

THE JUDGE ON THE BENCH.

Three or Four Cases in the Court and Some Remarks by His Honor on Current Topics.

Policemen as a general rule are not given to shedding tears over ordinary sad things, but its safe to say the old members of our own peace preserving force were pained to behold their older comrade William Weatherhead on the prisoner's bench Tuesday. William has been, in pretty severe contact with this stony hearted world for several years, in fact ever since he cast aside the helmet and baton ten years ago. In tones severe, but not genuinely so, his honor said: "Weatherhead, you're charged with assault again. These assaults of yours are getting too frequent and I don't know what to make of you. Are you guilty or not guilty?" The ex-policeman with a vacant look as if not realizing his position said "guilty". "Sit down then," said his honor. "I remand you for medical examination."

The further arguing of the top and pilener's beer cases before Magistrate Ritchie on Tuesday proved very dry talk on an extremely juicy subject. Lawyers Macrae and Trueman in their most learned manner expounded the actual reading of the law on the case and the crowd of spectators, newspaper men and policemen almost fell to sleep and dreamed of "big high ones with low collars." The realm of chemistry was invaded by the men who were trying to prove the harmlessness of the aforesaid "soft drinks," and most terrible plunges made into decimal depths. Thirty four point four, liquid weight and juicy measurements in all kinds were quoted in schoolmaster fashion, and the only time the crowds raised their drooping heads was when either one of the lawyers said "beer," in other than the regulation voice.

The man up on King street (east) who gets well on to \$3,000 a year for granting vacations to many of his callers, and now and then extracting of their worldly goods, has no use for Carleton's crime-crikkled clique. He said so one day early in the week. "There are a lot of you Carleton fellows," he said to the prisoners for assault, "who come over to the city and get drunk. Almost invariably on your return to the ferry you make trouble. Water street is your bring up, and here you fight, brawl and assault. It's 'Water street,' 'Water street,' every once and a while in the police reports, and I intend putting a stop to this making it a disreputable locality. The ferry floats seems the centre of drunken frolics, brought about by Carleton men. Its got to stop!" His Honor was in earnest and woe be to the next inebriate who gets into a scrap in the ferry locality.

Four coachmen (faced the judge on Tuesday in answer to a summons for violating that stereotyped "I. C. R. regulations at the depot." Every man said he was guilty, but there were others. The judge wouldn't hear of the "others" part of it and said he was there to deal with cases in court, not cases out of court. "Still," ventured one cabby, "it's pretty hard on us tilters, yer honor. We've been singled out a good many times already, and the majority of hackmen are never brought up here. If we were to stick to the railing at the depot and let these other fellows walk away in to the train shed door we'd never haul a passenger. We know the rules and so do they, but if all don't obey none can obey and live." Despite this plain, commonsense plea the \$2 fine was imposed all round, and the judge looked worried as he thought of this seeming problem of disobedient coachmen, and how it might be solved. He advised them to seek the ear of some local politicians, which he thought would be an easy thing in view of the approaching elections, and see if some change could not be brought about in the I. C. R. rules. But the men only sighed and went their way.

Unnecessary Signs.

Its seldom that you see the civic authorities do a good job, but what they spoil it afterwards by some unnecessary addition. For instance take the King Square fountain. After many weeks this centrepiece was repaired and a not un-

graceful greensward circled about it. But as soon as the job was completed six of those homely signs "Keep Off The Grass" were stuck around the fountain, entirely spoiling the general good effect. Who in the name of goodness would trespass on this circle of lawn? If it were a field of it such a thing as trespassing might occur, but the only ones liable to enter the holy of holys might be a thirsty dog, and its a common idea that the canine is yet unable to distinguish between the letters of the alphabet. So the signs in a general way, are useless, only marring the fountains beauty.

BACK TO THE BOXERS LAND.

A Family of Chinese En Route for Their Country Pass Through St. John.

A Chinese woman and a family of little celestials is a rare sight in St. John, and those who happened to be at the Union depot Tuesday afternoon took a lively interest in just such a novel spectacle.

There was a woman apparently the mother and ten little ones, ranging in age from a babe in arms to a rather awkward looking youth of sixteen or thereabouts. They certainly looked an odd company as they sat near the woman chattering in true Mongolian style, or clambering over the seats.

Numbers of curious ones gathered in the waiting room, gazing at and making inquiries concerning the strange looking family. One woman from among the on-lookers stepped toward the Chinawoman and began cooing as only a woman can to the baby in her lap, at the same time drawing the mother out respecting its age, whether it was a boy or girl, etc. The advance was met in a friendly way, and the following facts were given in broken English interspersed with genial smiles and nods. A party of thirteen, her husband, herself and eight children, a Chinese friend and his two sons, were returning to Hong Kong, from Dutch Guiana, where the men had engaged in gold mining. She claimed to be of Dutch and Chinese parentage, (not of the Boer, Boer stamp however), and seemed greatly pleased at the idea of "going home to China." The woman was about thirty-five and wore a modish shirred waist and plumed hat. All the children from the bright eyed four months old girlie with gold earrings and silver bracelets, to the quite grown up boys and girls, were decked out according to the Chinese idea of American dress.

THAT CASE OF "DU OH" ERVIN'S.

He Hasn't Got That \$22 Judgement Money Yet and Why—A Funny Snag.

Some couple of months or so ago PROGRESS told the story of the case Dalton vs. Ervine, which Judge Tuck decided in favor of the plump little sporting writer of the Telegraph, the redoubtable "Dutch". Well another phase of the case transpired a few days ago, and at present it looks as if a whole lot more are to follow.

Failing to collect the bet stakes (\$20) which Ervin had given Dalton to hold in one of the Harry Vail races at Halifax a year or so ago, and which Judge Tuck said Dalton must pay, Lawyer deBury seized Dalton's racing shell, which for a whole cluster of moons had been gracefully reposing in Chas Damery's Church street bowling alley.

An auction sale of the race boat in Fitzpatrick's warehouse was announced and two parties bid briskly for it. One of the parties was Mr. Doherty of Fairville. It was knocked down to him for \$22, Constable Hennessy of Fairville acting as auctioneer.

But some clumsy person or persons let one end of the shell fall kersmaash on the floor just after it had been sold, and broke or almost broke it in the middle. Now here was a nice kettle of fish for some body.

Mr. Doherty refused to pay over the \$22 for the broken shell, and most people would hardly blame him under the circumstances but the constable thinks differently and as he is now responsible to Ervin's lawyer for the \$22, he is trying his best to collect from the man who bid the highest on the boat.

Mr. Doherty is being hounded by the constable and "Dutch" is still without those twenty and two plunks. When he gets them he is going to have a group photo of them taken.

ALLEGED ASYLUM NEGLECT.

A Carleton Boy Who Was Not Properly Attended to.

A case of neglect is reported in connection with the Provincial Lunatic Asylum or "Sanitarium," as the new asylum printed matter has it.

A Mrs. Price of Carleton placed her son of delicate health and feeble mind in the institution for treatment. He had to



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The New Clerk of the St. John County Court.

be put in a straight jacket. A week later when she called to see him she found him in a filthy state. The dribblings of the liquid food he had spooned into him had covered his shirt front, and it looked very much as if the poor young fellow had not been washed since he was put in there. Naturally enough his mother's feeling were shocked and feeble-minded and all as he was she loved her son with all true motherly feeling. She was to have withdrawn her boy from the institution a few days ago, but whether or not she did PROGRESS was unable to find out.

Treat All Alike.

Some of the coachmen complain to PROGRESS that they are not treated fairly at the railway station by the officers. They say that all of the coachmen go inside the rail to solicit passengers and that if any one is allowed in all should have the same privilege. Coachmen are not supposed to stand at the front door yet some do and in this way have an advantage over others. PROGRESS suggests that the only way to get over this difficulty is to make every hackman observe the regulations and to favor no one in particular.

PROGRESS

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TODAY.

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You Mustn't Expectorate.

Some Suggestions to Avoid the Difficulties That Will Surround the Mosted Bye Law.

The action of some ladies representing the Women's Council in starting a crusade against expectorating on the street has struck terror to the hearts of the Corner loafers and joy to the Countenance of maidens who delight in wearing an irreproachable white shirt.

The man who spit from habit must begin to cure himself. When the council grant this request of the ladies and forbid the citizens from using the public walks and streets as a huge cuspidor, then the man who chews tobacco or expectorates as he puffs his fragrant Havanna will have to look out for himself.

The situation is most serious. They say that it is very necessary for a man who chews tobacco to spit. It is asserted that the juice formed by the tobacco and saliva is not very delightful and it would harm the system to swallow it.

Of course a remedy suggests itself at once—stop the hateful habit. This would be worse still to many men for strange to say even the most respectable, church going pious God fearing citizens take great comfort in masticating a small portion of the weed. They say it soothes the mind, makes the worries of life less exasperating and even prevents them at times from indulging in tipples.

A correspondent of PROGRESS has made a suggestion that might meet this difficulty and not conflict with the ideas of the ladies who are so earnest in their endeavors to abate this evil in our midst. He was thinking of patenting his idea and no doubt he has carried out his intention. His suggestion took the form of a waist cuspidor. A Rubber bag with a drawing string in the simple affair and yet such an article in a woman's hands might be made very pretty. Think of the handsome coverings that any young man's best girl might place about such an article. He would be sure to cherish such an article then in spite of the ridiculous use he would have to make of it. The thought of having to expectorate into a gift from one's best girl is rather revolting but what can the poor man do?

The question of street cleanliness is a very grave one and it is pleasant bending their energies to making the people more highly civilized. There will be difficulties though and the women's council must not expect that they will accomplish everything at the start. The writer saw a man's nose start to bleed right on King St. the other day. He had a handkerchief and he did the best he could to stop the flow but he couldn't and so he let the blood drop, drop, right into the gutter until the bleeding stopped. Now what could be done in a case like that. He would not be expectorating and yet the fault was it anything worse.

A few days ago a lot of fat cattle were being driven from Indiantown to the slaughter houses. They walked along the nice pavement that covers Main street and some pieces after they passed looked like a barn yard. Now what is to be done in a case of that kind. True the cattle were punished in a short time by losing their lives, still the same thing is likely to happen again and it cannot be allowed in a city where you are not permitted to expectorate upon the street.

The grocers are thinking of beginning a crusade against the wandering and impolite dogs who pay so much attention to the goods placed outside their doors. They cannot agree that they shall be permitted to do as they please while their masters are refused the privilege of expectoration in the dust.

To give these questions due consideration requires time. The council should show no haste in the matter. Some of the aldermen chew tobacco and that also should be given some attention.

Returned From South Africa.

PROGRESS had a pleasant call from Messrs Miller and Simpson, two of the 1st Canadian Contingent who went out to South Africa. They looked bronzed and hearty now though invalidated home some time ago on account of fever. Both are admirable specimens of men but Miller is much heavier than Simpson. They had a pleasant time in St. John and if they did arrive

somewhat unexpectedly the warmth of the greetings given to them wherever they went more than made up for the absence of a station reception. They do not talk about their experience unless pressed to do so and then in a very moderate manner. They were heading their energies to getting to Fredericton Thursday evening and it is hoped they succeeded.

A CHANCE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Describe How You Spent Your Vacation and Try and Win Five Dollars

PROGRESS has received a brief but expressive description of a vacation in the country and prints it with pleasure. It is somewhat curious that it came just as the editor of this paper was about to make a proposition to its young readers with the idea of securing as many graphic descriptions of vacations as possible. As an encouragement to the boys and girls attending the public schools PROGRESS offers a prize of five dollars for the best short article upon the topic "How I spent my vacation." The descriptions should not contain more than 500 words. As many of them will be printed as possible. The last date for receiving the articles will be September 15 and the result will be announced on the following Saturday. A special prize will be given to the little folk—under twelve years of age. Of course they must have no assistance from older people.

The article that PROGRESS has received is as follows:

During my vacation this summer, I spent a short time at what is growing to be a popular resort about six miles from the city. The weather was all that could be desired, and the whole time was most enjoyably spent in bathing, driving and exploring the surrounding woods. One of the most pleasant incidents was a dance held in Bay View Hall on a Thursday evening. Between thirty and forty couples took part including some of St. John's fairest (a west end young lady being unanimously voted the belle of the ball).

Everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves the floor being continually crowded with dancers who also with the wall flowers kept time to the excellent music on kola nut, tutti frutti, or spruce gum.

Swinging your partner appeared to be one of the luxuries or privileges in a dance of this kind and was taken full advantage of by the young men present.

About midnight supper was served and the usual indigestibles were heartily partaken of the party breaking up in the wee small hours of the early morning, every one including your humble servant going home happy and thoroughly tired out.

VACATION.

A Fussy Schoolman.

There's a tussy schoolman in the Victoria building, who is causing the parents of her many pupils oceans of petty trouble. Since the schools opened a bare week ago she has been most of her time trying to have each and every one of her little girl scholars get exactly the same size, same make, same color, same everything in fact, in the way of school books, desk requisites etc. It's only a hobby, but it would be so nice to have a "uniformed" school so to speak. When the scholars arrived last Monday with a variety of new slates, scribblers, pencils, books, etc., the teacher nearly fainted with horror at such a jumble of things and at once started bringing order out of chaos as she thought. Books were sent back to parents for changing and even yet a lot of parents are being bothered to death almost by the complaints of their children, as to what the teacher said they must get. One mother set her foot right down and refused to satisfy the whim of the teacher, so her little girl is exempt from changing her new school requisites. There are a whole lot of these fanciful school teachers in town, and the Board of Trustees should inquire into some of their arbitrary rulings. The schoolbook burden is already too heavy a one for parents, let alone backing and filling a whole term until the faddish ideas of a teacher are met.