

PROGRESS.

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ABOUT THE POOR HOUSE.

CERTAIN RULES HAD TO BE MADE FOR GOOD REASONS.

One of Which was to Protect the Women—Certain Visitors Wanted to see Them—The Clergy and Other People Anxious for the Moral Welfare of the Inmates.

Those people who know the sunny honest nature of Superintendent Woods, of the alms house, could hardly believe the story that he had ill treated or ill used one of the inmates.

The inmate in question was Alec McDonald, a poor unfortunate in so far as the shape of his legs are concerned. Every one who has been around town for any time knows the young man in question and has no doubt pitied the deformity which makes him an object of sympathy and a butt, it must be confessed, to the hard hearted youngsters who are always looking for something out of the ordinary to comment upon. No doubt it was these same bad boys who gave Alec the nick name of "Alec the Moose" though, where the comparison comes is not so apparent unless it is in the shape of his legs.

But in spite of this deformity Alex is an able bodied fellow, strong in chest and arms and, as it has been proved since, of not the most amiable disposition. For years he has existed rather than lived and finally he was sent to the alms house to be cared for at the expense of the county.

He always gave the superintendent a deal of trouble but he kept fairly quiet when he was around the house. Some time ago he took advantage of his absence and nearly frightened the women folk out of their wits by his extraordinary actions and language. Her tongue seemed to be especially directed against Mrs. Cunningham the matron, and, while of course his threats and accusations might well pass unheeded yet language so vile as he used would not be listened to in any institution. He got a severe warning when Mr. Woods returned and that seemed to quiet him for a time. Then again when Mr. Wood was absent he took a dislike to the old man who keeps the fire in the furnace going and he gave him such a thumping that the poor old fellow had to go to bed. This was the straw that broke Mr. Woods back and Alec was sent adrift.

But where was he to go. He got a lodging at the Seaman's Mission, and the next day he was sent back to the Alms house again for three months by the magistrate. This places the authorities of that institution in a curious position. They have an unruly character there that they have no power to control and yet they have got to take him. There should be a workhouse for such as Alec.

Incidentally, in connection with the story, the regulation respecting admittance to the institution was brought up and the restriction respecting visitors condemned. There is another side to this story and perhaps it had better be told.

Some restriction in regard to visitors seem to be very necessary and the reasons that led to the adoption of the present rule requiring a visiting permit from a commissioner will occur to most sensible people as wise and proper.

It is well known that among the inmates of the institution are some, if not many young girls and women, some of them young and attractive, some of them middle aged, who have wandered from the paths of rectitude and were forced to such a refuge in the Alms house. These women usually remain there a reasonable time after their illness, and perhaps it is not a strange thing that proprietors or proprietresses of houses of ill fame should seek recruits in such a quarter. At any rate a well known woman of evil reputation went there one day in her barouche to interview a few of these departers from virtue, presumably to induce them to go down the hill of vice to the bottom. That was enough in itself to persuade the commission that some restriction was necessary but another incident that happened soon after clinched the matter.

A swarthy looking fellow, who said he came from the State of Maine, called at the office of an official of the institution one day and told him that he had been out to the Alms house looking over the girls and he wanted to make arrangements to get a couple or three of them to take with him to the State of Maine. He said he was in the lumber business and gave some more information about himself. The official looked him over and then told him that

the commissioners were to meet that very afternoon and he could go before them and make his request. He was a sharp fellow and didn't show up at the meeting.

If another reason was needed to keep out visitors without a permit perhaps the fact that a few young men had a habit of visiting their sweethearts while there would be sufficient. No doubt it appears strange that there should be any love-making under such circumstances and perhaps the officials thought it was out of place too for it was stopped.

And the ministers—what about them? What led to the regulation respecting the visits of clergymen for the purpose of holding services there. Well, all the denominations were so eager and so anxious to keep the good old people in the Alms house in the straight and narrow path, that upon one occasion they clashed, and there was a slight unpleasantness. And so the services are now confined to the two paid chaplains.

After all it is difficult to run the affairs of such an institution so that everybody will be pleased and especially to please those who are curious enough to want to drive or walk out and see "who is in the Alms house." That is the sort of curiosity the commissioners endeavor to suppress but when any person wants to see an inmate who is a relative then there is no difficulty in getting a permit.

MRS. PEACOCK'S AFFECTIONS.

A Jury of Seven Good and True, Says They Were Only Worth \$350.

The value of a wife's affections has been placed at \$350 by an intelligent jury of St. John citizens.

Mr. William Peacock thought the love of his wife was worth \$10,000 to him and that was the amount he asked from Charles Damery for the alienation of her affection, but the jury listened to her and his story and then they listened to Damery and the Counsel and the judge, and after mature consideration thought Damery should pay \$350.

That was the verdict in the case spoken of in PROGRESS last week. No doubt Damery thought it was too much but he had to abide by the decision of the jury. Who can tell what the result would have been had Mrs. Peacock allowed her features to be visible during the trial. If they possessed the same charm for the jury as they evidently do for Mr. Peacock the members of that deliberate body might have agreed with him and placed a high valuation upon wifely affection.

Peacock keeps a liquor saloon on Sheriff street in the North end and no doubt makes a comfortable living. According to the evidence Mrs. Peacock possesses considerable property in her own right, and even if her husband had failed to get a verdict against Damery would not have had to go to the poor house for lack of means.

One of the witness for Damery was Mrs. Robertson who was his housekeeper at the time of his wife's death and for some period before. Her evidence so far as it related to herself was more interesting than what she had to say in favor of Damery. Part of it was briefly summarized in PROGRESS regarding her husband's unwillingness to support her and that they had lived apart for three years during which time she had not seen or heard from her former lord and master.

Now it happened at the time Katie Robertson was giving her version of the affairs, Douglas Robertson, her husband, was in town having arrived as second mate of the Bessie Markham. He read PROGRESS last Saturday and when he saw the statement of his wife that he couldn't or wouldn't support her, he wasn't the best pleased man in town. Finally after thinking it over he came to PROGRESS and told his end of the story.

He is a fine looking fellow of whose appearance, at any rate, any woman might be proud and he does not seem to have suffered any by his experience on the sea. He knew what he was talking about too, and didn't want to touch upon any other subject regarding his wife other than her statement that he didn't support her. That he had sent her money from many ports, and regularly, he could prove by the entries of the different captains he had sailed with, in his book, for the captains he said always forwarded his money and charged it in his account book as so much sent to wife as well as placing it on the ships books. When he sailed in the vessels, Antwerp, Annapolis, Asia, Vanoclia he was earning \$30 a month and had always

sent his wife half of that amount and, when after that, he was in the coasting trade his wife got all of his wages. Then after that he was three years in the big ship Kings County, and in that time he had sent his wife \$970 and upon another occasion in England he had sent an order for £10, and £24 from Rio Janeiro. And he gave many other instances. Then when he came home he found his wife out to service and she would not leave and set up housekeeping. So that made the split and she chose to remain at service rather than have her own house. He had not seen her for two years and three months.

This is Robertson's story and as he appeared anxious to have it told PROGRESS tells it. No doubt he wants his friends to know the reason of the separation as he understands it. The matter would never have arisen but for his wife's evidence at the Damery trial.

HOW REPORTERS ARE FOOLED.

They Rush After Exaggerated Stories To Find Them Bubbles.

There are incidents in connection with the making of news that often have more of human interest in them than the news itself for instance, the rumors that sometimes reach the workers on the press, when traced back to their sources are rather humorous.

This week word went out of a remarkable rescue at Turnbull's slip. It was told with bated breath to one or two of the reporters on the papers of how a lad named Jones, an employ of John Sealy's, fell into the slip, and how Samuel Ellingwood, a deck-hand on the Steamer Flushing, leaped without hesitation into the rushing tide at imminent danger to his life, and bravely rescued the lad. It was also told how the tide was sweeping along past the slip at a great rate and that none but the bravest swimmer would have attempted a rescue. Then, parenthetically, it was observed that Ellingwood had in this way rescued three lives from drowning.

The reporters saw a column story looming up so they rushed to the wharf to find out the full details. Then to their surprise they learned that the water was at the flood at the time the accident happened, about half past two in the afternoon, and the slip where the lad fell in was as calm and placid as a mill pond. Furthermore, it was learned that Ellingwood had tried to reach over from the wharf and pull the boy out and in so doing had fallen in. Furthermore, he could not swim a stroke and both he and the boy had to be rescued by Capt. Ingersoll and another of the men of the Flushing.

Such was the story that went abroad and such were the facts and, what the reporters always like, a good story of brave deeds, was nipped in the bud. This is not meant to reflect on the courage or bravery of Ellingwood. The occasion did not necessitate any great heroic part and if it had, he might have been equal to it.

Magistrate Ritchie is Sarcastic.

Magistrate Ritchie is sarcastic upon occasions and there is no doubt that he has plenty of opportunities for sarcasm. He was especially struck with the activity of the police last Saturday night when they caught an old widow woman, Mrs. McDade, mulling a glass of ale for her own drink and reported her, and he congratulated the force upon the fact that the millennium had so nearly approached that there was no one selling liquor on Saturday night in St. John. Was the magistrate sarcastic? Who will say he wasn't?

The Laborer Slept at his Work.

The life of the checkers at Sand Point is not all beer and skittles, sometimes they have considerable time on their hands but frequently when there is a rush of steamers they work all day and all night for some days in succession and tally the cargo almost in their sleep. It is pretty nearly the same way with the laborers and the other night one of them dropped a nice soft bale of goods on the warehouse floor and then fell in it and went right to sleep.

Trustee Gray is Still Obdurate.

The Fairville school difficulty, the story of which was told in PROGRESS some weeks ago, remains in statu quo and there are no new developments. Dr. Gray has not yet resigned the chairmanship of the school committee and the Fairville people say that they are afraid he won't. It looks as if he was holding on now just for spite which is not in the best interest of education in the milling suburb.

THESE BIRDS ARE DEAR.

THEY MAY COST FROM TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mr. Harrington Proposes to Carry Out the Nova Scotia Game Law, and is After Senator McKeen's Household—The Caterer is In For Trouble Too.

HALIFAX, Jan. 13.—The Nova Scotia game society has been supposed by many to have been run in the interest of the wealthy few rather than on behalf of the poorer many. The events of the past day or two would seem to show that this is not the case or, at least, that the law is being enforced against the rich as well as against the poor. C. S. Harrington is the legal adviser of the society and he has sent fear and trembling into the heart not only of one of our wealthiest people but one of the society leaders of Halifax. The vengeance of the society, for an infraction of the law making a close season for partridges has fallen on the family of Hon. Senator McKeen, the hospitable owner of lovely Maplewood, on the banks of the North West Arm. It was last September that the accomplished wife of the senator decided to give a dinner to certain members of the 400. The function was duly arranged in a style appropriate to the handsome mansion in which it was to be held and the hospitality of the lady who was to be the hostess. Plump partridges were desired. True, they were not in the season, but the hospitable lady knew not that the game society had made it a crime then to eat of this bird. She sought the good offices of her victuallers, J. A. Leaman & Co., but they were law-abiding men and with a wholesome fear of infringing the Queen's laws in her jubilee year politely regretted their inability to fill the order. The lady then betook herself to a Barrington street dealer and he, obliging man that he was, delivered to her in a short time eight or ten brace of fine birds.

How it came about no one can tell but the matter was brought to the attention of the game society officials and now they are about to exact the extreme penalty from the too hospitable lady who provided for the entertainment of her guests at the expense of the Nova Scotia game laws.

This society has ramifications extending into every game centre in the country, with active agents, who have done good service for true sport in enforcing the laws, which the society from time to time has secured from the legislature. They have been untiring in their efforts to preserve the natural game of Nova Scotia's woods and groves for legitimate sport, and so far they have earned the gratitude of all good citizens. To that end they have proscribed the shooting of partridge between the 1st day of December to the 15th day of September anywhere in Nova Scotia. Further, no person is permitted to have partridge in his or her possession in the close season—at least, if they have it will cost them for each bird so had the sum of \$5 to \$10, according to the leniency of the magistrate before whom the charge is laid. Should any person be so bold as to sell, or even buy, such a game bird "until after the lapse of three days from the end of any close season," it is a much more serious matter and the penalty is \$25, to be recovered before a magistrate.

Senator McKeen was written to by the officers of the society, but as far as can be learned there has been no response to the communication.

It is understood that Mr. Young, a caterer, who supplied game out of season at a ball given by the naval officers before their departure for the south last season will also be prosecuted.

WHERE HAVE THEY GONE TO.

A Chance for a Discovery Syndicate to get In Some Work.

There is a chance for a disappearance syndicate to get in some work in connection with the disappearances from the Provincial Lunatic Asylum of three persons lately. The individuals have passed from sight as completely as though they had been swallowed up in the earth. There was the man named Wilson, of Kings county, who escaped from the asylum some two months or more ago and has never been heard of since. Then later, there was the Duke girl, of Hampton, who jumped into the falls and whose body was never recovered. Lastly there was Mrs. Gallant who was allowed to leave the asylum to pay a Xmas visit to her home at Randolph, and who fled from there and has been lost from the sight of man. Probably

the falls could a tale unfold, could their greedy lips but speak. Many people have been lost in the falls whose bodies have never been recovered and whether there are currents deep down that only come to the surface to breathe away out in the bay, or what is the reason can only be a matter of conjecture.

MRS. NASE FINDS NEW QUARTERS.

She Returns From Boston and Avoids the Smith Family.

And so at last Mrs. Nase of Indian town and her relatives in Court's Block are separated, that is as far as the matter of one roof is concerned. Shortly after the abusive language and assault case was terminated in the courts, the lady in question sought mental recreation and rest in Boston. Last week she returned, but instead of putting up at her own home in the historic building on Bridge street, she went to the home of her mother-in-law on Main street and it is said will remain there until "the summer comes again."

This is no doubt the last page of the semi-sensational little volume "Smith vs. Nase" and proves undoubtedly the victory gained by the former party. Whether it is the building that may be termed the "hoodoo" or not may remain an open question but the fact is plain it has been the theatre of many a vein of truest comedy and on the other hand some real dramatic situations. Tragedy in no wise entered into the frequent productions but at times a dash of extravaganzas was quite apparent. Now that the domestic ocean of disagreement has subsided and the trophies of both the Smith and Nase households, brooms, dust-pans, mats, effigies etc., have been gilded and given prominent positions among the treasures and heirlooms of each family, peace may be expected and that they all may "live happily ever after."

ALD. HAMM CHANGED HIS MIND.

And by Voting the Other Way Threw Cold Water on Exemption.

One of the most interesting features of the administration of the present board of aldermen was their action on the cold storage proposition a few days ago. They then decided not to grant the promoters of the industry freedom from taxation, though they had at a previous meeting decided in favor of granting the exemption. Ald. Hamm changed his mind and voted against the exemption. The granting of exemption from taxation requires a two-thirds vote, and at the previous meeting Ald. Christie, Purdy, McGoldrick, McPherson and Millidge had voted nay and the other ten aldermen yea. Mayor Robertson gave his casting vote in favor and so the promoters were happy. But when Ald. Hamm joined the minority, the vote stood nine to six and so the exemption could not be granted. The city has never since the union granted an exemption to the Parks cotton mill. If they wanted to establish a precedent at all they would have to look a long while before they would find an industry that was more in the nature of a public need—as a portion of the winter port equipment than the cold storage scheme.

A Practical View.

A young lad of six years swallowed an American cent a day or two ago. He claims to be somewhat of a magician and has frequently entertained his young companions by telling of what he could do in the way of swallowing knives, etc. and bring them out of his shoes and blouse-fronts. On the occasion on which he actually indulged in this work, the greatest confusion prevailed in the domestic circle. A little brother a year younger was told to go at once for a physician who lived next door. The mother's command was "hurry" but the youngster went on with his play, and looking up unconcernedly at his mother remarked: "Oh! well, mamma that's all right, he's always talking about swallowin' things and bringing them out his pant legs. I guess he can manage a cent all right."

Drew The Line at Window Washing.

The ways of business men are various. A Montreal man doing business on Prince William street went into his office one day this week and asked one of his clerks to wash the windows up at his house. "No, I will not," replied the clerk, "I wasn't hired for that." "Well, consider yourself discharged," responded his employer. Then he asked his other clerk to do the task but received the same reply so he discharged him also and paid him off. But the employer will not be likely to find anyone in St. John who will do his clerical work and also wash the windows of his private residence when he wants him to.