

PROGRESS.

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THE WAY A RAID IS MADE

SERGEANT HASTINGS MAKES AN UNEXPECTED EVENING CALL

At Mrs. Woodburn's—He Finds Two Newspaper Men Interviewing Her, and That is All—Description of the Search Through House and Barn.

The snow blew in drifts on Sheffield street Monday night, and the policemen at the corner stood close to the buildings, while the snow formed a bank at their feet. Here and there a woman with bare head and a shawl thrown over her, darted out of one house and disappeared into another, or stopped to jest with men who came out of one of the shops. The street was quiet, but the lights shone from the windows in a way that would lead one to believe that it might be lively enough within.

And it probably was. But at Mrs. Woodburn's, about half way up the street everything seemed quiet, when two newspaper men stopped before the door and asked the girl who answered their knock, if they could see the mistress of the establishment. They could. She was in the kitchen, and after this woman of so much recent notoriety had unlocked the door and led the way through the hall the visitors were in there too. And they were the only occupants of the room—that remarkable room, that people have heard so much about, but few are willing to admit having been in. The reporters and Mrs. Woodburn had it all to themselves. There is nothing very remarkable about Mrs. Woodburn's kitchen, which is a small square room with very little in it, except the stove, a table, rocking chair, and a number of stools. At one time there was a door on the south wall of it, leading into the bar, but now a partition of unpainted boards, with a wicket in it, makes communication with it impossible except when the wicket is opened. Up in the corner, near this door is a little bell, and before many minutes had passed the occupants were privileged to hear it ring. It has a very sharp sound, but other noises in the bar somewhat detracted from the interest in it which might have been manifested by the visitors had it broken the silence alone. Its noise, however, was nothing compared with that of the pounding of four policemen at the front of the house, and then the tread of heavy feet in the bar. They made considerable noise, so much in fact that they interrupted an interesting interview in the kitchen, an interview that might have proved as interesting to the owners of the feet as it was to the newspaper men, and may prove of some importance to a number of their associates in the police business at a later date.

However, the officers knew nothing about that at the time, for it was evident that there was something going on in the bar, especially when the well-known voice of Sergeant Hastings was heard. It was quite plain that the interruption was going to be of some duration, for Mrs. Woodburn arose from her rocking chair, and left the room, while her visitors sat on their stools, toyed with their hats and awaited developments. There was rather a startling crash in the closet, and the appearance in the kitchen soon afterwards of blue coats and brass buttons enough to carry away a brewery. The owners of the room, however, were evidently of the opinion that they would not have that pleasant duty to perform, and wore a hopeless look, which Mrs. Woodburn, from her rocking chair, regarded with indifference. But they had come to search, and search they did in the most unlooked for places, and with the greatest diligence. Officer Caples was assigned to the position of lamp-bearer, and officer Thorne kept an eye on the reporters, who were in no danger of getting out into the cold world yet awhile, even if they were not anxious to see all the movements of a raid. But the experience, without being connected with it in any unprofessional way, was worth having, and Officer Thorne's duty was an easy one to perform. Much more so than that of his brother officer, who was left outside, exposed to the wind and snow, which seemed to be having an exciting time on that particular evening, and was making life as unpleasant as possible for those out of doors.

But the sergeant conducted the raid like a veteran. He had evidently heard of the closet in the kitchen before, and when he and officer Caples got in, there wasn't much room in that apartment for anybody else. There was a hole in the floor of the closet, but the sergeant in his eagerness did not fall into it. It was covered by a board. When the board was lifted, the sergeant had some evidence to give before the magistrate. But the finding of some broken bottles, and getting a whiff of what he thought might possibly be ale was not of half the importance, as the finding of two newspaper men in the kitchen. That was a find!

Of course one may expect to find reporters anywhere, when they represent a paper that does not get its news from one

source alone. In the opinion of a large portion of the public, there is very little difference in Mrs. Woodburn's little square room, and one a bit smaller on King street east, where several St. John newspapers get all their information, and are either too indolent or afraid to get it anywhere else, for fear they might make it unpleasant for their friends and landlords.

However, the closet was easily disposed of, although the broken bottles did appear wet. Mrs. Woodburn remarked that Capt. Rawlings saw broken bottles there too. The sergeant and torch bearer Caples, went upstairs to explore the rest of the house, while the newspaper men and Officer Thorne played blind man's buff in the hall, and discussed the weather.

The arrival of the explorers put an end to the conversation, and an adjournment was made to the kitchen, where after due consideration it was thought advisable by the sergeant and officers, Mrs. Woodburn, and the two newspaper men, that a visit should be made to the barn, as it would be an unheard of proceeding to depart from the established rule in such cases and leave a visit to the barn out of the programme entirely. So it was decided to go, and the sergeant led the way. But there were difficulties that he had not anticipated. No sooner had he opened the door which led to the yard, when a big, black dog, which had been lying curled up on the other side of it, looked up at him and growled. It was a growl that meant business, and the sergeant thought a moment before going any further. He was probably debating in his mind which of the other officers would make the better leader, but finally decided that Mrs. Woodburn should lead the way. And she did.

Up a short flight of stairs, through an outhouse, filled with all sorts of rubbish, and bottles of different kinds, which the sergeant thought worthy of inspection, and out in the open air went the procession, in Indian file. The barn is at the far end of the yard, and here the procession broke up, while Mrs. Woodburn unlocked the door.

It is no wonder that the police always visit the barn, especially if they are interested in horseflesh, for the proprietress evidently takes great pleasure in exhibiting her horses and cattle. The party saw the fleet Helena, and Helena's colt, and several other fine looking animals, which Mrs. Woodburn handled with wonderful ease and familiarity. And in one corner of the barn a huge bull, which had an apparent dislike for all mankind, and policemen in particular, roared and kicked his bed around at a great rate. But the officers were equally good at tossing hay about, and probably thought that horses living in that locality must be naturally bad and might, perhaps, have a bottle of ale or whiskey concealed about the stalls. For, according to the liquor license act, the presence of liquor, in no matter how small a quantity, is sufficient to secure a conviction. However, the horses were evidently like the newspaper men, and unlike some of the police force—strictly temperate.

But the exploration did not stop here. There was a loft to the barn, and there was hay in the loft, and although common hay is not near as interesting as fine looking horses, all hands went up the narrow stairs, which were uncomfortably near the noisy bull's territory.

There was very little of interest upstairs, and the search was rather discouraging, but Mrs. Woodburn endeavored to make the officers as happy as possible, by turning their attention to holes and crevices in the roof of the barn, which could only be reached with a step ladder, and hinting at the probable results if they could only get up there. But the officers did not try. They contented themselves with going down stairs again, and being very careful when they reached the bottom and the territory of the frantic bull.

As might be expected, all policemen do not conduct a raid in exactly the same way, and Mrs. Woodburn remarked this fact quite frequently during the proceedings, taking occasion to make some comparisons between the work of the searchers and that of other delegations that had conducted operations with the aid of a pitch fork.

The search ended in the barn, but the bottles in the outhouse received some attention on the way through to the kitchen. The officers went away empty handed, but having heard the crash in the closet, Sergt. Hastings thought he smelled ale, and saw broken bottles, and Mrs. Woodburn had remarked to a reporter that "they wouldn't find her \$20 this time." This was enough, so the magistrate said, to make her \$20 poorer on Thursday afternoon.

He Lost a Hat.

In the confusion at the fire on Douglas road, Thursday afternoon, Chief Kerr had his hat staved in. It was one of the results of the temporary disorganization which seemed to have come over the department.

EVENTS IN CITY LIFE.

A CORRESPONDENT WHO REPLYS TO "X'S" ASSERTION.

A Chance for The Letter to Lose \$100—Mr. Humphrey Price Webber Downs the Long Distance Telephone—Other Items of Interest.

There has been so much said at one time and another of the inferiority of some Canadian manufactures that it is a genuine pleasure for PROGRESS to print a defence of any one line from a gentleman whom all will agree knows whereof he speaks. The following speaks for and explains itself.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: A correspondent, "X," in Thursday evening's *Globe*, offers to bet \$100 that national policy hosiery "will not keep together one week." The writer, who prefers to speak over his own signature, would like to know how much "X" knows about hosiery and where he obtained his information. While thoroughly opposed to the national policy I am still in favor of every industry that is beneficial and will give employment to our own people. Having, for twenty odd years, been a buyer of hosiery I simply make the statement that the little industry of my friends, Messrs. Dodds & Joly, of Yarmouth, will misprove in every particular "X's" assertion, and I request him to place his \$100 in your hands when, for a test I will provide a dozen pairs of their hosiery for distribution among PROGRESS newsboys, and if they are worn out by the end of one week he will not be called upon to forfeit his money, but, if they are not, the cash can be divided between the two orphan asylums. I have bought many thousand dozens of Messrs. Dodds & Joly's hosiery and have never in one instance had a complaint, but, instead, much appreciation of them. The only reason that I have in noticing "X's" statement is my knowledge of the intrinsic value, worth and durability of the goods made by my friends in Yarmouth whose product is equally suitable for infants, girls and boys, ladies and gentlemen, as well as the cyclist and the tobogganist. The only fault with them is that they cannot produce enough for the legitimate demand.

We owe to the National Policy, the best made shirtings in the world for the workman—the shaker flannels, gingham, fine grey cottons and other goods, produced by the Gibson and St. Croix mills. Our white cottons, made in Hochelaga are only equalled by the United States. Grey cottons made by the Windsor mill, for honest wear and weight, are nowhere equalled in Britain. We owe to the N. P. the best and purest flannels produced anywhere in the world, which can be had in any store in the city. For blankets, excepting some exceedingly fine qualities by such makers as Gilberts—which are well paid for—they are not surpassed, excepting in the United States, and certainly not in Britain. ROBERT TURNER.

The Telephone Went Under.

PROGRESS had a somewhat strange experience Friday morning, which was nothing more than a surprising feat of the long distance telephone. The words came as clear and distinct from the celestial city as from the Royal hotel. There is but one explanation of it—Price Webber was at the other end of the line, and when he began to talk the balky telephone gave in. It wasn't any to try and stop that voice, which proceeded in something after the following fashion:

"Say, PROGRESS, are you there?"
"Yes, All Here."
"Good morning!"
"How are you?"
"Fine. It's Webber who's talking."
"Yes, we knew your melodious twang."
"Oh, you did. Well, we played *British Born* under Col. Maunsell's patronage to the biggest house, last night, that has been in the City hall for three years. How's that? We have had a mighty fine business. The mercury is low though. Good day."

Morton and His Combination Giong.

Federictonians can look for a treat in the orchestra line next Friday evening when Harrison's orchestra will appear in the City hall to assist at a concert for St. Paul's church. Mr. Wm. Ewing the organist of St. James and Mr. Strand the violi player will accompany the orchestra.

Good Acting, Singing and Dancing.

The Bijou still continues to gain its popularity. Good singing, splendid dancing and tumbling with amusing and well acted farces thrown in will always draw a good audience. It makes no difference whether it storms or not the houses are above the average.

The Dogs Were Not Forgotten.

The distribution of the contents of one family Christmas tree proved of more than ordinary interest. Three dainty morsels were labelled "Leery S.," "Chip D.," and "Lyon F.," and the owners of the names enjoyed their share of the spoils. They were dogs representing the different branches of the family.

Three of a Kind.

Miss A. J. Henry, Miss Gertie Murphy, and Mr. J. E. Stocker guessed nearest to the weight of the doll in D. J. Jennings window. They all guessed the same weight.

ELATED OVER SIXTEEN PAGES.

How the Announcement was Received—What a Provincial Merchant Writes.

PROGRESS could not have asked for a more cordial reception of its enlargement announcement. Subscribers and advertisers and all other friends and patrons of the paper have gone out of their way to congratulate PROGRESS and those connected with it upon this very tangible evidence of prosperity. From all three provinces the good wishes have come as well as offers of assistance in the line of contributions. One provincial merchant, who has from time to time patronized PROGRESS' advertising columns, writes from his city in this fashion:

"That is what I have been waiting for—sixteen pages. How is that for the maritime provinces? Nothing short of Toronto or Boston can equal that. I want to see PROGRESS bigger and better than any of them. Keep right on and I predict a circulation of, at least, 25,000 copies for you before you are five years old. You can call upon me for a good 'ad.' when you are ready to start."

Such encouragement as this is apt to make even the most doubtful somewhat enthusiastic. The circulation of PROGRESS is bound to go even more to the front than it has already, but 25,000 sixteen page papers would satisfy even us. But what would the post office clerks say to such an edition?

The first sixteen page paper will probably be published about the middle of February by which time every preparation will be made to carry the paper along as easily as the present issue of eight pages.

Why This Apathy?

There has been very little sport of any kind going on this winter, outside of the curling rinks, and it is mostly the "old uns" that are found there. Both the skating rinks are open but aside from the monotonous merry-go-round performance, there seems to be nothing on the tapis like there used to be in former years. Sped skaters are apparently scarce, and fancy and trick skating is almost forgotten. A number of enthusiasts are, however, making efforts to organize a polo team and revive the interest in that sport, which proved quite an attraction at the rinks some four or five years ago. Why don't the rink managers encourage such sport! Or are there not enough good skaters in town to make a tournament interesting! Between polo and speed skating there should be plenty of amusement this winter, if the boys take hold.

The Coroner and the Judge.

Coroner Robinson has paid the fine imposed upon him for being absent from court, where his services were required as a jurymen. And he evidently wants everybody to feel assured that he has paid it, especially the judge who fined him. The coroner was driving along Prince William street last Saturday, when he saw the judge on the sidewalk. He eased up and shouted loud enough to be heard on all parts of the street: "Hi, judge, I paid that \$40, but I hope you'll put it where it won't get burned up!"

It Made Business Good.

Business was good in the snow-shovelling line Wednesday morning and the artists were out almost on time with the corporation snow plows. The vacant lots and unattended stores are as big an eye sore to the snow shovelling fraternity as they are to the police. Both are decidedly of the opinion that the sidewalk should be shovelled off.

The Cartoon Competition.

Monday morning's mail brought three replies to PROGRESS for the cartoon competitions, and all the week there have been sketches of one sort and another floating into this office. Most of them are done in pencil, they are preferred in ink. Remember that the contest closes on the 15th inst., and that the prize is \$10.

He's In With Them.

A chewing gum manufacturer is working along the same lines as the anti-tobacco association. On everyone of his printed wrappers is the inscription, "this gum is used by many as a substitute for tobacco." If anti-gum associations do not spring up everywhere, the work of the anti-tobaccoists may not be in vain.

We Are After Information, Too.

A Memramcook subscriber to PROGRESS wants to know how it is that he does not get his paper until Monday. That is a pretty reasonable request, considering that the paper is sent to the St. John post office, Friday night. Are there any other subscribers who have the same complaint?

Nothing Small About Him.

Rev. Samuel Small registered at the Victoria, this week, as "Rev. Samuel Small, United States of America." For a small man, he hails from a mighty big place.

Three of a Kind.

Miss A. J. Henry, Miss Gertie Murphy, and Mr. J. E. Stocker guessed nearest to the weight of the doll in D. J. Jennings window. They all guessed the same weight.

JUDGE PALMER IS BUSY.

HE IS RUNNING TWO MILLS AND A JUDGESHIP.

And Boasts That He is Making Money for the Former—The Reasons Why This Should be So—He Has Absolute Power and Consults no Person.

Judge Palmer has a good deal on his hands now, in the shape of commercial as well as legal business, and yet he seems to be doing remarkably well under the load. At present he is the absolute master and boss of the two mills known as the St. John and New Brunswick Cotton Mills. It was only a few weeks ago that the parties mainly interested—those who stood in the gap with the chance of losing a good deal of hard cash in the near future over the inability of the mills to pay expenses, came to the conclusion that the affairs of the estate had better be settled by a friendly suit at law. That was easily done and the matter was speedily brought before Mr. Justice Palmer, in the Equity Court. It may be that the judge was not surprised at this, for not more than many months ago the same estate was before him in a different way. At any rate he found himself in the position of arbiter again, and this time of many heavy interests. The smartest lawyers in the city stood before him. Theirs, however, was the easiest position since the friendly nature of the suit disposed them amicably towards one another.

They have an indistinct idea of what happened, though they are not quite certain of any fact except one, and that is that Mr. Justice Palmer is virtually the sole manager of the two mills, and that he runs them as he pleases and takes little trouble to consult anyone about the business.

It is a fact, however, that since Judge Palmer took charge of the business that it has shown a marked improvement. He is somewhat elated over this fact, and takes a pride in keeping a close watch on the prices of raw and manufactured cotton.

Every check is signed by his honor, and all orders pass through his hands. Of course he has able assistants, but even they do nothing without his orders.

A gentleman who knows something about the business laughed when he was told that the judge said he was making money out of the business. "If he doesn't make money now," he said, "he never will. Since the mills have fallen into his hands, raw cotton has fallen in price, and there has been such a good and steady demand for goods, that all the stock in the warehouses, valued at some \$140,000, has been cleaned out. Before that time, there was little or no demand, and money had to be borrowed on the goods, and the interest with storage and insurance charges were pretty big items. Everything has turned around since—an arrangement has been made with the bank to carry it along, and there is all the money that is necessary. That may explain why the judge is making money."

In the meantime one of the orders for raw cotton amounts to the neat little sum of \$20,000. One of the lawyers interested makes the statement that the judge can do as he pleases and keep control of the business as long as he likes. There is nothing in it for him but simply the satisfaction of bringing order out of chaos.

The Value of a Return Ticket.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—I have a return ticket on the New Brunswick railway—now the C. P. R.—which is over a month old. I am told that I cannot return upon it now. Can you tell me if that is true? I was under the impression that a return ticket once sold was good for six years in spite of anything to the contrary printed upon it.

[Your ticket is worth just the amount above single fare that you paid for it. Say, for example, it is between St. John and Fredericton, and cost you \$3. The single fare is \$2, and your ticket is worth \$1. You can get that for it at the ticket office or at the general offices of the railway. The railway will not accept it for the return passage, but will give one dollar for it.—THE EDITOR.]

Who Owns The Money?

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I heard the assertion made today that a man who picks up lost money in my store outside of the counters has as much right to it as I have unless I can prove that it was lost by me or one of my clerks, I do not believe it. What do you think about it? INQUIRER.

[Your query is one for a lawyer. To us it sounds reasonable that money found upon your premises belongs to you—at least until the owner can be found. Still that may not be good law. We have heard the same assertion made as you mention and while we have not inquired into the accuracy of the opinion, certainly we would be very loth to believe that we had not a prior claim to any ten dollar bill that leans against the outside edge of our counter. But perhaps some lawyer will give us his opinion.—THE EDITOR.]

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

A HUCKSTER FROM FORT HOWE.

He Makes Life a Burden to the Deputy Clerk of the Market.

Competition in the country market sometimes assumes such proportions as to make the life of the deputy clerk a burden to him. When people bring in their goods, he is supposed to abide by his decision. But some of them do not. One of these perverse characters is a young fellow named Quinn from Fort Howe. He is in the huckster line, and according to Mr. Lynam's idea, should display his wares with the others in that particular industry, in the side aisle. Mr. Quinn thinks he should sell them where ever he pleases, and prefers the middle aisle. And it was there he made his display, much to the annoyance of Mr. Lynam, whom Quinn seemed to hold in utter contempt. He would not deign to listen to him. The collector, although a younger man, was also beneath his notice until he caught hold of him Tuesday and created a scene. This seemed to have little effect in changing Quinn's idea as to where he should do business, for, Wednesday morning, he was located in the middle aisle as usual. And all Mr. Lynam could say wouldn't move him, not even a recital of the law on the point in question. So the deputy clerk was forced to take extreme measures. He paid a visit to the magistrate. When he returned to the market Quinn had shifted his position, and was found among the other hucksters. But he was too late. An officer appeared and he was taken before the magistrate, who gave him a lecture and an idea of what might happen in the future if he persisted in getting out of his class. Quinn went back to business, and spent the rest of the morning in moving a collection of goose wings from the side to the middle aisle, to the bewilderment of Mr. Lynam.

A STANDING FALSEHOOD.

The Published Announcements of the Sailing of the "Valencia" a Myth.

It has been some months since the *Valencia*, of the New York Steamship Line, ceased to make regular or irregular trips. As soon as this fact was established, PROGRESS and one other city paper, the *Globe*, removed the advertisement from their columns. The other three dailies, and some of the provincial papers as well, still print it, and announce in every issue that the steamer *Valencia* will sail from her wharf in this city for New York "Every Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock (Eastern standard time)."

It is not right to print such an announcement regularly, when there is not an atom of truth in it. The N. Y. S.S. Company, it is quite true, holds a city wharf and is paying the rent for the same, but it has no office or agent in this city. A representative from New York came here sometime ago and obtained the accounts against the concern, and while he could give no satisfactory reply as to whether the steamer would resume her trips again or not, he seemed anxious that the announcements should continue to appear. Reputable newspapers who look after their advertisements as carefully as they do after their letter press, will not print such a standing lie. There are many residents of the province who go to New York via St. John, and what must they think when they reach this city and find that the New York S.S. Company is a myth.

Want Papers for Nothing.

"Have you got last night's paper?" said a man who entered the bookstore with as much importance as it was possible for one man to carry unaided.
"Yes, sir," said the dealer.
"Well, you might let me have one, if you don't want it—and I'll take one of this morning's, too." He threw down a five-cent piece, and got one cent in return. The man looked at the dealer, said nothing and went out. It was quite plain that he expected to get the back number for nothing, and those in the store remarked it.
"Do you often have such customers?" was asked the dealer.

"Yes; lots of them, but they always have to pay. They seem to think that a paper is not worth anything after the day it is published, but forget that we have to pay for every one we don't return at the end of the month. Oh, yes! if we gave papers away like that some people would put off reading the news until the next day."

Mr. Melville was Voted Out.

The Opera House Company elected the old directors at its last meeting with the exception of Mr. P. A. Melville. Mr. H. J. Thorne was elected in his stead, and Mr. W. S. Barker was chosen to fill the place of Mr. W. C. Pitfield, who resigned last year.

Interview the Manager.

The injustice of which a correspondent signed "Square" complains, is more likely to be remedied by a private interview with the manager of the theatre, than by rushing into print. Besides "Square" evidently has forgotten to sign his name.