

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1898.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

THE DIFFERENT ORGANIZATIONS AND WHEN FOUNDED.

They Comprise One Eighth of the Population of the City—Some with an Insurance Scheme Connected with Them—The C. M. B. A., and What it Has Done.

There are about seventeen fraternal societies represented in this city. They conduct about a hundred lodges, courts, encampments, divisions, temples and the like with all their mystic paraphernalia, their assemblings, their social functions, their missionary work, their benevolent enterprise and all the various currents through which their combined industry and zeal flows.

These figures give an idea of the hold the secret and fraternal societies have upon the public of St. John and the important influence they must exert upon the city's life in all its phases. They provide the means of promoting citizenship by the brotherly sentiments that they teach and they also in their little courts and little legislatures teach the common man the duties and responsibilities of citizenship and interests him in the larger sphere of legislative duties.

St. John has done considerable pioneer work in the promotion of fraternal activity. St. John is the home of the Masonic order and every branch of this ancient and historic organization is represented here. McLeod Moore Conclave of the Knights of Rome is the premier conclave on this continent, and St. John also saw the birth of the order of Royal and Select masters in Canada.

St. John was the first place outside of Great Britain where the first civil Orange lodge was established, and the first place outside of the United States where the Knights of Pythias, Sons of Temperance and Temple of Honor broke soil was St. John.

The following table will prove of interest to readers, giving the dates of the establishment of the various orders here, the number of branches in the city and their membership. The figure for the Orange body is only approximate. There are nine lodges in the city and Fairville with an average membership of 2,100, but 'once an Orangeman always an Orangeman' and there are a large number of Orangemen in the city who are not now members of the lodges.

Table with columns: DATE, ORDER, NO. OF BRANCHES, MEMBER-SHIP. Lists various organizations like Masonic, Orange, Sons of Temperance, etc., with their respective branch counts and memberships.

This organization known more generally by its short title of C. M. B. A., was organized in July, 1876, the grand council being established four years later. It was transplanted into Canada from the United States in 1880 and has grown from 220 members in the Dominion in that year to 14,000 the present membership.

The introduction into the Maritime Provinces was the work of Mr. T. P. Tansy of Montreal, who was the grand deputy for the Maritime Provinces and the first Branch organized by him was at Bathurst, N. B., April '90 and in a few days after at North Sydney and Halifax. He then visited St. John and organized on May 6th, a Branch at Carleton, No. 133, and next evening another in the city proper, No. 134. There are now more than half a hundred branches in the Maritime Provinces. Beside the two above named there is another branch in St. John, the one at Fairville, No. 184, and the three together make a membership of about 325, the St. John Branch setting the pace with 190.

The following sums have been paid to families of deceased members in St. John, Carleton and Fairville since its organization here.

Table with columns: Name, Amount. Lists names like Hugh O'Connor, John Mullin, Joseph Stanton, Patrick Kerrigan and their respective contribution amounts.

D. B. Mullaney, 1,000; Cornelius Collins, 1,000; T. L. McSorley, 2,000; D. C. Quinn, 2,000; Jas. E. Fitzgerald, 2,000; Jeremiah Kane, 2,000. And three others whose names were not available, making in all about \$20,000.

Officers of the Grand Council or Branches of this association do not receive any remuneration except the Grand Recorder and his assistant who between them receive \$2,400 per annum. Organizers and Grand Deputies receive merely actual expenses hence it is that the rate of insurance is kept so low in order to reach the working classes and assist them to protect their families. This organization is not a secret society as understood having no signs or password. They merely issue a travelling card to members going away from home on business or pleasure.

It counts among its members all over the Dominion the principal leading Roman catholic bishops, priests and laymen of every walk in life and aims at uniting all the members of that church into one body irrespective of nationality for their interests, social and religious. It is necessary to be a practical catholic between the ages of 18 and 50 and to be sound and a good insurance risk in order to become a member. The local branches are governed by laws made in convention by the grand council officers and delegates. During the space of time between conventions the association is managed by the grand president, Grand Recorder and an executive of five called grand trustees. Mr. P. J. O'Keefe of this city is the only member for the Maritime Provinces and Mr. John L. Carleton the only member of the committee on laws and supervision both having been returned for second terms at last convention. It now numbers nearly 320 branches from Calgary to P. E. Island. The reserve fund is now increasing very rapidly and amounts to about \$70,000 being made up of 5 per cent on all assessments issued. For the full period of its existence the assessments have never increased being an average of 16 for the whole time. The growth has been more than the most sanguine anticipated.

St. John was chosen as the site for the biennial session of the Grand Council in 1894.

THE TRADE IN BIRDS FEATHERS.

Some Facts Connected With the Destruction of the Feathered Tribes.

A correspondent sends PROGRESS the following interesting letter that which appeal to all who are interested in the preservation and protection of the harmless and defenceless birds of the wildwood:

'There has been recently much correspondence published in the London Times, newspaper, on a subject that claims our attention here in Canada as well, viz: the Trade in Birds Feathers to supply the demands of fashion. This subject is not a novel one; over 12 years ago, letters appeared in The Times protesting against the wicked waste of bird life. The Society for the Protection of Birds is trying its utmost to do good, but unavailingly, if one judges by the ladies' hats and bonnets, on which are seen wings, tufts, and whole birds of various kinds. With your kind permission, I would like to make an appeal to the readers of PROGRESS, on behalf of the wild birds. First, of course nothing has been said against the wearing of ostrich feathers, and feathers of domestic and game birds. These birds are protected, and in no danger of extermination. Fashion and female vanity have combined, and demand specimens of even the rarest and most beautiful birds, to add lustre and a heightened value to ladies' headgear. In all cities and towns, birds appear indispensable to the completion of a lady's toilet. Look around in the streets, in churches, in all meetings and judge for yourself. Many ladies have but a faint idea of the amount of destruction it causes.

I can do no better than quote the words of Mr. Hudson, a well known ornithologist; his letters are convincing, as they are full of hard facts. The following paragraphs are taken from his letters to the Times. Thursday, Dec. 14th. was a purple day at the Commercial sale rooms in the city, where feathers for the decoration of our women formed the attraction, and besides some hundreds of white ospreys, an incredible number of bird skins of brilliant plumage, collected from all quarters of the world, were disposed of. Birds of modest plumage were also there, and it was surprising to see huge cases filled with lites and other small species from Japan;

a proof that the once artistic and bird loving people of that distant, beautiful country, are anxious to be up to date and western in all things even to the extermination of their little feathered fellow creatures.

Conspicuous even among the most splendid species, were the birds of paradise, some 1,700 specimens.

Other kinds, pheasants, jays, trogons, king fishes, orioles, innumerable humming birds and many more need not be spoken of in detail—I will only mention the parrots, for there were many—70,000 to 80,000 specimens, mostly from India.

After giving the statistics, Mr. Hudson further writes: 'The wearing of feathers taken from birds, slaughtered for the sake of them, is in no sense a necessity. It does not minister in any way to the comfort or welfare of man, woman or child. A large proportion of the birds, whose feathers women wear, are slain only for their sake. If the demons were extinguished, the slaughter would cease and the birds would live their own lives, subject only to the appointed laws of their own being. These laws are a part of nature's economy and man's title to interfere with them can only be justified by an appeal to the higher law of his own welfare and not by the less worthy motives of feminine vanity or masculine greed. If we bear this principle in mind, we shall find no difficulty in determining whether or not a good woman can be justified at the bar of conscience and humanity in wearing the feathers of birds, slaughtered only for fashion's sake. The fashionable woman cannot even be persuaded not to wear "ospreys," as they are called, that is, "the nuptial ornament of the egret, or white heron, which can only be obtained during the breeding season, when the birds congregate in flocks, and is actually obtained by the slaughter of thousands of parent birds at a time when their young are still unable to fly."

There is but little to add after such an authority, still allow me to say, that a portion of those feathers imported to London, are exported by her, in a dressed or mounted shape, to other countries, the wings, aigrettes, etc., seen in the stores and milliner's show rooms here in St. John have mostly been purchased from London wholesale houses and therefore it may be one colony is helping another colony in the destruction of birds. The bird hunter has not visited Canada yet, I believe, but there will be a future for him here too, in a few years, if the wholesale destruction continues. Let no such prediction come true and let us depend upon the ladies throughout the Dominion to help individual-ly, simply by not wearing the feathers specified, and substituting the many artistic, novel ideas, that every season appear.

A BLACK BIRD IN PRISON.

A Pathetic Incident of Michael Davitt's Life In an English Prison.

In the reminiscences of his prison life, Michael Davitt, who was a political prisoner in England for years, describes with pathetic affection a little pet which shared his cell during part of his term.

'I was remitted to Portland Prison on February 3, 1881,' he says. 'Shortly afterward, through the kindness of the governor, a young blackbird came into my possession. For some months I relieved the tedium of my solitude by efforts to win the confidence of my companion, with the happiest results. He would stand upon my breast as I lay in bed in the morning, and awaken me from sleep. He would perch upon the edge of my plate and share my porridge. His familiarity was such that upon showing him a small piece of slate-pencil, and then placing it in my waistcoat, he would immediately abstract it. He would perch upon the edge of my plate as it was adjusted between my knees, and watching the course of the pencil as I wrote would make the most amusing efforts to peck the marks from the slate. He would fetch and carry as faithfully as any well-trained dog.

'Toward evening he would resort to his perch upon the iron bedstead, and there remain silent and still, till the dawning of another day, when his chirrup would again be heard, like the voice of nature, before the herald of civilization, the clang of the prison bell at five o'clock.'

To his dear little companion Davitt dedicated the volume he wrote after his release. The dedication ran as follows:

'To the memory of the little confiding friend whose playful moods and loving familiarity helped to cheer the solitude of a convict cell:

'To my pet blackbird, 'Joe,' these prison jottings are affectionately dedicated.'

AN INEXPERIENCED HUNTER.

The Officers Didn't Have Much Show When "Bill" was Around.

Buffalo Bill tells a pleasant tale of jumping on his favorite horse, "Brigham," and riding out of camp at the alarm of a herd of buffalo. It was at a time when he and his comrades were short of meat, and consequently longing for Buffalo steak.

He says: While I was riding toward the buffaloes, I saw five horsemen from the fort who were evidently going out for a chase. They proved to be newly arrived officers, a captain and his lieutenants.

'Hello my friend!' sang out the captain, 'I see you are after the same game that we are.'

'Yes, sir,' said I. They scanned my cheap outfit very closely, and as my horse looked like a work-horse, and had on only a blind bridle, they evidently considered me a green hand at hunting.

'Do you expect to catch those buffaloes on that Gothic steed?' laughed the captain. 'I hope so, by pushing hard enough on the reins,' was my reply.

'You'll never catch them in the world, my fine fellow,' said he. 'It takes a fast horse to do that.'

'Does it?' asked I, as if I didn't know.

'Yes, but come along with us, for we are going to kill them more for pleasure than anything else. All we want are the tongues and a piece of tenderloin, and you may have all that is left.'

'Much obliged to you, captain,' said I. 'I'll follow you.'

There were eleven buffaloes in the herd and they were not more than a mile ahead. I saw they were making toward the creek for water, and I started up that way to head them off, while the officers came up in the rear, and gave chase. The animals came rushing past me, not a hundred yards distant, with the officers three hundred yards in the rear. I pulled the blind bridle on my horse, and he, a trained hunter, knew exactly what to do. He started at the top of his speed and brought me alongside the rear buffalo. I raised my gun, fired, and killed the animal at the first shot. My horse then carried me alongside the next one, and I dropped him at the next fire. Thus I killed the eleven buffaloes with twelve shots, and as the last animal dropped, my horse stopped. Remember I had been riding him without bridle, reins or saddle; but I jumped to the ground, knowing he would not leave me. The astonished officers were just riding up.

'Now, gentlemen,' said I, 'allow me to present you with all the tongues and tenderloins you want.'

'Well,' said the captain, 'I never saw the like before. Who under the sun are you, anyhow?'

'My name is Cody.'

'That horse of yours has running points?'

'Yes, sir; he has not only the points, but he knows how to use them.'

'So I noticed!'

SHOOTING WITH ONE HAND.

He has Only one arm but he Uses his gun With Unerring Skill.

The New York Times prints a readable account of a one-armed marksman, General McLeer, of Brooklyn. He lost his arm at the second battle of Bull Run, and almost at the same moment received a serious wound in one of his legs. Of his skill with the rifle the Times says:

The general has twenty-three marksman's badges, which in twenty-three years

he has won at Creedmoor. Many amusing stories are told of his work at ranges. Last summer he strode up unnoticed behind a twearing private, who was in a rage because he had missed the target. In a tone of command, General McLeer said:

'Load that gun, my man, and let me see it.'

The private did as he was told, and handed the gun to the one-armed figure beside him. Grasping the gun firmly by the trigger-guard, General McLeer raised it lightly to his shoulder and blazed away.

A blue signal waved, showing a bull's-eye.

'There, my good fellow,' observed General McLeer, in a quizzical tone, 'that seems to be a pretty good gun. Don't swear at it, but practise a little more.'

He afterward explained that that was one of the luckiest shots he had ever made. 'The gun went off accidentally,' he said to a brother officer, 'and actually hit the centre.'

The general makes light of his feats, and often lays a good score to accident. He uses the regulation fifty-caliber rifle, weighing between eight and nine pounds. On a pinch he can load his own gun, but this is generally done for him at the targets. He shoots offhand entirely, at distances of one hundred, two hundred and three hundred yards. His quick way of shooting astonishes even his friends. He grasps the piece close to the trigger-guard raises the stock to his shoulder, and in much less time than it takes an ordinary marksman to make up his mind just where the centre of the target is located he has sighted the barrel and fired. Strangely enough, he will never shoot at a longer distance than three hundred yards, because as he explains, 'I am not in that class. It takes a two-armed man to do that, and, moreover, he must have two sound legs, which I have not.' General McLeer is a close observer of the fine points of shooting, such as how to set the wind gages and graduated sights, and the importance of weather conditions, and many a discouraged militiaman has had occasion to thank him for timely hints and encouragement.

Chance For A Bargain.

Small boy (rushing in)—'Oh mamma! I know where I can buy a double rigger and awl cheap. Won't you give me some money?'

Mamma (doubtfully)—'How cheap?'

'Well I don't know; I haven't asked, but I guess I can get it for 'most nothing, 'cause Mrs. Nobbs hasn't any use for it any more.'

Mrs. Nobbs?'

'Yes. Johnny Nobbs had it you know.'

'But where is Johnny?'

'Why in ridin' down-hill on it just now, he struck a post an' killed himself.'

Corrected.

Gowligan—'Not a wurrd about it, Muldowney, but oi didn't get home at all last night.'

Muldowney—'That raises a question av veracity, Gowligan; for the Mrs. Gowligan says that ye war at home.'

Gowligan—'Did ye iver hear the loike av that, an' me in the joog all night?'

Muldowney—'Precisely; for, as yer woi'd do be sayin', there's no place ther yersilf is more at home.'

Unreasonable.

'I saw A'd. Blank this morning,' said the secretary, 'and he said that under no circumstances would he lead his vote to our scheme.'

'What's the matter with you, anyway?' replied the president of the corporation. 'The idea of your expecting an alderman to lend his vote, Go out and hunt him up and give him the combination of the safe.'

Advertisement for Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Features the text 'DR. Ayer's' in large letters, followed by a testimonial from Mrs. A. F. Taylor, Englevalle, N. Dak., describing her recovery from blood poisoning and ulcers. Ends with 'Get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.'