

PROGRESS.

VOL. XII., NO. 591.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

SAMMY'S KNEE DRILLS.

HE INDULGED IN THEM TOO MUCH FOR EXMOUTH STREET PEOPLE.

And he was called into the Police Court—How he carried on his Devotions at the Corners of Dorchester and Sewell Streets—His Voice is Tuned to Suit Himself.

Thursday in the Police Court one Samuel Falkner a Holiness brother was arraigned, charged with being too fervent in his prayings, at least fervent to such a degree that the ether for nearly a half mile about his Exmouth street lodging house, was unalloyingly fractured into insensibility germs—so say the neighbours whose discomfort it was to have the rantings of the man in question flood in upon them to the total exclusion of sleep, thought and almost speech.

While the public at large had heretofore been officially unacquainted with Mr. Falkner and his praying prowess, yet in several residential sections where he has lived of late his high supplicatory gear and pronounced ability at invocation has made him deservedly famous. Before Mr. E. V. Godfrey, the genial collector, found it in the best interests of suffering humanity that Mr. Falkner's emphatic prayers should be modulated the good people roundabout Sewell street and Dorchester street were treated to open air prayer services rivaling in noisiness those of Evangelist King or even the commendable Salvation Army, Falkner boarded in a house in that section of the city directly over E. S. Dibblee's grocery.

Shortly after supper each evening he would buckle on his armour of faith and sail in. His basso profundo voice would be at times thin but as high as a tenor key and then sink like the bell in the school-book poem, "with a gurgling sound" to the innermost depths of his vocal being.

Many a pair of pants must Mr. Falkner have unkneed in his hobbyhorse perambulations about the room in which he had his outspoken prayers. At times the religiously inclined household would join in the supplications and for blocks about, this prayer trust had full sway. Brick walls and heavy casements were quite vulnerable and not a chink or corner of the spacious neighbourhood but was filled with the stentorian tones emanating from the Holiness boarding house. Once and a while a few S. A. friends would drop in—and down, prayer naturally ensuing in the usual neighbourly way.

But one bright sunny May day when the early risers in the locality peered out their bedroom windows they saw a "moving day" procession of loaded wagons and family effects leaving the scene of so many earnest invocations. It is not like buying a lottery ticket to presume that a grand chorus of silent praise offerings ascended when the fact became generally known. The neighbours were glad and although their compulsory lessons in the art of making a good fat and wholesome prayer were many, they did not feel other than kindly toward the man, who though he was a little inconvenient at times, nevertheless possessed undoubtedly the courage of his convictions.

Exmouth street was the next place to the man who held the championship belt for praying. His groaning and agonies in supplication were at first such a novelty to the street that crowds gathered about the boarding house to listen. Not that the street was depraved religiously, for Exmouth street church is within easy speaking distance; in fact this residential way is quite under the shadow of the Cathedral and Brussels street baptist church, and cannot be termed other than up to the average as devout, but Mr. Falkner's exhortations were so chuck full of nonconformity and unique that his audiences grew larger and larger. Then the neighbors registered a kick. They did not want to be abruptly turned out of bed at four o'clock in the morning by a noisy religious enthusiast's praying, nor did they care to be perpetually interrupted and disturbed throughout the evenings, with curious crowds, gaping about in front of their homes, consequently the police court was sought by Mr. Godfrey who represented the combined residents, and a formal complaint laid.

Now Mr. Godfrey himself is a devout man, but goes about his christian duties in an unostentatious manner and in St. Mary's church he is the most prominent member. However he came to the logical conclusion as well as the others that their neighbour's prayers were too vociferous and discomfiting to others to be of any good to the sup-

pliant, and took steps to have them confined to the four walls of the boarding house.

The magistrate decided that Falkner should pitch his voice nearer zero hereafter when he wants to pray and not disturb the amity, peace and true neighbourly spirit of those living roundabout.

THAT BUCTOUCHE BANNER.

Some Halifax Wanderers in Moncton Took It as a Souvenir.

MONCTON SEPT 5—The quiet city of Moncton, where nothing but goodness reigns supreme, was greatly disturbed on Saturday evening last by some of those naughty boys of the Wanderers Club of Halifax. When I speak of Moncton, of course I only mean the quiet little bar or near the crossing who runs the town in his own mind, and who would have liked to have the entire lot of Halifax sports incarcerated in Moncton jail.

The Forresters of Moncton held a picnic at Buctouche on Labor day and they had banners displayed about the town reading "Hurrah for Buctouche." Buctouche being a little summer resort near Moncton some of the Halifax men desirous of keeping the place in mind as well as having a souvenir of their trip to Moncton, quietly removed one of the banners and took it along with them to their own city by the sea.

The ever vigilant police force soon discovered the absence of the banner and notified the barber who hurried to the Halifax training quarters with all possible speed and demanded its replacing or the sum of \$20.

"P. E." acting as spokesman for the party looked both scared and dumbfounded when he realized the cost that was put on the \$250 banner and said on his word of honor that the banner would be replaced, but imagine his surprise to find out that the banner had been removed since he last saw it with the result that for once his word of honor could not be fulfilled.

Two of Halifax's young men who decided to spend Sunday in Moncton were several times disturbed during the day by calls from the police and finally, towards evening, fearing they would have to spend the Sabbath on Duke St. decided to try the invigorating air of the seaside and the question now is where is the "Hurrah for Buctouche" banner.

WERE BOUND TO CATCH FISH.

How Some Amateur Fishermen Prepared to Clear Treadwell's Lake.

A brief paragraph in some of the daily papers mentioned the fact that some fishermen (?) from the city had tried to make a big haul of trout in Treadwell's lake by means of set lines and shad nets, but had been interfered with by the game warden whose name it was said was Thompson.

"Sandy" Johnson was the warden in question and he did make a haul of set lines and nets that would soon have cleared the lake of trout. The men came from the North End and they pleaded ignorance of the law so hard that it is said they will not be prosecuted.

Warden Johnson happened along in rather an unexpected fashion. He had an appointment to fish with a friend on the same spot as the North Enders were trying their luck. When he got there he found the lines, and later the nets in the bushes. Those who saw their operations say they went about the setting of the lines as unconcerned as possible in broad day light stretching one strong line clear across the cove and suspending a lot of baited hooks from it. The hooks had plenty of worms and other bait and as soon as the hour arrived for the big trout to be active there is no doubt but that a big haul would have been made. But the arrival of the warden put an end to this and the lines were withdrawn. It is said that both them and the nets would be destroyed. The latter however are valuable and it may be that as they were only on the shore and not in the water they will be spared. Still their presence there should be explained when the owners get them. The men who set the lines denied all knowledge of the nets.

The discovery of the fish in Treadwell's lake has taken a lot of people there but they all agree that it is but poor sport to catch with bait at a depth of thirty to forty feet. There is no life in the fish when they come to the surface having in many cases been half drowned by drawing them up through the water. The bait used is worms and small minnows. A huge

bunch of worms and a shiner some find the best, while others say that frogs legs are the best. It is no doubt exciting to find a five or six pound trout on your hook but those who have enjoyed deep sea fishing say that this is much like it though not half so exciting.

WAS THERE FOUL PLAY?

A Fredericton Man Arrested on a Very Grave Charge.

Word comes from Fredericton of what looks like a shocking and brutal crime on the part of one Charles Dewitt of Victoria Mills. The man was arrested on Thursday on suspicion of having been responsible for the death of his three year-old stepchild. The poor little bit of humanity died last Wednesday and those who prepared the body for burial say that it was black and blue and looked as though it had been severely beaten.

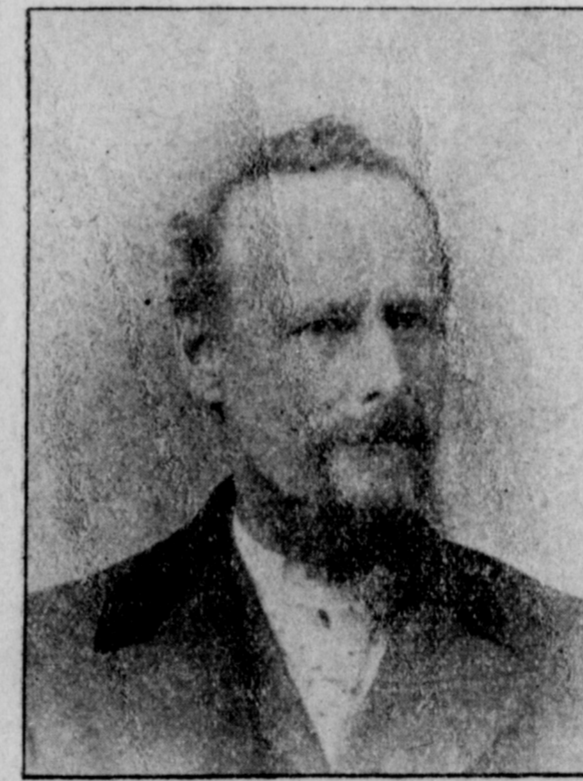
The man Dewitt has a reputation of being most cruel to his own and his stepchildren and shocking stories are told of his inhuman treatment of them. A neighbour's suspicions were aroused by what he had seen and heard during the last few weeks and when the baby of three years died Wednesday he reported the affair to the authorities with the result that the monster was arrested. Coroner Coulthard held a post mortem examination on the body and decided that there was sufficient ground for an inquiry into the affair.

Spent the Holiday in Jail.

There were more than a score of prisoners—most of them drunks—in the police court Tuesday morning. Of course they represented the work of the police all day Saturday, Sunday and the holiday, but there were a lot of people who thought that some leniency should have been extended to the unfortunates on the holiday. It would have been a kind act at any rate on the morning of Labor day to have let those go who could pay their fine or, better still, to have made the fine nominal in simple cases of drunkenness.

They Enjoyed the Game.

A young lady and gentleman furnished as much amusement at the ball game on Monday last as did the work of some of the players. The young couple were unable to obtain a seat on the grand stand, and so they like many others had to be content with watching the game from a spot far from the madding crowd, but this



D. J. McLAUGHLIN,

President of the Exhibition Association, Who Will Open the Fair on Monday.

too was an impossibility, so they sat themselves down on the grass and promptly proceeded to indulge in all the little sentimentalities that are supposed to accompany love's young dream.

The lady's hand throughout was closely clasped in that of her enamored escort, and whenever a fly or a bit of dust alighted on either party the other promptly shook it off.

The crowd in the vicinity of the love-sick couple smiled and wondered why a policeman wasn't on duty in that locality.

Gorton's Minstrels a Good Show.

The Gorton Minstrels opened in the Opera house Thursday evening. The audience was large and enjoyed the performance very much. The best things in the show were the musical features and the acrobatic feats. The whistling solo and the club swinging also captured the favor of the people. Considered altogether the show was one of the best of its kind that has been seen here for years. The ages of the jokes were uncertain but many an old thing is all right when dressed in the latest fashion.

THE CHILDREN BARRED.

NO HOLIDAY FOR THEM ON MONDAY, LABOR DAY.

How the Adults Enjoyed the Sports and all Other Pleasures Provided for Them on That Day—part at the Victoria Grounds and the Bicycle Races in Moncton.

There was one particular feature about Labor day that nobody seemed to think of before hand, and even if they had, perhaps it would not have been possible to remedy it. The holiday was not for the children. Their parents all had a holiday or were supposed to have one but the boys and girls could not enter into the enjoyment of the day, because they had to go to school. For the matter of that neither could their parents because it was not possible to have a family outing and the great majority of those who plan a day's enjoyment do not think of leaving the youngsters behind.

As the school term was but a few days old it was not prudent to take the pupils from school and in a great many cases mothers remained at home to prepare meals for the children instead of going out as they might have done. The superintendent however reported that there was but a slim attendance on the afternoon of the holiday so it may be concluded that the parents took matters into their own hands and granted half the day to many of the young people. Another year this will probably be remedied.

In spite of this drawback however Labor day was enjoyed probably as it never has been before. There were yacht races and baseball in the city to say nothing of picnic parties and fishing excursions. Everybody went in for a good time. The day was fine, perhaps a bit windy, and as it was the last real holiday in the warmer season no one who could manage to get out at all missed it.

Perhaps the greatest attraction of all was at the Victoria base ball grounds where the Alerts and the Tartars were to decide who were the champions of the province. Each won a game though it was thought that the Alerts might have won both of them. But the absence of the reliable back stop and good batter, Jope, weakened the team and the imported man was not up to the mark. Wholly, too, was off color in the afternoon game and this combination of circumstances was too much for the Alerts to resist so the afternoon game went to the Tartars. The greatest crowd that ever was on the grounds saw the game. Four thousand people make a big crowd all over the exhibition grounds and building but when they are jammed into the grand stand and bleachers and lined about the fence of the compact Victoria grounds, there is not much room to move about.

Fredericton sent quite a contingent to see the game and their disappointment of the morning was relieved in the afternoon. Now there is some talk of a series of three games to decide which is the better team.

Perhaps the principal event in the maritime provinces was the maritime sports at Moncton. They were held Saturday and Monday but the holiday was supposed to be the most interesting. The grounds were evidently prepared for the events and there were a good many cyclists entered but the conditions were such that they could not do themselves justice. Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick seemed to send nearly all the riders and those who entered from Charlottetown made up their mind that if they could not win by speed they would by stratagem. There were five of them in all and it was a queer race in which they did not form some kind of a "pocket" and it was only by much superior speed that a man could possibly hope to win. The crowd did not like it but the judges were tolerant and permitted the game to go on. There were some sportsmen who thought that the judges might have been chosen with greater care—more with an eye to their knowledge of the sport than to their position etc.—and the result proved that they were right because what might have been stopped on the grounds may result in an investigation—and investigations are always unpleasant.

The governor was there and so was one of his aide-de-camps, Lieut. R. R. Rankine of St. John. They occupied seats in the private carriage of Judge W. W. Wells whose turnout Moncton people seem to take considerable pride in. The team of high bred mares is very handsome and spirited and the appointments of the carriage complete while it goes without say-

ing that the judge was looking in his very best form. The spare tall form of the governor is no doubt very familiar in Moncton but it was not a little surprising how few of the strangers recognized him as the first man in the province. But for the slight military attachment that accompanied him there might not have been much curiosity as to his identity which goes to show how very democratic New Brunswick people are becoming.

The management of the track and the field officials did their part well. Their arrangements seemed to be complete and the announcements—which are so satisfactory to the spectators—were made in a clear distinct fashion. The training quarters at the Moncton track are so far removed from the grand stand that it may be necessary to start the men midway between those points but those who patronized the grand stand and a large portion of the reserved seats certainly would have been better pleased if the start and finish had been nearer them. The crowd could not be called large but it was fairly enthusiastic and that always means much.

SOME ONE IS SURE TO TALK.

The Mother of the Dead Infant Found in the Park Unknew why.

The persons who discovered the dead baby in the park last Sunday morning must have been a surprised pair. They were not looking for such a find and as they were strangers it must have enlarged their ideas of the possibilities of park outings. The matter was reported to the police and they began to hunt for the mother of the child; up to this writing she has not been found.

There are plenty of people who cannot understand how such a crime could go so long undiscovered but they do not know how cunning a criminal can be sometimes and yet what simple mistakes they make at others that lead to their detection.

When found the child was not concealed to any extent and had evidently been born but a few hours—probably the preceding evening. There was a band of a skirt tied around its neck and this led to the rumor that the unnatural mother could probably be traced by this as there was a laundry mark on the strip. This could not have been so however or else something would have been said about it at the inquest.

But even had it been so a laundry proprietor told Progress that while it might be a clue still it would not be a sure one by any means. Laundry marks get mixed up in an unaccountable fashion. Mistresses give their clothes to their servants or they sell them to the second hand clothes dealers in their turn dispose of them. The laundry mark stays there all the time because not one lady in a hundred thinks of removing it when she parts with her clothes no matter how she disposes of them and if it is brought forward to serve as a means of identification as in the present case, for example the original owner might gain some undesirable publicity. That is not likely in the present case however. There are but few things that the police have to go upon but the fact of a young woman committing such a crime can hardly go undiscovered in a place like St. John. If her associates are bound to shield her then it is possible that she will get clear but some one is sure to talk in the end.

Rough Treatment On the Esplanade Grounds.

PROGRESS has a letter complaining of rough treatment of half intoxicated men at the base ball game on Labor day, and the names of one or two policemen are mentioned in particular. There was a large crowd present and it may have been necessary to be harsher than usual but the policemen mentioned have offended in this direction before and public attention has been called to the fact. The men who run the ball games should have something to say. The policemen are in their employ and get \$1.50 each for every game. They are supposed to take turns and when it is possible no doubt do so but a word to the chief from the men who pay the bills should at least ensure the attendance of men who will not use their authority too harshly.

They Didn't Want His Songs.

The Board of Works when in session in the city building the other day had a caller. He didn't want any favors but he pushed his way right in and offered "Popular Songs" for sale. The director gave him some directions as to where to go and the members laughed. Still there are some songs that would suit the Board of Works first rate.