

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

Nettie Kimball's Trip.

A well known and aged citizen, named Mr. Daly found that there was danger in crossing Charlotte street a few days ago. He does not move very swiftly and perhaps this was the reason that the livery team driven by Mrs. Newcombe, or Miss Nettie Kimball, or whatever she has a mind to call herself, ran into and upset the old gentleman. The shaft struck him and he escaped with slight if any injury but this did not satisfy Capt. Fred Jenkins who saw the affair and he made himself known to the reckless occupant of the team.

It is not necessary to say that this was not the captain's first meeting with Mrs. Newcombe. At least she says it was not and no doubt she is in a position to know. Very gently and very kindly she was escorted to the police station and introduced to the guard room where there was a pleasant fire and company in the shape of an officer on guard.

Mrs. Newcombe's maiden name was Nettie Kimball and it is by this that she was best known around town. She did not move in select circles but had a small but attentive court of her own. In this she reigned, did as she pleased, levied tribute and spent it and had a good time generally. Money will buy anything and as this did not seem at all scarce in Nettie's domain she enjoyed the good things of life and bade her subjects come and go as she pleased. Her king of course took precedence and when he was around the nobles took a back seat.

This happy state of affairs existed for some time. There was a certain exclusiveness about Nettie's court that prevented too much publicity and from time to time her abode was changed.

Only once was the strict seclusion that hung about her threatened and this was because she became enamoured of a young traveller upon whom another party seemed to have some claim. She accepted his invitation for a drive and the result was that soon afterwards she had a caller. The visitor did not leave any cards but black eyes might be considered reminders of the occasion. The law was invoked and the fair pugilist thought it best to scjourn for a time in Halifax.

While Nettie was in the guard room of the police station she became garrulous and spoke of many things which, if she had been strictly sober, she would not have mentioned for the world. It would appear from her talk that she had attempted to move her court to Fredericton but the trip had not been as entirely satisfactory as she hoped for. The legislature was in session and that necessarily always makes Fredericton more attractive; nevertheless she was somewhat at a disadvantage since the same opportunities for private lodgings did not exist in the capital. Of course there were the hotels but to try and secure quarters in either of them; was somewhat dangerous. It was tried however and for three or four days was a huge success. The best in the house was none too good for the somewhat attractive looking lady who came to Fredericton at a season when gentlemen were so abundant and ladies so scarce. Bell boys hastened at her call and others who wished to be boys had to be content with a smile as she passed by.

This went on for a very short time in one hotel and then the proprietor began to make some inquiries. He found out that what he suspected was too true and with much regret he intimated to his fair lodger that her room was better than her company.

This was a great blow to Mrs. Newcombe but she survived and made her way to another house. The government hostility could not take all of her patronage, the opposition must come in for its share—and it did. This may have been the unfortunate part of her tour. Had she returned to St. John when denied the hospitality of one hotel but little would have been said of her attempt to have a pleasant time in the city of legislation, but when she sought the opposition ranks the spirit of courtesy was manifested in such a fashion that Nettie became almost embarrassed with attention. The short time she was unknown every possible attention was paid her but a St. John man who once in his time had been admitted to her court saw and recognized her. The game was up

and Nettie had to retire. She was somewhat delicious at the finish and the gentleman who sat next her in the dining room and who is noted for his unfailing courtesy to the fair sex and to the members of the house noticed to his intense astonishment that she was not a member of any total abstinence society.

She came to St. John Thursday and as she had been enjoying the best, none but the best would suit her here. She sought a good hotel, registered with the utmost sang froid and remained until the next day. No one seemed to know her and the next afternoon she started to enjoy herself with a hired team.

Hence her trouble. While in the station she chatted about her Fredericton experiences and spoke nicely of the friends she had made among the legislators. Just to while away the time she played a game of dominoes with the officer and seemed to know a good deal about it. Capt. Jenkins arrived shortly afterward and permitted her to go as he seemed to have made certain inquiries into her ability to guide a team and came to the conclusion that Mrs. Newcombe was not an accomplished driver. So she left the guard room.

But not for long. She paid her bill, took her trunk from the hotel and then sought the nearest druggist to get enough laudanum to go to sleep forever upon. She bought two ounces, drank it and then with the empty bottle in her hand told a policeman what she had done. He sized up the situation and with the assistance of another officer kept her walking the guard room floor until the doctor arrived. Then it was the hospital-emetics and a stomach pump. Next day the doctor said Nettie was in a fair way to get well.

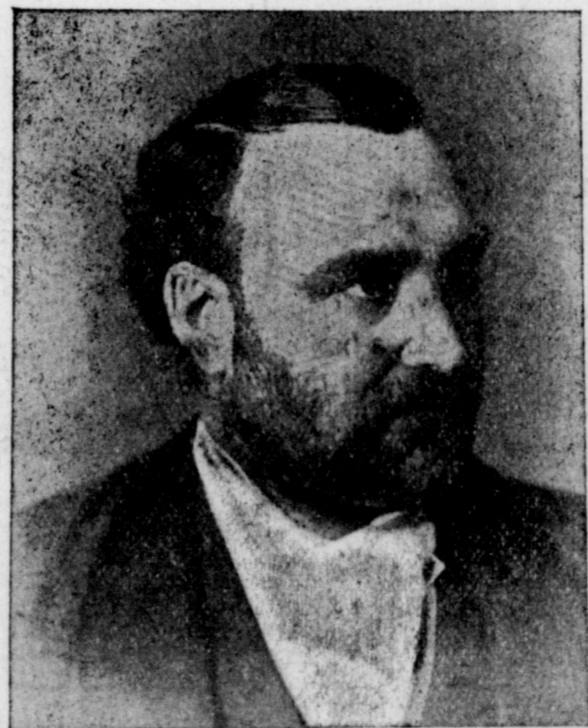
Her week's experience was a varied one. She had quartered at the best hotels in Fredericton, sat in the private ladies gallery of the parliament building, hobnobbed with many members of the house and in St. John had made a quick trip from hotel to the police station and thence to the hospital.

OPPOSITION TO DR. CHRISTIE.

Dr. J. M. Smith Says He Will Surely Run for Lansdowne Ward.

There is too much excitement over war news for very much interest to be taken in the civic elections. St. John differs from Moncton and Fredericton in this respect, since those cities have seen fit to make great changes in their civic boards this week.

A good deal of opposition to present aldermen may develop yet. At this date perhaps the only man who is out is Dr. J. M. Smith who will oppose Dr. Christie in Lansdowne. This is not the first time Dr. Smith has been in opposition to the "father of the council", as Dr. Christie likes occasionally to call himself, and last year, had his friends been a little more persistent the chairman of the board of works would have had a chance



DR. J. M. SMITH.

Alderman Candidate for Lansdowne Ward.

to retire and watch civic government from the outside. The attitude of Dr. Christie toward the mayor, and his foolish mistake about the "Peace with Honor" telegram has not made him any friends. In fact had the election taken place just after this incident there is no doubt what the verdict of the people would have been.

Dr. Smith has the support of a large

number of friends. He is a new man to civic politics but the interest he takes in what is going on around City hall is evidence enough that he will make a good alderman. If he gets the proper organization his chances of being the next representative for Lansdowne are good.

MRS. MOORE WAS SHARP.

She Tried to Make Out a Case in the City Court and Failed.

There was a remarkable case up before the last meeting of the city court, and one which afforded considerable amusement to those who happened to be present. It was Moore against Moore, though one of the individuals concerned had several aliases, and her material relations were of so complicated a nature that it required all Dr. Stockton's ingenuity and a good deal of time, to get them straightened out to the satisfaction of the court.

The suit was brought by Mrs. Lucinda A. Moore, alias Babb, alias Legget to recover \$79 from the other Mrs. Moore, the plaintiff alleging that some time ago she paid \$100 at the defendants request, for the purpose of releasing from jail the defendant's son Frank C. Moore. It was not in the release of Moore, but in the events developed that the central interest of the happening lay.

It appears that some time ago the woman of many aliases, who by the way, is a native of Queens County, went to the Klondike and while there is said to have taken an interest in several claims and her alleged reason for returning here was to obtain the assistance of some Christian men to assist in working them, among the number selected being Frank Moore, who happened to be enjoying a little enforced rest at the time. Lots of other men were available but the defendant plainly stated that Christian men only, need apply to go to Dawson with her. The lady no doubt felt that her reputation must be considered and then there were other things to be

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PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

PAGE 1.—A glance at this well filled page gives you its contents.

PAGE 2.—How St. John observes Lent—Picture of the Memorial Fountain erected by Mr. Ruel in Fernhill—also portrait of the late collector.

PAGE 3.—Musical and Theatrical—Portraits of Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry.

PAGE 4.—Editorial—Foolish congratulations to a judge—St. Patrick's day poetry—Letters on the governors salary and his method of entertainment—Hospital management—Salary of the secretary to the Relief Fund—and other topics—Joys and Woos of many places.

PAGES 5, 6 and 7.—City Society and news from St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, Halifax and many places in the Maritime Provinces.

PAGE 8.—Life in the Klondike—A truthful and fair account of Dawson City.

PAGE 9.—A whole page of bright breezy items including—St. John Reporters—what the people think of them and what sort of fellows they really are.

A Dance Hall Dive. Who is the skating champion? The Magistrate's daily audiences. The jail is full. Monday morning in the Police Court—telling of Master Strayhorn's leghorn hen with the hen's "portrait." "Little Assyria" before His Honor, etc.

PAGES 10 and 15.—The second half of that interesting story, "Sworn Foes." Two long chapters.

PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading Page—with one of John G. Wooly's vigorous and convincing writings on "Rejecting Christ." Other Sabbath Day literature.

PAGE 12.—A lengthy article of historical and present day interest on the French West Indies. General miscellany.

PAGE 13.—Chat of the Boudoir—A page of fashion items for lady readers, with correspondence on Easter dress novelties from the modish centres.

PAGE 14.—A long article enumerating the occasions in British history when special prayers and fastings were proclaimed to aid in times of war, or danger. A writing for the scrap album.

PAGE 16.—"The Itinerant Parsons"—A story. Selected items of worth.

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

Waving the Old Flag.

The war spirit seized hold of St. John again last Thursday, but not so vigorously as on Lady Smith's relief. The enthusiasm displayed during the daytime was rather of a higher order than that of March first inasmuch as it was more deeply seated—a cool, calmly considered reception of joyous news, the people having given vent to their long pent-up feelings of a more hilarious nature on the celebration a fortnight ago. But at night the town broke loose again and with the playing of bands,



a huge bonfire, booming of artillery and a grand chorus of song thousands on Market Square paid tribute to Lord Roberts and his men.

The whole affair passed off as all loyal demonstrations do in St. John, with unbounded success, and reflected credit upon His Worship who brought it about, assisted by a most efficient committee of citizens, including Father Davenport, Judge Wedderburn, Colonels Markham, and Armstrong, Ald. McGoldrick, Mr. H. C. Tilley and Sheriff Sturdee. The meeting of citizens called by His Worship Thursday morning to consider some plan of celebrating Bloemfontein's capitulation was attended by a representative body of men. The Mayor said he thought Divine Providence should be publicly thanked for this new achievement of British arms, and suggested a public indoor meeting. Judge Wedderburn spoke eloquently of the newest victory and Britain's sovereignty and thought a public meeting with a silver collection for the Trarsvaal fund the best plan. However, while the ideas already set forth were good and well received, yet the military men present, some Neptune Club members and more sprightly spirits wanted to have a "big holler," with attendant blees and noises. A standing vote was taken and the outdoor

side were about to be defeated when a few persons standing in the hall walked in and being on their feet carried the day for the "outsiders" by a majority of one. Colonel Armstrong's face lightened up at this unexpected arrival of a relief column and His Worship's face lengthened noticeably. But all joined hearts and hands and the demonstration was gigantic.

Heard Thursday Night.

"In the words of a City Hall member St. John's all right if you ask me!"—Ald. McGoldrick on Market Square.

"Say Mr. Actor man, this (hic) 'Bloemfontein's' hot, isn't (hic) it?"—remark to Jack Webster of Valentine Co., on King street at 11 45.

Supt. Brown of the St. John Railway Co. is all right. He had the electrically decorated open air car on the route again. This time the brilliant lettering spelt "Kimberley," "Ladysmith," "Bloemfontein." It was a majestic spectacle.

"Soldiers of the Queen" was sung in several different languages during the gala night, at least it sounded so. At times the only thing to lead one to believe that that was what was being sung was the metre. The "liquid" voiced warblers whom His Worship requested on the posters to "assemble around the fountain," did so, but they were sorely in need of tuning up.

The Mayor failed to deliver his megaphone address as programmed and hundreds were disappointed. His Worship claims the noise was so great it was impossible to do so, but Ald. McGoldrick held the packing case for nearly a half hour with his oratory.

"We don't pay any war tax in St. John, now do we ladies and gentlemen? Why? Why I ask! Because Queen Victoria says no. She's the only lady the world knows today. Let us sing, God Save the Queen! (starts to sing)"—Ald. McGoldrick on the square.

From 11 until 12 o'clock King street was vocal with patriotic airs, but O such singing!

The corner of Brussels and Union streets was a veritable dumping ground for upset sleighs and wrecked turnouts. As many as four slewed into the tracks here during the celebration and came to grief.

OFF TO SOUTH AFRICA.

"Bud" Howes of Sussex, One of Those Chosen to Fill the Ranks.

The accompanying photo of Private James E. Howes of No. 3 company 74th Battalion, Sussex, Kings, Co., is presented to the readers of PROGRESS in bicycle costume. Howes joined the 74th Battalion in 1895 and is one of the class of



"BUD" HOWES OF SUSSEX.

Canadian boys, who is not afraid to show his colors. He is a son of Mr. James Howes an officer of the I. C. Ry., of Sussex and is essentially one of the boys and is favorably known in the provinces from connection with amateur bicycle sporting contests for

some time past holding now the amateur record for the provinces.

"Bud", as he is familiarly known among his friends and associates, is of the stuff that is ever ready to do his duty for his country and his Queen and there is no doubt but that he will do honor to his native province, and like the Canadian boys who have gone before, he has to meet all emergencies. "Bud" has in latter years been connected with the band of the 74th Battalion, and his old comrades will be glad to follow his goings in the future in the strong faith that he will always be ready and willing to be in the front rank whenever the call comes.

A POST OFFICE MYSTERY.

A Mail Bag Goes Astray Between the Head Office and Indiantown.

There is a mystery in connection with postal affairs in this city, which is baffling not only the Inspector, Dr. Coulter, but the whole Post Office staff. It is the loss of a bag full of mail matter between the central office and Brown's office at Indiantown.

On the 22nd. of last month the loss occurred, a bag of mail being delivered to the Indiantown office with nothing but a few newspapers, in it, when a heavy mail with many letters etc., should have arrived. The man who delivers the bag claims he is perfectly free from fault and the Indiantown post office people have witnesses to swear as to what they received in the mail bag on the day in question.

It is generally thought the mistake or carelessness took place in the central office and Dr. Coulter is making full investigation although he is not getting along very successfully. The fact of a bag of important mail matter being lost within city limits seems very strange. Had it been in the country where the delivery service is at times inefficient it might be thought less of. Indiantown people, who are the losers by the missing mail are in a high state of indignation over the matter.