

PROGRESS.

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MR. BREWER SUSPENDED.

THE REV. GENTLEMAN ADMITS THAT HE WAS INTOXICATED.

And He Will not Preach Again Until His Case can be Considered by the Conference—A Popular Minister in the Methodist Church—Sought by Important Churches.

Rev. W. W. Brewer has many friends all over the Maritime provinces. He has been a popular minister and congregations of the principal churches in the conference of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island have sought and obtained his services. Anyone who ever saw the man on a platform could not easily forget him. He is

get a more careful investigation than might otherwise have been held.

He has been stationed in St. John, Moncton, Charlottetown, Fredericton, and years ago at Marysville. Today he is at Marysville though under the ban of suspension. He was charged with intemperance and when the committee set about to investigate he admitted that he was guilty. There was nothing for the committee to do but suspend him until the conference meets next summer.

The Roses Re-arranged.

After an absence of some time from the diamond and during which period the Roses baseball team had undergone a ger-

ham in right field had little to do. These are the principal changes on the Roses team, and despite the new order of things they won out against the Yankees by a score of 11 to 5.

SHE WEARS THE PANTS.

A St. John Woman who Surveys Lumber in Boston Dressed as a Man.

St. John has had a visitor of late; simply the return to her former home and haunts of an old resident; not old in the days, months and years sense, but old in the ordinary way of using the expression. It would not be amiss to address the person in question as either Miss or Mr. for she exists under both name handles. While in her Indian town home a few years ago and during her period of surveying lumber at the "big mill" she was an object of curiosity tinged with mystery, to the grown up good folk of the jumping-off end of town and a source of awe and terror to the small boy. Her comely figure was not the cause of so much interest, nor was it that she had a deeply hidden past to live against, but her sex was the problem. Working on the lumber piles in the dead of winter without any mittens and performing the duties of a surveyor with the exactness of an expert she was considered by the townsfolk as a freak, for the new woman in those days was yet unborn in easy-going Indian town. Her jaunty red tam and croppy hair are not yet forgotten these days.

Like the mighty host she went to poor old overcrowded and provincial peopled Boston, where in the garb of a male she still attends to her chosen vocation of judging the length, breadth and thickness of lumber. Five dollars a day is frequently her remuneration and when only a few days ago she bobbed up in this her native city, she was promptly identified, despite the fact that her shapely form was enclosed in a becoming golf suit and her abbreviated tresses laid under a cap to correspond. It was the same Indian town girl surveyor all right, and all who saw her in her prosperity inwardly wished her good luck and a continuance of her pluck.

THE ITALIANS ARE PATRONIZED.

The Musical Trio Find Patrons in all Parts of the City.

Last year a German street band furnished music on the streets. They gave good music and they made a lot of money. When they left town they took a draft for \$1,850 with them. That represented their savings in St. John.

This year an Italian orchestra is about the streets. There are two violins and a harp but the trio are artists in their way and they, too, have made a lot of money. They are not content with playing from morning until night on the streets, and in the corridors of the hotels but they accept engagements from private parties and furnish dance music. They are not particular at all and play just as well in British street residences as they do among respectable people in the Institute or elsewhere. But by doing this there is no doubt they are interfering with local orchestras who do not have too much to do and who are always on call. It may be they play cheaper but these Italians live cheaper than Canadians. They are here today and somewhere else tomorrow. An indulgent mayor permits them to compete with local musicians without paying license. Even the blind and maimed hand organ men have had no show since the craze for Italian music set in to say nothing of the old man who warbles those patriotic songs from noon until night.

It would never do for St. John to lose its name for hospitality. The hand of welcome is stretched forth to the street musician even in a more practical fashion than to the American tourist. There is some difference between them: the tourist leaves a dollar in town the other takes it out.

It was not surprising to learn that the musical foreign trio had sounded the harp and the violin for the amusement of a lot of gay young spirits near the shores of Courtenay bay but those of them who danced to the music later under thoroughly different circumstances must have wished for the local orchestra instead.

Society Correspondents Wanted.

PROGRESS wants society correspondents in several important centres in the province and applications from those towns and villages from which social notes do not appear will receive prompt attention. A specimen letter should be sent with the application to ensure promptness.

H. M. CHASE IS A DANDY.

HE SITS IN HIS OFFICE AND RECEIVES CERTIFIED CHECKS.

Two or Three St. John Men Caught—The Name of the K of P Used to Make an Excursion Scheme Succeed—Tenders for Supplies Asked for W. T. D. P. I.

Henry M. Chase of Boston is an ingenious individual. Those who know him must take off their hats to him as a champion schemer. He sits in his office and makes money not as other men do, with money, but simply by brain work.

The honesty of his idea didn't trouble him; the simplicity of it was startling. When the wholesale and retail grocers saw the advertisement in the Globe calling for tenders for a large quantity of supplies for the use of a large Knights of Pythias excursion from Boston they began to think perhaps there was an order in it for someone.

If the K. of P. had not been mentioned there is small chance if anybody would have noticed the request to tender because no one knew who H. M. Chase was and the fact that he required a certified check for ten per cent of the amount of the tender would have led them to look into his credentials. But word had been given out that Boston and other K. of P.'s intended to have an excursion to St. John and that they would likely number, with their wives and friends, several hundreds. It was said that arrangements had been made to camp on the Barrack square and that in the event of rain the drill hall had been secured for the ladies. It was no wonder then that the request for tenders for supplies should have been received in good faith and that several merchants prepared a tender and submitted it with a certified check enclosed.

Then they waited for an answer. They are waiting yet, because Mr. Chase placed their checks in the bank and did not bother his head about them afterwards.

An excursion did start from Boston but there were only 30 people in it instead of four or five hundred. Mr. Chase agreed to bring them to St. John and Halifax via Yarmouth, feed and shelter them for \$35. If he had secured enough people he may have been able to do it but he fell short and left the party at Yarmouth. Those who did come complain that they each lost \$10 on that portion of the trip. Some of them, thinking that arrangements had been made at certain hotels along the line for their accommodation referred the proprietor of one of them to their "manager" but the "man-

ager" wasn't present and the baggage was held until payment was made.

Several checks are known to have gone from St. John. Two of them—small ones—were cashed; another that PROGRESS heard of for about \$100 was cashed in Boston but as certain conditions written on it were not fulfilled the banks have refused to cash it. So the merchant is in that much.

It is only fair to the K of P's in St. John to say that they knew nothing of the affair but all members of the order will realize that its good name should not be used to further such schemes as this.

She Laid Down the Law to Him.

Queer things are often found in the gutters. Notes of hand and other notes sometimes are wanted there. PROGRESS is not talking of notes of hand in this case but of one of a very different nature addressed to a young man who is reputed very fickle in his affections and to have many strings to his bow. Evidently some hint of this had come to the ears of his lady love who made up her mind to give her recreant attendant a piece of her mind and she sat down to write him a letter. She did not waste any ink in sentiment but after dating it from "At Home" proceeded to lay down the law. No longer did she propose to be made a fool of; the irregularity of her lovers visits must cease and she must know when to expect him. In fact he was to come when it suited her and not when it suited him. An answer was requested at once and if he did not agree to the programme laid down then it was "all off". It may be that the letter hadn't much dignity about it but it was full of force and common sense.

Dr. A. H. Gordon Goes to Montreal.

Dr. A. H. Gordon, a talented young north end resident who has recently graduated from McGill has returned to Montreal to accept a position as hospital physician. Last Sunday he was near at hand when Elva Carpenter was injured and his prompt attention and careful treatment of the little girl was much thought of not only by the parents but by the street railway management.

Civic Economy Runs Wild.

Economy reigns over the department of Safety. The price of putting in coal has been twenty cents a load but the young man who put coal in the police building this year found that the price had been cut and fifteen cents was the price. He kicked and the bill is unpaid. How is this for economy, O ye taxpayers!



REV. W. W. BREWER.

large and his voice sonorous and deep. He makes a good impression on his audience, is eloquent frequently, and preaches such an acceptable sermon that many think there is none to equal him among the Methodist ministers.

He is an agreeable man to meet outside of his pulpit and it may be that this accounts for his numerous friends among the laymen. Whenever he was called upon at the conference to sit in judgment upon the acts of a brother minister he did not make up his mind beforehand that because the charge had been made it must be true necessarily. This was so in the Currie case which the conference considered for so long. In all the investigations Mr. Brewer sought the facts. He was not alone in this, but his influence did much to

eral shiftabout, the North Enders appeared again on Thursday against the All Collegians of Maine. It was a featureless contest and at no stage was the crowd forced into an hilarious state of enthusiasm. The chief interest seemed to centre in pitcher Callahan, the roses new importation from the Pine Tree state and the star curvologist with the Pautuckets of the Eastern League until their disbanding. He showed just as much speed as he did in his first game against the Alerts when he was wearing a Sanford suit and had a long list of strike-outs to his credit. Billy Kelly did not impress the crowd as being eminently fitted for his new job on first base, but Shannon on second filled O'Neill's shoes to a nicety. Friars ably protected the third corner and Cunning-

Webber's Hard Luck.

"Well Price what's the prospects for a good house Labor Day?"

"Can't tell, don't know anything about it," replied Webber laconically. "Lives uncertain and so is business but we'll do the best we can. Holiday business is not the dead sure thing it seems to be. I have been very fortunate in St. John but twelve years ago I played two performances on Dominion Day to less than a hundred dollars. Think of that! Of course the afternoon was very warm and I was playing in the Institute and then the heavens opened so about six o'clock that you could swim in the gutter—but less than a hundred—think of it!"

After everybody had thought for a minute or two Price glanced up from under his curtain lecture hat and began to spin yarns about poor houses. "A particular friend of mine was playing in a good sized American town on Thanksgiving evening. There were thousands of people on the street, passing the theatre's door but not a soul went in. The first and last time I ever heard of such a thing," and Webber looked around to see if anybody was smiling. Nobody was guilty and he continued. "I played once to fifty cents in New York state. The play was Ten Nights in a Bar Room and an old gentleman and his wife composed the audience. We did the best we could and the next day the old man, who was pretty well known, told the story of how we had played to him and his wife and that night we had a corker of a house. It pays to be honest, my boy; it pays to be honest; but then you see if I hadn't played, the landlord would have seized me bag and baggage and stopped the show.

"That nearly happened in Newfoundland this spring. The company started for St. Johns to play on the Queen's Birthday and after a hard journey we arrived \$500 out of pocket for expenses. What do you think? The governor of Newfoundland in consideration of the backward spring, the quantity of ice on the coast, etc., had postponed the Queen's Birthday to the 15th of June! There it was in the Royal Gazette and I had to believe it. Wasn't I flabbergasted? Who in his wildest managerial dream would have thought of such a thing? What did I do? I opened the engagement then skipped to Harbor Grace for a week, then a few days in another town and got back to St. Johns for the 15th of June, did a good business there and a little Friday and Saturday, then away for home. They wanted me to stay another week but I knew when I had enough. Things were too uncertain for me and I didn't know what the governor's next notion might be."

"In Truro this year I was billed to play Saturday, Dominion day. When I stepped off the platform Manager Gunn met me and his face was as long as the moral law. 'Price, we're dished' he said in a stage whisper. What! said I 'we're dished', he replied, Dominion day has been changed to the third of July. That's all right we'll play 'em both and so we did and got out even, but I don't like interference with the chronology I've been used to. Are you going to supper? Don't forget to give me a nice local for our Labor Day performances" and he twirled the gay sweet pea in his button hole as he started along the street. His host must have a great supply of sweet peas.

Little Elva's Escape.

A flash of pink and white, a cry of horror and the car was on her. A desperate motorman with ten men's strength in his fright handled the brake. Men piled, women fainted and children sobbed during the few seconds that the body of three year old Elva Carpenter was under the moving seven ton street car.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon and many persons, men, women and children, sauntered along the shady walks and sidewalks and enjoyed the air. The cars were



crowded and No. 41 when it came up the incline, opposite Adelaide Road, had twenty or thirty people enjoying what breeze they could from the motion of the car.

Two or three little girls, daintily dressed, were starding midway between the track and the curbstone. The street is wide and they were perfectly safe where they were. The warning bell was sounding, the car was at moderate speed, when,

when it was not ten yards away, a little tot tried to cross the track. "Go back! Go back!" yelled the motorman, and before the words were out of his mouth the power was off and the brakes on, but—vain. The awful cry of horror from the passengers and from the street was intensified by the fearful scream from beneath the car, where, in a huddled bundle, could be seen the dress of the little one, now soiled and bloody. Women were hurried out of their seats and strong men tried with strength unknown before to lift the side of the car from the track and so release the little body now ominously silent. But what could a few men do towards lifting half of a seven ton car? Not much. Still help was coming and soon more men than could lay hold were trying to raise the mass of iron and wood. In the meantime the motor trap was opened, the little ones leg disentangled from the brake rod and then with a shout the wheel was raised and the dress of little Elva was found the only thing caught by the wheel. With tender hands she was raised and carried into the nearest house. Skillful physicians were in attendance in a few minutes and soon the welcome and almost unbelievable word was given out that no bones were broken. She was badly bruised and had slight cuts on the head.

How did she escape? No one knows. Street car officials shake their heads and say they cannot understand it. How could her body, small as it was, pass under the motor guard, just four inches from the pavement, or under those crushing motors only half an inch higher? No one knows. Providence had a part in that accident and stretched forth a hand to save a young life from a death so horrible that it makes one shudder to think of it.