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PROGRESS.

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VOL. XII., NO. 577.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 3 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ECHOES OF THE BIG FIRE.

INCIDENTS THAT OCCURRED DURING AND SINCE THE BLAZE.

Erumpulous Merchants and Others Doing What They can to add to the Sufferings of the Victims—The Work Done by Relief Committees and Others.

It has been but two days over a week since 700 Indiantown people were rendered homeless by the devastating flames, but in that comparatively short space of time a

such Babel-like confusion. Furniture was mixed up and even yet is not altogether sorted out, while such other matters as funds etc., were as much forgotten as the bigger items of solving. Thus thrust into the streets without a second suit or dress, not even a head covering in many instances, the people were in most straightened circumstances. Of course a thousand homes were thrown open and welcomes extended, but hundreds were loath to wander about the ruins and guard, it may have

other bulky articles were discovered and pooled in the police stations until called for. With daring coolness were these depredations carried on. One fellow deliberately loaded up his teams with a widow's goods the day of the fire masquerading as her friend who would save her stuff. He saved it all right but he forgot to let the old lady know in what locality he had deposited it. Another instance of a cool, but shallow-brained thief was that in which a man named Price was caught by householders removing a big door gong from a house threatened with being consumed but which was eventually saved. He was allowed to go with it, but when threatened with arrest next day said he "was only saving the bell" and handed it over.

There are yet a great many articles of furniture and house furnishings in general at large and the people do not know where to look for them. Considerable advertising of stray effects has been done and the police are vigilant in spying out stolen and misplaced belongings, but it is doubtful if anything near the amount of stolen things will ever be recovered.

Another phase of the fire's after effects is the receiving and dispensation of relief in the shape of clothing bedding etc. at Temple of Honor Hall. The ladies of the Local Council of Women, while not as prompt in their offer to aid in any way, as they were in the instance of the Windsor fire have nevertheless made up for it by the most practical assistance ever since. When the clothing commenced to flood in from all corners of town for the burned-out families the ladies buckled down to the tedious and none too pleasant task of sorting the coats, vests, trousers, dresses, waists, skirts, hosiery, underwear etc.

At first none but those persons not so high upon the social scale would call for assistance but as the necessities of the other's became more apparent to themselves and the logic of receiving the bounty of their well-wishing fellow citizens impressed itself upon them, they called blushinglly at the clothing relief headquarters and without any fuss or questions had their needs attended to. The delicate and tactful manner in which the ladies got around many of these cases relieved the situation for those receiving goods in no small degree. The \$500 granted the Council for the purchase of blanketing, sheeting, ticking, prints, cottons, towelling, hosiery, etc., was exceedingly well and advantageously spent. These new materials were dealt out with judgment and care and did a wonderful lot of good. Whole families were supplied with raiment, and with the assistance of Revs. Long and Gordon the ladies of the Council were wary of imposters.

The attention of PROGRESS however was called to the large percentage of clothing unfit for use, sent by persons who doubtless meant well, but whose idea of clothing fit and proper for 19th century decency must certainly have been wild in the extreme. Boxes, barrels and countless packages of men's, women's and children's apparel were sent to Temple of Honor hall in rags and tatters. Suits without a square foot of whole cloth about them, dresses ripped and torn, painters and blacksmith's togs with fond memories of their years of service about them. Surely this was a scathing insult to townspeople many of whom could buy and sell the donors before the ruining blaze, and whose feelings of self-respect would certainly be deeply hurt to have such articles handed to them. But nobody saw them, save the ladies who cut the strings on the parcels. A wide mouthed stove in the hall was their final point of entry and the chimney top their smoky exit. In individual instances great relief was rendered by sending clothing direct. And this was done to a large extent in many cases, whole families being relieved without any ostentation whatever or recourse to relief committees.

Indiantown is rebuilding part permanently, but chiefly temporarily. Shanties are being run up in a day for the conduct of business but as yet the important end of town wiped out has not quite commenced to recover from its deadly shock. When it does rise to stand it will be a much changed town a modern place with public square and widened streets. Its structure will be chiefly of brick, and safer to live in as well as a more important business centre.

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LOVE'S CURIOUS WAYS.

IT CREATES QUITE A SENSATION IN QUIET NORTON.

Cupid Aims his Darts at a Seventy-five Year old New York Man and a Youthful School Teacher—Who is This Doctor With Money to Burn?

May and December impersonated in an aged American "doctor" and a 23 year old school teacher belonging to Norton have caused the easy going temperament of the little country village just mentioned, to be sadly ruffled and one of those really romantic incidents of which we read and see em-

bodied in plays but seldom known to be for a fact.

Away back in February or early March, when the dreary winds of winter and a snarling spring were mixing up their influences a rotund personage dressed in a mode dropped as it were from the skies and greatly excited the curiosities of little Norton whose honest minded people struck with the newcomers "civilized" manner and dress stood off in awe until he had made known to someone his errand. This was not long, for shortly after his arrival the New Yorker spread abroad that he was a doctor, but practiced his profession not for the tangible stuff that man calls money, but free, absolutely without cost. His elegant wardrobe and "flash" rolls of bills imparted to the people the cause for his generosity i. e. he had money to burn.

Naturally enough this venerable and pliable "physician" soon had several patients on his lists and it cannot be said but that he attended to them faithfully, although his methods and success as an exponent of the life-saving science are not yet very clear. The practitioners saw in this free "doctor" a sure and certain [in dwindling] of their number of patients and of course did not look upon their eccentric rival with any exceptional favor. The old gentleman's patients grew more numerous and he was fast popularizing himself in the estimation of the country people.

With certain of the gentler sex this popularity overstepped itself and the more sincere element in which Cupid deals to some extent, succeeded it. One fair damsel, a pretty school ma'am, became particularly struck with the philanthropy of this public benefactor and he apparently returned her tender glances and sugar-coated words, for it is stated they shook from their feet the clay of Norton, but a few short days ago and came to St. John.

A Norton man had sold the New Yorker a horse and buggy, which he afterwards did not seem disposed to settle for, so a bailable writ was issued, it is said, and the robust septagenarian placed behind the bars of Mr. Rankine's hostelry. He was forthwith released and now everything appears lovely. The young school teacher still "loves her Arty" as the saying goes, and it is hard to believe that the time softened heart of her aged knight has not been likewise impressed with regard to her.

A Curious Warning.

Pilot Doherty who brought the steamer Pawnee from New York to St John received a surprise when he got to the island and it was in the shape of a telegram which the captain got in New York. A Carleton meat dealer who supplies a good many steamers had solicited the order from the captain by wire and had added "Beware of the pilot" to his message. It is said that the pilot has taken proceedings against him.



WILLIAM S. HARKINS.

There are a good many readers of PROGRESS who know W. S. Harkins—who knew him years ago when this photograph was taken—and there are many who have read about him and his summer trips to St. John who have not seen him. All of them, however, will be glad to see that his features are preserved in the files of PROGRESS inasmuch as his modesty forbids him to go to a photographer's again. There are some objections to having a photograph. For example somebody in the Dufferin hotel obtained a large one of Harkins and draping it carefully with crape hung it up in the office on the day of his arrival with the pathetic card "Our Willie" underneath it. It was the first thing the popular actor saw when he arrived and he appreciated the joke. Mr. Harkins has strengthened his reputation in St. John this summer. His company is strong and the plays he is presenting are almost all new to the provinces and agreeable to the public. He will visit Fredericton, Moncton, Amherst—and perhaps Sackville—Truro, Halifax, and Charlottetown and no doubt touch the border and Eastport before he returns.

An Infamous Affair.

A shopkeeper, whose place of business is on Lockman street, has been watched by the police for the past week. The officer who patrolled in the vicinity of the store yesterday was in plain clothes. Those residing in the locality informed the Mail that the person watched is alleged to have committed a serious crime, and it was expected that he would repeat the offence, and the police thought to catch him in the act. The crime committed is punishable by a term in Dorchester penitentiary. Saturday evening several of the residents of the street were especially vigilant, and hoped to catch the law violator, but no opportunity was presented.—The Halifax Mail.

HALIFAX June 1.—A certain class of people through the medium of the sporting papers, are well posted as the character and actions of "John Chittaman," as he is facetiously named across the boarder.

And for sometime the "Chinese Evil" has been vigorously combatted in the larger cities of the United States. But with the majority of the people he is regarded with compassion and toleration.

In the fair city of Halifax, where so many philanthropic institutions flourish, a scandal so atrocious occurred two months ago, that every effort has been made to prevent any account of its appearing in print.

A laundry kept by several Chinamen on Spring Garden Road was the resort of several young women—why they visited the heathen on his own ground is a matter of surprise and speculation, for in connection with one or more Sunday schools in this city are classes conducted by some of our charitable ladies, where the so-called heathen is regarded with a sympathy that might be expended in a better cause.

The outcome of their visits was a scandal at once revolting and amazing—that

has convulsed society at large, and the names of three girls whose ages range from 16 to 22, has become a thing of scorn.

In all cases they are daughters of respectable parents, particularly the eldest, whose every wish was granted by her indulgent parents. This young lady, it is rumored, has left the city, for a time.

The "affair" after the usual nine days wonder, would probably have died out, had not a similar case, on Lockman street come to the knowledge of the police, (May 27) of which children of a tender age are the victims. The cry that is now raised is "banish the Chinese."

The time is now ripe for action. Shutting one's eyes to this evil has been of no avail. It must be met and wrestled with in the right way. Prevention is better than cure; we have too many public charities, Indian Famine Funds, Foreign Missions, etc., (which are all very well in a way) but let charity of a right sort begin in the home, not cease on the threshold, and instead of instructing the imported article, pay a little more attention to the heathen in our midst. Then and only then will such affairs cease to occur.



REV. DR. GEO. BRUCE,

Who Has Resigned His Pastorship of St. David's Church to Found a School for Boys in Toronto.

great deal of good and an untold amount of evil has been done, as a result of the fire's ravages. Humanity and its better qualities has asserted itself in no small degree in the relief of those suffering, but on the other hand the shady influences of mankind, the unfeeling nature of man to suffering man has stood out prominently in cases too numerous to mention, but quite available for publication nevertheless. Good and honest citizens are lending their best endeavours to bridge the troubles of those in distress, but townsmen, many of whom are, in business and believing in the old saying "one man's loss is another's gain," are grinding out the utmost farthing from those who are in many cases compelled to have dealings with them. Its shameful state of lack of finer nature let alone public-spiritedness of the basest type. As many as a dozen North End business men could be mentioned unhesitatingly who have acted like a veritable shylock in exacting what might be termed the pound of flesh.

The fierceness and velocity of the big blaze cleared many of the people from their dwellings without time to snatch up even the clothing they so much needed. Pandemonium reigned and it has been years since St. John witnessed a scene of

been there few saved belongings. It was then the unfeeling storekeepers got in their fine figures. Rates on the commonest of food jumped up to panic prices and some men went as far as to refuse credit to old and honest customers because they did not see any forthcoming coin! Business breaches never to be repaired were made in this way and needy residents thus "turned under" will not soon forget the treatment they received at the hands of their grocery men whose obliging manner and "come again" smile were much out of evidence when they called to get a few things "on tick" after the fire.

And then again the sneaking, thieving classes were at work from the minute the fire gained the mastery over the firemen and their apparatus, until Chief Clark and his brass-buttoned force started a rigid search of various neighborhoods in quest of pilfered goods. This was but a few days ago. Before the police had shown any particular activity in the matter the settlement of Bugtown had been enriched to the extent of over \$5000. The humblest and most tumbled down homes were replete with plush-covered parlor suites, oaken furniture, heavy brass lamps and exquisite china, while on Sheriff street and in their localities sewing machines, small libraries and

Cleanliness and Godliness.

HALIFAX May 31.—After a brief and flickering life the Turkish Baths have gone the way of all business enterprise in this not too rapid town. The proprietor, a genial and jocosse gentleman is a wiser, a sadder and a poorer man. His said experience teaches, and the lesson learned is one that has cleaned the silver out of his pockets, washed his faith of the public spirit, and ironed his hopes stiffer than a stand-up collar. Trying to prove that cleanliness is next to godliness, he has found that there is not much of either in this city, and with nearly \$3000, to the bad, the mention of baths is like a nightmare.

A year ago, or thereabouts, the Baths were opened. The location was admirable, the place well-equipped, the price reasonable, the attention and service good. There is no reason why it should have proven a financial failure, other than the lack of patronage on the part of those whose business it was to keep clean.

Of course last summer was a poor one for the city as the wet weather and the Spanish-American war kept many tourists away. It was disastrous from many points of view but the inside history will never be known. The Baths received fair patronage, and some of the regular patrons were

rare specimens of the city's gentry. Many a good story could be spun of the condition in which some of the merchants and professional gentlemen appeared when ready to be placed upon the marble slab. Stories hardly fitted for the pages of the most yellow of "yellow journals," or even the pinkest of the pink.

The attendants could unfold a story or two that would harrow up the soul. Good jokes, rich stories which if related in detail would make a new Arabian Night, or add new depths to the Decameron.

Taking it all round, for these incidents only give color and life to the business, the demise of the Baths is to be greatly regretted while the management is to be sympathized with in so great a financial loss.

An effort was made to prove that the Baths could be run and sustained, and the genial proprietor deserves the thanks of the decent public for making the effort so nobly. Being well-equipped and eminently fitted to run the business, it was a great pity that such a loss should be sustained, for Halifax needs a Turkish Bath as much as ever. To get in hot water now and then tones up the system and the citizen of Halifax need tanning if any one does.