

PROGRESS.

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PRETORIA DAY'S OUTBURST

How St. John People Decorated and Acted When the Glorious News of Tuesday Arrived.

If Her dear old Majesty Queen Victoria could only be privileged to have a kinesthetic view of the St. John streets on Tuesday last her kindly heart would overflow with pride and affection for her loyal people in this far-off corner of Canada. London itself, with the Queen riding through the throng, could not have created a greater demonstration, proportionally speaking, than did our townspeople upon the receipt of that little despatch from Paul Kruger's town. It was simply an avalanche of patriotism, increasing in volume and noise as the day waned and night drew her dark curtains about. Our good old Loyalist city has many a joyful outburst to its credit in its 117 years of existence, but for spontaneity and rapidity in organization the celebration of Tuesday topped them all. There was nothing particularly gorgeous about the proceedings but they were hearty and entered into with a true British zest. The town itself was simply wrapped in national colors and remained so more or less until Friday. The eclipse of Oom Paul and his one-sided government was gloried in beyond description, and the anticipation of another red-painting job on the map of the world, turned the town loose like a lot of Apache Indians, as far as the wildness of their joy was concerned. It was a glorious day for the empire and St. John, although only a fly-speck on "the plans and specifications" of these globe-scattered belongings of Victoria, made enough noise, flaunted enough bunting, sang enough songs, shot enough guns and set off enough fireworks, to establish for herself a record as the worst hotbed of Imperialism in the broad expanse of Canada. That writer on the Pall Mall Gazette of London who was in St. John on Ladysmith Day, and who wrote home to his paper that "the love of Canada for England surpasses the love of women!" knew what he was talking about all right!

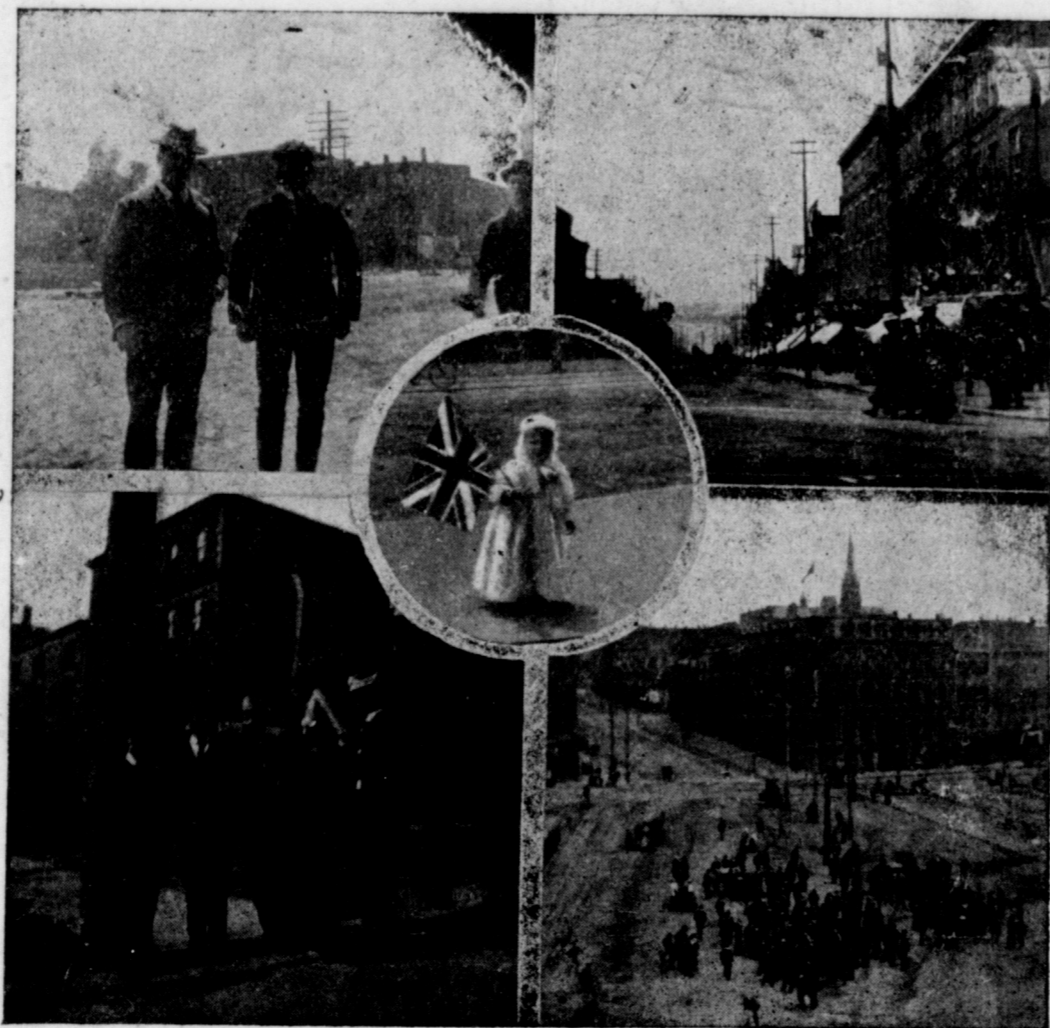
Tuesday dawned bright and clear and about the city a few flags were yet playing in the breeze after the sensation caused on the Thursday previous by that Yankee fake despatch. The people were in an expectant frame of mind, ready at any minute to turn to and deck their shops and homes, so sure were they that Pretoria was soon to fall. They were not disappointed. Shortly after nine o'clock the city editor of the Gazette threw up his office window and waved an Associated Press despatch to a crowd of S. Hayward's men across the street. The hurrah that accompanied the waving of the bit of "press" conveyed the import of it, and ten seconds later a wild uproar was sent forth from the doorways and windows of that big hardware firm, now situated in the Pit, field building. Tin horns, cowbells, sheets of tin, tin pans, anvils and everything warranted to make an outlandish noise was made to do duty by the jubilant clerks who were superintended in their loyal labors by Sergt. Major Edwards of the Artillery, an employee, and "Dinny" Flynn, the only "Dinny."

This eruption of patriotism spread the happy "tip" for blocks away and hundreds flocked to the newspaper offices to read the bulletins. Lord Robert's capture of the Transvaal capital and his occupation of it a few hours later was soon an old story with everybody, and it was no time before the hungry breeze was making a goodly breakfast off the thousands of yards of bunting set before it.

"There's no fake about this despatch, for 'Bobs' has sent it," the people said one to the other, [for like Baden-Powell they had learned to pin their utmost faith to the "pocket, Wellington" of Kandahar. Business received another hard check, save in the flag and firecracker lines, and clerks and bosses worked together in making a display of the colors so dear to all Britons. By noon the town in every section was veritably a mass of red, white and blue. Even the most confirmed old maids and people who as a general rule place a bridle-bit upon their sentiments, stuck out a few Union Jacks, and block after block, street after street was resplendent in the various emblems of the empire, individually and collectively. The Custom House, City Hall, the Fire Engine Houses, especially

No. 2; were particularly profuse in their decorations. King street looked more like a gigantic cradle lined with red, white and blue, than a public way, while Charlotte Prince William, Dock, Mill Union, and Main streets spent thousands of dollars in honoring the Queen, "Bobs" and "Bobs" gal-

witnessing their marriage. The large edifice held one of the best congregations of St. John people it would be possible to gather together, representing all religious denominations. There was no disturbance whatever save the usual flutter of a church wedding, but Father McMurray, the officiating priest, sounded quite severe in warning the people assembled that if there was one unnecessary sound while the ceremony was in progress he would open wide both doors and have the church emptied. There were hundreds present, including more youthful ones, with whom the words of his reverence caused nothing more than passing note, but a whole lot of refined ladies, and the



STREET SCENES ON PRETORIA DAY.

(1)—Jope and Yapp, the Alerts twin stars of the battery. Both Yankees, but they celebrate on Pretoria day like born Britons.

(2)—Manager Bob Armstrong of Victoria Rink conferring with some newspaper friends about the organizing of a contingent for the big parade.

(3)—A tiny Britisher who held forth in great glee on Pretoria Day. Snapshot taken on King street.

(4)—Artillery firing a salute last Thursday on Market Square when that fake despatch arrived.

lant boys. Further description would be too great a task.

Toward dinner hour a wave of wonderment swept the laboring fraternity. Were they going to have a half holiday? They soon found out such a luxury was not in store for them and a momentary grumble passed through many an establishment. But the absence of a free half day only whetted their zeal for the evening, when the militia, firemen and others would parade. So throughout the afternoon the flags flew, the gentler sex and small chil-

audience was chiefly composed of ladies, felt keenly what they termed a wholly unnecessary warning, spoken in none too kindly a way.

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- PAGES 10 and 15.—Second instalment of "Old Scattergood's Money"—that pleasing serial.
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- PAGE 14.—Farm Slaves or Mistresses? Educated farmers' wives write of themselves.
- PAGE 16.—"The Blue Topped Boots"—A western fiction, thrilling and typical of the arid regions.



ARTHUR HAYDEN.

One of St. John's brave boys who escaped injury up to a short time ago, when he was quite badly wounded. He worked in M. R. & A's.

dren did their share of street celebrating but after six o'clock the flood gates of loyalty were swung wide open, and the whole town was en fete.

(This article is continued on the next page.)

Father McMurray Was Severe.

Last Wednesday afternoon the Cathedral was crowded to the doors with the friends of Dr. J. D. Maher and his young bride, Miss McCullough, who were desirous of

A GAY LOTHARIO.

Halifax Congratulates Itself Upon His Departure for Broader Fields.

HALIFAX, June 5.—Word has reached Halifax that the well-known sport who frequented one of our swell hotels here, has been seen around the hotels in Montreal. This young man, with a record equal to any inmate of Dorchester, found this place too warm for one of his highly strung temperaments, and he departed, not like the Arabs of old, but like a bold robber of others money, for while it was kept somewhat quiet, it was known that he swiped fifty dollars from the genial and amiable young man of sporting tendencies who looks after the news stand and cigars at our leading hostelry. Of course the money was paid up, as the young man of aquatic fame is as sharp as a steel trap, and he soon spotted the light-fingered youth, bringing him to time in quick order. Things were hushed up, but our bold Lothario got at his game again. This time a commercial traveller was led captive and in sowing a few of the wild oats, so proverbial to the fraternity, he was quietly relieved of a goodly sum while slumbering.

The young "toucher" got his work in early in the morning, and with a skill equal to the pastmaster at the art of legerdemain he swiped his booty and the "Son-of-a-Sample" was none the wiser. Not satisfied with this triumph our gay young sport employed his hypnotic power over a charming young damsel of the North end, whose purse strings were easily pulled by him. He won in a canter, enticing the maiden to flee with him to parts unknown. Like a simple lass she yielded, and having sown to the wind is now reaping the whirlwind.

At Montreal our last young man is no doubt going the pace to beat the band, and as he has had an experience in the art of "doing" others, he will continue to catch others while they can be caught. Of a polished appearance, slick and smooth in manner, well-skilled in handling people, it can be safely wagered that this young disciple of Fagan will yet be brought behind the bars and spend his days in thinking over his many escapades. Halifax is well rid of all such characters, and while some characters may miss him, it is to the advantage of our young men that they are devoid of his influence.

SLAVE BREASTS SOOTHED.

Mr. Morton Harrison's VI Ho Draws Tears From Would-be-Practical Jokers.

Nobody who has ever heard Mr. Morton Harrison conducting his Opera House orchestra through the stirring strains of the National Anthem would suppose for a moment but that his heart went out with every note from his violin. On Tuesday this gentleman's loyalty was put to the test.

Hurriedly arriving at one of the Canterbury street newspaper offices he inquired if the good news from Pretoria was really true. Being fooled a few days before on a bogus capture of the Boer capital, he was not going to be so taken in again. So he called on his evening paper friends to have the report authenticated and found them in a state of ecstasy over the "officialness" of the despatch. Soon the genial orchestra leader was as much excited and happy as any of the reporters, but he grew a little less jubilant when one of the party "stumped" him to play "God Save the Queen" on the violin he had in the case he was carrying.

At first Mr. Harrison thought the suggestion only a joke, but the newspaper fellows mercilessly goaded him on to action by doubting his loyalty. This was more than the refined nature of the popular musical man could stand. He flung open his case, extracted the violin and with a hasty tuning-up, struck up the National Anthem.

Standing in the midst of the newspaper party Mr. Harrison rendered the familiar hymn of the nation with the utmost musical feeling. His violin all but spoke the words. The faces of the passers took on a more serious aspect now. They ceased to laugh at the orchestra leader's predicament, and as the rich tones of the instrument rang about their ears they found all the British that was in them welling up with ungovernable rapidity, and with some it

overflowed and patriotic tears glistened in a few eyes.

"God Save the Queen" finished, a set of lusty cheers went up and an encore clamored for. This time everybody sang, and while a few on the premises were possessed of smooth-running vocal organs, the majority would not be doing a foolish thing if they consulted Prof. Titus or some other singing teacher. However the anthem went with gusto, to the accompaniment of slamming doors from the editors sanctum and proof reader's den.

The joke reverted on the would-be practical jokers, for music bath charms and Mr. Harrison knew it.

HER SECOND HUSBAND ARRIVED. There Was Consternation and a Flit to the Country.

The unexpected re-appearance of husband No. 1 from the land of the screaming eagle greatly disturbed the peace of mind of young woman and husband No. 2 living on Frederick street, off Marsh bridge toward the latter part of last week. The woman had arrived here from the States some time ago and soon after her arrival she became the spouse of a rural fellow who has since secured work with one of the corporation gangs. The people with whom the young couple and their child lived on Frederick street were quite friendly with them, for though humble they were very pleasant and aboveboard in their manner. There was not a suspicion that anything was wrong in their marriage relations.

But a few days ago a stranger called, and there was great consternation. His visit was evidently not a very welcome one, for as soon as he was gone the young wife charged her next door neighbour not to give that stranger any hint as to where she might be should he call again.

This aroused suspicion in the minds of neighbors and it was not long before it was learned that the newcomer was another husband. Since then the little Frederick street home has been shifted to the country somewhere along the I. C. R. and a King street furniture firm, which does business on the instalment plan, has got back its own.

The mystery which hangs over the case prevents the Frederick street neighbours from being harsh in their comments on the little woman. In fact some have expressed sympathy for her, as the impression is the American husband is one of those unfaithful partners so much sung about in the popular songs.

They Were Much Surprised.

There was one surprise on Pretoria night when, just after the procession was over, Officer Finley took it upon himself to make it unpleasant for one of the hotel bars. Whether it is right or wrong there has been a tacit understanding that for the convenience of late arrivals on the trains, hotels have a certain privilege on all nights of the week excepting Saturday and perhaps this was the reason why there was so much surprise manifested by the thirsty paraders when two big strapping officers walked in to the bar and began to jot down the names of those present. Some made a bolt for the nearest exit, others stood their ground and let the police write away. So far nothing has been done about it. Public opinion is not in sympathy with the act of the police inasmuch as this hotel has been so particular about closing Saturday night in accordance with the instructions issued by the inspector.

His Deposit Was Held.

A short time ago the chief of police issued his manifesto against fire crackers. In spite of that in the exuberance of feeling on the first day of the Pretoria celebration a young gentleman bought some fire crackers and began to have a good time with them. He was arrested but when the charge was made at the police station his deposit of \$8 was quickly put up and he walked out and enjoyed the rest of the evening. Next morning he appeared but the magistrate did not take any celebration plea and fined him eight. Of course the prisoner thought it was paid and that he was free to walk out. He did but into the jail. He did not get into a cell because the turnkey was kind, but he cannot understand yet why, when he gave \$8 to the police the evening before, he should have been placed within the jail walls. Where was the chief?