

PROGRESS.

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Loyal Canadians Abroad.

Men Who Though Residing in a Foreign Country Think Much of the Mother Land and Canada.

Many people in St. John remember W. S. Baldwin, who some fifteen or twenty years ago went to Augusta, Maine, and has shown his friends over the border that a Canadian can succeed among them. Mr. Baldwin manages to come to St. John once or twice a year to see his relatives and renew his acquaintance with old friends. When here this spring he made a remark to the writer that though he had been in Maine a good long time and found life very pleasant there he had not been persuaded to become an American citizen. Still, at the same time he was quite ready to defend his American friends from unjust criticism and he did so time and again when he heard remarks that they were too boorish.

Baldwin swears by the Kennebec Journal and wherever he goes, the paper follows him. If he failed to receive it any one day he wasn't happy. Now he sends a copy to the editor of this paper to show that there are a lot of right thinking people around him in the state of Maine and, judging from the article he refers to, there are. The article is good enough to print and rare enough to preserve. PROGRESS gives it space with pleasure and with others of Mr. Baldwin's friends, is glad to know that he is surrounded by people who think so much like himself. This is what he sends as a specimen of their expressions.

"If any American citizens feel sympathy for the Boers in the present war that is their own matter. In this country every man is at liberty to think for himself, and within any reasonable bounds he is free to give expression to his opinions. There is an honest difference of opinion as to which party in South Africa is in the right, but in too many cases the American partisans of the Boers are inspired with an inherited dislike of England rather than with any real understanding of President Kruger's cause or true sympathy with it. This is an un-American condition of things and such an attitude is unworthy any portion of our people.

"Because the anti-English element is so loud in its demonstration of sympathy for the Boers, the impression may get about that most Americans belong to this party. This is wrong. It is not fair to judge the size of this party by its vociferations. We believe that the great majority of Americans feel that England is in the right, that her success in South Africa will best serve the interests of the world, and that her complete triumph there is certain in the not distant future. There are other considerations which ought to appeal to those who are shouting for the Boers, and which ought to induce them at least to keep still at this time. Gratitude has often the quality of duty, and this country never had occasion to feel more grateful to a foreign power than is now due from it to England. Only a few months ago, when the powers of continental Europe were ready and willing to oppose us in the necessary and just war which we waged with Spain, it was England which barred the way. It was only the firmness of her attitude which prevented a foreign intervention that would have made matters most serious for us. Whether it was for the sake of kinship or through selfish motives is another story. The fact remains that England showed herself our friend when a friend was much needed. And now it ill becomes a part of our people to forget this fact.

"Whatever our relations with England, a century and a quarter ago, they are now of the most friendly character, and it is distinctly to our interests to keep them so. Selfishness, if not the promptings of our common blood, demands this. It is an expression of ingratitude that is altogether discreditable for citizens of this country to hurl abuse and unkind wishes at a country which is now involved in a great struggle, so soon after having saved our own country from serious trouble by an attitude of friendship. So while Americans watch the South African war with interest, it is far better for them to watch in silence than to give utterance to any pro-Boer sympathy, whether such sympathy is really felt or only pretended through distrust or dislike of our mother country."

It is strange that almost by the same mail another Canadian—an old St. John boy—should think much in the same strain and from the city of Lewiston, Me., writes to PROGRESS to express his admiration of Canadians. The enlistment of Canadian volunteers to fight for England in distant lands has attracted attention to this country. But the letter speaks for itself:

"We who in a foreign land, are only able to read of the patriotic fervor of Canadians and not able to see the many expressions of this, are at least glad to know of the wonderful change that has come over the Dominion. I do not mean so much a change in the real nature of the loyalty of the people but the manner in which that loyalty has been expressed. The people here have heard all Canada shout; they have heard it sing; they have felt the far reaching thrill-wave of patriotism; they have seen Canada 'pay pay pay'; they have heard of Canada's sons dying and fighting and fighting and dying.

The result of all this is a wonderful reconstruction of notions regarding the North land quite unknown here. To-day the people here are just beginning to study the geography of Canada and its manners and customs of her people. They are beginning to respect a people whom they left untried, because from east to west they were Loyalists. They are beginning to recognize an Anglo-Saxon rival who must be counted on. Canada is up to day in the estimation of the people of the U. S. The business prosperity of the Dominion has contributed no small amount to its prestige. The establishment of the great steel industries in Eastern Canada is considered here as a remarkable national triumph. The recent report of the Bank of Montreal is also highly flattering to Canada.

You must not be surprised if the tourist travel this season is not greatly increased. The consequence of the country having been so well advertised. The soldier boys have done more for Canada, than 20 years of commercial prosperity to make the country known. If the returning soldiers could be reviewed in say Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and the capital, it would be following out the proposed march of the imperial troops through England, and would certainly be a great and drawing event to citizens at home and prospective tourists.

Nothing is lacking in transport facilities in any part of the Dominion and St. John has its share. There is no better steamship service on the Atlantic seaboard than that provided by the Dominion Atlantic Railway which connects or will I understand both St. John and Yarmouth direct with Boston. These two routes offer great inducement for scenic and beautiful advantages. What is needed is something to attract the people to our beautiful climate.

The people here have come to believe in the Canadian soldier to be a superior fighting man. Uncle Sam will now give Canada a little more 'elbow room' it is thought since she has shown herself worthy and able perhaps to take it. From this point of view the Dominion seems like a well consolidated ship of state, newly launched and rigged with a big cargo and on an ocean voyage and of which the whole world will ever be anxious to know its whereabouts. May her voyage be prosperous!

Choose Them in Rotation.

Some of the policemen are grumbling at the unfairness of the division of favors among the members of the force. At every base ball game two or three men are required to be sure that order is kept and, incidentally this year, to be sure that the umpire is not mobbed or ill treated. The officer like to see the game but they are better pleased when they are under pay and get their dollar and a half for looking on and showing their brass buttons and baton to the unruly ones in the crowd. The men on night duty are supposed to be able to attend the ball games in the afternoon and they do so only if it is said that some of them get more chances than others. Perhaps it is too early in the season to make any complaint with justice, but who ever has the say in the matter would please

a number of good officers and satisfy all if the base ball guardians were chosen in rotation from the force.

INDIANTOWN FIRE BELL.

Is a Nuisance as it is—Why not Give it 21-0-10 Connections.

A relic of bygone days, days when our mothers and fathers were boys and girls, still remains in Indiantown, namely: the old fire bell at the head of the Public Steps. Whether the local authorities are keeping the ancient clang in position as a curio or landmark is not known, but it certainly does not serve the purpose for which it is intended. The only time its brazen tongue is heard nowadays is when some mischievous boys untie the rope and disturb the immediate neighbors with its ringing. In fact since the war celebrations this has become so frequent an occurrence that the aid of police has had to be sought in order to put a stop to the disturbances. Only the other day a full-grown man was caught in the act of ringing the bell, and came very near being arrested.

Mr. William Brown, the Indiantown postmaster, has for many years been the caretaker of the old bell, but now he is a confirmed invalid and cannot look after it, but his daughter has of late proved a vigilant custodian. Her duties have been none too pleasant, that of stopping a parcel of unruly boys and, as above stated, some times childish-acting men, from alarming the people roundabout every now and then. Nevertheless she has not given the care of bell up in despair, but is determined to have it left alone, even if the matter ends in the Police Court.

From Main street church to Pokiek the people seldom, if ever hear the fire alarm. The nearest bell is situated on the H. & L. station on Portland street and can be heard but very faintly at the Baptist church. Over Indiantown hill its sound is lost altogether. Often times the people in that end of town never know of a blaze in their midst until the engines hurry past. Why does not the Safety Board give the old and useless fire bell on the Public Steps electric connections with the other alarms, so as the people can be informed as to the location of a blaze, for often times Indiantown people, who work in the city, or have a business in the city have had their establishments in flames and learning of it only through the telephone. If this old bell cannot be made use of, a new alarm should be set up, either in Main street church, the car sheds or on No. 5 Engine House.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—Its right before you, as bright as ever.
- PAGE 2.—Armored Trains in War. General and select miscellany.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and Dramatic.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial on police regulations, England's War abroad etc. Jests and Woes of other Places. Poetry. Local matters.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Society Items from every nook and corner of the maritime provinces.
- PAGE 9.—Town Tales including: The "Last Kar Krowd" in tears Another Steak Thief. A Staunch old Britisher all alone Grey Haird but Athletic. Loyal Jewish Residents. A Photographer's Faradise. That Long Hit of Cunningham's. Is "Bobs" a Baptist though? A Skit on the Mayor.
- PAGES 10 and 15.—A new continued story in two instalments, "The Gentleman Banker."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading, page with appropriate selections.
- PAGE 12.—Boarding in the Country—a reasonable article on the wily ways of the rural hotel keeper.
- PAGE 13.—Chat of the Bondie—fashion's fancies from the best style sources.
- PAGE 14.—India's Great Famines—multitudes perishing in the present appalling calamity.
- PAGE 16.—"Outlawed"—a stirring fiction. Births deaths and marriages of the week in the maritime provinces.

Unbridled Madie, Re-covered, Reported Dead if Waterless

A WARM NIGHT IN ROOP'S.

How Inspector Jones and the Officers Captured the Bar and Caught Several Frequenters of It.

There was a barrel of fun in Roop's bar on King Square the other night when Inspector Jones and some assisting policemen made a visit to the place. The fun was not particularly enjoyed by some of those present, but then that wasn't to be expected. They were caught and came near making a trip across the square. Roop hasn't any licence to sell liquor and yet he sells it. The inspector is anxious to put a stop to this business and has tried several times to raid the place. Only once or twice has he succeeded and William was nearly put out of business. Still he keeps on in the even tenor of his unlicensed way and keeps a strict watch on the square and the corners for the police and the inspector.

The entrance to Roop's bar is just about as difficult as a pass in Boerland. Only those who know the way have any chance to pass the doors and get a glass of ale or rye whiskey. There are other entrances but they should rather be called exits. William is always prepared for surprises.

Strange as it may seem the police and inspector this night had no trouble getting in the main house. The door was open. Accidents will happen in the best regulated families and this was one. But it was another thing to get into the bar. One officer went to the back of the house to guard the windows and another went up stairs to prevent any sudden fitting from that quarter. Then the inspector demanded admittance. He got in but not any too soon, and placing a guard over the occupants he went through the house to the kitchen and began to go down another flight of stairs. Just then Bartender Doody came rushing up with two jugs in his hands. The same game of concealment in Mrs. McCutcheon's was being played again, but Doody was caught this time. When on the stand before he made a reputation for himself. He was the most innocent creature on this green earth, knew nothing, did nothing—and he was on his oath. His evidence surprised and disgusted those who heard it. This time the inspector caught him red-handed and he won't have a chance to tell another story.

Then the bar was visited. The ale pumps had disappeared and the last portions of the barrels of ale were gurgling through the taps with the sand. The officers were saved the trouble of moving them. But there were several five gallon jugs of whiskey and five people in the bar. Their names were taken though one party with his face in his hands was quite unwilling to give his proper cognomen. Upstairs in the kitchen there was a wash tub and board and a man was washing a piece of flannel in most vigorous style when the inspector went in. The sight was laughable but the officer was not in a funny humor and he asked "What are you doing there?"

"Washing my shirt" was the reply and the tub a dub, dub went on the same as before. "Why can't you take off your coat when you do your washing?" asked the inspector. "Never thought of it" was the reply and the washing went on. "What's your name?" "Maginty" said the shirt washer. "Well, Maginty you can spend tonight in the police station or give me your real name and address," and the inspector took out his little book. He got the right name. He met another man coming down stairs in a hurry and he asked where he had been and what he was doing. He said he was up stairs having a bath and that his name was Pat Griffin. Griffin was treated the same as the other fellows.

Several inmates escaped through a window to a roof nearby and the officer underneath them gave them a pleasant hour or two, but they managed to get off the porch in some way and escaped detection. There were many other funny features about the raid which was more successful and quieter than any made there yet.

NIGHT PROWLERS IN THE PARK.

An Evil Disposed Class Who Ought to be Stopped.

The need of day and night patrolmen with a law officer's authority has been emphasized of late in connection with Rockwood Park, and it will be a gross injustice

to the decent citizenship of the city if such men are not soon appointed. The capture of the scoundrel Bourke and his hoped for punishment may be a wholesome lesson to the lurking class who frequent the favorite resort.

The need of a policeman in the park is most urgent in the evenings, from 6.30 until all hours. As soon as it grows dusk men and women, youths and maidens and boys and girls flock out there through all the entrances. Respects are rendered nearby, or on the road to the park approaches say it is a crying shame the way in which Rockwood is used by the evil-disposed classes and are seriously considering acquainting the authorities in a formal way.

THEY WANT A TEN INCH MAIN.

The Proposition to Divert so Much Water Not Regarded With Favor.

The request of the Cushing pulp mill people that the city should lay a ten inch main to their property seems to have astonished even those aldermen who were strongly in favor of giving them all possible facilities to carry on their project. This is not quite correct. There were two aldermen who were not surprised. They were Dr. Christie and Mr. George Waring. The latter is employed by Mr. Cushing at the pulp mill and it is quite natural that he should know what his employer wanted and to try and help him to get it. Therefore nobody was surprised that Mr. Waring was such a strong advocate of the proposition to take so much water from the new Spruce Lake main. Was it not put there for the purpose of supplying the pulp mill and not as some people fondly hoped to give the residents of Carleton a sure and certain supply of water? Ald. Waring was elected some years ago to represent the people in Sidney ward and the spathy of the taxpayers has been such that he has been able to take almost any liberty with them and yet not be opposed. In what other city would an employe of any manufacturing concern interested in obtaining concessions from the city be listened to as an alderman at the council board? According to the remarks made by him and Dr. Christie at the meeting of water and sewerage board held recently, the engineer is all wrong when he says that a smaller pipe will supply all of the needs of the Cushing property. In his autocratic way Dr. Christie said the demand must be complied with and with his usual persistence he may succeed in carrying his point. The good sense of the majority of the aldermen is in favor of supporting the contention of the engineer. They do not want to see so much of the water supply being diverted for one purpose. Whether they will vote as they think remains to be seen. The cost of laying this main will it is said be very great—so much that the city cannot afford to spend it for a private purpose. As one alderman remarked to PROGRESS there is no doubt that the Cushing pulp mill will employ a lot of hands and and be of some benefit to St. John but not to such an extent as has been represented. Fairville is a growing place and has splendid stores. The people can buy there to quite as good advantage in many respects as they can in St. John and the dealers there are wide enough awake to purchase in the best market. If the street railway was extended the city would get more of this trade, but as it is at present, but little of the bulk of it comes to the larger centre. Under these circumstances the aldermen thought that the city has been very generous toward Mr. Cushing's enterprise. Many people will agree with him.