

PROGRESS.

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SUBURBAN STORIES.

Some Funny Things That Happen Out of Town Among People From the City.

The summer resorts are this year yielding just as large a crop of amusing incidents and queer happenings as ever they did. Here are some of them:

For some time it has been the subject of no little amount of mirth-provoking conversation that a short but corpulent Prince William street insurance agent went so far as to suggest to the congregation of the Westfield church that their place of worship being shifted just a few feet, or any number of feet, so long as it ceased to obstruct the view from his summer cottage. Oh yes, he was in dead earnest. For weeks his sole topic of conversation was the eyecore edifice, and his intentions with regard to its disposal. It really seemed a pity, he thought, after he had condescended to settle among the suburbanites of Westfield, that this prosy old church should rear itself right before his eyes and cut off a goodly slice of the surrounding landscape. So one day with dignity unassailable he interviewed a bunch of church wardens with an eye to having the venerable pile, either moved away a little farther or perhaps erased from the insurance plan of that well known resort altogether. But it's still there. Why?

An enraged Mamma of two pretty little girls struck the playful daughter of another Mamma at a Red Head summering place. She did so, she said, because the playful little girl frightened her little girls. The child struck with the broom handle was really hurt and bruised and cried piteously. Nevertheless the enraged Mamma did not seem to consider her act as cowardly and unchristian as it was, and threatened to have the struck little girl's Mamma arrested. Just to think of it, arrested! And all this happened away down at a quiet, slumbersome Red Head, where a body, it would be supposed could become everything else but "red headed." Still such is the case, and the Mamma of the little girls fought a linguistic duel. Lots of feelings hurt and family records revised. Unkind compliments exchanged.

A few hot tears.
An explanation.
An apology.
Regret.
Joy.

Two young lady court stenographers are trying to learn how to act shorthand. Last Monday morning they arose with the sun to be in lots of time, as they thought, to catch the early boat as it touched at Brown's Flat wharf. They were somewhat out in their calculations however, and to their surprise the big steamer soon hove in sight. An "abbreviated" breakfast was inevitable, coffee, rolls, berries, eggs etc., being disposed of in a series of "dashes", "continuous strokes" and generally in a conglomerate way. Hats were simply jabbed on and luggage yanked. A toot from the steamer increased the "speed" of female shorthandists, and their hurly-burly descent of the hill from the hotel was interestingly watched by the sleepy crowd on the boat. But they were left. The captain was no respecter of persons and as he has never been "dictated to" in his line of business, could not very well sympathize with the girls he left behind him. The employer of one of the stenographers sat on deck and saw the whole transaction, so that young lady's "case" was good in court, but the other Miss was conspicuous by her absence when a certain number of lawyers and his honor assembled later in the forenoon.

He loved 'he girl ardently. So much did he dote upon her that leaving his happy home in town to bark in her graces at Rothesay bothered him not a little. Quite the contrary, he just pined for "his nights" to arrive. It was one of these "nights." The last train to town before morning was wheezing along not at an Empire State Express rate some miles away yet. He and she, or rather she and he, were standing in the hallway, papa and mamma having some time since sought the land of Nid and Nod. They

embraced, then he embraced her, while an eighth of a second later she embraced him. All thought of the deuced old train had flown, until its shrill piping at the depot brought both lovers to their proper senses. He did a mental sum, and calculated the comparative value of a hug or two more with the discomfort of having to walk to the city. The screen door was thrown open and the lover from town stepped forth, and like Lot's wife he looked back, and his heart failed. Close to the inside of the screen door stood his sweetheart—a dainty thing all in white. The temptation was too great and with a true lover's sigh and outstretched arms, he seized—the freshly painted screen door. Chin, nose and eager lips were adorned in deepest verdure, also a white vest, to say nothing of the whole suit of clothes. He walked home after all, poor thing, with nary an extra kiss as reward in advance. He's bought a bicycle.

PRIOR WEBBER AGAIN.

He Tells Two More Amusing Stories of Himself in His Travels.

I was accosted the other day by a man stopping me on the street in Sherbrooke, P. Q., and saying:

"Are you Price Webber?"

I said: "I believe so."

"Well," said the man, "You were pointed out to me, as being the person, and as I have heard a good deal about you, I thought I would like to see you."

I said to him: "I hope you are satisfied, now you have seen me."

"No," he replied, "I am not. I expected to see a man over six feet high, and who weighed over two hundred pounds, and had a commanding look."

He then surveyed me, critically from top to toe and at last said to me:

"You don't look as if you knew very much."

"No," said I, "I guess you are right, I don't."

He took another searching stare at me, and appeared to be thinking what next to say.

In the meantime, as it generally happens, several acquaintances of mine had stopped to speak to me as they passed along the street, and it did not take long for quiet a crowd to collect, and of course, they wanted to hear what was going on.

My inquisitor had not taken his gaze from me and did not appear to be at all disconcerted by the people who had gathered and he resumed his remarks and said:

"I should say, by the look of you, that you know mighty little. I have lived to find out that people tell a great many lies. Now, I was told you were a bright, smart fellow, and really I have come to the conclusion that you don't know much, do you?"

"No," said I, "I don't. However I have the advantage over you."

Said he: "How's that? How's that?"

"Well," said I; "I don't know much, and I know it. You know nothing and you don't know it."

He left amid the hearty laughter of the crowd.

I was in one of the State of Maine towns two or three winters ago, and we had a terrific snow storm—a regular blizzard which blocked the roads very badly, and piled "the beautiful" up in heaps.

The next morning after the storm I was struggling through the drifts, endeavoring to get to the Post office, and on my way two ladies were busily engaged in trying to brush the snow from their doorsteps, their houses being situated on opposite sides of the street.

As I passed along, one of the ladies called over to the other, and said:

"Bad weather!"

The other one, who was evidently a little hard of hearing placed her hands above her ears and said:

"Eh?"

The first lady who had spoken, again remarked:

"Bad weather."

The deaf lady nodded an acquiescence. Here they both saw me, and I presume noticed the programmes of the perform-

ance which I carried on my arm, and the lady who had first spoken called out to the other, in a triumphant tone:

"Bad weather for the show man."

A beaming smile broke over the deaf lady's face, and she yelled back:

"I am glad of it!"

The other one as loudly shouted out:

"So am I!"

They were evidently not lovers of the drama, and thought I did not fill a long-felt want in the community.

WANTED PAY FOR THE GIFT.

A Woman Gave a Bedstead to a Fire Sufferer and Then Wanted It Made Good.

A seamstress living under the shadow of the new Indian town school is very indignant just at present. She had a lady caller the other day and ever since that caller has left the lady who sews has been in a highly put-out mood. It appears that at the time of the Indian town fire the lady caller gave the seamstress a bedstead, as the seamstress had suffered the loss of her home and belongings every one. Since the conflagration the seamstress has labored day and night to rear another home all her own, and has at last succeeded in doing so. The lady who gave the bedstead heard of this and lost no time in reaching the home of the woman she had befriended.

"Don't you know me?" asked the caller, "why I'm the lady who gave you the bedstead."

The seamstress apologized for not recognizing her at first, and was profuse in her kind comments on the caller's timely generosity at the time of the big fire.

"Well, you do sewing, do you not?" asked the kind lady.

The seamstress said she did.

"Oh I'm glad," the kind lady burst forth "for I have two quilts to be quilted and I know you'll come and do them for me to sort of pay for that bedstead, won't you?"

The seamstress said no she wouldn't, and forthwith returned the bedstead, and what she deemed the year's hire of it was worth.

That's why she is indignant.

Proprietor Reardon in Town.

Proprietor Reardon of the Queen Hotel, Annapolis, spent a day or two in the city this week. Meeting old friends and making new ones. He reports business booming in the historic town and tourist travel more than up to the mark. Mr. Reardon is one of the theatrical managers of the amusement house at Annapolis and speaks in pleasant terms of the Richard Stock Company and its work.

John Walsh's Son and Heir.

The friends of Mr. John Walsh are crowding him somewhat with congratulations upon the interesting addition that makes his family a quartette. Just to even up matters the little stranger is a boy with as lusty and strong lungs as might be expected.

PROGRESS

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EVENTS OF CITY LIFE.

A Good Man Gone—Dangers on the River to Unsuspecting Passengers.

The whole community felt they had lost a friend and most desirable fellow citizen when the sad news of Mr. Mont McDonald's death came down from Westfield Thursday morning. The deceased was one of the most respected men in St. John, a lawyer of repute, a man noted for his sociability, and gentlemanliness, also his sterling Christian qualities. The Baptist denomination in Lower Canada loses its ablest professional man and one of its most ardent laborers.

Mr. McDonald's demise was very sudden, and therefore a very great shock to all. Wednesday night he had retired in apparently good health. Thursday morning he awoke about five o'clock and complained of pain in the region of his heart. Local remedies were applied, and Mr. McDonald laid down on the sofa to rest. Shortly afterwards Mrs. McDonald found him gasping for breath. Medical assistance was sent for, but Mr. McDonald died in a few minutes.

"It was not so much a surprise to me as it was a shock" said Chief Justice Tuck shortly after he had heard of the news of Mr. McDonald's death. "After what I saw in Fredericton last winter I was not surprised. He had an attack while the court was in session and for some time was unconscious. He explained to me later what the trouble was. I should judge that it was not the heart but the brain that was affected from what he told me."

Mr. Geo. H. V. Belyea to whom the judge was speaking remarked that Mr. McDonald told him afterward that just before his attack [the sound of the judge's voice seemed half a mile away.

"I had a great affection for him" said the Chief Justice "he was a good lawyer and he lived in a state of preparedness to die any day."

Dangers on the River.

A correspondent some time ago drew PROGRESS attention to the manner in which passengers embarked and disembarked in the river boats. No notice was taken of the communication at the time because it was said that much more care was being exercised this year than had been heretofore. This was said especially of the Star Line and the public generally welcomed the statement, since there was plenty of room for improvement. Saturday afternoon last, however, a representative of PROGRESS boarded the Victoria and went up river as far as Evandale and the method of embarking and disembarking was observed closely. No change could be observed from that of previous years. Even when going on board at Indian town the gangway was in danger of slipping from the wharf into the water when passengers were upon it. It seemed that the engines were started a few minutes before the start was made and this caused the stern of the boat to swing from the wharf and of course the gangway went with it. But for the presence of mind of some people standing by its hold upon the wharf would have been a thing of the past.

There were a large number of passengers to land at the Cedars and three boats put out to take them from the Victoria. The water was as smooth as possible and the task was easy to what it might have been but, even as it was, there were many ladies who did not relish the idea of climbing from one swaying boat to another and taking their chances of keeping their feet. No wonder a visiting American called it a "fearful risk for a transportation company." He meant in a financial sense no doubt. What about the personal risk to the passengers?

One would almost think that instead of a couple of planks being thrown from the steamer to a wharf—when a wharf landing is made—that a light passenger gangway would be bandier for the steamer and safer for the passengers. A woman with child clinging to one hand and parcels or a grip perchance in the other find it a venturesome task even to walk two planks, especially if there is a hawser bobbing beneath them.

Steamboat managers dislike criticism but they must not ignore the rights of the people if they would avoid it. Many passengers are not aware that they can de-

mand that a steamer shall stop at a wharf to land them when there is a wharf at their place of destination. Such is the fact however. Wharves are built by the government for the accommodation of the people and so long as steamboats are privileged to use them, passengers have a right to be landed at them. It is a good deal easier and quicker for a steamer to signal a small boat to come out but passengers do not like it so well and their wishes should be respected.

CRITICISM OF THE ASSESSMENT.

Citizens Who are Finding Fault With the Judgment of the Assessors.

There is quite an outcry throughout the city over some changes in the assessment. It may be that the people expect more from Mr. McRobbie than they did from the late chairman; at any rate he is getting a liberal share of criticism at the present moment.

The burden of complaint appears to be the tax of the fault finders compared with that of others whom they know should pay more than they do. It may be that the assessors are not in a position to know this but the claim of the taxpayer is that they should know, for that is what they are paid for.

It was pointed out to PROGRESS that there are some notable "breaks" in the valuation. For example one North End alderman is credited with \$400 income. He gets one hundred of that from the city. Of course that is absurd and the assessors have laid themselves open to the question of whether city representatives are not favored. A well known contractor—no matter in what line—pays less than \$600 income. He makes at least four times that amount. Another contractor in another line gets off for about the same sum and there is no doubt that one week's work often brings him an amount equal to the income the city thinks he receives.

Again a bank man who has been in the business for many years does not pay more taxes than some leading clerks. He is known to have a large income from his employer to say nothing of that from outside investments.

The athletic grounds valuation has increased wonderfully. Mr. W. J. Barker is the owner and so far as he knows there is nothing to justify such a change in the assessment. But to persuade the assessors of this is a different matter.

Coat Stiped While he Pondered.

An east end grocer is mourning the loss of a brand new mackintosh. According to his own tell the rain-excluder took wings while he was pondering over the Sunday School lesson for the following Sabbath, seated on his team en route to the Indian town boats. All the way from his store he bethought himself of his Bible study and was so engrossed in this that passing teams and noisy cars were quite forgotten. Suddenly waking up to things about him when near the Indian town wharves he missed his mackintosh. Then worldliness got the better of him and he ejaculated some words not found in his Sunday school quarterly. Hereafter the grocer intends putting on his dressing gown and slippers, and by his own preside, will study the Sabbath lessons. He has come to the conclusion there is a time for everything.

A Bit of Tourist Coaxing.

Miss Margaret Graham has been writing about Lovely Evangeline's Land and the Dominion Atlantic Railway has published sketches of Digby and Weymouth in a neat pamphlet form. They are very readable and calculated to make the sunburnt residents of American cities too long for the scenes she describes. The D. A. Railway seizes upon all such opportunities to advertise their railroad and Nova Scotia and the results are astonishing. That province is crowded with Americans this summer.

Found St. John All Right.

The clerk of the United States court of Connecticut, and Deputy United States Marshall H. Russel Wood, in company with Victor H. Mawhinney and his friend were visiting St. John this week. The two latter were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walsh, Main street, while their friends were at the Grand Union.