

A DAWSON SOCIAL LION.

COLONEL DOMVILLE AND HIS TRIUMPHS IN KLONDIKE.

He Tells "Progress" all About His Interesting Experience Among The Social Set in Dawson City—What He Thinks of the Place—An Interesting Picture.

Colonel James Domville is a man of affairs these days. The fact of the matter is the gallant colonel has been on the wing so much during the past eighteen months that he finds it difficult to settle long in any particular spot. In that time he has vibrated constantly between England and America, Ottawa and the Pacific coast, the Pacific coast and the golden north, or the Yukon country.

He has been dined and wined by the most exclusive members of the British nobility. One day the now famous New Brunswick was in London formulating a grand scheme for the exploration of the north, the next he was the guest of some belted earl at the latter's ancestral home, calmly dignified and sublimely indifferent to all ordinary every day interests.

By and by the colonel began to get bored with the attentions of the nobility and he turned his thoughts to home sweet home and the duties which awaited him in this part of the world. He came home and his voice was heard in the house of commons. He confined himself chiefly to matters pertaining to the militia, and to Hon. George E. Foster, the latter getting most of the colonel's attention, in his off moments—when he wasn't talking Klondike. Then Colonel Domville would turn up serenely in St. John for a day or two; just long enough to make his friends wish for more of his genial society.

Its a far cry from baronial castles and parliamentary halls to Dawson city and its social gaieties but the ubiquitous colonel has the happy faculty of annihilating time, space and other such trifling little things. They might bother some people but not James Domville. The colonel came back from the Klondike some weeks ago leaving that region about the first of September.

He landed in St. John eight or ten days ago and got the warmest of welcomes all around.

He had an hour or two to spare on Tuesday afternoon and he spent it in PROGRESS office. He greeted the members of the staff with an uncomfortably hearty handshake. It was a different brand from the one he brought back from England. That one told of intimate association with the highest authorities on social usages and customs. It was given with a certain air of ennui, but one overlooked that because they were sure they were getting the correct thing in an English handshake. The returned Klondikers grasp was slightly different.

The colonel seated himself comfortably, pushed his tall silk hat back from his brown and classic brow, and between the puffs of an odorous cigar, he told about the Yukon and his social triumphs in that much talked-of region.

"What" said the man from Dawson "haven't you read the American papers, the ones that told all about the ball in the new theatre." PROGRESS regretfully admitted that those particular papers had been overlooked somehow, and then the social lion went on to describe the functions in which he had taken part.

"Yes that ball in the new theatre was a swell affair I can tell you. The first of the evening was devoted to a theatrical performance in which the Drummond sisters were the stars. Oh, say, they were all right, and so was the entertainment. There weren't many bouquets, but there was plenty of applause. After the show there was a ball which I opened with one of the Drummond girls. The dresses were superb; in fact I never saw anything to equal them down this way, and the supper was excellent. Talk about Harrison's orchestra, or any other musical combination here. They simply wouldn't come anywhere near the music we had that night" and the colonel gazed through the rings of blue smoke with a dreamy look on his frank open countenance.

"Then there was Mrs. Mulrooney's ball" he resumed "that was something to talk about. Mrs. Mulrooney keeps a hotel—the Fairview hotel—and the ball was a sort of housewarming. The programmes alone cost \$500—a dollar a piece and there were five hundred guests. Yes, I opened that ball too. It is a splendid hotel with every accommodation.

"Don't believe any of the stor-

ies you hear about Dawson city being loose and immoral. They are absolutely untrue. It is one of the best behaved and quietest places I ever visited, and the women are treated with every respect. There are lots of them there and they get every attention from the men. It wouldn't fare very well with the man who spoke slightly of any of them either. The ladies every day dress looks odd just at first but it is well suited to the work and consists of a short skirt reaching hardly to the knee, knickerbockers and high laced boots. After you get accustomed to it it looks a precious sight better than skirts that trail all over the earth. One thing I have learned since I went to the north and that is that women can stand more hardships than men. I mean the average woman. She'll work all day, climb



Representing Col. Domville, Opening the Ball at the New Theatre, Dawson City.

cr fall over rocks and boulders, tramp any number of miles and be as bright and chipper as can be after it all; the chances are too she will have to turn round after all this and look after some man who has succumbed.

"The women have an elegant time in Dawson city and they all seem to be as happy as can be. Many of them are women of wealth on the look out for adventure who have left homes of refinement; and nobody there seems to think it an unusual proceeding. There are two ladies there from New York, one the niece of an ex-president, and their large tent is elegantly furnished. I noticed half a dozen canary birds hanging outside of it one day, and on the inside is every imaginable luxury. Both women had lots of money before they came to the Klondike.

Dress comes high up there but somehow the ladies manage to get it. I was passing a store one day and I stopped to look at the things in the window, the price marked on one hat, bonnet or whatever you call those things was one hundred and twenty-five dollars. To my mind it was a pretty poor looking thing. Another wrapper or shawl or something of that sort was marked one hundred and thirty five dollars. I am sure the price here would have been about eight dollars—perhaps not that much. Of course every day apparel is made with a view to comfort and convenience. Silk underwear is worn a great deal and is superior in every way to cotton or wool; and with an ingenious air the brave ex-colonel of Hussars talked learnedly of silk as a non-conductor—he wasn't quite certain whether it was of heat or cold but he was perfectly sure of the fact that it was the favorite material for these garments among the belles of the frozen North.

Colonel Domville has a wonderfully good opinion of Dawson city and says that just now it is one of the most interesting places on the globe. There is not much drinking or gambling. The population now numbers 30,000 whereas a year ago it was only 3,000. The people seem to be constantly on the move, ever restless and ever pushing forward to the frontier in their feverish search for the yellow metal in which the north seems to be so rich.

The Colonel is now on his way to England and doubtless will sustain the brilliant record he made for himself last year among the social lions.

Didn't Free St. John Men.

A very interesting account of a party of St. John sportsmen being "treed by a moose," in the woods, in the neighbourhood of Fredericton, appears in last Saturday's Gleaner of that city. Everything is correct except the trifling fact that it happened to be a party of Celestial city sports who were "treed" instead of the St. John quartette. The two parties met in the

woods and exchanged experiences. Evidently this was regretted, for as soon as the sports from the celestial arrived home, which was three or four days before the other party came out of the woods, they put their heads together and improvised the article referred to above, and which occasioned a good laugh on the St. John grocers.

THEY SCOOPED IN THE DOGS.

Why Moncton Streets are Free From Canines Lately.

MONCTON, Oct. 12.—The stranger who visited our city last Monday could scarcely fail to be struck by the extraordinary absence of canine life from the streets. Moncton has always enjoyed the distinction of having more dogs—and children to the square yard than most cities twice its size, and while the absence of the former merely caused a feeling of homesick loneliness to struggle with deeper feelings in the breast of the Moncton citizen, the visitor was conscious of but one feeling—that of amazement. He had always read and heard of the dogs of Moncton and even as Oriental travellers look forward to seeing the famous dogs of Damascus, so he had always promised himself that if business or pleasure ever took him Monctonwards he would first see the celebrated "bore" and then take in the dogs. And now, as fate would have it, he was returning from viewing the bore, ready for the minor attraction, and behold there was not a dog in sight. A reference to the Daily Times of last week would have shed a flood of light on the subject provided he looked in the right place, for the public were there informed in terms which left no room for misapprehension, that on and after Saturday the eighth day of October all dogs not provided with a collar, and a badge bearing their number, would be arrested, and summarily dealt with—otherwise "destroyed." Hence it was that on Monday morning one might have stood at the gate of the General Offices, and if his eyesight was sufficiently powerful to follow the devious and serpentine windings of Main street down to the post office, he would not have seen two dogs. Evidently the owners of illicit dogs had taken the hint so delicately conveyed and either kept their canines belongings closely immured in the seclusion of their own apartments or else the city marshal and his attendant sprites had been most zealous in the performance of their self appointed duty. I understand that the rosy morn had scarcely tipped the domes and minarets of the city with her golden beams, before the marshal and one of the night policemen were joining merrily in the chase, and had secured a number of four-footed outlaws, some of whom were conferred as free gifts upon residents of the country districts who wanted a dog without paying for him, and were willing to transport their property out of town at once; while others were "detained during Her Majesty's pleasure."

It is a lucky thing for dog owners that it did not occur to the police authorities to insist upon each dog having his own, and his master's name legibly engraved on his collar, as well as his badge, and number; because engraving is rather an expensive process and dogs are very apt to lose their collars, or have them stolen. It is also fortunate that the marshal seems to have forgotten to specify what kind of a collar a dog should wear, in order to be in good standing with the police—whether it should be the easy and comfortable kind known as negligee, the three inch favorite-of-the-bankers variety or the simple and easily laundered collar of spotless linen favored by every day business men. Evidently the shape is not a matter of vital importance, so long as the badge bearing the wearers number, serves as a sort of a receipt for his taxes, is attached to the collar like some of the orders of merit worn by distinguished foreigners. Luckily for the prisoners themselves, the police marshal does not seem quite certain how far his jurisdiction extends over them and he is still hesitating as to whether he will be within the strict interpretation of the law, if he shoots them. Meanwhile the streets are empty of dogs, and the residents of the ward in which the police station is situated are seriously considering a suit for damages against the city for loss of sleep to themselves and their families.

How to Send Money.

Attention is called to our rule regarding remittances which is found elsewhere on this page. Losses have occurred frequently of late through carelessness in mailing money and we would therefore request our agents and others to adhere to this rule in the future.

SHE WANTS A DIVORCE.

MRS. ADAM BELL SEEKING RELEASE FROM HER VOWS.

She Alleges Infidelity and Cruelty as Her Reasons for Making the Application—A Witness on the Stand this Week in Fredericton—Her Portrait.

The differences between Mr. and Mrs. Adam Bell are not new to the city readers of PROGRESS. They haven't been talked about in the newspapers except in an indirect way but they have been chatted over a good deal by the friends of both parties.

Mrs. Bell belongs to this city. She is the daughter of Mr. William Bruckoff a gentleman held in high esteem by those who know him. When she was going to school some few years ago she met Mr. Bell who at that time was manufacturing cigars in this city. Her fresh beauty attracted the man of business and the romantic girl of sixteen or seventeen dis-



MRS. ADAM H. BELL, Who Wants a Divorce From Her Husband.

regarded the advice and injunctions of her relatives and married him. The course of true love ran smooth for a time but soon the ripples, presaging the storm, appeared upon the surface and the home life of the couple was disturbed by the differences that arose. What those were are not stated in the case before the court and it is not necessary to refer to them here, but when Mr. Bell removed from St. John to the border his wife did not accompany him. She remained here for a time and it was stated at the time by her friends that she had ample reason for her action.

A separation was talked of then but nothing came of it. Most people said that it was to Mrs. Bell's credit that she went to St. Stephen and made the attempt at least to live with him. But she found, or thought she found, sufficient evidence to convince her that she was not honored as a wife should be and that she was better away from her husband. She alleges that she was treated cruelly and beaten also that Mr. Bell had improper relations with one of the young women in his employ.

The young woman seemed to follow the manufacturing. She started in at 14 years of age and worked both in the factory and at Mr. Bell's house for a time. Then when he moved to St. Stephen she went along as a domestic. Mrs. Bell had not arrived at that time and she and Mr. Bell were alone in the home. She swore on Thursday before the judge at Fredericton that Mr. Bell persuaded her to go to his room and stay all night with him. That is one of the principal grounds upon which a divorce is asked.

Since Mrs. Bell discovered proofs of her husband's infidelity she has been living very quietly in St. John with her father who is assisting her in every possible way to obtain the freedom that she wishes.

NO REASON FOR REFUSING.

Chief Clarke Won't Tell Yet About the Police Fund.

There was a good deal of merriment over the police fund cartoon that appeared in PROGRESS last Saturday. The friends of those who appeared in the scene had lots of fun with them and, it was all, or nearly all, taken in good part.

The portrait of the chief was admirable from a facial point of view but some of those who bow down before him think it was a shame to represent him as parrot-toed. But who ever saw a Mother Hubbard that was not that way.

Still there is no news of the police fund. The friends of the chief and of the men are beginning to regard the matter in a serious light and wonder why it is, if everything is

all right, he does not come forward and make a statement of the fund. It does not belong to him, he merely has it in his charge for the men. The men on the force raised the money nearly five years ago and they gave it to the chief to deposit for them. He is said to be one of three trustees, the other two being Captain Jenkins and Detective Ring and it is also said that the money was deposited in the three names as trustees. It has been stated again that this is an error and that the money is not in the name of three but in that of one, Chief Clarke.

Now it does not make any difference to any one whether one or three deposited the money, provided it is there with the accumulated interest but there is no reason in the world why the policemen—those who are interested—should not have all the information possible.

Chief Clarke is not foolish enough to think that he can keep eight or nine hundred dollars of money belonging to the force without giving some account of it. He knows that he must give the information some day, and if he is waiting for PROGRESS to cease asking him questions about the fund he will wait until the interest exceeds the principal. If that is the position he takes it is nonsensical.

Has it occurred to the trustees that there are some men not on the force now who also have a right to know where the money is and then demand their share of it. The fact that a man left the force since he became a partner and sharer in the fund does not prevent him from coming forward now and demanding the information he requires and then if the chief and his co-trustees refuse to comply with his request there are ways to compel them to do so.

The chief has had a chance to think over the situation this week for he had been free from the duties of his office for a couple of days. Where he was and what he was doing is an interesting story of itself—good enough for another issue.

FOR PASTURES NEW.

Halifax Loses Two Women Who Made Life Their Merry.

HALIFAX, Oct. 12. Two females known as the Crier sisters have left the city rather suddenly for parts unknown. Those two young women for more than a year have had what may be termed the freedom of the city. They dressed in the height of fashion, and were on the street from morn till night. They were always in quest of company and members of the sterner sex seemed to be their prey. Every evening they would ride down on the cars from the north end of the city, and alight at one of the prominent thoroughfares. Their presence soon became known by their dashing and flip-pant manner, and persons stood to one side while they passed along. They made it a particular point to pass along in front of the prominent hotels several times every night and frequently they captivated many strangers. The city young man was frequently seen in their company late at night, and many of them paid very dearly for the lit le enjoyment they had. They became so notoriously well known however that after a while the city youth gave them wide berth. They were known by many as the "Black Crooks," and to others as the "Trilby Sisters." They dressed very much like, and their style was particularly fetching. Strangers formed their acquaintance very quickly, and they always took them in. Their conduct on the street at times was not of the best, but for some unknown reason or other they were never molested. The police very frequently saw them and had been in close proximity to them while they were accosting men on the street, but no attempt was ever made to prevent them from carrying on in the way they did. The girls must have liked the bluecoats very much, as more than once they have been seen conversing with them on the street at night time. Some of those who knew them well say they used to tip the "bobbies" for allowing them to run at large. The city has not lost anything by this sudden disappearance whatever it may gain.

Y. M. C. A. Work.

The Y. M. C. A. is just commencing its busy time of year and what with gymnasium work and other classes the place assumes a very industrious appearance at times. A good work is being done in the various educational classes which have just started and gives an opportunity to those who would not otherwise have it to improve themselves in many ways.