

# PROGRESS.

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## HONORING THE QUEEN.

HOW ST. JOHN OBSERVED HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE.

The Polymorphian and Firemen's Parades the Great Feature of the Day's Doings—Incidents of the big Celebration—Some Funny Happenings.

Do you think its going to rain? What do the weather probabilities say? The sky doesn't look very promising etc., etc. were a few exclamations heard all day Monday on the street, and were the favorite form of greeting between the hundreds who lingered around town until the small hours of Tuesday morning. Of course the vast majority publicly expressed their private opinion that Tuesday was going to be the dampest day of the season. The papers of Monday evening prophesied fine weather, but gloomy minded individuals found considerable consolation in the fact that for the past ten or twelve weeks the newspapers have got as far out of their reckoning, where the weather was concerned, as they could possibly get. There were many anxious people in the city Monday night and those who were not kept awake by gloomy forebodings of the morrow, had sleep banished just as effectually by the strains of "God save the Queen" with every conceivable variation throughout the long night. First Trinity broke the midnight stillness, and if the air was a little off color here and there, it was only natural under the circumstances, seeing that the big chimes had been celebrating from midnight on the previous Saturday. Then musical and unmusical instruments of every description kept up the strains of the National anthem until daylight, with occasionally a vocal solo or chorus to vary the programme.

Despite all prognostications to the contrary Tuesday dawned clear and sunny, an ideal June day, barring a stiff breeze that sprung up during the morning, and bright and early the city was astir. There was nothing half hearted about the way St. John proposed to honor Her Most Gracious Majesty's sexagenary, and given a fine day, enthusiasm reached a very high pitch.

The interest of the earlier part of the day centred in the polymorphian parade and long before the hour at which it was to start King street and vicinity was a living, struggling mass of humanity. The roofs of buildings, windows and hotel piazzas, all were thronged with an eager crowd and when the polymorphians, about whose mysterious preparations so much had been heard, started pretty promptly on time there was an excited but good natured struggle for a place in which to get the best view of the big procession.

The various polymorphian clubs had beautiful floats all of which added to the gorgeous effect of the parade. Britannia was one of the Haymarket Square club's floats that elicited much praise; in fact as each one passed it seemed to the gleeful crowd more perfect than the one that preceded it. One of the three floats contributed by the North End club represented the Queen at the time of her coronation in 1837, and as she is at this time. The idea was beautifully carried out and made one of the prettiest features of the display.

When Grand Marshall Quinton finally adjusted everything to his complete satisfaction the parade started, the Jameson raders in their dried grass colored suits leading the way; an imposing sight they were too and it is to be doubted if Dr. Jim had as brave and fine looking a lot of followers on his famous raid as those commanded by Major Markham on Tuesday.

In the procession there were armored knights who looked ready for any amount of war, Zaluz whose fierce make up had the effect of sending a shiver through the dense crowd, Crusaders whose long flowing garments bore a significant red cross, and who looked quite equal to a fierce battle for any cause. The Beef Eaters claimed a good share of attention as they marched on either side of a representation of a part of the Tower of London. Their dress consisted of a long skirted scarlet Tudor coat with edges and seams outlined with black and gold, close plaited muslin ruffs at the throat, full sleeves to the waist, low crowned black velvet hats with red, white and blue ribbons, and rosettes of the same on breeches and shoes. Long beards gave them a ferocious sort of appearance, the effect of which was counteracted however by the twinkling of the eyes that looked out at the crowd on either side. The dredge representation was not

quite as good as it might have been and was constantly on the verge of collapse; in fact at one point near the city road the spectators and others were called upon to assist in pulling it out of a hollow where it had stuck.

Taken all in all, though the polymorphian parade was a good one and was free from any attempt at burlesque or caricature; perhaps the citizens, while well satisfied, would not have objected to one or two of the features of old time parades. The music by local and visiting bands was very fine.

At noon the square resounded to the martial tread of the soldiers and voices of the commanding officers, who looked just as they felt no doubt, very proud of the St. John militia. Colonels Tucker and Demville don't appear to have cut much of a figure in the London celebration, which is rather strange everything taken into consideration, and thus by grasping at the mere shadow of honors abroad, where there are hundreds of good sized pebbles to every square foot of beach, they lost the opportunity of a life time to distinguish themselves at home. The men however, made an imposing appearance and were the subjects of many flattering remarks.

Between the morning parades and that of the afternoon there was an interval that gave those who had arrived from out of town during the morning a chance to see the elaborate decorations of the business houses and private residences, so that the big crowd was kept in motion for a while. The special police, were very much in evidence, and wherever a small knot of people gathered, one at least was sure to be hovering near. They hardly knew just what they expected to be called upon to do during the day, and it was well to be always on hand. When they were not keeping a suspicious eye upon harmless groups, they walked up and down the streets with a would-be unconcerned air, trying to look as if the dignity to which they had been suddenly raised bored them half to death.

Despite their vigilance however, and that of the regular officials, they missed several little incidents that might have given them something to do. During the parade of the afternoon when everybody's attentions was centred upon the magnificent spectacle of the different societies in bright regalia, the fire laddies display etc., thieves were playing their calling with a will. Two Germain Street residences were entered by way of back windows, and in each case clothing and food was taken. In the crush on King street a North End lady felt a tug at her skirt but thought nothing of it at the time. When she returned home however, she found that a long slit had been neatly cut in that part of her apparel where a pocket was situated. It is supposed that a protruding handkerchief gave the clue as to the mysterious whereabouts of that necessary adjunct of a feminine toilet. In this case a card case containing some Jubilee stamps and scraps of paper, worthless to any but the owner, was all that the pickpocket got for his pains. A house in another part of the city was entered during the morning and \$60 in cash stolen. In very few instances have the losses been reported.

The Beef Eaters Barbecue took many to the Shamrock grounds in the afternoon, the roasting of the big ox being the great attraction. The meat was done to a turn and everybody had a rousing good time, and returned with renewed vigor to the evening's festivities which consisted of a torchlight procession and fireworks at Market Square.

The firemen's parade was something long to be remembered, the flaming torches, gaily decorated floats and brilliantly polished apparatus, the imposing figures of the chief and mounted police, many bands of music and visiting American firemen made an effective and fitting finale to the days proceedings. By many this is thought to have been the great event of the celebration, and the firemen must be pleased to know that their work was so well appreciated. One of the prettiest things noticed was a cart in which a miniature fountain threw its spray over the flowers and plants grouped around it. Opposite it, a picture of the Queen was reflected back from a flower framed mirror. The route of the procession was somewhat long but arrangements were carried out with so much precision and promptitude that it was just ten o'clock when the parade returned to King Street East where it disbanded.

In the interval of waiting for the firemen to return an immense throng packed King street and waited for the fireworks. Those on the roofs and in the windows of the different buildings, had a magnificent view of the imposing spectacle, the sea of faces and the restless throng below. The fireworks were a failure, and not by any means half as good as they should have been. Messrs Hand & Co. have something to learn yet about fire works, and it is a pity that the closing event of the day was not better managed, especially with such an immense crowd in attendance. Considering the disappointment everybody was fairly good humored, and contented themselves with following the flight of the balloons, till they were lost in space. Men puffed stale tobacco into the faces of ladies, and one stout King street hardware man puffed away at a pipe and cigar alternately, while talking to a group of lady friends sublimely unconscious of the comfort or feelings of those around him. He had a little space all to himself after awhile, necessitated by his frequent desire to expectorate on the sidewalk.

At one time it was simply impossible to pass in front of the Royal hotel so great was the crush. Pictures of the Queen were being thrown on a canvas in one of the parlor windows while outside a party of a dozen commercial men persisted in singing the national anthem over and over again. One of the most interested spectators was a good looking, but rather unmannerly west side pugilist. He acted boisterously, and regardless of the exclamations of the gentler sex elbowed and "hooked" his way into the circle of choirs. His presence was not wanted however and in a nettled mood he dashed back into the crowd again. Burly men stood by and saw him act everything else but in a gentlemanly way without raising their voices or hands to stop him in his mad career, until at last a small elderly woman, very much jammed up, threw her arms in the air and with a new woman's combative spirit flew at the "pug" full tilt, smashing him over the head with her parasol and administering a prize package of upper cuts on his face and neck. The crowd closed in and spirited the lady away, just in time to save her from the wrath of the boxer.

A sporting man who saw the incident is wondering who did the most injury to the local fighter, the little woman with the parasol, or Jack Burk of Fredericton.

About eleven o'clock the crowd began to grow thinner but it was long after midnight before the streets were cleared entirely; the last weary sightseer turned homewards and the loyal subjects of Queen Victoria slept, happy in the consciousness that they had done their duty to Queen and Country and that in no part of the vast Empire was the Diamond Jubilee more enthusiastically celebrated than in St. John.

### Moncton People Abroad.

A Dorchester correspondent writes Progress as follows: In the early part of the month, Moncton's noted Scott Act prosecutor visited the Shiretown, and the occasion being a holiday for him, he made friendly visits to the "Tiger," and as usual the result was a higher state of exhilaration on his part. Having held up people in Moncton, and carried things there with a high hand, he thought it safe to try the like in Dorchester. He made an assault on a guest of the hotel at which he stopped, who showed him the Fitzimmon's punch; this however did not quiet him, and later he put the hotel guests to flight at the point of a revolver. To prevent this goodly man from receiving the benefit of the law, the law-and-order leaguers of Moncton have had him before the court themselves. The liquor dealers say this saintly body has taught them a new wrinkle, and it may now be in order for a liquor dealer to prosecute a fellow liquor dealer; they can say like Shylock, "The villainy thou doth teach me I will execute." The fracas was aptly described by the bard of Gouville in a poem that has had a wide circulation.

### How he Celebrated.

The captain of the American schooner Jessie B. has derived more real pleasure out of the St. John jubilee proceedings than perhaps any other person in the city. At his boarding house in north end he met a Moncton young lady on Sunday. Tuesday evening while the couple were waiting for the parade to start they strolled into the baptist paragon on Queen street and were married.

## SCENE IN THE COUNCIL.

THE ANNUAL WOMAN'S SESSION A STORMY SESSION.

Lady Aberdeen Wanted the Wives of Future Governors General Made President but the Ladies Scouted the Foolish Suggestion.—a Scene Almost Ensues

HALIFAX, June 24.—The meetings of the woman's national council, last week, excited considerable interest, but it is a question if all the sessions combined would have proved as interesting as that session where the future presidency of the council was discussed, could that secret session of the executive have been open to the public. Except when the temperance question came up there was little divergence of opinion between the delegates. On the temperance issue the Montreal council and some of the Halifax women took the moderate view, and as a consequence that section of the women who think everyone who differs from them must be wrong sounded a warlike note.

But as has been already remarked it was the secret executive meeting where the future presidency was discussed that proved exciting. The popular idea regarding this national council is that it is the personality of the Countess of Aberdeen that keeps it alive or that gives it more than a nominal existence. The hope of receiving a vice-regal smile, together with some desire, perhaps, to do good, keeps the women at work. Possibly the word toadyism is too strong to describe the situation, but is often used when people talk of the women's national council. Whether it is an account of toadyism or not, one thing is sure,—the countess is a power.

Lady Aberdeen evidently realizes the full force of this and is prepared to take advantage of it. She took pains to let it become known that she thought it would be a good thing for the stability of the women's council if it were made a rule that the wife of the governor-general, whoever he might be, should always be the president. Lady Aberdeen will not have more than two years more and she is looking out for the future. She fears for the council when she leaves it should the presidency fall into the hands of some one who could not rule it because of social position, disintegration might set in. Accordingly, a resolution was introduced that it become a bye-law that the governor general's wife should always be president. Montreal and Ottawa women to a large extent favored this. The wiser and more democratic east were not so unanimous. They were against such "divine right of Kings," or rather vice-regal right to the presidency. One lady from Toronto, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, a member of the globe staff, who is corresponding secretary of the national council, and in close touch with the countess of Aberdeen, and who, by the way, never loses an opportunity to speak on any subject, became the champion of the vice-regal presidency. At a certain stage of the discussion the countess of Aberdeen withdrew from the meeting, so as to allow greater freedom of expression. It appears the controversy waxed very warm. The arguments that the council would lose its independence, that it would become a mere machine; that the wife of the governor general at some time might be a very undesirable person;—all were urged by the eastern ladies and some western. But Mrs. Cummings fought them all valiantly. She found herself in the minority of numbers, however, and apparently at the small end of the argument, so that she lost heart and there was almost a scene in consequence.

Strange that, in the face of so much obsequiousness a majority should have been possible against the known wish of the Countess of Aberdeen, but such it proved. Possibly the championship of Mrs. Cummings may account for the loss of the cause.

The Countess of Aberdeen is personally popular and deservedly so. She is a woman of great perseverance and wonderful organizing ability. In spite of all the criticism of her proposed Victorian order of nurses, her ladyship has no idea of giving it up. She takes every chance to advocate it, and last Sunday in addressing the Sunday school children made a good attempt to interest the little folks. She has much common sense, and this being the case it is the more remarkable that she should either advocate the vice-regal presidency of the council herself or allow

Mrs. Cummings, whom she can control, or any one else, to talk such nonsense in a country of representative institutions.

Lord Aberdeen is an administrative officer who loves popularity. So, too, doubtless, does nearly everybody. But Lord Aberdeen occasionally loses as much ground in this respect by a display of lack of tact as he gains by two or three days of well directed effort. He has pleased himself generally on the pleasant visit to Halifax. It was a popular move for the governor general to ask Admiral Erskine to give a naval review today (Thursday) and at such a late hour in the afternoon that everybody could see the show without inconvenience to business. The review will be in honor of the royal society and of the Cabot celebration, which takes place the same day.

There are two sides to this toady question. No one with correct ideas likes that spirit which will do anything for a smile from one whom the world calls "better than the ordinary." Right thinking people despise such, yet many of those who make the loudest outcry against this kind of thing are equally culpable. If they think themselves slighted in any way they do not take it philosophically and forget it, but they become indignant and often use many hard words and assume an injured or hypocritically indifferent air. For instance, city teachers were invited to a reception by lady Aberdeen at the county academy. One or two by some mistake were omitted but all were given a cordial verbal invitation. Some of those who failed to receive the large pasteboard made an outcry announcing their determination to keep as far away from the function as possible; worse still was the spirit of pride which made some of the teachers say, when they first heard of the proposed reception that they would have nothing to do with it because the teachers were invited as a class. They wanted to have nothing to do with such a class. They are only teachers because they need the money it brings, and after school hours don't want to be known as teachers. How it must have galled some of these high-strung people to be compelled to march the streets in charge of crowds of shouting children on the way to jubilee rehearsals and performances in the exhibition building. There are toadies and toadies and critics of this sort of thing who are often as bad or worse than those they condemn.

One word regarding Lady Aberdeen. There is probably no woman in Canada who does more for the good of others, or tries to than she. No other woman has the same influence or exerts it to better effect. All honor to such as she! Her visit to Halifax has done good, and more good will follow.

### The Visitor Was Funny.

A happening which drew forth from a thousand of eye witnesses a combination of that "served you right" feeling tinged with a little indignation in the opposite direction, occurred on King street as the big afternoon parade was passing. Chief of Police Clark on horseback and accompanied by a squad of six of his officers mounted, rode in the van of the procession clearing the street of too eager sightseers. When in front of one of the leading hostleries a very jubilant guest first made a grab at the bridle of the horse ridden by Marshal E. LeRoi Willis, and when made to let go his hold he pulled the chief's horse round and round. Although warned by the mounted official to let go he refused, claiming a grievance, whereupon the chief drew from his boot his baton and struck the visitor a glancing blow which if it had taken full effect would have caused a sensation. Hundreds hissed the chief for his act others; said the man deserved the treatment he received. However most anybody with judicial qualities can see fault in the hasty actions of both parties. The gentleman claimed to be the offender was a visitor and well known in this city.

### Mr. Quinn Sees Snakes.

Mr. Pat Quinn of T. J. Cronin's establishment has been exhibiting a bottled snake to his friends this week. It was necessary for Mr. Quinn's honor that he should exhibit the snake, for the statement that he had almost swallowed one about fifteen inches long, in a glass of water, evoked sympathetic remarks from his friends and unkind questioning as to what kind of water he had been drinking. Mr. Quinn met all such insinuations with deepest indignation and to prove the truth of his experience brought out the snake for the benefit of his incredulous auditors. It is a thread like looking reptile measuring about fifteen inches. Mr. Quinn took a drink of water the other night, and the creature had wriggled itself halfway down his throat when he called a halt. Progress can testify that this is no jubilee story, but a reality.