

# PROGRESS.

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Board of Works 549

## ARE NOT ON CUPID'S LIST.

### ELIGIBLE BACHELORS WITH MATRIMONIAL QUALIFICATIONS.

Some of Fredericton's Marriageable Men Discussed From a Personal and Social Stand-Point—Men who Prefer Single Blessedness—An Interesting List.

FREDERICTON, Nov. 16.—The grand ball given at Windsor Hall the popular uptown hostelry, last week has attracted no little attention towards the bachelors of Fredericton, for it was under their benign auspices that the pleasing function was held. The Windsor is admirably adapted for social affairs of this kind, and it goes without saying, that the ball, was a success in every particular. Although the thirty odd young men, who tripped the light fantastic

way of male matrimonial material your correspondent has undertaken to compile a short list of the best available "catches," and to deal briefly with the qualifications and characteristics of each for their especial benefit.

Nobody at all familiar with celestial affairs, will attempt to dispute the right of Mr. Martin Lemont to the position of chief of Fredericton's great unwedded men if he wants it. He is the junior partner in the old and established firm of Lemont & Sons., one of the soundest and wealthiest concerns in the province, and is in the neighborhood of forty years of age. He is of medium height, good-looking, and is of a most agreeable disposition. He is the efficient and popular superintendent of the methodist Sabbath school,

## Windsor Hall, Fredericton.



Where the Bachelor's Ball took place last week. The Windsor is one of the most popular houses in the celestial city for commercial men and tourists. Fredericton society makes it headquarters for their assembly balls; and leading citizens entertain their friends there.

until the "wee sma hours" at the Windsor on Friday evening of last week, were quite a representative body it can hardly be said truthfully that they included within their fold all the prominent gentlemen in this city who worship at the blissful shrine of bachelorhood. As a matter of fact many of the bachelors of Fredericton do not dance; others again who occasionally indulge in this garceful pastime, had nothing to do with the ball, but it is hardly probable that they harbor any hard feelings against the young men for the liberty that they took with the title to which others besides themselves have a claim.

Leaving out the ball question altogether, the fact remains that the bachelors of Fredericton if united, would form a quite a powerful organization. Though Cupid has been busy among them during the autumn months, and evidence of his work can still be found, they are still able to present a rather formidable front to their evil title enemy and are able to boast that there are still some pretty good fish left in the sea.

As it might not be uninteresting to some of the many young lady readers of PROGRESS to know just what we have here in the

is tolerably fond of music, an ideal ladies man, an excellent singer, and an all round man of affairs. That Mr. Lemont has so long withstood all feminine attacks is a matter of surprise to all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

There are so many on the list of celestial bachelors qualified to stand second to Mr. Lemont, that for fear of arousing jealousies PROGRESS will not attempt to deal with them in order of merit, nor will it strictly adhere to the rule that age should come before beauty, but will take each as their names suggest themselves.

Another, who like Mr. Lemont seems to be well fortified against matrimonial attacks is Mr. Berton C. Foster, M. A., the genial and popular head master of the York street school. Mr. Foster seems to be somewhere in the vicinity of 30 years of age, (though possibly he may be a few older), enjoys a substantial income, is passably good looking, fond of travel, a bicycle enthusiast, a tip top curler, a good conversationalist, enjoys a joke, and would no doubt make a model husband for the right sort of a young lady.

Mr. Arthur R. Slipp, L. L. B., (CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

## WHERE ARE THE POLICE.

The Game of Policy Introduced Into St. John This Week.

"Policy" the great gambling fad of all sorts of sports in the United States has struck St. John at last.

It was introduced this week by a gang of Boston sharks, one of the members of the gang having come here with William "Marsh" (Marshall) the all round athlete, gambler, pool-shark, grafter, etc.

Their mode of conducting "policy" is something after this system: A number of canvassers are sent throughout the city, these people are called writers. These oily-tongued gents explain to you that you can select three members from 1 to 78, by paying ten cents.

If the number you choose appear on the policy-slip you are entitled to \$10 (?)

The three numbers are known in "policy" parlance as a "pig." There are gigs and gigs. The world-famed 4-11-44 is called the "coon gig."

On Tuesday night the drawing took place in Sutherland's hall on Union street, next to Slater's. This drawing was public, there were no winners. The modus operandi was as follows: The slips of which a duplicate was given to the purchaser, were shaken up in a hat, one of the company dipped his hands in the "tile" and extracted three numbers, if these numbers correspond with three selected by the buyer he would receive \$10.00 for his 10 cts.

The second drawing took place on Thursday night, there were some lucky ones that night, among them were "gammy" Nixon, a Brussels street tavern keeper, he is \$10 richer by playing policy. The "gig" he selected was 18-36-41, it is known as the "heart-broken gig."

Appended is a policy slip; the "P" stands for people and the "O" for others. The three numbers you select have to appear in either one of the columns in order to be a winner.

It is said that the gang have changed their quarters and are now holding their drawings in private. A large number of well-known cheap sports are busy canvassing the city in the interests of the "policy."

NOV. 18th.

P.	O.
41	32
43	23
8	66
11	57
61	2
25	26
18	68
36	44
73	45
44	40
23	1
38	70

## WON'T SETTLE FOR THIS ITEM.

The Treasury Board Object to Paying for Lord Herschell's Luncheon.

There is an interesting little after-clap to Lord Herschell's visit to this city. It will be remembered that the city council was to entertain him, and of course the duties of the entertainment fell largely upon His Worship the mayor. In carrying out the somewhat simple programme of His Lordship's short visit, the mayor took him and a number of aldermen and citizens for a sail on the harbor, and after the return gave a general invitation to the party, which was not a large one, to lunch at the club. It was a very informal affair, and for that reason, it may be, was very much enjoyed by the distinguished visitor, as well as by all of those who were in the party. There may be some mayors who might regard a luncheon of this sort given to a visitor, who was not honored by the recognition of the Common Council as a purely personal matter, the expenses of which would come out of their own pockets. But on this occasion Mayor Sears somewhat naturally came to the conclusion that as the city was entertaining His Lordship the club luncheon would be a part of their expense. So the bill for the affair, something between \$20.00 and \$30.00, was sent to the Treasury Board and that body gave it but slight consideration. The chairman of the board, Alderman Robinson, expressed himself against the payment of it, and the account was thrown out, just the same as that of the boatman who was hired to row the civic boat to and from the warship when it was in port. Of course the chances are that the mayor will have to pay the bill out of his own pocket, which of itself is not a very serious matter, but all the same adds another to the list of petty objections to the mayor's actions that seem to have been the rule while Mr. Sears has occupied the chair.

Books and Fancy Goods. D. McArthur Bookseller, 90 King Street, is opening a Very Large Assortment of Annuals, Games, Toys, Dolls and Fancy Goods for Christmas.

## HE PAID ALL THE BILLS

### THE YOUNG MAN ANNIE SNODGRASS BLAMED FOR HER TROUBLE.

Paid all the Bills Incident to Her Illness and Death—The Facts of the Case as Gleaned From the Kind People who Cared for the Lone Woman.

It is not often that a medical man has an opportunity to distinguish himself in St. John. But when one does present itself the physician naturally tries to do the best he can and get all the credit that may result from it.

Still, notoriety comes in different ways and it is not always creditable. Dr. Case has learned this week that it was an easy matter to emerge from comparative obscurity and to be talked about.

He was the physician who was called to attend Mrs. Snodgrass when she was taken ill at Mrs. Folkins on Elm street. Mrs. Snodgrass was about to become a mother. She was alone in the city so far as relatives went. For eighteen months she has been in the city and in that time had met but few people. She seldom went out and there-



ANNIE SNODGRASS.

Who Was Hurled to her Death Through the Cold, Snow and Rain of a November Night.

fore had few opportunities to get acquainted. But it appears that she was well enough acquainted with one man to get into trouble. According to the story she told Adjutant Jost he boarded in the house where she worked and it is not probable that, facing death, she would tell anything but the truth.

The circumstances of her death have caused much comment in the city. The action of the people with whom she lived in sending her out at such a time, the judgment of Dr. Case in driving a scantily clad and shivering woman stretched upon the bottom of an ordinary delivery wagon for nearly two miles when she was about to give birth to a child is severely criticised and the apparent desire to smooth the matter over without an inquiry is much discussed and not commended. An inquiry into the sudden death of a person who was thus treated would seem to be necessary and yet this poor servant woman, Mrs. Snodgrass, without friends

and without shelter—but for the kindly charity of the Salvation Army—is rushed from a warm comfortable house in the hour of her trial into the snow, sleet, rain and cold of a November night, jolted through the streets for two miles, apparently with scanty care and insufficient protection and left in the hands of strangers and charity to die in the early morning. Surely these matters call for an inquiry!

On Monday morning of this week Mrs. Snodgrass visited the maternity hospital for the purpose of making arrangements for entrance later on and to inquire concerning the regulations of the institution. All necessary information was given her by Adjutant Jost, but there was no definite understanding as to when she expected to enter the hospital.

Mrs. Snodgrass was not of a prepossessing appearance; in fact she did not give the impression of being particularly bright; she was between thirty five and forty years of age, tall, dark and of a heavy build. A slight cast in the eyes gave a peculiar expression to her face. She was originally a presbyterian but had not attended church since coming to this city. She seemed an honest hard working woman, but there was something in her manner and expression which led to the belief that fate had dealt hardly with her.

Her husband and children are dead and the only relative of whom anything has been heard is a half-brother who lives in Chipman, Queens Co. Mrs. Snodgrass had only been here eighteen months and during that time had been employed as a domestic in the Folkins home.

When Mrs. Snodgrass visited the hospital on Monday, the officer in charge, in compliance with a rule of the institution, questioned her, asking who was responsible for her trouble. She did not mention any name, but said a young man who boarded in the house where she lived was responsible for her condition. As there was only one boarder in the family this was pretty definite information, and there was not much likelihood of a mistake in regard to the identity of the guilty party.

The hospital people had numerous other duties on hand Monday and when Mrs. Snodgrass's call ended it is not likely that much thought was given to her by the busy officers.

They were destined to hear of her again in a short time however, for between twelve and one o'clock that night the sleeping household was aroused by a loud ringing of the door bell. The night it will be remembered was dark and cold and a slight sprinkling of snow had fallen. The air at that hour was particularly chill and piercing and the surprise and amazement of the officers was very great when they learned the cause of the strange midnight call.

Dr. Case hurriedly related the circumstances, and the woman was taken from the covered delivery wagon in which she had been brought from the North End, and on the bed on which she was lying carried to a room on the second floor. When she

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

## He Charged Storage.

We often hear of the Yankee's alleged shrewdness; and the sharp practices of our neighbors across the border have been the subject of many a jest. Gold bricks have been sold to unsuspecting and unsophisticated rural gentlemen in plain homespun, and "green goods" galore have masqueraded as the genuine article. It remains however, for a long-headed,—I was going to say long-eared,—merchant of Halifax to out-rival all his predecessors in the line of shrewdness, and to stamp himself as the meanest man in town. Now to the story:

A P. E. I. merchant, a man of strict integrity; a straight-laced Presbyterian, a man who would not wrong his neighbor nor think ill of any man, goes to Halifax with his goods consisting of agricultural produce, the result of hard work, for the life of the farmer is no easy one and prices are falling instead of rising.

After a fair summer's work he finds himself with a goodly store of potatoes, oats, butter, etc, and with the eye of a merchant he looks for customers. Among them comes the man of pork; the shrewd merchant, who barbers for butter and buys some \$200 worth of the primest butter on the market. This is delivered and the P. E. Islander in good faith calls for payment. He is met with a note for 90 days

which after considerable talk is unwillingly accepted in payment, but on the assurance of the merchant that "his note is as good as the bank," why the bargain is closed.

The P. E. Islander goes off with his fist tightly closed over the precious note, and presenting it at the bank, finds he cannot negotiate upon it as it is hardly worth the paper it is written on. With consternation written over his countenance, and the perspiration beginning to immerse him in Turkish bath style, he hies himself back to the man of pork, and demands an explanation. The explanation is not forth coming, and for quite a time there is quite a stormy scene.

The P. E. Islander demands the return of the butter or the payment in cash, and after a wordy warfare the goods are returned,—and here comes in the champion stroke of meanness,—but not until a charge of two dollars had been collected to pay for storage of the butter twenty-four hours.

The P. E. Islander is a sadder, but a wiser man, and now when he masticates pork-steak or eats sausages, it is amusing to watch how viciously he chews. It was a lesson he had come a long way to learn, but he has learnt it. The man of pork can grunt with satisfaction, but he does not realize how near he came to being a pig. HIVERNARD.

## Bell is After Them.

HALIFAX, Nov. 16.—South Brunswick street has long borne a bad reputation. It's denizens have plied their trade too long and too openly. It is an ulcerous spot and should be removed bodily from the city's fair face or it will spread and spoil all in its pathway.

It is a veritable "tenderloin district" and those who are "done brown" in it's dark shambles deserve no better fate. Commissioner Bell has the courage of his convictions, and all that is manly and noble in the hearts and minds of the city council should rise to aid in putting down this nuisance. The Evening Echo of this city has not been afraid to speak out on this question. Silence shows cowardice.

The most beautiful part of the city, facing as it does the citadel and having the Halifax academy to grace one corner of the street, it should not give room nor cumbrance to any house that is knowingly given up to or occupied by harlots.

It is time the light was turned on, and the disinfectant used. Common decency demands it. The welfare of the rising generation requires it.

No winking at, nor connivance with these questionable resorts should be permitted.

They can be rooted out, and should be. The police should know their duty and perform it. An itching palm will not save them from public indignation.

The tendency of these "roosts" is toward deterioration, not to upbuilding. Corruption of manners and morals attend its pathway. The scourge should be applied at once. The law should brook no delay, but enforce the statutes that prohibit the traffic carried on in these dens of infamy. Neglected, these holes become more unwholesome and multiply rather than diminish.

Action, quick, energetic action is needed! Who will be bold enough and man enough to back Com. Bell up in his moral crusade? Don't all speak at once Mr. Councillors. Many of you may live in glass houses and dare not hit back.

There is a work to be done. The churches seem powerless to stem this rising tide. Philanthropy fails; sermons are useless; talk is ineffective. Deeds are needed, and needed at once. Close up the immoral houses; root out its votaries and save its victims. Here is a good work for men of strong mental and moral calibre. Who will show his manhood? CALIPH.