal and court house officers have. They want to know how it is that while there is too little accommodation in the court house to carry on the peoples business with expedition and comfort, that Judge Weatherbe insists on keeping two nice rooms locked up, one of them that he has filled up with unfilled shelves, carrying the key about in his pocket, and refusing to allow the doors to be opened except by himself. Two empty rooms kept idle while the remainder of the court house is over-crowded. The county council are preparing to ask the commission, or the judge, why he persists in compelling those two rooms to be occupied by none but moths and dust except when he may enter himself.

Then the public have their grievance. It is this—that while Judge Weatherbe seems to think nothing too good for that part of the building frequented exclusively by the court, that the public hall, where suitors and the public frequently have to put in weary hours, is dark and cold, dreary and dirty. Nothing is done to make more comfortable the waiting place for the people who pay for all the grandeur and comfort upstairs.

It will be seen, therefore, that there is good ground for saying that the county council at its next meeting is likely to overhaul the record of the court house commission and see why certain things prevail. If it is not true that Judge Weatherbe has been running matters just to suit his own ideas while the people have paid for them through the nose, then that can be shown. But if it is proved that the judge has been doing as he is charged with doing, then the council are very likely to take the step, even if it be at the eleventh hour, that will prevent a continuance of any such policy of one man power. The councillors like to do popular things at all times, but especially so this year, for it seems more difficult now than ever before to grind the taxes out of the pockets of the farmers, and it should be explained in conclusion, perhaps, that the court house is not the property of the city,

but of the county, outside the city. Its custody is vested in the court house commission, but as PROGRESS has tried to show, the commission does little more than hold the title to the building, for Judge Weatherbe holds the keys of the two spare rooms and irresponsibly he orders all the expensive changes and improvements that from time to time are made, and just as regularly paid for by the people.

HIS MATRIMONIAL TRIALS

A Young Man Has His Domestic Troubles Attributed to the Court.

HALIFAX, Dec. 14.—The matrimonial bliss of the young man, son of the Anglican minister who so faithfully labors in a settlement not far west of Halifax, is a quantity so infinitesimal that it is not perceptible. This young man was not as industrious as he should have been. He did not improve all his opportunities. One opportunity he did improve and that was to marry a girl of the neighbourhood against his father's wishes.

The marriage soon turned out badly. The father, to do what he could for the couple, though a poor man, purchased a small farm and asked the boy and his wife to go upon it and work for a living. That they only pretended to do. Soon stories got abroad of ill usage and non-support, and the girl's people threatened an action for damages against the husband. For a year these threats were heard. Last week they materialized and the young man was arrested and arraigned before Spendiary Griffin. The preliminary examination ended in a committal for trial and the husband went to jail pending the finding of a bill. What a sad sight for an honored and faithful minister of the gospel, and what a sad outlook for the young man himself, and the wife who after two years of married life brings an action that lands her husband in jail!

The young man, who is a son of Rev. Mr. Arnold, came up before Judge Johnston for trial on Tuesday. The judge after hearing the case, promptly discharged the accused, evidently coming to the conclusion that the husband was as much, if not more, sinned against than sinning. His honor, in the goodness of his heart, preached a sermon to some women who think they can do almost as they like and then invoke the law if there is wrong doing on the other side. The judge stated that there would have to be very substantial reasons for interference before he would step between husband and wife.

MR. WALKER TOOK THE RING

And Sold it to a Jeweler for the sum of One Dollar.

HALIFAX, Dec. 24.—Michael Walker must be a rather daring thief. Indeed such he is, according to his own confession. A few days ago Miss Twining was in St. Luke's hall practising on the piano forte. She took off a beautiful ring and laid it on the piano. Subsequently she went to another piano, leaving the ring behind her. Walker entered the hall, wandered up to the piano and spied the ring. He picked it up, clapped it in his pocket and left the place. In due time Miss Twining missed the jewel. She reported the loss to the police. While the officials were talking over the robbery with Miss Twining, Walker was brought into the station intoxicated. From Miss Twining's description they thought Walker might be the man she saw go the piano in St. Luke's hall. Such proved actually to be the case. Chief O'Sullivan pressed Walker to tell what he had done with the ring and success came when he admitted that he stole it and stated that it had been sold for a dollar to Mr. Schulze. The ring was found in the shop mentioned all right, and Schulze explained that he thought it belonged to a customer of his, hence his purchase of it for the small sum of one dollar. Then in order that justice might not suffer, Miss Twining had a warrant issued against Walker charging him with larceny, and he was committed for trial. Miss Twining, who is one of our most accomplished young ladies, deserves credit for her promptness and courage in this matter. People don't generally like to be mixed up in a police court trial.

MADE THEMSELVES AT HOME.

Two Young Men Who Enjoyed a Smoke in the Opera House.

Cleanliness is said to be next to Godliness and while there is not any express scriptural authority for the remark, its correctness as an idea, and as a practical thing is almost universally accepted. It applies in various ways; for example, cleanliness of personal habit and it incidentally compels self-denial and other smaller virtues follow in its train. The Opera House management early this season was the pioneer in a public movement in this direction and insisted that the practice of chewing tobacco and the free expectoration of saliva that attends indulgence in this habit, should be stopped so far as their house was concerned at all events; and during the progress of any entertainment given in that building. The idea was excellent, and the rule was such as no one could really object to it. It was emphatic and, after being warned, the violator of the rule was requested to leave the house. This is as it should be.

The comfort, the convenience of the patrons of that house, ladies and gentlemen, alike is served by the enforcement of this rule. It so commends itself that violations rarely—and in no case openly—occur since it was put in force, public opinion approves of it and citizens of our own city at least, are in sympathy.

An incident that happened in the Opera house last Tuesday evening however will render it necessary that another rule be formulated to the effect that smoking shall be prohibited during performances in that house. The incident, which was most discreditable to all concerned, occurred in one of the boxes that evening, with at least one

HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

A CITY DAIRYMAN GIVES HIS BARBER A LITTLE SURPRISE.

In the Shape of a Pair of Gloves Which Eventually Proved to Belong to Another Person—The Dairyman Returns Them But It Costs Him Two Dollars.

All this season of the year when gifts and presents are given and received in token of 'good fellowship,' a little story of how a Charlottetown dairyman presented a pair of gloves to his barber would not be amiss.

The story is not one of a day old as it occurred longer ago than that, but old as it is, it is too good to keep. It appears that the dairyman is in the habit of shaving at a German Street tonsorial artist's establishment and it was there the presentation took place.

The dairyman dropped into the shop in question recently, and waited his turn to get shaved.

The gentleman who then vacated the chair was a German street hardware merchant. He had been shaved and brushed up, and lost no time in donning his hat and overcoat, but in his rush he forgot to take his gloves which lay on a chair. The dairyman was "next" and took his position in the chair.

Now a barber is no barber at all unless he can talk; at least, talk seems to be a qualification that most barbers must possess. The barber who shaved this dairyman was a good talker and he talked. It being near Christmas his talk was mostly on Xmas and Xmas presents. He threw out many hints as to what he would like to receive and how he would appreciate any article that was given him.

Had the broad hints been heeded at any other person than to the man in question, some little cash or gift would have been given, but the dairyman came from a different sort of stock, so failed to grasp the "shavers" hints. On completing the shaving and whisking, the barber, as a last resort asked the dairyman if he would not give him the gloves that lay where the hardware man had left them.

The barber in his eagerness to get something, thought the gloves were the property of the dairyman. The dairyman with his characteristic closeness grasped a chance to get clear of the "gift seeker," and said, "Well—you may have those gloves." Thanks profuse were given the dairyman for his generous gift, and the barber sat down and waited for the "next."

An hour or so had passed when the hardware man dropped into the barber shop and asked if anybody saw anything of a pair of gloves he had left on a chair. The barber after enquiring learned that Mr. Blank had presented one of his clerks with a pair about an hour before. The gloves were produced and identified as the property of the hardware man. The barber's clerk refused to give up his gift so the hardware man got annoyed.

He went to his place of business and sat down and wrote that dairyman such a letter that the dairyman feared his time had come. The letter gave him one hour to produce the gloves or arrests would follow.

The gloves found their way back to the original owner within the allotted time, but they caused the dairyman a lot of cold perspiration and two dollars to buy them back from the tonsorial's assistant.

WHERE THE RING WAS FOUND.

A Young Man Bought an Xmas Gift and Sent a Young Lady Gifts to Him.

A rather amusing story is told of a young man in this city who had given all his heart to a young lady of his acquaintance, and most of his spare cash towards buying her a suitable Christmas present. The story goes that the young lady had never shown any decided preference for this particular young man nor had she ever inconvenienced herself to be in his company; but on the other hand had snubbed him once or twice when he had sought her society. But it appears that he was a most persistent wooer; and a generous one too for one day during the week the object of his attention was surprised to receive a very handsome and expensive gift accompanying which was the young man's card. A number of his intimate friends who knew of the present laughingly joked him about it, causing him for throwing away his money on a girl who was in love with another young man.

The last statement did not receive credence from the gentlemen and in order to convince his friends that they were wrong and that he held first place in the girl's affections, he had recourse to the little ruse of sending himself an elaborate gift. It took the form of a gold ring with his name and the young lady's initials on the inside. This he declared had been sent to him by the girl, but "the boys" are a trifle doubtful and are engaged in a little private detective work to find out the truth of the story.

individual among the men who were its occupants. There are but two boxes in the theatre and the one on the left of the auditorium was empty on the occasion named. The occupants of this box in question, or some of them were smoking cigarettes there during the evening. If the lighting of a match behind the curtain did not give sufficient indication of the fact, than a lighted cigarette in the hand of one of the occupants, who was attempting to draw the curtains closer together, and sparks from the cigarette are surely proof enough of the outrage on the proprietors and simple decency. It is no excuse to suppose the occupants were in a hilarious mood, because there is just the probability that they were not in that condition, while it is true such conduct in such a place, is not generally a characteristic of an altogether sober man. There is only one other alternative to be adopted viz., that the occupants of that box were lamentably ignorant of what is proper and becoming in such a place. The Opera house is not a bazaar garden or in its nature a "base garden" and these parties whose conduct showed their familiarity with only the latter type of public entertainment. It is but justice to the careful management to express a perfect belief that they knew nothing of this offence.

HIS KINDLY ACT.

A King Street Merchant Presents a Little Girl With a Pretty Doll.

In one of the larger stores here this week a pathetic little scene occurred that succeeded in touching the heart of the proprietor of the firm, and the result of which made one little girl considerably happier. The child who was about seven or eight years old entered the store in company with her mother, and while the appearance of both betokened extreme poverty there was nothing in the woman's demeanor to suggest the professional beggar. Her simple purchase of a pair of child's stockings and two plain little hankerchiefs having been completed she turned to go. The little one however was missing and in almost a panic the mother began a search that lasted until the child was found in another part of the building, leaning in an cramped manner over a table on which were numerous dolls of all sizes and in all stages of dress and undress.

In rather an embarrassed manner the woman made an effort to draw the little girl away, but the latter was too deeply interested to leave just then and she began directing her mother's attention to a particularly pretty specimen of the doll race.

"How much does it cost?" she enquired of a clerk standing near. When told that the price was two dollars and seventy five cents the bright little face was clouded with disappointment for a moment, but quickly recovering she enquired "Is that the smallest you will take?"

"Well how much money have you got?" enquired the amused clerk. "We might take a little less, perhaps."

"I've got just eleven cents," was the ingenuous reply. On being informed that so great a reduction was impossible, but that a very nice little doll could be bought for ten cents the little girl was deeply disappointed and her distress was complete when the ten cent ones were shown her. The proprietor who happened to be talking with another customer had noted the child's eagerness and overheard the conversation.

After a low-toned conversation with the clerk, a very pretty, but less expensive, doll was carefully wrapped up and soon found its way into the little girl's arms. The child's happiness no doubt fully repaid the merchant for his thoughtful act; and as the pair left the store it was difficult to tell which seemed the more elated—the little girl or her mother.

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