

# PROGRESS.

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## MR. WEBBER'S NEW ROLE

AS AN INTERVIEWER HE IS WONDERFULLY BRILLIANT.

The Well Known Actor Has Decided Ability in this Line—His Chat With Mr. Edmund Breese—That Gentleman Tells Some of His Stage Experiences.

"I think St. John the nicest city I have ever been in; and as for the people here, they are the warmest hearted, kind and genial it has ever been my lot to meet."

These words were spoken to me by Mr. Edmund Breese, who is staying in the city, on a visit to Mr. J. J. D. Landry, the well-known music dealer.

Mr. Breese is the leading man for the "Three Musketeers" company, of which Mr. James O'Neill is the star. Mr. Breese plays the difficult character of the Cardinal Duke de Richelieu this season, and he tells me he hopes to make a hit in the role and I have no doubt he will.

Mr. Breese has had varied experiences in the dramatic profession in the past seven or eight years, his first engagement being with the "Wild Rose" company, and the public being in favor of more cultivated flowers, the Wild Roses were gathered all too quickly, and consequently, as the leaves tell, Edmund found that he was indeed the "Last Rose of Summer."

Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Breese found another engagement with the Graham Earle Repertoire company, and he played a great many different characters in dramas, comedies and farces. One night when playing Robert Redburn in the Lancashire Lass, Mr. Breese started to make the last act as realistic as possible, as the character is supposed to enter very much exhausted and out of breath, being pursued by people anxious to lynch him. There was an alley at the back of the theatre, where the stage door opened out, and Mr. Breese dressed in rags and looking a suspicious character, was rushing up and down the alley, preparatory to going on for his scene. A police officer saw Edmund and collared him saying:

"What are you doing, my fine fellow?"

Mr. Breese tried to explain but being really out of breath, found it impossible. The policeman proceeded to take Edmund to the station, and to make the matter worse he could hear the pistol shot fired which was his cue to appear on the stage. At last he said:

"I am one of the company playing at the theatre and I have to appear exhausted and was getting myself in shape to do it by running up and down the alleyway."

"Tell that to your grandmother," said the officer; "if you were a decent man you would not be dressed in those miserable rags. You can't fool me. You may run up and down the alley, but I will run you into the station."

Saying this the officer started to make Edmund proceed, when fortunately an attaché of the theatre appeared, and explained to the officer's satisfaction the fact of Mr. Breese's being an actor, and he was enabled to finish his part.

"No more realism for me," said Edmund, "that experience was sufficient to last my life."

Mr. Breese was leading man for that lovely actress Mlle Rhea, and in speaking of her he said:

"The death of Mlle Rhea not long ago, robbed the stage of one of its most faithful students and capable exponents of the drama. She was all grace, sweetness and simplicity as well as artistic. Speaking of sweetness let me mention a case in point. My mother who had never seen me act up to that time, was about to pay me a flying visit to Lancaster Pa. Of course I was anxious to have her meet Mlle Rhea, but as she could not get there until nearly ringing up time, I felt that it would be impossible. I told Mlle Rhea of my predicament and she answered:

"All right, Mr. Breese, I will wait at the hotel until your dear mother arrives."

"But madame," I said "you seem to forget how late it will be."

She then said, "No matter, I have waited many a time for the audience, let them wait once for me."

Mr. Breese is a young man of striking personal appearance, fine voice, and clear delivery, and has everything in his favour to place him at the top of his profession.

I may add that Mr. Breese will soon lead to the hymeneal altar one of St. John's fairest daughters, and I join with their legion of friends in best wishes for their happiness and prosperity. H. PRICE WEBBER

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired  
Ducal, 17 Waterloo.

## SUNDAY EXCURSION GREETINGS.

The Attorney General Welcomed President Manchester to Beulah Wharf.

Those who went to Beulah camp last Sunday—and several hundred availed themselves of the opportunity—had the pleasure of seeing the president of the Star Line Steamship company and the attorney general of the province shake hands and fraternize in the most cordial manner. Tender ordinary circumstances this would not be unusual but in the light of the Sunday observance bill the meeting was watched with some interest. When those who knew the Hon. Mr. White saw him standing upon the wharf as the Victoria was swinging in they had their suspicion that perhaps after all there was going to be objection raised to the excursion of the boat but not one of the six or seven hundred excursionists had a happier expression than did his defender of the sabbath day. He and Mr. Manchester shook hands on the wharf and then the president of the steamship company escorted Mr. White on board the Victoria and entertained him for a time.

It may be that this was the first Sunday excursion Mr. White has had the pleasure of seeing and it must have been apparent at a glance how much innocent enjoyment and recreation there was in it. The crowd was an orderly one just the same as always his gone on the Sunday excursions; there was no liquor sold on the boat and there was no evidence of those farm and fence destroyers, that, according to the speeches of one or two of the members of the legislature, roamed at large on Sunday along the banks of the St. John. The camp meeting people were glad to greet the big crowd, glad to have the chance to impress upon them that fact that many of them were not living the life they should and urging them to reform. More than that they were glad to take in the generous collection and to serve meals to the hungry residents of the city. There isn't much profit, as a rule, feeding a man who goes to the country for thirty or forty cents a dinner, but it is astonishing how many country people are trying to do it.

Next Sunday the Victoria will go up river again, this time to Getagown where all the yachts will be, and the captain of the fleet will preach a sermon in the afternoon which of course all the excursionists will be expected to attend. They will not be refused a return passage if they omit this duty but still as the boat can only run to hear sermons preached in the midst of nature they of course will not fail to take advantage of the opportunity afforded them. The boat will leave Indian town at 10 o'clock local and will leave Getagown in ample time to reach the city before dark.

## Kept Sunday on Tuesday.

Those who drove down the Mahogany Road on Sunday saw something that would have shocked those members of the legislature who voted for better observance of the Sabbath. Ordinarily the residents of Lancaster are very strict people in their relation to Sunday. Even those who are slightly afflicted mentally have been prevented by the officers of the institution in which they are from strolling about as usual outside the grounds but when a man was seen hauling a load of wood along Mahogany road Sunday afternoon there was no doubt in the minds of some that he was non compos mentis and did not know the difference between Saturday and Sunday. This was true enough but he wasn't an inmate of the asylum but a well-known resident of that section. It seems that he had got Sunday and Tuesday mixed and was keeping the latter day instead of the Sabbath. He lives with his two maiden sisters and there is neither clock, calendar or almanac in the house. Needless to say they do not indulge either in daily newspapers and know nothing of what is going on about them.

## Profitable for the Company.

In these days of competitive life insurance when agents vie with each other as to the profits their company will give the generous policy holder it is interesting to note that but a short time ago a gentleman died in this city who had a policy of \$4000 on his life which was fully paid up in 1898 over thirty years ago. And yet under the terms of that policy his widow received nothing more than the face of the policy. It would be interesting to know, taking into consideration the different rates of interest since that time, what this policy would have amounted to. Perhaps some insurance agent can tell us.

## Troubles of Two Chiefs.

The tea mystery at the police court had about died out when Liquor Inspector Jones set a lot of people by the ears by sending a letter to the safety board requesting that he alone should have the key to the room where the liquor that is seized by him and by the policemen is kept.

He had some reason for his request no doubt but the inspector is a hard man to interview though he was a newspaper man once. He told PROGRESS when approached that his letter to the safety board defined his position. As chief inspector he was responsible for any liquor confiscated and he was supposed to account for all the liquor that was sold. This he would not undertake to do unless he alone had a key to the room where it was kept, hence his request to the safety board. There is not much doubt but what it will be granted. Some time ago the magistrate made an order to the same effect but the inspector did not get the key. It is understood that the magistrate had plenty of reasons for his course in this respect.

It would naturally be considered that the police station would be the safest place in the world for personal property but according to the statement the chief made to an alderman it must be most insecure. He said that the janitor had two bottles of gin in his own room and that they disappeared and yet nobody had a key to the janitor's room but the janitor. This story is enough to provoke a smile in the light of recent events and especially when the sterling character of the much respected janitor is taken into consideration.

An effort is being made to set apart a room for Detective King where he can keep the papers necessary to the cases he is working upon and store the stolen goods he may recover. This has been opposed in the past but since the tea fiasco it is likely that the request will be granted.

Alderman Seaton seems to be after the scalp of Chief John Kerr of the fire department and on Monday when the Safety board meet he had quite an animated conversation on the subject of Fabric hose. The main business of the board was to award the tenders for 1,500 feet of hose and there were many kinds and prices submitted to them. Mr. Thomas Ogle of Toronto was on the scene. He represents the hose manufacturers of whom W. H. Thorne & Co are the agents here and whenever there is a suspicion of hose Mr. Ogle takes a trip this way. There was a time when the name of Barnes of Boston and the sale of hose were closely associated but that period has gone by and now it is Ogle of Toronto. When he gets the order for hose it is all right but when he doesn't—as it happened unexpectedly after the Indian town fire—there is trouble for somebody. He is not a large man but he is energetic and knows all of the aldermen who take any interest in hose. While enjoying his dry smoke he will talk hose or anything all day and keep thinking about an order all the time. He is the gentleman who has sold so much Eureka hose to St. John at \$1.05 a foot and it must have been a great surprise to him this time to have the committee choose another brand and a cheaper one. But somebody made the motion that a 75 cent jacket hose be selected and the board voted for surprise.

This was not as pleasing to the chief of the department as it they had accepted his recommendation and this was how he and Ald. Seaton, got into the controversy. The chief is a quick man, quick in his movements, in his speech and in his temper and a cooler opponent often gets the advantage of him. Ald. Seaton who was chairman of the safety board years ago, has a good memory and he recalled the fact that the chief had once recommended Baker Fabric, a hose that was not much good at the last big fire. Chief Kerr was vigorous in his denial and the ex-chairman just as emphatic in his statement. The matter wasn't important but the conversation was interesting—so much so in fact that the chairman called both men to order.

Here is where Mr. Ogle came in. "Tom" as they who know him well call him, was on the outside and it seems that Ald. Seaton knew it for he went out of the room quietly and discovered the man from Tor-

onto. He was not only there but his despatch book was handy too and by it he proved in part the truth of Ald. Seaton's statements. It seems that at one time Newcastle wanted some hose and Mr. Ogle was on deck as usual. He was telling them how well Baker Fabric would suit them and they decided to ask the Halifax and St. John fire department chiefs what they thought of it. Chief Kerr wined back that it was a good hose. As somebody remarked just afterwards, a hose might be good for Newcastle and yet not good for St. John, the conditions being so different.

But Ald. Seaton was happy and the incident no doubt afforded some satisfaction to Mr. Ogle in the light of recent events.

## THE SCOTCH OF HALIFAX.

And the Effect it Had Upon a Visiting American.

A gentleman from Halifax was given some verses in the Annapolis valley the other day by an American who had been in the town by the sea and was so impressed with it that he endeavored to put his misery in rhyme. This is what he evolved.

Down on the Coast of Nova Scotia  
Lies a town that I'll never forget  
'Tis Halifax! Dearest old Halifax!  
With its atmosphere dewy and wet.

A nice little place is this Halifax  
Not many great sights there to see  
But a man always gets what is due  
In that quaint little town by the sea;

I did—  
Ard much more than was due me  
When my friend, Mr. Harry B. Lanks  
Made me take a long drink of Scotch whisky  
Well—

I'm groping round yet in the dark  
Like a man I walked into the Bar Room  
Took a Scotch—It went straight to my head;  
Great Scotch—they have made some sad error  
And they've given me poison instead.

That thought like a race horse went flashing  
Through my brain; 'twould have done so to you  
Till I saw Mr. Blank take a goblet  
And drink up a gallon or two.

Then—The King of the Boverly  
With a smile that was childlike and bland  
Arrived on a rush from his office  
With a green-back clutched tight in his hand  
Have a drink—Here's my money—He shouted  
"Take some Scotch—That's the best thing to drink  
No head in the morning—Feel fully  
'Tis a fact a real fact—I don't think."

Kim SaLaney's the whisky for me boys  
Is this tale that you hear from Mike Brown  
As he opens his mouth for a moment  
And lets the Scotch whisky run down.

No Bar is complete there without it  
Here's a secret—Sh! 'Twixt you and me  
They guzzle it—wash in it—swim in it  
In that quaint little town by the sea.

## FRANKIE WAS ONLY SLEEPING.

But the Police and His Relatives Thought he had Been Kidnapped.

The majority of children have the happy faculty of losing themselves in such a way as to give serious alarm to their friends at times, and to generally upset the neighborhood in which they live.

The other day while a severe thunderstorm was passing over the city the members of a family residing on the lower end of Union street bethought themselves of the three year old hopeful who had been playing on the sidewalk in front of the house a little while before.

To the repeated calls there was no response and in a remarkably short time one family in that vicinity was in a pretty advanced stage of excitement. None of the children with whom the missing child was in the habit of playing knew anything of his whereabouts and in fact he had disappeared completely. Police officers were notified and given a description of the boy. The little fellow was missed about two o'clock and it was nearly five when a cry of "I tant det down" was heard proceeding from a store room adjoining the kitchen.

Investigation found the child just awakened from a long sleep on top of a lot of old furniture on which were some unused rugs. A little pet kitten had shared his slumber and the two were unconscious of the excitement they had caused. With the aid of a chair, afterwards removed, he had climbed to his present position and fallen asleep; but the family got a bad scare just the same.

## Mr. Stevenson's Great Catch.

PROGRESS had a call from Mr. James Stevenson of the Marsh bridge yesterday morning and he was a proud man because he carried in his hand the handsomest and largest trout that had been caught in this vicinity for some time. The fish was just two feet long and weighed nearly seven pounds. Mr. Stevenson

captured it in Treadwell's Lake and it is but one of the many large ones that have come from that queer sheet of water within the last year. PROGRESS has stated before that for many years no fish were caught in this lake. In fact it was and is generally believed that there were no fish there. There were no signs of any—such signs as are always present where there are trout. But one day Mr. Treadwell went into his house in an excited manner and announced that he had seen a fish leap out of the water in the lake. His wife and sons shook their heads when he persisted in his statements and went away quietly without contradicting them. Where did the fish come from, that was the mystery. The lake had been pronounced a mineral one without inlet or outlet and fish had not been known to live there. So Mr. Eph. Treadwell wasn't believed for a time. He tried his best to prove the truth of what he said by catching a trout but he couldn't for a long time. Mr. Stevenson had faith in the story and he tried to but he fished many times and many hours before he was lucky. Then the trout began to take the hook and the big ones to put in an appearance. It took Mr. Stevenson an hour to land his last big one and only a fisherman can imagine the sport he had.

## Gave him a Month's Grace.

When Ald. McGoldrick got notice that the government intended to sell the building he has done business in for so many years and wanted him to get out by the second day of August he put his thinking cap on and decided that it was an impossibility. The reason of this was that his big sheds had about four hundred and fifty tons of iron, metal, and rods in them and that quantity cannot be moved in a few days. But the removal began and a large portion of his stock is being transferred every day to the Robertson warehouse which he has leased. He proposes to put up a new building in the lot he recently purchased at York Point. The sale of the buildings was to take place on Wednesday but that of the McGoldrick property was postponed for a month when proper representation was made to the department.

## A Freak of Lightning.

The sharp thunder and lightning storm of Tuesday made somewhat of a sensation in many quarters of the city. An after dinner group were seated in one of the windows of the Dufferin hotel watching the storm and enjoying the hurried flight of pedestrians caught without an umbrella when suddenly there was a sharp hiss and a flash of lightning played about them. A parlor car conductor whose feet were resting on the radiator felt a sharp shock which must have slipped from him and jumped to the arm of his neighbor a resident of this city. There was a perfect circle of flame about the head of a C. P. R. conductor who lost no time in making a move. It is rare indeed that lightning plays such a freak and does so little damage.

## Enjoying Themselves in St. John.

Mr. Geo. Deyo, a well known actor who has visited St. John many times, and Mr. Thomas Burns, also a favorite in the profession and at one time a member of Langerman's company in this city, have been trying the effect of St. John air, rain, fog and sunshine upon their constitutions for the past two or three weeks. They are, apparently, enjoying their vacation. One day this week they went to Loch Lomond and tried to fish. It is related of Mr. Deyo that his luck was of a phenomenal nature. If there was a slight discrepancy in the value the fish he caught and the rod he took with him it was but one feature of the pleasant trip they had.

## A Wetting for Nothing.

Steam from a roof covered with tar paper caused the fire department to hurry in answer to an alarm on Tuesday just before the big shower. A well known ex-alderman pulled the hook. He saw what he took to be smoke arising from the roof of the building, the roof of which heated by the sun began to steam where the first slight shower fell. The fireman didn't like getting a wetting for nothing and their expressions were more forcible than elegant.

## Band in the Park Again.

The hardware clerks have engaged a band to play in the Park this afternoon. They are bound to enjoy their half holiday.

Board of Works  
8 May 99