

# PROGRESS.

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## HE WOULDN'T APOLOGIZE.

A Halifax Man Who Forgot Himself and Insulted the Wife of a Fellow Citizen.

HALIFAX, May 31.—Halifax has been treated to a sensation this week that she seldom enjoys and the people who figured in it are not particularly pleased over the notoriety afforded them.

A few days ago a lady, the wife of a well known gentleman doing business on Hollis street, was on her way to one of the wharves, going, it is said, to see some friends arrive on the steamer, when she was rudely accosted by a city ticket agent who evidently forgot where he was and what he was doing. His actions and his words were so offensive that they attracted the attention of passers by and one of the results was that the lady passed along and the ticket agent was forced to direct his attention elsewhere.

When his friends heard of what he had done they were astounded and hastened to see what could be done to hush up the affair. The lady's husband was disposed to listen to an immediate apology in view of the fact that the agent had been drinking but to the astonishment of his friends Mr. F— was not disposed to remember that he had done anything wrong. Of course there was nothing to do then but to let events take their course and that proved to be very interesting. The husband of the insulted lady is not a big man but he thought he was large enough to give the agent a lesson and to this end he kept a sharp look out for him. One would have thought with their business places so handy to each other that it would not have been a difficult matter to find him at any time, but Tuesday at noon seemed to be the time appointed for the meeting and it was not expected by Mr. F. He was walking along Hollis street near his office when the enraged husband met him. So far as can be gathered words were few but the action of the husband was very prompt. He did not waste time sparring but struck with his right and the cut under the left eye of the agent left no grounds for any doubt that he found his mark. It was good for him that his office was handy and he lost no time in seeking its seclusion. But before he did so his assailant proved a very active and persistent customer. He was not content to give him one good blow and knocking him down but followed it up with another and another. He found no defence and his mark was an easy one.

The affair is the talk of the city and there does not seem to be any sympathy for the agent. He might have escaped the consequences of his mistake had he acted as any man would be expected to. But his refusal to apologize annoyed his friends and robbed him of any sympathy he might have had.

**STARS AND STRIPES PULLED DOWN.**  
A Vigilant Citizen Removes the Emblem of the Boer Delegates' Friends.

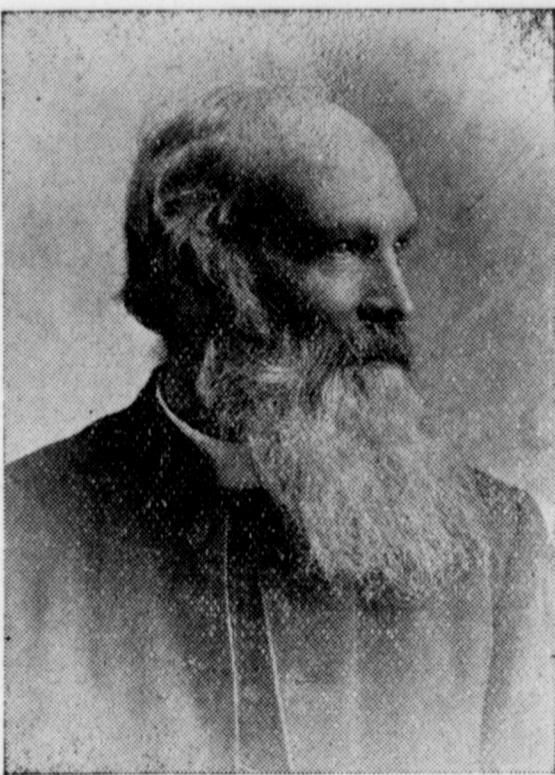
The premature celebration of the capture of Pretoria was not without its interesting incidents either. One of these happened early in the afternoon when the whole town was fast becoming one grand array of bunting. The firemen of No. 3 station on Union street were caught up by the wave of enthusiasm and soon their loyalty was displayed in a long line of flags great and small, stretched from their handsome quarters to a house across the street.

By some mischance, scarcity of bunting or something, a huge emblem of Uncle Sam's domain occupied the "best seat in the house" on the line. This glaring combination of stars and stripes almost touching the heads of passing horses, seemed very much out of place, in fact it stirred up a feeling not akin to brotherly love in those who have been reading for the last fortnight of the hysterical receptions the Boer delegates have been receiving across the border. The alleged "heroic" firmness of U. S. Consul Hay at Pretoria in assuring the safety of British prisoners, mentioned in the day's fake despatches cut no kind of a figure with the people. All they were thinking about was the Boer delegates and the loving manner in which even nearby Boston received them. Therefore that No. 3 Engine House stars and stripes was decidedly unpleasant to their vision.

Hundreds spoke about it and some said some real naughty things about certain

classes of our American cousins and the St. John men who were so lacking in tact as to flaunt their flag on Pretoria day, but only one had pluck enough in him to try and have it removed. He is by no means a stranger to the general public, but a bright and brawny young citizen, familiar to all.

He sought Chief Kerr and asked if the



REV. G. G. ROBERTS.

Rector of Fredericton—For many years an examiner for degrees in the University and the recipient this week of an honorary degree from the college he has served so long.

discomforting bit of bunting might not be removed. The Chief was curt in his answers and emphasized his negatives most decidedly. He was master of the situation, he claimed, and in some stern words over the telephone wires he forbade the flag's removal. But the premier fire fighter did not completely knock out his man with his eloquence, nor was the fellow on this end of the wires even groggy when the transit interview was ended. He simply said, "All right the flag will come down, just the same, you'll see!"

Alb. Seaton is the new Board of Safety chairman, or in other words the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse of the fire department and police force, the man to whom both Chiefs Kerr and Klark are amenable. The vigilant young citizen sought out the chief of chiefs who at once saw the force of the argument presented, that even if it was not a crime to fly a Yankee flag, it should not have the choice position to the overshadowing of a host of little British Jacks etc. Furthermore it caused a peculiar feeling among the people and hung from a civic building, where English flags should have a monopoly. Therefore the obnoxious stars and stripes were ordered down and a smaller, but much more appropriate British ensign took its place.

The young citizen won the day, but Chief Kerr is looking for him. There need be no fear of dire results for the anti-stars and stripes agitator, has broad shoulders and lots of the sand found lacking in many public servants drawing fat salaries.

### A GRAVE AND TOMB FOR SALE.

Gruesome Bargain Offered by a Government Employee.

There's a man in town who is trying to get somebody to buy his wife's grave with monument thereupon. He don't care who the purchaser is as long as he or she has sufficient of Canada's legal tender to separate him from these uncanny belongings.

Though not dead a great while the wife of the man in question, who happens to hold a government job, has seemingly fled from the affectionate corner of his mind and beyond the fact that her six feet of earth in the City of the Dead is a menace to his domestic happiness, he seems to think nothing about her.

Cupid must have selected the subject of this item as a veritable target for he is once again the consort of a fair wife, and perhaps if this was not so the remains of the departed one would be allowed to rest in peace. The monument has not yet been paid for, and the stone cutter is pressing for his money, and what the government employee is seeking is a

purchaser for the granite memorial and the grave beneath it.

The whole thing has a gruesome aspect, and when hawked about as a business transaction makes cold chills run up and down one's back. As yet nobody has seemed inclined to talk "grave and monument" with the unfeeling widower that was.

### Those Musical Cabinets.

The enterprising young man who brought those "musical cabinets" to the city and persuaded two or three people to put them in their places of business to attract the nickels of all disposed to be "sporty" has got his machines back from the police officer upon contributing \$60 in fines. He is lucky in being permitted to retain the "cabinets" inasmuch as under the law they might have been destroyed and their contents confiscated. The people who placed them in their stores were given to understand that because there was a musical attachment they were within the pale of the law. They knew that by putting a nickel in some phonographs the instrument would respond and so it was in the musical cabinet. But the trouble was that besides giving a tune this machine would sometimes deliver 10, 20 and 50 cents and even as high as \$2. Only some times however, and those who followed it up hard enough with their nickels found it out to their sorrow. This brought the cabinets within the gambling device section and as such the police seized them.

### A Woman With Originality.

There is a woman over in North End who is certainly not one of those people who are ever unequal to an emergency. She proved this on Thursday. When she beheld the streets taking on the colors of Old England in profusion she bethought herself of some plan of celebration on her own account. All she had was one of the Sun's pictures of "Bobs," and a tattered British ensign, but a bright idea she also possessed, as was soon seen. No flagpole topped her humble home, nor did she have the necessary small sticks to display her scant bunting, so with all the dexterity of a veteran housekeeper she yanked in the clothes line and pinned her flag to it, and then disappearing from view for a moment came back with a gayly colored bed quilt, upon which was fastened the portrait of the great little British commander-in-chief. A few pulls and the gay array of loyal colors was in the track of the breeze, while the householder of ideas stood on the inside of the casement smiling the smile of a satisfied woman.

## PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—It's just before you.
- PAGE 2.—Anecdotes of Oom Paul. General miscellany.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and Dramatic.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial on U. N. B. Centennial British successes in S. A. and other topics. Joys and Woes of other places, poetry and local items.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Social Items, bright and new, from all over the three provinces.
- PAGE 9.—Town Tales including:
  - How the Eclipse Struck Progress.
  - Quo Vadis criticised by Plebians.
  - Another bar-room victim.
  - A barber shop episode.
  - Carted on a sloven.
  - Minister Borden was funny.
  - Unen viable school site.
  - Of interest to Kodak Fiends.
  - General miscellany of a high order.
  - Etc., etc., etc.
- PAGES 10 and 15.—A brand new serial of intense interest entitled "Old Scattergood's Money."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading, including "The modern Son and Daughter by an American mother. Other literature for Sabbath day reading."
- PAGE 12.—How the English fight the Boers. Fight Pictures Faked.
- PAGE 13.—Chat of the Boudoir, and stylish talk of the big cities.
- PAGE 14.—A detective tells of the Lavery bank robbery.
- PAGE 16.—"Go!"—A tale of invasion in the west.
  - Births deaths and marriages of the week from all over Lower Canada.
  - Selected bits from the best news papers in United States.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired  
Ducal 17 Waterloo.

## Fortune Telling in St. John.

Madame Worden of Brunswick Street Tells of Her Patrons and Methods.

The fame of Mrs. Worden, the only fortune-teller that St. John can boast, has taken a boom since it has been learned that Mrs. Best of North End, who so mysteriously lost \$65 a short while ago received her first clue to the missing money while in a seance with the soothsaying woman. Mrs. Best had heard of Madame Worden and was induced to test her ability



DR. WILLIAM CROCKETT.

Formerly Chief Superintendent of Education for New Brunswick and the recipient of an honorary degree this week from the University of New Brunswick.

at fathoming mystifying affairs. The story told her seemed so probable that the police were acquainted of the facts, and the case, as told in the daily papers has been sited out satisfactorily. In many other instances Madame Worden has come prominently before the public and at her home Brunswick street there is never an afternoon or evening but that she reads the future of some lovesick swains, impressionable maidens, or endeavours to clear up a doubtful matter or two for worried callers.

PROGRESS received a hearty welcome at the Brunswick street destiny establishment on Thursday and learned a few facts concerning the traffic in fortunes in this city. For a city its size St. John includes a big percentage of very credulous people, chiefly however of the "sweet sixteen" and old maid classes. These with youths and rural dudes are very anxious to have their lives, or more particularly their love affairs exposed to them in advance. And yet Madame Worden has visits from some of the best educated people in town, people who are prompted to have their fortunes read more through curiosity than otherwise. Visitors from river parts and the suburbs are a substantial quota of patronage, while in the Exhibition seasons and public holidays as many as seventy-five people are assigned their fates within a few days. Last fall at the Exhibition there were two fortune tellers doing a big business, but Madame Worden allows she had all the delving into the future she could possibly attend to.

Madame Worden is a short stout woman with a keen observing eye. While evidently not the graduate of any leading educational institution, she manages very well in elaborating upon a favorable "reading" and grows sadly eloquent when dark cards bob up. The planets are made use of in the process of turning out fates and by an ingenious code of card significations the sitter is led zig zag through his or her life. Here there may be a "cross," perhaps an accident, death or illness, and another card nearby, according to the fortune teller, may give assurance of a favorable termination of this unhappy event. Thus the cards are made tell some queer tales in the left hands of the portly little woman, who asks that the sitter "cut" the pack twice, three different times, the cards after each cutting telling some new phase of the future. Even for the incredulous the procedure has a fascinating influence.

Almost every week day evening the year round Madame Worden's humble abode is filled with seance sitters. They come from all parts of town and its amusing to watch frightened faces in the dim light of the one horse power oil lamp, as they await their turn. Hardly a word is spoken and

many of the gentler visitors are heavily veiled to preserve their identity, while false moustaches frequently find their way to the lips of male callers. The patrons are called aside separately and taken into another room and the door locked. Here the future is uncovered and the past revealed with intimidating solemnity and formality. After fifteen minutes in the land of destiny the sitter is released, without even a commonplace exchange of words, which would mar perhaps the effect of the extraordinary occasion.

Among Madame Worden's callers last summer was a wealthy New York gentleman, who had heard at one of the hotels of her second sightedness. Being a stranger in town he indulged in none of the thoughts which would be apt to deter the native born from going to see her, so he called at the Brunswick street house. In the course of his seance he was told he had witnessed a murder when a young man and came very nearly being killed himself. This astounded the New Yorker who said the expose of Madame Worden was true in every detail and at once offered to pay her way to the big American metropolis, where she might engage more profitably in her occupation. But this Mrs. Worden thankfully refused as she has a family of ten children to care for and is a "home body" in ever sense of the word. Offers from various entertainment bureaus in United States and Upper Canada have been made her to travel under their management, all of which she has turned aside with her regards.

### THE FIRST STEP TAKEN.

The Police Rid the Home for Incurables of an Undesirable Neighbor.

There was a good deal of correspondence in PROGRESS some time ago respecting the fact that a house of ill fame was situated almost directly opposite the Home for Incurables which was so generously endowed by the late Mr. Turnbull. It was pointed out that this should not be and that the police knew the facts of the case and would not act upon them.

When the house was deserted some time later it was hoped by those who resided in the vicinity that the desired end had been accomplished but they were mistaken. Another proprietress, more venturesome, occupied the building and those interested in the new institution hardly knew what to do. But the police acted at last and early Thursday morning visited the place and arrested the inmates. The deposit was \$75 each and the police court receipts today are increased by \$300 because the fines were paid. Whether the parties will return to the same place remains to be seen. It is probable the police will give them a reasonable time to move and when the place is occupied again that the residents will be more desirable.

It is said that this is but the beginning and that the police intend to free that part of Britannia street from these houses. This will be welcome news to those property holders who for years have paid taxes and got no return. They cannot build because no one would occupy their houses and they cannot sell their land because no one wants to build.

The evidence at the police court when the case of the inmates of the house that was raided came up was of a somewhat startling character and on the face of it would seem to bear out the statement made some time ago by the magistrate when he referred to the presence of the police about houses of ill repute. Sergeant Campbell made the arrests Thursday morning and it was against him that the witnesses seemed to wish to testify. No doubt the officer was simply doing his duty in this case and evidence of this sort at such a time must be taken with a grain of salt.

The increased vigilance of the liquor inspector is another lever toward the end desired by the people who wish the street a fairer name. To allow the resorts to sell without restriction or, in fact, to sell at all is another way of encouraging their continuance. Inspector Jones is not likely to forget his duty in this respect any more than he has with licensed and unlicensed places up town.