

HIS KIND OF REVENGE.

AN UPPER CANADIAN BREAKS AN OLD PIANO.

In a Hotel Dive Because He Was Overcharged for Drinks—No Charge Made Against Him but a Piano Tuner Has a Good Job Through It.

There was music in the air around a certain hotel on Mill street a few evenings ago, although it was not of that melodious character that is known to subdue the savage beast and it was not calculated to awake any extraordinary enthusiasm in the mind of a music critic. It however had charms which if not of a melodious nature were perhaps equally satisfactory if not to the whole neighborhood at least to the musician.

The hotel dive in question, for it certainly deserves that title, has been regarded with a species of mingled horror and disgust by respectable persons who live near it.

Nearly every evening sounds of inward strife could be heard proceeding from the interior of the place, and the grand climax would be reached when a police officer would be called in to restore peace and quietness. Various reasons were assigned for these numerous disturbances, and in nearly every case the blame was saddled on the shoulders of some customer who was intoxicated and inclined to be troublesome.

In a good many cases however the fault lay with the proprietor or rather proprietress of the hotel, and a little incident that happened a few evenings ago lent additional strength to this phase of the question.

Two gentlemen, one of whom resided in this city, while the other hailed from Montreal, went into the place in a semi-intoxicated condition and asked for some liquid refreshment. Glasses were brought and a large bottle of what was called hop beer was produced.

Then the fun commenced. The barmaid, thinking she was entertaining a rustic, asked the Upper Canadian if he would not give her a drink and was answered by a strong and duly embellished negative. Failing in this she charged him \$1 for four small glasses of beer although his companion purchased exactly the same quantity for forty cents. That was the last straw and the stranger correctly came to the conclusion that he was being imposed on, or undergoing that process that is supposed to have a direct effect upon his pedal extremities. The hot blood of his Canadian ancestors commenced to rise in his veins and his temper rapidly approached the boiling point. He asked the barmaid for his change and failing to get it he looked about for some object or person upon which to wreak summary vengeance.

Unfortunately for the proprietress of the place the first thing his gaze fell upon was a piano in an adjoining room and his wrath was at once transferred from the barmaid who had cheated him.

He leisurely removed his outer coat and then made a running jump for the instrument landing directly upon the key-board. Then for the next minute or two discord of the most painful nature proceeded from the interior of that long suffering piano as he ruthlessly ground several tones at a time out of it by the aid of two heavy boots.

His performance was capped by kicking in the front part of the piano and upsetting a large lamp.

Feeling that his wrath had been appeased and that he had done more than \$1 worth of damage, he put on his coat and wishing his hostess a pleasant good evening returned to the street. The keeper of the hotel was almost wild with rage, and for a few minutes denounced the cause of the destruction in language that would have proved a decided acquisition to the vocabulary of a Billingsgate fish wife. It was at first thought the case would be aired in the police court, but on second consideration it was decided inadvisable so the matter was hushed over.

This said however that a local piano tuner was engaged a couple of days in repairing the instrument which was the worst sufferer in the case after all.

JOHN WAS IN THE SOUP.

And His Heartless Spouse Refused to Help Him out of the Difficulty.

"You've got me in de soup and there you're going to leave me" said John Guthro to his better half at the police court on Monday last.

The foregoing words in broken English by a broken hearted French Canadian aroused more laughter than pity from the crowd that were present. John Guthro works in a river mill and his better half keeps a boarding house known as the Canadian house on Mill street. On Monday last Mrs. Guthro was before the court on the charge of keeping liquor for sale without a licence. Mr. Guthro attended court to try and help his wife out of the difficulty by swearing the place was his.

The court believed him, and imposed the fine of twenty dollars or thirty days upon

him, instead of upon his wife. When John feeling like a martyr looked towards his wife to settle the fine, she gave him no consolation whatever but turned to leave him to his fate.

"Don't you settle," asked John of his wife.

"You can pay your own fine or stay in jail" replied his heartless spouse.

"Oh" cried John Guthro "she has got me in de soup and is going to leava me there."

THE LADIES WERE PENNILESS.

The Flight in Which Two American Ladies Found Themselves in This City.

It is not often that tourists visiting St. John have such an experience as that which two American ladies had during a visit here a few days since.

The ladies in question had from a small town in the state of New York. One is the wife of, and the other the sister of a prominent Albany banker. The banker had planned a visit to the Maritime provinces this summer and intended taking his wife and sister with him. Owing to press of business he was obliged however to abandon the idea of his proposed outing and to confine himself to the ordinary work of city life.

This was a great disappointment to both the ladies who were to accompany him, so rather than spoil their pleasure he proposed that they should visit the provinces and enjoy a delightful outing while he would remain at home and derive his pleasure from the fun of supplying the necessary cash. At first they would not listen to the project but as he insisted the ladies finally agreed and the result was that they arrived in St. John early in the week and registered at a prominent Charlotte street hotel. Before arriving in this city they had spent a week or so at Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, Yarmouth and Digby, and, as is natural, had managed to spend considerable cash. When they arrived here one of the ladies wired to her husband for more money and in reply was notified that he had sent a substantial cheque to a firm in St. Andrews, with whom he had transacted business and who would turn the cash over to her when she called to claim it.

At this the ladies were fairly distracted. Here they were in St. John almost penniless while a substantial cheque which could only be obtained by personal application awaited them in St. Andrews. The whole matter was explained to the proprietress of the hotel and he advised one of the ladies to go to St. Andrews at once, secure the money and return, while the other would remain here. This suggestion was eagerly adopted and acted on with many thanks to the kind hotel man, who it is said even furnished the money for the railroad fare to the border town.

When St. Andrews was reached the American visitor hurried to the office of her husband's friend where she found the necessary funds.

She returned to this city on the next train with a lighter heart and heavier purse than when she left.

The remainder of her visit was a most enjoyable one but she says she will never forget the hours that intervened from her arrival in this city penniless to her return with the cash. She also promised not to forget the gracious hotel man and say she will recommend his house to all her friends who may wish to visit St. John in future.

A PRAISEWORTHY SCHEME.

Which it is Expected Will Soon Assume Definite Shape in America.

The members of the St. John branch of the Woman's Council will shortly be asked to co-operate in a scheme that promises to be of immense benefit to women in the future. It is the establishment of an institution in New York similar to one in Paris. Lady Florence Grey, is in America for the purpose of trying to organize a federation of women's clubs of the different European cities with those of America. The direct object is to obtain funds to construct offices for women connected with the various organizations, at much cheaper rates than they are now able to procure. It will easily be seen what advantage a federation of this kind will give in various ways. It will undoubtedly be a means of obtaining admission into places and institutions which would otherwise be practically closed to women. Ladies desirous of taking a course of study abroad will have the privilege of special rates and every attention will be paid to their comfort and convenience. The movement is attracting a great deal of enthusiastic attention in the larger cities and a banquet is to be given on September 29th in the Manhattan Athletic club house by the members of the American federation, at which the matter will be explained in detail. A bill has been passed in the legislature for the construction of a building of the kind mentioned, in New York, and it is confidently expected that a certain yearly appropriation will be given it.

Progress will go more fully into details next week when it will be in a position to know just what the local branch of the Woman's Council think of the matter and how the idea has been received by the ladies here.

OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

SENATOR ALMON'S HOME IS FILLED WITH RELICS OF THE PAST.

His Recollection of Historical Events in N. S. is Almost Perfect—An Old Time Poem—The First Rector of Trinity, St. John, and His Wit and Writings.

HALIFAX, Aug. 6.—There is no richer storehouse of historical interest in Halifax than the hospitable residence of Hon. Senator Almon, on Jubilee road this city. Whichever way you turn in that mansion you find something to instruct or delight, some relic or memento of the past. The best source of local historical lore, however, is the memory of Senator Almon himself. His recollection of the history of Halifax for a century is almost perfect. The information of the first half of the century which he possesses he received direct from first hands and actors in those scenes, and his knowledge of the second half of the century is the result of his own acute observation. If the Senator could be prevailed on to commit to writing half the historical knowledge he possesses and collate what is on his shelves he would be conferring a boon of great value upon the future.

In conversation with PROGRESS the other day the senator mentioned some verses written by Rev. Mather Byles, D. D., son of the first rector of Trinity church, St. John. The verses are not of any poetic merit, but they have a local interest, and show that the female heart in Halifax more than a century ago turned with partiality to the officers of the garrison just as it does today. A greater proportion of hearts are touched by the brave wearers of her majesty's livery today than in any other class of the Queen's subjects, and it seems the same condition prevailed in 1783, when the verses subjoined were written by Rev. Mather Byles. They are ascribed by Dr. Byles to Miss Peggy Hutchinson, though written by himself. This Miss Hutchinson was a sister of Judge Hutchinson of Nova Scotia, who lived on Barrington street, and the garden of whose house was the open space just north of Taylor's drug store now occupied as a stone cutter's yard. Miss Hutchinson was the niece of Governor Hutchinson the last loyal governor of Massachusetts. They were written on the occasion of the departure of a regiment of Hessian soldiers that was stationed here after the war of the American revolution, and abound in allusions to heart-breaking German officers with almost unpronounceable names:

Let every muse with willow'd head
Attend my languid lay,
Alas I grieve not for the dead,
But Hessians gone away.
Not for myself I feel a pain
By numbers ill expressed
I only try the lenient strain,
To calm your troubled breast.
Methinks I see your sorrowing eyes
Express a last adieu;
And thus the mournful thoughts arise
As you the vessels view.
"Shall thy nature taught to please
With every winning art,
Let all these beauties cross the seas
And not detain our heart."
"Have I for this consumed the day
And spent the night in care
For this was cupid taught to play
In wreaths of curling hair."
For this were silks of different dye
With newest taste arranged;
The hat displayed to attract the eye
The cap so often changed.
Shall charms like mine have no effect
Their German hearts to move
Shall Spangenberg their force neglect
Shall Zink refuse to love?
Untouched shall Langenschwartz return
And Schwarz these shores forsake?
Can Munch Lassen fail to mourn
Or Hans his heart to break?
Neglected beauty, useless youth,
I now distrust your power
And yet to own the candid truth
I thought your influence more.
For many a swain he vainly tried
My fetters not to feel
To all but Germans heaven denied
These breasts of triple steel.
I feel the truth—then dry those eyes
Your woe'd smile regain
To you alone belongs the prize
If but one beam remain.

MISS PEGGY HUTCHINSON MATHER BYLES.
August 6th, 1783.

The writer of the above was Mather Byles III., son of Mather Byles II., who was the first rector of Trinity, St. John, in which city he died in 1814. Mather Byles I. was a famous Boston wit and preacher in pre-revolution times. They were a famous Boston family—these Byles—and one yet prominent in England though the name in 1849 was not in the Boston directory. Captain Byles, who was captain of H. M. S. Tourmaline in Halifax four years ago, was the great grandson of the writer of the love lines to George's departing German soldiers. Senator Almon has a volume of the original edition of one of Alexander Pope's works,—his translation of the Odyssey—and containing a letter in the handwriting of the great poet of that day. Mather Byles I., it seems, had written to Pope expressing his admiration of his works. In recognition of this Pope wrote Byles

that he was sending a copy of his works to the Boston library. The penmanship in Pope's letter is quite distinct, and bears the date

February 9,
1727
8

The double date very few will understand till the explanation is forthcoming. The change in the computation of time had been made, so that the year ended at two periods according as the new and legal, or the old system was followed. Pope dated his letter both 1727 and 1728, to be sure of being right, and that there might be no mistake in the mind of any. How the book fell into Senator Almon's hands "this deponent sayeth not," but as Ald. Mather Byles was his grandmother's grandfather a clue is afforded.

Rev. Mather Byles III. Trinity's first rector was not always a church of England divine, indeed it was not long before he went to St. John that he was a congregational minister in Connecticut. A friend at this time asked him why he proposed making the change from congregational for episcopacy, and the good man's reply was that he had five reasons.

"What are they, pray?"
"A wife and four children," was his laconic answer. Salary then is now, was a factor in deciding a call."

Senator Almon has an interesting work bearing the gruesome title, "Dealings with the dead." It is written, as the title page sets forth, by "a sexton of the old school," a non des plume of Mr. Epps Sargeant, of Boston. The volumes contain a series of biographical sketches of men famous in the early history of Boston. One of Mather Byles' ancestors, according to this writer, was Henry Byles of Sarum, England, who settled in the commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1640. Sargeant has a great idea of Mather Byles' wit and humor, but is so high an opinion of him as a doctor of divinity. The question naturally arises, and, rather distrustfully, demands an answer, he says, what was "the celebrated Mather Byles" celebrated for. In the first place he was Sanctal Theological Doctor. But his degree was from Aberdeen and the Scotch colleges at that period, the writer believes were not particularly coy. With a cousin at court, and a little gold in hand, it was somewhat less difficult, for a clergyman, without very great learning or talent to obtain a doctorate at Aberdeen in 1765, than for a camel of unusual proportions to go through the eye of a very small needle. Seeing the frequency with which D. D.'s are now given in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, too, the following incident given in the "Dealings with the Dead," in connection with Mather Byles' degree, is perhaps timely. The writer says: "not many years ago the worthy president of one of our colleges being asked how it happened that a doctorate of divinity had been given to a certain person of ordinary talents and very little learning, replied, with infinite naivete—"Why—had it, and—had it, and—had it, and we didn't like to hurt his feelings."

Dr. Byles wrote in prose and verse, and quite respectfully in both, but if the celebrity of Trinity's first rector depended on these he would scarcely have won the appellation of "the celebrated Mather Byles." It was his wit and his fund of anecdote that made Mather Byles "celebrated." At the same time the serious writings of Dr. Byles are said to be singularly free from everything suggestive of frivolous association.

Senator Almon also has in his library a small volume by one Mr. G. Herbert Lee, one of St. John, dated 1880, and entitled "the first fifty years in the church of England in the province of New Brunswick." He keeps it probably because it has a chapter on the grandson of this "celebrated Mather Byles." The chapter deals with the settlement of Rev. Dr. Byles, II., as first rector of Trinity, St. John. This took place in 1788. Dr. Byles, as already stated, was once pastor of a congregational church which he left for the church of England for the five reasons mentioned above, accepting the rectorship of Christ church, Boston, where he remained till 1775. He was a loyalist and left Boston an account of his political views.

Twenty-five years of Dr. Byles' life were spent in St. John, where he died on March 12th, 1814, at the advanced age of eighty years.

Not the Kind She Wanted.

At one of the Sunday school picnics held last week a little girl of seven or eight years asked her mamma for fifteen cents and upon being questioned as to what she wanted it for the little one replied that she was going to buy dulse. "But said her mother "there is no dulse here" Yes "there is" insisted the little girl "just give me the money and I'll get it, see I don't." "Who told you that you could get dulse here," asked the mother. "Why" said the little one with a thoroughly confident air, "Mr.— said ten cents admission for children and fifteen cents for 'dults.'"

WAYS OF THE CROOKS.

THE METHODS USED BY PROFESSIONAL PICKPOCKETS.

Some of the St. John People who were Victims—The Glass Ring Trick and How it is Worked Upon Unsuspecting Persons—A Detective's Experience.

Did you get touched? How much did you lose? and questions of that sort, were all that could be heard in offices or on the streets, all last week. The police have asked the question of almost every citizen, in their efforts to catch the pickpockets en route to Halifax. That the light fingered and strong armed gentry known as pickpockets were working in this city last week is a fact only too well known to many who were relieved of good large sums of money. The daily press have gone into some details but there are many tales yet untold, because those who lost felt reluctant to make their losses known.

For instance it was known that a bookkeeper had been robbed of thirteen dollar bills that belonged to his employer, but very few knew that a well known Union Club man had fallen a victim to the strong armed gentry.

It is a fact nevertheless and this citizen is just forty dollars poorer although some valuable papers that were within his wallet were restored to him. He cannot tell how it was done yet it was done, and very cleverly too. His wallet was taken from an inside pocket of his vest by crooks while he was at the I. C. R. Station seeing some relatives off to Halifax. The forty dollars was abstracted from the purse and then the empty leather was thrown away outside the station where it was found afterward.

The papers told in detail how a Truro gentleman had ten thousand dollars in cheques taken from him in a mysterious way, but the papers said little about the crooks robbing a city police officer of his nickel plate badge. Yet such is a fact. This officer was at the station watching for pickpockets and crooks. The pickpockets and crooks were also there, looking for easy marks and sized the officer up as one and worked him. They saw the edge of his shining badge peeping from under the collar of his coat, they thought it was a masonic jewel and worth considerable, so they took it. Next day the badge was found near the station where the crooks had thrown it.

It may be interesting to tell the public how these crooks work so dexterously that even a detective cannot catch them.

In St. John last week the party of crooks that worked the station were three men and a woman. The way they landed their victims, found out where they kept their money and all about them, was novel to say the least. One of the crooks when in a crowd would call out "watch your money; beware of pickpockets. The unsuspecting victim would instinctively grab the pocket where his wealth was kept. This move was just what the crook wanted, as it told them where that man's money was, and their next move was to get it. If it was in a breast pocket crook number one faced his victim, and number two, elbowed between the two. The lady of the party plays a most important part, she behind the victim touches his right shoulder, begs his pardon, asks some questions about train time etc. Crook number two brushes across between the victim and crook number one; in so doing, the coat is swept open, especially the left side containing the wallet pocket, and number one closes in, and lifts the leather very easily. All this time the pretty woman keeps the poor unfortunate in an interesting conversation, which he is carrying on as best he can over his right shoulder.

The pants pockets are worked by crowding and wedging, while in extreme cases the pruning knife is sharpened up and used in cutting the pocket down from top to bottom.

One game worked by the crooks to success in Halifax was the "glass ring" trick or the dollar diamond ring and was made to bring as high as fifty dollars. Crooks one and two stand in earnest conversation on the sidewalk, while close by on the curb, lays one of the glass diamond rings; an unsuspecting victim happens along catches sight of it. Just as he is about to pick it up, crook number one dives for it and of course gets it just ahead of the unsuspecting one. A little argument follows as to who is best entitled to it and an agreement is entered into to go halves on it. They go together in search of a jeweller to put a price on it. Crook number three stands in a jeweller's door in his barchad, he has been fanning himself with his hat but when he sees his pard approaching, his hat is thrust under his coat.

To all appearances he is the proprietor of the jewellery store, as he is in his barchad and has a jewellers magnifying glass handy. He examines the ring says it is a three quarter stone and is worth about fifty dollars. Crook number one says, "I

have no money to buy your share, but if you give me twenty dollars you can have it," the ring is sold and the victim when he goes back to the jeweller to realize fifty on the ring learns that he has been fooled. The jeweller insists the store is not the same who was outside; and the genuine jeweller says the ring is worth from seventy five cents to one dollar.

This game was worked in two or three instances in Halifax so successfully that an Italian peanut vender paid up fifty dollars for one of these glass rings.

LET US FACE THE FACTS.

And Place the Cause of St. John's Defeat Where It Properly Belongs.

The St. John professional four returned from Halifax by the D. A. R. and Prince Rupert on Sunday and the crowds of people who were on the wharf to meet them did not manifest either approval or disapproval at their home coming. The fact was that the great majority of those there saw the crew for the first time and the general opinion expressed was that it was no wonder they did not do better in the race. When the people glanced at the stalwart frame of their trainer Mr. Ross whom they remembered as one of the great Paris crew and then at the men whom he chose to represent St. John at the regatta they could hardly find words to express their astonishment.

But it is all over now and the lesson has been learned that it is useless to pit small men against big men in a boat race. It is all very well to talk about the difference in weight in the boat over coming the difference in power in the men. Experience has proved this. The men were poorly looted it is said and there is no doubt that this was so but Mr. Ross should have known that before the venture was made. The committee were not practical boat builders but Mr. Ross was and no being was said before the race about the poor boat. On the contrary it was announced that the famous Paris crew boat was to be furnished with sliding seats and that it would be just the thing when this was done.

No doubt the crew did its level best and it is not their fault that they did not take a better place. All that can be expected of men is to do their best and all who will the race admit that they did not run but pulled pluckily to the end. But PROGRESS wishes to emphasize the fact that instead of making excuses for St. John's defeat it is better to face the facts and if there is blame to place it where it is due. But racing in the future will be the better for frankness now and that should be recognized. The slight criticism that PROGRESS made in advance was severely commented upon but if that criticism had been more general, and extended to the physique of the men, the weight of the boat or "ancient vessel" as one paper called it, the people might have responded much more readily to the appeals for funds in order that a proper crew might have been sent to Halifax in a modern boat.

IN FAR OFF BULUWAYO.

Some Facts About a Former St. John Boy Who Has Gone There.

The many friends of Mr. William Fielders will be interested to learn that he is now fighting the battles of old England in South Africa.

Mr. Fielders, who is a son of Mr. John Fielders of this city, took up his residence in the North West a number of years ago and at the commencement of the North West rebellion was engaged by the Canadian government as a scout and served until the close of the war after which he took up his residence in Edmonton, Alberta. A sister of Mr. Fielders, Miss Edith, married a brother of Lieutenant Bremner of the British army who was engaged in the war in that country and who was killed in action. Mr. Fielders was recommended, it is understood by this young officer, and owing to his extensive experience on the prairies it was thought he would be of assistance to the party about starting for the interior and he was sent for. Upon his arrival in London Mr. Fielders was met by his brother Mr. Thomas Fielders, city editor of the Pall Mall gazette, who after a separation of eighteen years only had a ten minutes conversation with Mr. William Fielders, as he proceeded immediately to Cape Town. At Cape Town he dined with the famous diamond king, Barney Barrato, about the 20th April he was arrested with a company of about 300 men commanded by Colonel Alderson to relieve Fort Salisbury and Buluwayo.

Mr. Fielders spent a few days in St. John on his way to Africa, but did not inform his family of the cause of his journey, for fear it would cause them anxiety.

Mr. Fielders' friends will watch for further news and will wish him success in his perilous undertaking.

The Most Orderly in Many Years.

The stalwart form of officer Patrick Killen and the official presence of Captain Jenkins must have exercised a restraining influence on the crowd near the Clairmont House on the Bishop's picnic for never for many years has such order prevailed. On the grounds of course everything was orderly as usual and the best of good times was enjoyed.