

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1900.

Mr. Gooley "Well," said Mr. Gooley to Haley, and "tis all over but the election. the callin' out iv the names iv the man's that 'll be 'lected. Either Larry or Tooper will be pray-mer. I tauld ye they wud."

"Which man is goin' to win," said Haley.

"Oj dunno," said Mr. Gooley. "Larry wud loike to stay in the common house at Ottywa, listenin' to the chirp iv dem pollytichins, but jooty flags him and he must respond. Whin a man has a un-annymus call from his party to lade him-sill to vic'try on a phlatforrum made be himsellut, they'se nawtin for him to do but to obey."

"Haley, this is a gr-reast country. Oi think fr'm what Rafferty tells me th la-ads from the big cities where they cut's ice are out fer the stuff in the comin' 'lection."

"What do ye t'ink, Haley, anny wan can boss a ward room. All he needs is a pen-cil and a copy iv a pay roll. Shure, Haley, 'tis a long toime since anny iv us had wurruk. We hev no jobs to lose. We'll hev to do th' best we kin, and hug dem ward rooms toight."

"Oj've mapped out a way iv me own, Haley, an' Oi'm wid it from wan ind iv Cannady to th' other. Me motto is to get all ye kin an' to exe ter more. It's a gr-reast thing to be a pollytichin, Haley, ye know w'ats goin' on in the inside all the time."

"Did yees iver vote for a dead man, Haley? No, thin yees don't know what ye missed. It's the greatest fun in the lot. Yis, Haley, before illiction toime cums make yer motto rade, 'If ye sin't got no money ye nadint cum round.' So long, Haley, I will tell ye more iv it next week."

On any fine day or night the many benches which adorn the walks on the King Square Bench Warmers.

occupied. In a great many cases the occupants consist of that class of young men in slang terms designated as "fresh."

It is not a very pleasant thing for a gentlemen with a lady friend to endeavor to obtain one of these seats. The cheaply put to better would be to say the flashily-dressed young man would resent the intrusion. He and she alone has the right to occupy said seat. It was for his special benefit that the seats have been put there. How would he be able to pass remarks upon this lady's dress, upon that gentleman's hat, etc., if he had to give up his place.

The occupation of the seats does not, by any means, include all the offences of which he is guilty. This insect among men has been heard using coarse and vul-

## Where is the Swag?

The Police Fail to Locate the Big Sum Stolen from Louis Saunders of Carleton.

The whereabouts of grocer Saunders' money is a source of much speculation to the police as well as to many West Side citizens, and there is scarcely a day passes but searching parties are out on the hunt for the hidden plunder. It is now two weeks since the burglars entered Saunders' grocery store on the West Side and carried off the big sum, yet no clue to the money or its place of concealment has been obtained. It is true that two well-known West Side men have been arrested, and are held on suspicion of having entered the store, yet the evidence against them thus far is purely circumstantial. The sum of \$2,200 was taken by the thieves, and the police, though they feel confident that at least one of the young men now in jail knows something about the robbery, are all ashore unless the money is located.

As the chief topic of the week in police circles was the big haul of Sunday a week ago, a PROGRESS reporter joined company with the police in the search for the plunder. Thursday was the day chosen for the hunt, and a systematic search was begun. Saunders' store was first visited and the door that had been bored through with an auger was sized up, measured and commented upon.

The counter, under which the chest that contained Saunders' savings was examined. The chest then came in for its share of police scrutiny. The searchers next visited every shed and barn out on the lonely road leading to Clark's old mill which sets on the Lancaster shore almost beneath the Suspension bridge. Here a bait was made and the "Sleuths" got in some fine work. The unused mill is old and in a tumble down condition and with boarded up windows the inside was, to say the least, gruesome.

Up to date it has not been given out whether any new discoveries have been made. The hermit and the hut are gone; now perhaps the loafer, he who seeks to get rich suddenly without devoting his energy to the task, may go too.

PROGRESS readers will remember the old hermit's hut on Queen street, adjoining Prince William, to which reference was made a few weeks ago.

This relic of after-the-fire days has disappeared. It was a landmark that the younger generation will ever remember. With the passing away of its aged inhabitant the structure lost whatever local interest was attached to it.

Many curiosity seekers gathered around the spot during the early part of this week when workmen were engaged in its demolition. Some of them may have assembled for the purpose or chance of coming across some of the golden shekels said to be hidden by the deceased. There were eager searchers among the ruins; every hole and corner was ransacked; an old mattress on which the poor old man must have lain his weary bones, was dis-

sected by those in quest of the almighty dollar.

The "Johnnies" of "Rubber-Neck Row." St. John has been set down on the theatrical map as the home, par excellence, of criticism. Actors, good, bad and indifferent, even those of the "worse" variety, have trod the boards of the opera house stage.

We have seen the "heavy man" and the "ham fatter," the ingenue and the idiotic, the star and the soubrette. All of these players of the mimic world have come in for their fair share of criticism.

But what say you of the "Johnnies," the fellows that suck a cane, and sometimes swallow something stronger, the living actors on the stage of "Rubber Neck Row." To the uninitiated it may be explained that said Row is the walk directly in front of the Opera House. Here on any fine night, he of the ilk sometimes called "dude," gathers in large numbers. His vocation consists of ogling the female portion of the audience as they pour out of the opera house doors after the show is over.

His remarks are not at all complimentary and never sensible. Oftentimes they are rude and insulting. Some fine day there will be an inquest in the family of "Rubber

Necks." The strong arm of a husband, brother or suitor of some of the ladies who go to make up the audience at the Opera house, will descend with force and firmness and, perhaps, render hors de combat this nonentity or libel on man.

Getting down to facts, is it creditable to our city that such a state of affairs exist? Should such actions as these ruffians are guilty of be allowed? Wives, daughters and sisters need some protection from these despicable blackguards.

The doors of the mill were unsafe to walk upon, and the chances were good, that should a person break through the plank and fall to the depths below, he need not expect to land short of the water, and, perhaps, be carried into the whirl pools of Buttermilk channel. But the search went on and holes under the mill, sawdust piles, old planing tables and even the double boilers in the engine room were searched, but to no avail. The cold two thousand refused to be found and the search was given up.

The police, however, are confident that the money is snugly hidden about the old mill as it has in times before formed a rendezvous for West Side lawbreakers. Should the police be unable to find the hidden plunder, they will rest their case against the suspects on facts gleaned of their doings the night of the burglary.

The tragic death of Mr. Dingee Scribner at Norton on Monday last removes from this city one of the oldest and best known citizens. The deceased who was upwards of eighty three years of age was a well known angler and was considered an authority on fishing and hunting in New Brunswick. He was a maker of fishing rods and flies, and by his trade had become widely known. Mr. Scribner it may be said died in harness as he was following his favorite pastime, in hunting small game when he met his death. He had gone on a hunting trip to Kings county and with a party of friends was scouring the wooded road between Hampton Village and Norton. The others had gone in advance and the deceased after bringing down a partridge got in the carriage to overtake his friends, when the horse bolted throwing him backward out of the carriage. His neck was broken and his skull fractured by the fall. When picked up life was extinct. Deceased was a prominent member of the masons and was thrice married.

THE COST OF WAR. Enormous Sums for England to Pay for the South African Campaign.

Recently some interesting data have been published regarding the transportation of troops, horses and material to South Africa, based on official reports.

Between Oct 20 and June 9, 234 transports left England for the seat of war, carrying on board 188,141 men, 36,333 horses, 409 guns and 1,951 wagons. Moreover, about 35,000 horses came from Australia, Argentina and New Orleans, and 10,000 were brought by the colonial troops. Finally, some 75,000 mules were shipped from the United States, Italy, India and Spain, making a total of 150,000 animals. The average price of those purchased abroad was \$77 for horses and \$67 for mules. The cost for transporting the troops was about \$70,000,000.

For the hospital service there were 11 general hospitals, 5 permanent hospitals and 27 field hospitals, besides 18 bearer companies, with a personnel of 470 military surgeons, 360 civil surgeons, 530 nurses, 3,500 men of the hospital corps, 500 hundred volunteers, 1,200 men of the St. John Ambulance corps and 130 men of the Militia Ambulance corps. Finally two hospital trains and four hospital ships were sent out from England.

Between Oct 5 and April 28, 792 ships, of a total tonnage capacity of 293,744 tons, were chartered for carrying ammunition and supplies, and about 150,000 tons of meat, coal, fodder, etc., were shipped from England and foreign ports.

For the postal service 579 telegraphers and 3,500 postal officials were required for the enormous mail, which, for example,

on one day (May 19.) amounted to 313,416 letters and 131,508 newspaper packages. Finally, up to the end of May, the transports had brought back to England 11,843 sick officers and men.

He Remembered Them. One of the most common characters in current newspaper fiction is the 'self made man' who makes a point of hunting up his early benefactors. But the Chicago Post tells the old tale—with a difference.

'By the way,' said the man who had stopped at a farmhouse to water his horse, 'fifteen years ago a poor boy came this way and you took him in.'

'Yes?' queried the farmer, somewhat surprised.

'You were kind to him,' went on the stranger. 'You fed him, gave him words of encouragement and an old suit of clothes put a dollar in his pocket and sent him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the same time that he never would forget your kindness. Am I right?'

'I reckon you are,' replied the farmer. 'He said that if he prospered he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor, struggling lad.'

'Land's sakes!' exclaimed the farmer's wife, excitedly. 'It sounds almost like a fairy tale, don't it? Why, you must have seen him!'

'I have,' said the stranger, 'and he sent a message to you.'

'What is it?' they both asked, expectantly.

'He told me to tell you that he is still poor.'

As the stranger drove away, the farmer went out and kicked the pump, while his wife threw a rolling pin at the chickens.

The "finest" in St. John look upon themselves as veritable Apollos. Their imagination runs riot with the feminine fancy

of St. John's fairest. To a policeman has been given that greatest of all boons, a life of rest. The poet that said "their lot was not a happy one," had never visited St. John. Here they simply draw their salary and whatever else they please.

Their chief occupation consists in ogling the beauties of our Vanity Fair, and the ladies that occupy the door steps of their various beats. It has not been so long since, that one of these stalwarts carried on a white handkerchief flirtation with a Union street belle. He was a much disgusted "cop," when he learned that the supposed young lady was nothing more or less than one of the boys. That crowd of jokers didn't do a thing but "pull his leg."

Among the many mashers on the force bearing euphonious names can be found "Handsome M—s," "Lovely P—y," "Rubber-Neck R—n," and so on ad infinitum. They are a nice lot when they go on parade. If you want to find them when a burglary has been committed or some other criminal offence has been perpetrated, look in the nearest hallway, and perhaps you will find ensconced behind the door a love lorn member of the brass-butto brigade.

St. John and Secret Marriages. Like every other metropolitan city, St. John has its share of secret marriages. In many cases after the knowledge of the event has become public property, through force of circumstances, the contracting parties to the knot that binds and severs, are found to be persons of opposite religious belief.

These marriages are rarely productive of any good. Their secrecy carries with them a taint of something wrong. The young man may be to blame; he may not have his happy home ready for his spouse; the young wife may not want to leave her mamma "just yet."

There are a hundred and one divers excuses for playing hide-and-go seek with the matrimonial entanglement. Nevertheless the fact of such events occurring in St. John causes much comment, very often unfavorable comment, when the fact becomes public knowledge. If no real reason for secrecy exists the couple should be up-to-date enough to know that nothing remains a secret long in this rapid 20th century age.

Young man, if you are married take up housekeeping and do not end like a great many other bridegrooms by going to live "at the home of his wife's parents."

### FOUGHT WITH A SHARK.

A Lively Struggle Under Water in Which the Man was Victorious.

George Brown, a seaman gunner attached to the torpedo station at Newport, R. I., had an experience last week that he will remember for many years to come. With a number of other members of the seaman gunners' class Brown had gone to Coddington Cove for diving practice. He had made a descent, and Seaman Gunners Hines and Much were tending to the signal line.

Brown had been under water for some time when the sudden jerking and twisting of the air tube warned the men in the boat that something unusual was happening beneath the surface of the water. They had received no signal to pull up the diver, and consequently waited for a few minutes when the signal rope was violently jerked, and Brown, more dead than alive, was dragged to the surface and into the boat. Before he reached the top of the water, however, the body of a hammer-head shark about seven long reached there belly up, long gash in its side denoting how it had died. When the helmet was removed from the head of Brown, and he had sufficiently recovered his nerve, he gave his shipmates the details of his experience.

After Brown had descended he began walking around on the bottom, and had gone but a short distance when he saw a long, dark object approaching. As it drew nearer he recognized that it was a shark, and that the fish was coming directly toward him. The shark did not attack Brown at once, but slowly circled about him. Suddenly it darted straight for Brown, who jumped aside and allowed it to pass. The shark at once returned to the attack, and

in turning around to face his antagonist Brown got tangled in the signal rope and the air tube. It was at this stage of the encounter that the seamen gunners in the boat were made aware that something unusual was happening to their mate below water.

When Brown saw that it was a case of fight he whipped out a knife he had in his belt for the purpose of cutting away lines or seagrass should he become entangled in it, thus preparing to do battle. He was compelled not only to defend himself from the attacks of the shark but to protect his air tube and signal line, as the parting of either one meant probably death to him.

The shark made several unsuccessful attempts to reach Brown, but he succeeded in avoiding it. This was kept up for a few moments, which seemed like years to Brown, each attack becoming more vicious than the preceding one. The fish lashed the water in its fury and Brown was nearly overcome by being compelled constantly to leap out of the way of his antagonist.

The diver was almost ready to give up the battle, and would have signalled to the men in the boat to haul him to the surface, but he feared when they once began to pull he would then be deprived of all means of defence, and the shark would seize him on his way to the surface. Finally the shark made a plunge at him more vicious than the others, and as Brown jumped aside he succeeded in driving his knife into the side of the fish.

When the shark did not return after it had attacked him Brown concluded that it had been wounded and had swum away, and he hastily signalled his companions to

haul him to the surface. He was surprised to see the body of the shark floating in the water near the boat when he had recovered his composure. The seamen gunners placed ropes about the body of the shark pulled it into the boat and took it to the torpedo station.

Keep Comfortable.

One would almost wish to be a fish when the hot summer winds blow, and especially a fish in the aquarium at Battery Park, New York.

The officials there have made arrangements that add greatly to the comfort of the fish during the warm weather. Some of these inhabitants of the aquarium require cooler water than that pumped from the harbor, although that suited them well enough in winter. The water is therefore cooled for them during the hot weather.

There is one creature in the aquarium for which the water must be heated all the year round. It is a little West Indian seal, the only one that has been successfully kept in captivity. It was caught with eleven others in the waters of what is called 'The Triangle,' off the coast of Yucatan. The others all died, but this one was saved by extraordinary care, and the authorities are naturally proud of it.

The Uncertainty in Brides.

The bride who giggles during the ceremony sometimes makes as good an all round wife as the bride who looks like a sad, sweet flower being plucked from the parent stem.

'What's the difference between a net waist and a fishing net?' I asked. 'No difference,' he replied. 'They're both designed to catch.'