

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 7 1900

PRICE FIVE CENTS

SOME TOWN TALK.

Several Incidents of the Week the Other Papers Didn't Get, all Gathered Under This One General Heading.

Two morning newspaper reporters after Tuesday evening's session of the Church of England Synod in Trinity church decided they were entitled to a little worldly refreshment after so long a siege of matters spiritual, and the stout bundles of "copy" they held in their cramped hands told a tale of hard work. They soon found a

fellow's triumph was seemingly complete a voice coming from behind asked where he had captured so rich a prize. The juvenile fisherman had listened his explanation and the bystander grasped him by the arm, advising him to conceal it beneath his blouse and hurry home.

The little fellow was impressed with the



DR. ORONHYTEKHA,

Supreme head of the Independent Order of Foresters, New Brunswick High Court, sat in Woodstock this week.

suitable place to quench their thirst. When just in the act of starting the soothing liquid on its missionary journey into the interior, a party of four lay delegates of the Synod bounced cautiously through the door. They were chaperoned by a very ecclesiastically inclined legal light about town. Their embarrassment was very evident when they recognized the fellows who had been recording their deliberations all evening and shuffled about admiring the choice collection of pictures, the steel sheathing, in fact anything and everything, until the reporters passed out. When the news paper chaps were about to leave a third scribe joined them followed by a second contingent of laity from the Synod who just slid behind a convenient barrier in time to escape the keen glance of His Lordship the Bishop, who had hurriedly entered the office to register. Those who saw the second party after they reached the bar say the chilly perspiration stood out upon their trembling flesh when they realized how narrowly they cleared His Lordship, and it took an extra "collins" or two to set their nerves right for next morning's session.

TROUT FISHING IN THE PARK.

A Very Small Boy Captures a Very Big Fish "Unbeknownst" to Mr. Hauntington.

While the men who indulge in the sport of angling for the speckled beauties lie away to some resort outside the city the small boy, is perfectly content to remain nearer home, as may be seen by the fact that a good sized trout was captured by a wee kilted chap on Dominion day in our public park. The trout was first seen in the small stream running from the falls endeavoring to attain the place where it had once sported and where probably its companions were at the time enjoying some tempting morsels.

But, alas, it will never enjoy that shady pool again for this coming man, producing his jack-knife speedily despatched it. The moment when the excited little

warning that "the man who owns the park" was approaching over the brow of the hill and would surely have his scalp if his eyes rested on the delicacy dangling at his side. So grasping the situation he wended his way homeward leaving his first catch proudly to the admiring eyes of his loving parents. The story will doubtless be told in ages to come how Park Commissioner Hanington was lax enough to allow a small boy to fish within the hallowed dogless precinct of Rockwood.

A Very Mean Bank Clerk.

Sometime ago a toxy fellow used a fake telegram from a Toronto firm to extract fifty dollars from a King street bank. He alleged to be a new traveller for this certain Upper Canadian house and on the strength of his "predecessor" having stopped at a certain hotel he was identified. Altogether his plan was very clever and he got the money. As soon as the swindle was exposed the bank clerk who issued the fifty dollars engaged Captain Jenkins to find the erring young man and if possible recover the needful. But the Captain's best skill on such cases was inadequate, for the swindler had eloped with himself. The hotel proprietress who identified the young man has had to make good the half hundred, and now the bank clerk presents a bill to her for the detective's fee, three dollars. Its paid too, but Captain Jenkins says it came to him as from the clerk, not the hotel proprietress, so altogether the kindly disposed hotel lady has received a pretty bad scorching.

Two Bright Provincial Papers.

The Union Advocate of Newcastle and the Wolfville Acadian, two bright weeklies which PROGRESS has the privilege of seeing every week, have recently undergone extensive changes for the better. Both are dressed in new type, with a general straightening up in all their departments, making them papers worthy of more pretentious towns than those in which they are published. The Advocate is bright, well

edited with an abundance of real good local matter, and the same can be said of the reconstructed Acadian. PROGRESS hopes the next time these journals have occasion to make sweeping improvements they will appear fresh from the multipress resplendent in colors and cuts.

St John's Old Sleuths.

We have now three full fledged detectives on our police force, Officers Ring, Killen, and Garnett of the North End division. Captains Jenkins and Hastings frequently take a hand in unravelling knotty cases, while the Chief himself is by no means slow when there is any Old Sleuth work to be done. Of late, perhaps for a year or more, a keen rivalry has sprung up between Detectives Ring and Killen and now that Officer Garnett is enrolled as a tracker down of miscreants he too bethinks of his laurels and the spirit of competition is doubtless quickening his genius as well. Since the first of the year these three detectives have been vying with one another in the sharpest kind of a way. Officer Garnett started out by hiding for a bunch of bad boys who were destroying the Crookshank cottage on Mount Pleasant. PROGRESS told some time ago how cleverly the officer bagged the whole group, after working on a clueless case for over a week. Only a week or so ago Officer Killen made the green monster ram page about in the breasts of the other detectives by skillfully netting a couple of Moncton thieves and about the same time making another important capture. Evidently Detective Ring imagined he saw something looming up in the distance that spelt like f-i-n-i-s-h, and thought of it in connection with his career as a hound of the law, so he brushed up his tactics and sallied forth early this week for a light-fingered gentleman off the American boat. The clever tracking down of this individual, his high dive from a two-story window in the Cumberland hotel and an inventory of the goods he pilfered, have been done justice to in the dailies. It's Officer Garnett's turn again, so spring it on us officer!

Death of Mr. E. B. Johnston.

The death of Ezekiel B. Johnston of Loch Lomond, was a sad surprise to those many people who knew and liked the man for his genial ways and honest straight forward manner. He was always well-known in the country, and of late years, since he has been in the summer hotel business his acquaintance with city people has widened greatly. Mr. Johnston was not a native of New Brunswick but came from Carrick Fergus, Ireland, where his father, Robert Johnston lived. His brother "Sandy" as he is known to his friends, lives on a farm near that of the deceased. A wife and several children survive him and have the kindly sympathy of all who knew the husband and father.

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TODAY.

PAGE 1.—One of the brightest frontispieces PROGRESS has had for several weeks.

PAGE 2.—An article showing how Bryan's followers are using the Boers for political purposes. General miscellany.

PAGE 3.—Musical and Dramatic.

PAGE 4.—Editorial, Joys and Woes of Other Places, and Poetry.

PAGES 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Social items of live interest from the towns and hamlets of the three provinces.

PAGE 9.—Town Tales including: The Circus Made an Impression on Him. A Yankee Baseballist who Flirted St. John Editors are not so Polite.

A Few Pointed Paragraphs. The Bad Habit of Spitting. "End of the Sea" Hogs.

PAGES 10 and 11.—Final instalment of the new serial, "Dearest."

PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading—including "The Story the Doctor Told."

PAGE 12.—Dangerous Tools for Lunatics, descriptive of a Louisiana asylum.

PAGE 13.—Chat of the Boudoir—fashion fancies from style centres.

PAGE 14.—Uprisings an Easy Thing in China. General and select miscellany.

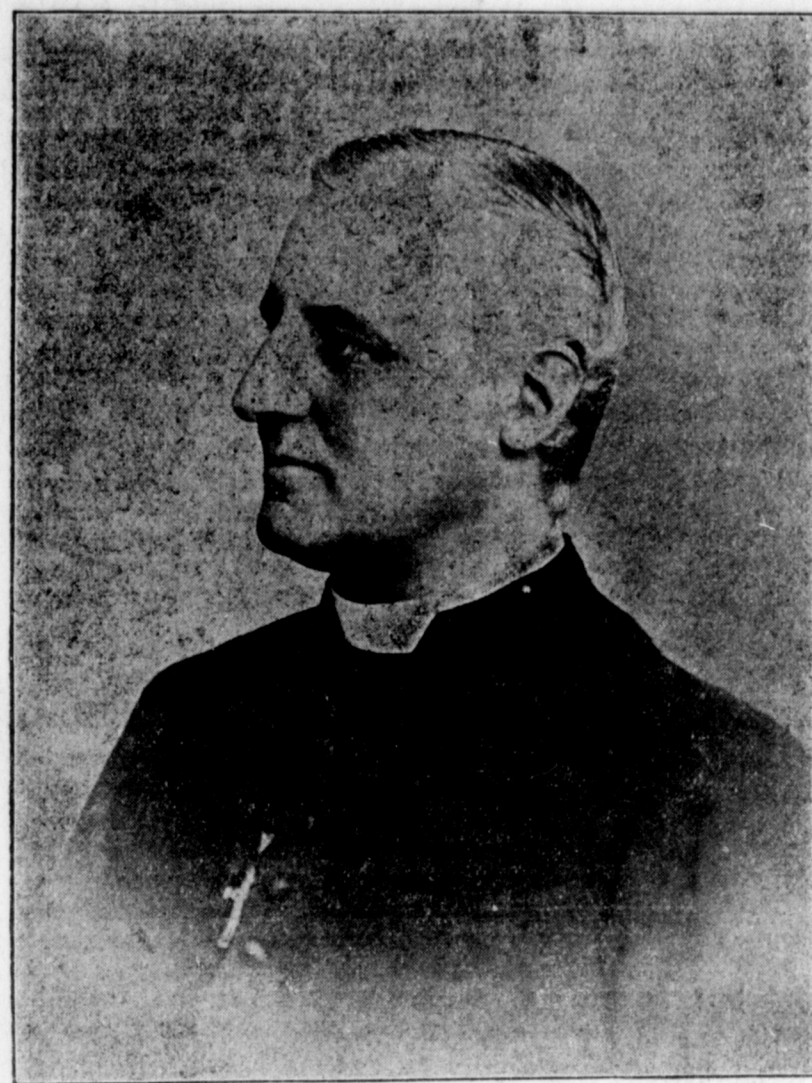
PAGE 15.—Plink—a good short story. Births deaths and marriages of the week in the maritime provinces.

MADAME LA TOUR'S GHOST.

West End People Say There is Such a Spirit at Large—The Late Jack Sinclair Used to Describe Her.

It looks very much as if West Side was not without its fair proportion of credulous and superstitious people, for of late the story of Madame LaTour's ghost has been revived, and while the overwhelming number of residents poo-hoo the idea, these believing ones with wierd natures place a whole lot of belief in the report. They say that every once in a while, but

laughing crowd of young men and women congregate. The process of getting ready for a start takes up the best part of an hour during which time the utmost hilarity is indulged in. Westmorland Road people are just as fond of a quiet, well kept Lord's Day as any other neighborhood in town and it gratifies hard upon their better senses to listen for a full hour to the talk of a score



REV. J. M. DAVENPORT,

of Mission Chapel, who has accepted a call to Toronto and leaves here in the fall. Father Davenport shortly leaves for England on a vacation.

always at night, LaTour's faithful wife, dressed in the latest West Side style of nearly two hundred years ago takes a walk around the site of the historic fort she so ably defended in her husband's absence, and which she held secure until that traitorous officer secretly invited the enemy to enter it. The McDougal house is where she is supposed to have her abode, but the old fort was situated on that plot of ground upon which the house of the late Samuel Hutton now stands. At any rate its in and out of these back yards and down to the water's edge in the rear that Madame LaTour takes her airings.

Nobody has yet claimed to have seen the apparition except the ill-fated Jack Sinclair, who met death in Waik's Slip last summer. He used to love to tell of the ghost, and his descriptions of it were, to say the least, interesting. The little woman with silver gray hair wandering strangely about, flitting here and there in the night like a will o' the-wisp, peering anxiously out toward the harbor one minute as if awaiting somebody returning, and then walking back amid the modern houses to shed a few more tears.

Those who have interested themselves in the ghost story are becoming quite proficient in early Canadian history, as far as it affects the feuds of the redoubtable D'Aulney and the gallant LaTour. How the West End defender in a marine fight chased his opponent's ship so far into Courtney Bay that they were stranded in the mud, is now as familiar a story to them as the South African war, and of the active part played by Madame LaTour in all these quarrels, they are well versed. Who knows but what this tallacy of the ghost may stir up sufficient interest to start a LaTour historical club, or the Madam LaTour society of Canadian girls.

SUNDAY PIONICKERS.

A New Disturbing Element in Town—Should be stopped.

Sunday picnic excursions are a fast growing lad with certain classes of young people about town, and while it would perhaps be somewhat of a difficult matter to stop the desecrating habit, yet the law can most certainly step in and prevent these pionickers from disturbing the usual Sabbath quietude within city limits.

Every fine Sunday morning of late buses have been stationed on the Westmorland Road, just off Marsh Bridge, and here the

of giddy women, or to everything but Sunday language of as many "funny" young men. Popular songs of the "There's Just one Girl" type are also hard to listen to when wending your way to worship.

In fact Sunday picnic party assembling has gotten down to the level of a public nuisance in the vicinity of Marsh Bridge, and if the young people who have been indulging in them of late continue to do so, they had better choose a rendezvous out of town somewhere or run the risk of being "moved on" by the brass buttons.

CHINESE PUPIL PROTESTS.

He Says "God no Loves the Japanese" In Answer to His Teacher.

Everything Chinese goes nowadays, at least with the newspaper fraternity, so here's a true incident which occurred in the Chinese department of Brussels street Baptist Sunday school last Sabbath. The teacher was struggling with the most simplified explanation of God's great love for sinful mankind.

"Him loves me?" asked the almond-eyed pupil curiously.

"Yes God loves you," answered the teacher, pleased to know she had at last conveyed some sense of her theme, and to ensure a still clearer understanding for her pupil she continued. "And He loves me, and the American people, the French people, the negro people, the Russians, the Germans the Japanese—"

"No, no, no!" broke in the celestial, "God no likee the Japanese, He killee them, no good"

And right there and then the scholar refused to hear another word about God's love unless the Japs were excluded from the favored list.

Perhaps he was Boxer, who knows?

Knows His Business Well.

"Cal" Jordan, the proprietor of the Dufferin Hotel, Digby, was the busiest man in that town last Monday. His popular hostelry was full to overflowing with excursionists chiefly from St. John, but nobody was neglected. The meals served were excellent and other accommodations ample and up-to-date, in fact one of the come pleasures to those who stopped at the Dufferin was found in their pleasant hotel visit.

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