

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## SUSAN WANTS DAMAGES

AND "PROGRESS" GETS AN INTIMATION OF HER INTENTIONS.

She Has Read a Good Deal About Herself of Late and Has It All Copied Into a "Notice" Which Makes Interesting Reading, With Her Signature and Portrait.

Newspapers in this part of the country are not favored with libel suits with any great frequency but once in a while there is an exception and suits for damages spring up in the most unexpected quarters. PROGRESS has to acknowledge the receipt of a "notice of action" of this sort since it was published last Saturday. The notice is interesting and has an interesting signature—so much so that a reproduction of the document and a facsimile of the signature will no doubt interest the readers of this paper. But as Mrs. Leonard Nase has figured so prominently of late in the matter referred to in the "notice" a portrait of her as the signer of the document is also given. Apologies are in order that the photograph is not a more recent but that could not well be avoided. Mrs. Nase will no doubt be generous enough to excuse such an error. The "notice" reads as follows:—

To the PROGRESS Publishing Co (Ltd.)  
29 to 31 Canterbury St. St. John N. B.  
I do hereby give you notice that I shall bring an action for libel against you for having published of me under the name of Mrs. Leonard Nase, in the newspaper published by you called "PROGRESS" in the issue of said newspaper of the eleventh day December last, the words following:

A BROOM AND DUST PAN WAR.

MR. LEONARD NASE PAYS \$300 FOR HIS WIFE'S SKILL WITH THESE WEAPONS.

The better part of a year ago a long standing and oft aggravated disagreement between Mrs. Leonard Nase of Court Block, Indiantown, and her aunt Mrs. Smith also living in the same building, terminated in a scene for which it is understood Mrs. Nase's husband has only lately had to lay out three hundred dollars as a term of settlement.

Relations, such as should exist between matronly aunt and loving niece, were quite strained in this case and war in its many forms and fancies was carried on constantly. The rear entrances to the Nase and Smith homes were near together and generally the scene of wordy battle was situated in this part of the house. However, on the day of final conflict the war was carried into the enemy's country with such spirit that additional forces from the outside were summoned to repulse the powers from the Nase side of the question.

For a short season Mrs. Nase, husband and child took their meals at Mrs. Smith's boarding apartments, but after the first disagreement the lady in question resigned and ate her meals at her own home all alone. The breach widened and Court's block's population was quite frequently stirred up by the sounds of words and words, spoken always in a high G key.

At last things began to look dangerous and as the last straws of abuse were being hastily piled on, a sure and certain culmination of the dispute seemed imminent. One day something was said and a general rush followed. Mrs. Nase chased her aunt into Mrs. Smith's apartments and a case of assault and battery followed. Brooms, dustpans, mats and other such deadly weapons were brandished and juggled, until a few of the so called sterner sex interfered. Mr. Smith took the matter into the courts and it was put down on the docket of the present circuit. It was one of the last cases to be considered and it is given out on very good authority that the whole matter has been settled, Mr. Nase paying a bill of \$300 damages. Mont. McDonald represented Mr. Smith, and Alex Baird the other side.

And also for having published of me under the said name of Mrs. Leonard Nase in the said newspaper published by you called "PROGRESS" in the issue of said newspaper of the twenty-fifth day of December last the words following:

MRS. NASE HAS A FRIEND

WHO HELPS HER FIGHT RATTLES WITH THE SMITHS.

Mrs. Leary Gets Into the Police Court for her Part in the Affair, and Only Illness Kept Mrs. Nase From Being There With her—A Warm Case.

Mrs. Nase is before the public again. The only reason she was not in the police

court last Saturday was that the magistrate accepted the excuse of illness that she sent.

She has a companion in the person of Mrs. Leary who did come before the court and answered to the charge against her.

There were no broom sticks, floor cloths, mops and carpets flying through the air this time but—just words. And how they did fly—in vulgar parlance, the air was blue with them. Mrs. Nase comes out in a new role according to the evidence. She can talk like "a house on fire." Such an accomplishment is not to be despised if a lady belongs to the woman's council or seeks to impress the rights of her sex upon mankind from the lecture platform, but Mrs. Nase does not use her tongue for such excellent purposes.

According to plain John Smith she uses her tongue to abuse him and his family. Smith is a plain sort of a man, in keeping with his name, but if he has the name among all the people of being a most excellent citizen, mild and inoffensive in his manner, he at least knows to what extent



his rights as a citizen extend and he does not fail to invoke the protection of the law when the occasion demands it. Mr. Smith's wife is an aunt of Mrs. Nase's and they live in such close proximity that they can glare and make faces at each other from their back doors or windows. Only a short time ago this sort of harmless warfare became too tame for these female representatives of the families of Smith and Nase, and a war of brooms and mops and carpets and such like followed as a sort of grand wind up. No evidence came out as to who was the actual victor in the fracas, but as Mrs. Nase's husband had to pay Mrs. Smith \$300 it is presumed that the aggressive Queen who reigns over his home came out with honors.

And then the war went on with words, and Mr. Smith sought the protection of the court against the tongues of Mrs. Leary and Mrs. Nase. The evidence that was given was in the Leary case. Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith and the Misses Smith swore that Mrs. Leary had called Mr. Smith an old liar. Then to give a little variety to the charge Miss Smith said that effigies of her father and others of the family had been set up by the Leary's in their wood house. Then the defendant took the stand. Mrs. Leary is, like Mrs. Nase, rather prepossessing in appearance and gives one the impression that apart from her alleged volcanic tongue she might be an angel in household genius. She came from the country like others of her neighbors and seems to have a preference for those who knew the green sward and hill tops before they tasted of the pomp and vanity of a wicked city. Her evidence was not as favorable to Mr. Smith. She does not agree that he is of the same easy and amiable temperament as the general run of people think him. In fact she says he acted like a crazy man since the case with Mrs. Nase was settled and had at different times spoken of her and Mrs. Nase in very uncomplimentary terms. In truth those pet names given to her and Mrs. Nase were so broad that the daily papers left the space blank and permitted the imagination of their readers to fill them up. If what Mrs. Leary said was correct and not misunderstood then Mr. Smith made use of some very strong and certainly actionable language. She became a little excited as she went on and blurted out the name of a prominent citizen whom she said had heard Mr. Smith use the abusive language. Then the court adjourned on Monday and when Magistrate Ritchie took his seat he faced two or three hundred curious people who wanted to hear the evidence and see the fun. There was a twinkle in his eye as he said the case before the court was Smith vs Leary.

"Are the parties ready for trial?" he demanded.

No one replied.

"The case is dismissed" was his parting remark as he left the bench. Then the crowd looked at him and at one another and dispersed crestfallen and disappointed. The reason for this was that an arrangement had been entered into in the inner room between the Smiths on the one hand and Mr. Alex. Baird representing the Nase-Leary parties, not to have any more squabbling, but to remember at this Christmas season that peace and good will should prevail.

And also for having published of me under the name of Mrs. Nase in the said newspaper published by you called PROGRESS in the issue of said newspaper of the fifteenth day of January instant, the words following:

MRS. NASE FINDS NEW QUARTERS.

SHE RETURNS FROM BOSTON AND AVOIDS THE SMITH FAMILY.

And so at last Mrs. Nase of Indiantown and her relatives in Court's block are separated, that is so 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 house 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 "hindoo" 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 dramatical situations. Tragedy in no wise entered into the frequent productions but at times a dash of extravaganza was quite apparent. Now that the domestic ocean of disagreement has subsided and the trophies of both the Smith and Nase households, brooms, dustpans, mats, effigies etc., have been guided and given prominent positions among the treasurers and heirlooms of each family, peace may be expected and that they all may live happily ever after.

Unless a full apology for such language be published by you in the said newspaper called "PROGRESS" within fourteen days of the receipt of this notice, and legal satisfaction made therefor.

*Susan Nase*

Dated January 31st A. D. 1898.

LION LEAVES HIS LAIR.

New Glasgow's Defaulting Lawyer Makes a Home in the Sunny West.

A New Glasgow correspondent writes: The celebrated lion eating the goose, owned by the notorious New Glasgow lawyer who skipped on leaving a little balance of thirty thousand dollars of unpaid bills, was surreptitiously removed during the wee sma' hours, and appeared at the head of Provost street, on Sunday morning. It is called a lion out of courtesy, as it nearer represents a Shetland pony eating a turnip. On closer inspection a serpent is seen carved on the bottom of the statue; probably the one that tempted Jimmy petrified when it saw the extent of his defalcations. All day Sunday the lion looked wistfully down street, and hundreds of people visited it and read the placard hung on its neck. "The loss of 30,000 geese." It was looking wistfully toward the north east, whether it presaged snow or upright-ness it was difficult to tell, most likely the former. Several people from the county have arrived who loaned money, and find it swallowed up in the unsatiable maw of this unscrupulous disciple of Blackstone. A letter was discovered among the erring lawyer's effects from a blind Jew who had discarded Judaism and turned christian preacher, and had lectured all over this country. The letter was dated from Syria and begged that James would make a settlement with him. This is a lesson to others Jews to steer clear of Jimmy or be drawn into the financial maelstrom that eddies around his presence.

It is said that on the sunny slopes of the Pacific he has sloughed off the old man, with its deeds, and put on the new. There must be a pretty mess where the transition took place.

Preachers who trusted their filthy lucre to him are now grieved that they didn't make Heaven there store house, where neither moth nor rust, not even the pestiferous Jimmy can ever break into or steal.

## HIS JOURNEY IS ENDED.

CLAYTON BENNETT FINOS REST AFTER HIS WANDERINGS.

A Journalist and an African Traveller he Was on His way to the Klondike When Death Overtook him in the Montreal Hospital—His Visit to St. John.

A typical Bohemian career came to an untimely Bohemian end at Montreal on Sunday when Clayton Bennett closed a life of strange vicissitudes at the hospital.

After twenty years of ups and downs as explorer, prospector, journalist and jack of all trades in that arena of stirring events, the wind-swept veldt and the broad flat karoo of South Africa, he arrived in this city on the 11th of December last on the Lake Winnipeg. He arrived here penniless and broken-down and it was evident that the fevers, dangers and hardships of his South African experiences, and the temptations which beset wandering journalists and adventurers had led him into habits of dissipation which had destroyed a brilliant career and hastened his course to a premature old age. He was thin and emaciated and in bad health and was only kept up by artificial stimulants, whether drugs, drink, or both, it would be hard to say.

He applied to the staff of the Sun for assistance and obtained sufficient for his subsistence while here by telling that paper's readers of experience, incident and story of South Africa in some bright and sparkling articles. Then they obtained from the C. P. R. for him a pass to Montreal and he went on his way hoping in the Canadian West to retrieve his fortunes and his health.

But he was not there long before the inevitable collapse came and he died at the hospital of Bright's disease.

It appeared from his credentials that he was of good family and, one time had the most brilliant prospects, going out to Africa twenty years ago as newspaper correspondent. He represented the Pall Mall Gazette, The People, The Court Circular and other journals, and was a born journalist but with the journalists tendency to conviviality and to spendthrift habits. He had the raciness of style, the acuteness, the analytic mind, the grasp of human affairs, the perception of the influences that trace the course of events, and the realism that might have made him the Kipling of South Africa had he had the industry and the well balanced character to climb.

He prospected in the region of the celebrated diamond and gold regions of the Transvaal region, trekked across the veldt, talked Toal with the Boer burghers, hunted the lion or the elephant on the outer hem of civilization, dodged the assegirs of the Kaffirs, or anon exchanged philosophy, politics and small talk with Olive Schreiner and others of the leaders in literature and affairs in the South African world, or else he was in England promoting mining interests among the capitalists.

But the life that he tells about in a brief lurid pen picture which he gives of two of the South African towns was too great a strain upon the delicate human machine.

"We will leave Beria and Delegon Bay to the Devil" he says. "to whom they belong, for to them came good men to die of drink, fever and decay. At these ports in the daylight and with the indigo heaven lit by its huge lamps, it is one long pandemonium of Pomery, pale ale, Portuguese prisons; the dance and the dem-mondaine, such saturnalia being as a defence to the malarial microby that was frightening and finishing men."

One incident tells of a narrow escape from death. He went to prospect among the gold-bearing farms in Bechaunaland just where Jameson's raiders rode out from Johannesburg on their famous but fruitless escapade. He knew nothing of it at the time so when a party of Boers gave chase to him he hardly knew what to make of it. They seized him and lifted his saddle bags and when the fierce Boer command found in them the plans of the farms which had been made for him by Martin Theal, a son by the way of George M. Theal, formerly of this city but now the historian of the cape, he took them to be of a military nature and ordered the damned redneck to be shot. He was stood up in front of an out-heap and the shooting party were just preparing to raise their Winchesters when one of the more intelligent of the Boers discovered the nature of the plans and

that he was on a peaceful mission and so they let him go.

DEALS DO NOT ALWAYS WORK.

Federicton's Mayor May Be Elected by the People and Not by the Ring.

FREDERICTON, Jan. 28.—"Deals" are the order of day—and not only do they apply to Dominion and Provincial affairs, but play an important part in civic matters as well.

Sometime in March, Fredericton elects its mayor and board of aldermen, but already we find parties "taking time by the forelock" and making a house to house canvas with a petition, or requisition, for a certain choice—or in other words, their choice of man, to fill the position of chief magistrate for the coming year. This is a repetition of the same "deal", by the same parties—who so deeply interested themselves in the selection of Fredericton's chief magistrate just three years ago, and who has continued in office up to the present. In consequence of these periodical bursts of public spirit there are people who naturally begin to wonder why such matters occasionally engage the attention of certain parties, and why such a keen interest is taken in these appointments? There must naturally be some good reason, but what those reasons are, nobody up to the present has been able to discover.

But "deals" or "schemes" do not always work and people are beginning to feel that they would like to have "just a little" to say as to who shall be, or who shall not be, the presiding officer at their civic boards; and so as the time goes on and people begin to catch on to these little games, a very formidable opposition is beginning to manifest itself; and notwithstanding the ever ready nature of the majority of people to sign requisitions, petitions or any thing else, there will nevertheless be just enough left to raise a dust and make things a little uncomfortable. And the present case does not appear to be any exception, for opposition is talked of and pretty formidable opposition at that. It is not so many years ago that a requisition was signed by enough electors to elect a certain gentleman to the aldermanic board twice over, but when the votes were counted up, the majority against him was enough to bury him out of sight—and so it goes with petition and requisitions.

No more does the "sound of revelry by night" resound within the walls of that historic old building, famous in days gone by for the entertainment of princes, princesses and many other distinguished personages, and what was once a place of gaiety and splendor is now as "dumb as an oyster." Visitors to the place will see the sign—"Fredericton Institution for the education of the Deaf and Dumb, open to visitors on Tuesday and Friday afternoons."

Mr. A. W. Myers Goes to Amherst.

About a score of the many friends Mr. A. W. Myers has made during his sojourn in this city entertained him at Lang's restaurant Tuesday evening. The material part of the programme was admirably looked after by Mr. Lang and after the viands had been discussed the toasts and speeches followed. After the Queen had been duly honored, the guest of the evening, Mr. Myers, was brought to his feet to respond to the cordial toast and greeting of his friends. He did so in an admirable manner and while expressing his regret at leaving the city and his friends promised to return at an early date, and in all probability make St. John his permanent residence. Then there were more speeches and music which included a Swedish song from the [guest] of the evening. Mr. Myers was born in Sweden and it comes easier to him to speak in that or the Hebrew language than it does in English. It is hardly necessary to say that he is well able to express himself in every one of the three. He will locate in Amherst for some time and the people of that enterprising town will not often find a more frank, congenial and straight forward man to deal with.

Federicton will be Represented.

Federicton and vicinity will no doubt send its quota of prospectors to the Klondike during the coming spring. Already a number of young men are arranging for the trip, and if the celestial city does not contribute its share to the list of New Brunswick millionaires. It will only be because there's no "dust" to be found.