

PROGRESS.

VOL. IV., NO. 184.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TWO MEN IN THE LOCKUP

WHILE A SOLITARY POLICEMAN LOOKS AFTER SHEFFIELD ST.

Why Policeman Caples Had to Use His Revolver—An Affair that Was Not Unexpected—How the Worst Part of the City is Guarded at Night.

The shooting affair in Sheffield street Tuesday night resulted in the death of a sailor named Henry McNeil. He had been "doing" the street with his brother when they met Officer Caples and had some words, and a scuffle which ended in the officer drawing his revolver and using it. It is a long time since a St. John policeman has been compelled to empty a revolver, and about the only time on record of late years when it was found necessary to use one at all was on the occasion of the chief's visit to Westfield and his encounter with the Sussex burglars.

Whether Officer Caples was justified in using his revolver PROGRESS does not propose to say. Opinions differ on this point. In one particular, however, all who know anything about the police force or police duty are agreed.

One man is not capable of keeping the peace in Sheffield street between 11 o'clock p. m. and 2 a. m., especially a man who is not thoroughly acquainted with the locality and the people who live there. And Policeman Caples was not. He is a new man, and although he may be a capable officer, he has not had the experience necessary for such duty.

Sheffield street has always been looked upon as the worst part of the city. It can claim more disreputable characters than all the rest of the town, and although it is not now what it was in years gone by, it still holds this reputation. That a policeman comes out of it without being compelled to do some very active duty is purely a matter of luck, and the older members of the force recognize this fact.

No one but the present head of the department would ever think of putting two green men down there to do duty. Yet Officer Caples was alone when the trouble arose. He had to deal with two rough and muscular seamen, and probably thought himself unequal to the task, especially when his baton was taken from him.

The policemen say they have been expecting something of this kind to happen for some time, and when the present system of police duty in Sheffield street is considered they had good reasons for their expectations.

On Tuesday morning Officer Caples was alone, because his partner "had made an arrest and had to go home so as to appear in the police court in the morning." By this arrangement, officers who are fond of their beds receive all the encouragement necessary to get hold of any unfortunate who may come along and lock him up. That this is carried on to an unwarranted extent was shown by PROGRESS some time ago.

But this is not the only reason why one policeman only can be found on Sheffield street between 11 o'clock and 2 o'clock a. m. Prisoners arrested on the Sheffield street and Reed's point beats are taken to the Sydney street lockup until it is time to march them to the police station. This lockup has always been used for the two beats, and there the men eat their lunches and have an hour's rest. In former times, however, it was not found necessary to have two policemen in the lockup at one time, but now an officer would feel lonely if he did not have somebody to eat his lunch with him and make the other half of a duet in his midnight snores.

After eleven o'clock one man from Reed's point and another from Sheffield street spend a quarter of an hour in the lockup eating their lunches. And after twelve o'clock they meet again to have a sleep.

During this time one man does duty at Reed's point and one on Sheffield street. It is well known that in the vicinity of midnight Sheffield street is at its worst. A few hours later most of its inhabitants are "sleeping the sleep of the innocent." But while they are sleeping they have policemen to watch over them, provided there have been no arrests made.

Under the old order of things Sheffield street was never without two men, even if it was necessary to strip Reed's point beat to do it. And two men were never in the lockup at the same time.

When one of the Sheffield street officers went to the lockup, a man was taken from Reed's point or the back shore beats to keep his partner company until he returned, and in this way a limited number of men were made to fill all requirements.

There were many reasons for thinking that two men were necessary on Sheffield street at all times. Although a policeman's oath is usually given more consideration, perhaps, than that of the people he has to deal with, in Sheffield street special precautions have to be taken in regard to this. With many of the people who live there, an oath is of no more account than a snap of the fingers, and as they are usually not on the best of terms with the police,

a number of them could easily stick to a story well enough to raise doubts even in the mind of a magistrate. New policemen would be in a worse position than any others in this regard. Law breakers usually have a contempt for them that they lose no opportunity of showing, whereas they have a kind of fear for an old officer who knows all about them and their haunts. Both Caples and Campbell are new men, yet they were doing duty together on the street.

Without wishing to suggest a reason why the present heads of the department deem only one man necessary for this locality, when the necessity of two men is considered from a witness box point of view, it calls to mind a time when two policemen found the sworn statements of both not more than necessary to protect themselves from their superiors.

Since that time the system of "dogging" the men has not changed to any great extent, but the system of solitary duty has been inaugurated. If it has been done with a view of enlarging the opportunities of the "watchers" the result has been very unsatisfactory.

THE TELEPHONE CABLE.

What It Contains and How the Wires Are Handled.

The telephone people and a dozen helpers attracted a good deal of attention Thursday and yesterday on Germain street, where they are stretching another of their cables, some 2,000 feet long. The cable is more than an inch in diameter, and to the ordinary observer looks like a long coil of lead. But that is only the outer appearance. Within are some 50 wires stretching along its entire length, each one separate and distinct, yet curled and twisted in every conceivable fashion. Each wire is carefully covered, however, and is the medium which carries an order for dinner to the grocer and butcher and many other messages not so agreeable.

One of the things which would puzzle one not initiated, is how the telephone people can tell which on wire are the two ends of the same wire in the cable. It will be easily understood that it would be impossible to talk if the instruments were not connected on the same wire. When it is on the poles one of the workmen has a temporary platform erected near one end, and the other is in the central office. He has instrument on his temporary platform, and, one by one he connects the wires with it. The operator at the other end then tries the wires at the other end of the cable, connecting each of them with the instrument until the right end has been secured. The two ends of the same wire being connected the fact is announced by the bell ringing merrily. Each operator numbers this wire for example No. 1, and so on to the end of the 52 wires until all are numbered.

One would imagine that with so many thread-like wires in a bunch that lightning would rejoice in cutting up havoc among them. This danger is safely provided against by the presence in the cable of four large wires—lightning conductors, which are "grounded," and convey the electric fluid without injury to their smaller companions. This danger, however, is not feared so much as "cutting the cable," something that occurs frequently in larger cities. In St. John it has never happened. When it does, there will be some fun welding the ends together.

Different Opinions of the Ball.

The Neptune Rowing Club will probably have a neat balance from the ball gotten up by the ladies in their interest. There were many people, however, who were against the idea and spoke out plainly. PROGRESS received a number of letters for publication on the subject, but as no good could be done by printing them and probably harm, they were introduced to the W. B. But the objections in some of them are worth noting. The ladies complained that they were asked to buy a calico dress, contribute to the table and then pay a dollar for their ticket. Others ridiculed the idea of such a club raising money by charging the ladies for attending the ball. No doubt the ladies who worked so hard for the success of the affair could answer all objections, but it is hardly right after their efforts that they should get anything but praise for them even if in the opinion of some they were not directed in the right way.

Singing in the Dark.

The electric light people are evidently mistaken in the character of the congregation at Emmanuel street church, and think that "they love darkness better than light." But they don't. Last Sunday evening while the choir was singing "There is a fountain filled with blood," the lights went out and all was darkness. The choir, however, were well acquainted with the hymn and sang it through in the dark. The effect was somewhat novel, but not at all desirable. This is not the first time the same thing has occurred.

NO LONG HOURS THERE.

THE EMPLOYEES OF MESSRS. HARRIS & CO. REPLY

To the Proposition of the Firm—Business Somewhat Brighter—Fores cast Down at Some of the Manufacturers—A Good Deal of Idleness.

The men employed by Messrs. James Harris & Co. held an indignation meeting Wednesday evening, and although the fact that one of their fellow workmen had his hand taken off by a circular saw, a few minutes before, they carried their resolutions with a view that meant business.

The meeting was called to consider a proposition made by the head of the firm, in regard to a reduction of wages. The foremen of the different shops informed the men that it had been decided to reduce the wages in all departments ten per cent., and the hours of work to eight and a half hours a day; but that if the men wanted to make up the lost time they could work ten hours, with the ten per cent. reduction. The latter, the firm said, was an established fact. The reason given for the shorter hours was to avoid the necessity of putting in lights, which would be done if the men decided to work ten hours.

The workmen, however, looked upon the proposition as an effort to again introduce the ten hour system, for with the reduction they would be working ten hours a day for nine hours pay.

The ten hour system is a sore point with all classes of workmen in St. John, and this case was no exception to the rule. The very mention of it was the sign for a very warm meeting, and before it came to an end it was plainly shown that the men would rather work six hours for nothing than go back to it.

After some discussion it was decided to inform the firm that they would not work ten hours, but on the contrary would work only eight hours a day, with the reduction, and thus do away with the necessity of putting in lights. Before this discussion was reached, however, Mr. James C. Robertson, the manager, had gone to Boston, and a settlement will probably not be made until he returns.

A reduction of ten per cent with shorter hours means a great deal to the men employed in the car works, and they will not be able to indulge in many luxuries this winter, but their loyalty to the shorter hour movement is undoubted.

THE PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHTER.

October Business Improved Greatly—Other Signs of the Times.

The pressure in business circles seems to have lightened somewhat this week, and the merchants who chat about trade and the prospects of trade are much more hopeful in their expressions. "Our fall trade," one of the large wholesale firms remarked to the writer, "has really surprised us. October opened up exceeding dull, but orders improved as the days passed, and when it closed it was the largest October of our business. But we find money scarce, remittances uncertain and slow, and an unusual number of renewals."

One of the bankers laughed when the query was put to him, and replied, "Well, we are very busy, which means that money is scarce and much paper passing through our hands."

A number of retail merchants PROGRESS talked with spoke of the fact that business had brightened up some, and they were making their usual preparations for the holiday season. The cold weather setting in so suddenly and sharply has created an active demand for heavy goods, and the dry goods merchants are correspondingly happy. Stock which depends upon the weather for a sale is usually looked after somewhat anxiously, and woollens are no favorites to carry over. The same causes can be assigned for a rush at the clothing stores and inquiries in the fur lines. The people are preparing to entertain Jack Frost.

On the other hand the working people who depend upon the mills and factories are not too cheerful. The crowd that has been employed in the Harris works all summer and fall has been greatly decreased; the number of workmen at the bolt and nut works do not exceed half a dozen and a number of the mills are preparing to close up for the winter.

From the laborers standpoint therefore the prospect might be brighter. Too many of them are looking about for work and failing to find it here seek other places for it.

"Fooling" at Ten Mile Creek.

Two men from St. Martins had a spear on exhibition at a Mill street restaurant this week, and they told the tale that hung to it as eloquently as the most experienced side show orator that struck here at exhibition times. The spear wasn't found in Africa, nor dug up at Fort LaTour. On the contrary, there was nothing antique about it, but the way it came into the possession of its present owners made a very interesting story, especially to the people of St. Martins. It was taken from Court Commissioner W. E. Skillen, of that

place, who was in the act of spearing salmon at Ten Mile Creek. It is against the law to spear salmon, and at this season it is disastrous to the fishing interests. Ten Mile creek is a favorite resort for poachers, and several men who live near it have been on the look out for them. It was not thought possible however, that two men so prominent in the neighborhood as W. E. Skillen and Councillor Fowles would be engaged in that occupation, and although they said they were only "fooling" with the salmon it seem strange that they should have gone five miles away from home to "fool" Messrs. Fowles and Skillen make frequent trips along the line of the telephone, to look after the wire, and the incident this week has raised some doubts in the minds of many as to whether they have been devoting all their time to this work.

Mr. Gorman and the Gander.

"Jimmy" Brennan, the oracle of the ship laborers' union, who was one of the party in attendance at Mr. Whooly's raffle recently, thinks that PROGRESS did not do justice to the affair, especially to his friend Hugh Gorman, who won a gander. Mr. Brennan escorted Gorman and the gander up Russells street, and gave some valuable pointers as to how such a bird should be carried; but Gorman did not follow his instructions as he might have done, and the result was disastrous.

"You know," said Mr. Brennan, "I fixed the gander's wings so that he couldn't use them, and handed him to Gorman, and while he carried him in this way it was all right, but he let go his hold a little and gave the gander a chance to wriggle. And you know when a gander can move his body inside his wings he is an ugly bird. Anyhow the gander managed to get the best of Gorman, and he caught it by the neck, but that only made him worse, and at last he hit Gorman a clout on the funny bone with his wings, and he dropped him like a hot potato. Then the gander flew away and lighted in Mr. Whooly's yard."

Sunday Evening Concerts.

Sunday evening entertainments are always popular in St. John. It does not require much effort to disguise the most secular show sufficiently to fill the institute, and a boy pianist evidently recognized this fact and profited by it. When he gave his entertainment Friday evening there was plenty of room for those who attended, but on Sunday evening the hall was crowded, although the entertainment was not changed to any extent. There were no tickets sold, but there was a silver collection, of not less than ten cents, at the door. The affair was advertised as a sacred concert, yet the cowboy was on hand in full regalia, and his knowledge of sacred music seemed very meagre. "Home Sweet Home" and the "Last Rose of Summer" were his specialties. He played them in every way imaginable, and even explained how he played a piano with a sheet thrown over it. Some of the audience did not see the last part of the entertainment, but the hall was not empty by any means when the last piece was played.

Despatches are Typewritten Now.

The telegrams that have come from the Canadian Pacific office recently have been much more readable than many that are handed in at the window of that company to be sent elsewhere. They are typewritten, and as they are taken direct from the wire it must be acknowledged that the receiver is a fast one on the typewriter. Mr. H. H. Allingham does the work, and the Canada Pacific office in this city is the only one in the maritime provinces that sends its telegrams out in this way. The typewriter has found a place in the telegraph offices of many of the large cities, and is proving as useful in this as in other lines of business. Of course the noise of the typewriter makes it hard to receive the message, but this has been overcome to a large extent by having a wire such as is used on the telephone run along to the edge of the operators table.

A New Drug Store.

Mr. R. W. McCarty has opened a retail drug store at the place, 185 Union street, formerly occupied by W. K. McVey. Mr. McCarty's reputation as a druggist ensures a large trade for the new store. It will contain a first-class stock, and prescriptions will receive personal attention.

For an Idle Hour.

Among the new novels on sale at Morrissey's book store is *Dumarest's Daughter*, an exceedingly improbable production of Grant Allen's, founded on the fall of Khartoum and the miraculous escape of three of its defenders. Paper binding and popular price.

It Was Looked After.

A correspondent asks if the furniture in the Tidale house was looked after by the board of health before it was put up on auction. PROGRESS understands that the house and furniture was thoroughly fumigated before the public had any opportunity to view it.

TAKING IN A FRIEND.

A MAN WITH TOO MUCH STOCK GETS RID OF IT

By Sending It to an Auction Room and Getting a Friend to Bid it in at His Figure, He to Take Half of It—Sold as a Good Profit.

That there are more ways than one of getting rid of too much stock has been fully proved by a city merchant whose well known reputation for "cleverness" will not be lessened by the method he employed.

The dullness of the season had left him with a surplus stock, and the new goods on the road either were not wanted, or in the opinion of the buyer could be disposed of to better advantage under his new plan. His first step was to consult an auctioneer, with whom he arranged to dispose of the goods at his auction rooms at a certain day. They were sent there, and then the owner set about to find a purchaser who would pay a good round price for them.

He went to a neighbor in the same business—a man whom he has known long and somewhat intimately and told him that it had come to his knowledge that the goods in the auction rooms were for sale at a bargain. Now it was to their interest to see that they were not snapped up at a ridiculous figure and thrown upon the fall market at slaughter prices. That would be more injurious to them in their regular business than could well be imagined. They were rivals it was true, but in such a contingency their plain duty was to stand by one another and prevent the slaughter of these goods. "What I have to propose," said he, "is that you shall buy these goods and I will take half of them off your hands."

His neighbor listened and assented. It was hurtful to their trade to have goods slaughtered in this fashion, and if his friend had looked over the goods and was satisfied of their value he would, take half of them. Before they parted it was agreed, at the suggestion of the owner of the goods, that his neighbor should bid until he gave him the signal to stop.

An additional smile hovered about his countenance as he passed upon the street again, and when the day and hour of the auction came around he was on time. So was his friend. The bidding began and the price of the goods rose steadily. The bidder glanced frequently at his friend for the signal to stop, but did not get it until the figure had gone beyond anything he had calculated upon. But he did not say anything until the goods were opened when the fact that he had paid too much for them stood out plainly. Then he put on his thinking cap and began to draw conclusions. He thought of many things past and present, of good and evil reports, and wondered whether he was among the victims or not. To answer the question he went to the auction rooms and discovered that the portion of the goods sold to his friend was there. That was not all; he found out that the goods had always been his property and that he had been a trusting and obliging friend in need, for the price at which he purchased the goods gave the owner a fair profit and reduced his stock to comfortable proportions.

Where Mistakes Don't Pay.

It doesn't pay to make mistakes in the I. C. R. freight sheds. Some of the employes have found this out to their sorrow, and when their wages arrive will be short of money. There is considerable risk in the freight sheds at times, but this is not taken into consideration by the department heads and the fines are imposed freely on all sides. One clerk was fined \$6 for making a bad copy, and another found his wages diminishing to such an extent that he left the service.

Likely to Be Settled.

A breach of promise suit which created considerable talk some time ago is in a fair way of being settled at an early day. The plaintiff had all her wedding gowns ready when the fickle groom changed his mind and married another, and the fact that the lady was ill some time after the news was broken to her caused much anxiety on all sides. One of the witnesses has arrived here from New York.

Many Clothes Lines.

Some good stories have been told of the new and fresh policeman, and a few of them have found their way into PROGRESS, but no mention has yet been made of the officer who mistook the telephone office for a six room, and the telephone wires for clothes lines.

On Hand Soon.

Many of PROGRESS' patrons are waiting for the premium books, which at this writing have not arrived. The advice has, however, and the books will all be forwarded the first of the week. The demand on the publishers has prevented the promptness that was hoped for.

More Musical, She Thinks.

A contributor writes that she prefers PROGRESS because it is more musical than PROGRESS. In a group of people, Americans and Canadians, who talked about the word, the former stand out for PROGRESS, and the Canadians for PROGRESS. So the newboy was not so far astray after all.

TRAVELLERS FROM THE COUNTRY.

They Lose their Tickets and Get Lost Themselves to the Annoyance of Conductors.

"What time does the train leave for Portland?"

"In half an hour."

"Can I go through now?"

"I suppose you can if you have a ticket."

The large-sized Nova Scotian turned all his pockets inside out, but he couldn't find a ticket. He looked worried, and evidently had considerable on his mind, and thought he would feel better if he told his troubles to somebody. He selected officer Collins.

"I've never done any travelling before," he said, "never saw a train before I got on, one this morning. I never saw a street car until I went outside the building there. I want to go to Portland, Maine; but I don't know whether I will ever get there or not. I suppose I can't go on the train without a ticket, and I've lost mine, sure."

"A man like you should never travel," said the officer.

"And I didn't want to come away, but you see I couldn't help it. Our folks live in Nova Scotia, you know. My father owns a farm there, but it wouldn't keep us all, so I had to come away. I know some people in Portland, Maine, but whether I will ever get there I don't know."

"Oh, it's easy enough getting along," said the officer carelessly. "Whenever you're in doubt about anything always ask somebody, and you'll get there all right."

"Will I have to buy another ticket?" he asked innocently. On being assured that he would, the Nova Scotian looked thoughtful. "I don't think the last conductor treated me fairly, anyhow," he said.

"When I showed him my ticket he went and tore a piece off of it."

"You had better look out that the next one doesn't do the same thing," said the officer, grimly. "They are a bad lot."

The stranger bought another ticket and went on board the train.

Conductor Wade, of the C. P. R., came along about that time, but the story of the Nova Scotian was a commonplace affair in his experience. "It's wonderful," he said, "where all these people come from. We have more bother with them than anybody else, because they can't explain anything, and with the train going we lose time talking to them. The other night I had a passenger who stopped me on my first walk through the cars and wanted to know if he could stop off at Bangor. I told him he could stop off wherever he liked if he had a ticket. He asked me the same question three times before I went through to take up the tickets, and then I found that he had a ticket from St. John to Boston by boat. Of course he blamed the ticket agent. They always do. He said he had been told that he could go through to Boston and reach Bangor more easily that way. He had bought the ticket at some small town in Nova Scotia. I told him the ticket was no good on this train, but he said he had bought it and paid for it, and he didn't see why he couldn't get to Bangor with it. They always lay great stress of the fact that they pay for their tickets. I told him I would stop the train, if he wanted to walk a few miles back to the city and wait for the boat in the morning. But he at there as sullen as could be and I had to threaten to put him off the train before he decided to buy a ticket to Vaneboro. The worst of it is that it costs these unfortunates so much money, when they buy tickets at these small stations, for they could get through tickets very much cheaper. We find a few specimens of this kind on nearly every train, and it is hard to know what to do with them."

He Didn't Complain.

Last Saturday was a very cold day, and most people were prone to complain about the sudden change. A prominent King street clothing man was an exception. In his line business is usually not very brisk in the early morning, but Saturday he made several good sales before his breakfast was thoroughly digested. His customers were people who left their home on a fine autumn day without their overcoats, and woke up in the morning to find themselves in the middle of winter.

Engaged For Tonight.

Engaged was the play for Thursday and Friday and will be presented tonight with matinee this afternoon. The house, Thursday, was not so good as it should have been. The company pleased the people thoroughly in presenting it. It was put on too late in the week for any remarks in the usual department of PROGRESS.

On The Tenth Page.

The Recollections of Howe which PROGRESS has promised for some time begin in this issue and will be found on the tenth page. The portrait of the late governor, Joseph Howe, was taken in Ottawa when in the dominion cabinet. That of his father was done in the first days of photography and could not be executed so finely.

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C. E. McPHERSON,
Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agt.,
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Railway.
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