

## NOTHING SPEEDY IN IT.

### WILLIAM APT SUFFERS IN JAIL DE-SPISE THE SPEEDY TRIALS ACT.

His Stubbornness Left Him When Brought Into Court, and He Confessed to Stealing Mr. Mathers' Money—Interesting Evidence That Wasn't Needed.

After spending nearly three months in jail William Apt was brought up for trial this week, confessed to stealing \$420 and some things from Rev. Mr. Mathers of Wiggins Orphan asylum, and was sent to Dorchester for three years. His confession was somewhat of a surprise. In fact the case had been full of surprises and mystery since the eighth of January last when Mr. Mathers had a visit from one of his former pupils and missed his money. Mr. Mathers did all the detective work connected with the case himself, and he has been quite busy. He conducted the search for the culprit in a way that surprised a good many—particularly Apt.

That young gentleman seems to have had a good deal of experience in more ways than one since he first started out on his criminal career. He left town in a way that made it somewhat difficult to follow him, although he had been somewhat in-judicious in displaying the stolen money. He first bought a ticket to Welsford where he had relatives living, but he displayed too large a bank note for a young man of his age and appearance, and the incident of his buying the ticket was remembered. Mr. Mathers, on learning about it, also bought a ticket, but Apt wasn't at Welsford when he arrived there. Apt had bought several tickets since that, and every one was for a point further west. He finally landed in Boston, where he evidently intended to enjoy the stolen money. His experiences there were of the kind that the least said about the better, and Mr. Mathers in working up the case, has probably gathered enough material for a long series of interesting and instructive sermons on the shady side of life and its numerous evils. Apt, however, seemed to like St. John better than the hub with all its attractions. He kept up a correspondence with his friends here, and thinking that he was not suspected, returned to St. John. He was not here long before he was given a room on King street east, and he has been there long enough to become thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the county jail. Those who knew something of his experiences while there were not surprised at his confession.

Apt's case seems to illustrate the ineffectiveness of the speedy trials act, the object of which was to dispose of cases like his as quickly as possible, and do away with the necessity of keeping prisoners in jail, to await the sitting of the court.

Although Apt took advantage of the act, he has served a long term in jail, under the most distressing circumstances, which, however, was due to his own stubbornness, and unwillingness to communicate with those who could have helped him. He was taken to jail on the 28th of February, and was kept there until he was sent to Dorchester this week. During that time he had not had a change of clothing and was suffering from the effects of his evil habits while in Boston. When he was brought up for trial he was thoroughly broken down and all his former energy and stubbornness was gone.

Had the case come up for trial the evidence would have been of a sensational nature. During his last visit to Boston, Mr. Mathers found a watch in the house where Apt stayed while there, and some of the people of the house, would have been brought on to give evidence at the trial. Letters written by Apt to friends in this city would also have been offered in evidence, all of which would probably have explained what became of Rev. Mr. Mathers' \$420.

### A New Industry Flourishing.

"We have doubled our last year's business," were the words of Mr. Carrite, of the Provincial Chemical Fertilizer company, this week. "The demand is increasing every day, and we will be happy if we are able to supply it." Progress takes a good deal of pleasure in noting this fact, because it is a sure sign of the success of a new industry that has been annoyed, hindered and put to much expense since it started. There is not much doubt but Mr. Carrite's method of getting a verdict from the farmers last season had a good deal to do with the marked advance in popularity of his product this year. The prizes offered were conscientiously tried for and honestly won, and the trials showed just what the fertilizer would do under favorable auspices. Progress understands that the prizes are offered again this year. No doubt there will be the same keen competition.

### Pedestrians are Scarce, Comparatively.

The carriage makers seem to be having a boom in the way of sulkeys, and one has not to go out of town to notice this fact. The Mill and Main street pavement is a favorite track with a great many horse owners—and the town is full of them.

## CHEAP WHITE GLOVES

### Adorn the Horny Palms of the City Police Officers.

Four dozen of cheap white gloves, which undertakers are usually supposed to know more about than anybody else, created a sensation about town last Sunday. They started from the police station on King street, astonished the people for the rest of the day, and led the more inquisitive part of the community to inquire "who was dead?" No such "sad event" had occurred, however, but there were several men who, however partial they may have been to being made the object of remark by appearing in brass buttons, seemed decidedly uncomfortable in white cotton gloves, that made their hands as conspicuous as arc lights on a very dark night. And they have been wearing them all the week. The gloves are one of the methods proposed by the chief to bring the force up to the highest standard of efficiency. They are supposed to be worn on duty, probably to protect the officers' hands from the effects of the sun, and to help them in attaining that milky whiteness of the skin so often mentioned by fashion writers, but which would be utterly impossible if the men had to do business bare handed with a prisoner who was determined to give them some exercise in the middle of the road before being locked up.

The white gloves have only had one trial in the comedy line this week, and that was the *Pair of Kids* at the Institute. Which was the most mirth provoking is hard to determine. Many of the officers seem unwilling to figure in comedy, and put the electricity of sight on every opportunity. One of them is usually carried in the hand, while the other goes up the coat sleeve as far as possible. Wednesday the men felt a good deal easier, for even the chief would not expect a man to put on style in a heavy rain. Some of the men, however, seem delighted with the gloves, and are unwilling to discard them even for dinner. They wear them on night duty.

If style is going to give a good police service, the public will have no reason to complain. The chief sends applications into the council at every opportunity, and is making the men do their share. Orders were issued for all the officers to have new summer coats on May 1, and they are beginning to appear. The chief seems prouder of the appearance of the men than of their achievements in doing police duty. His principal amusement now is to view the men on parade from the graveyard side of King street east, and note the effect of the white gloves during the march down the police station steps.

## THEIR OPINION OF EACH OTHER.

### Professional Jealousy Will Discount the Favourite Brand.

The absurd jealousy of one woman for another has been a standard topic for humorists and other writers for untold generations. I don't know what they would have done without it. But I think, compared with the tender regard entertained by any professional man for his competitors, poor femininity must take a back seat! Who ever met a lawyer who would admit that any given judge knew his business. If he must allow that he tries to be fair then "he does not know as much law as my boots," while if his learning is patent to all, he is a crank!

An amusing instance of this feeling came under my notice not very long since. In a certain Canadian city dwell two musical men, both possessing much ability, and each full of supreme contempt for the acquirements of the other. A gentleman who knew them both happened to be travelling on a train that carried them to neighboring town, to attend a musicale, being given there. Falling into conversation with one, he inquired what his opinion of Blank as a musician was? "Blank," said the man of note, "now you do surprise me when you call him a musician." He can play some tunes, with a wiggle-wiggle at the end; he pleases the women and the children, but music! Mein Gott, he knows nothing of that, he has had no training."

Moving into the next car my friend sat down beside Mr. Blank, and after due time gently insinuated that so-and-so played well. "Y-e-s, yes, he can play, he knows the notes. You put a piece of music before him and he will play it on the piano. But, my friend, he has no music in his soul!" So much for the judgment of one's peers.

### They Kept Him Busy.

A St. John man had to answer a good many questions this week, the result of some advertising done by another gentleman of the same name. He had an advertisement in one of the city papers, offering employment to a number of men. Such an advertisement always has the desired effect, and there is seldom any difficulty in making a choice. The man who did not insert the advertisement is strongly of this opinion. His house was besieged with applicants before he was down to breakfast, and when he went to his office he found a small army awaiting him there, while his friends stopped him at every corner to ask what he wanted all the men for.

## NO MONEY AND NO SHOW

### THAT IS WHAT THE COUNCIL SAYS TO THE EXHIBITION.

### Will the Citizens Accept That Verdict as Final—Will They Raise a Guarantee Fund—"Progress" Will Give One Hundred Dollars to Help Along the Work.

No money and no show! The common council has decided to refuse the request of the exhibition association for an assisting grant and guarantee. By this act they have given the exhibition a probably fatal blow, and made St. John a laughing stock for the whole country. Rightly or wrongly the association has counted upon the assistance of the city again this year. The association is young; it was organized not for private gain but for the public good, and it is nothing more than natural that having some of the heaviest taxpayers and largest merchants interested in its success that they should look to the corporation for assistance.

So they advertised the exhibition, announced its dates and got them placed upon every exhibition catalogue in the country. Local maritime exhibitions changed their dates to suit those of the St. John fair; the preliminary advertising has already begun and everybody through city and country have no other thought than St. John is going to have another exhibition this fall.

Progress called to Secretary Ira Cornwall through the telephone Friday and asked him what he thought the effect of the council's action would be? "It will kill the exhibition," was his prompt reply, "unless the citizens come to the rescue. We have been depending upon the aid of the city since our application to the province was refused, and the directors will not go ahead without some substantial guarantee."

Mr. Cornwall went on to say that so far every possible encouragement has been extended to the exhibition by local and by outside exhibitors. The list of those who have promised to exhibit is a large one and very representative. In addition to this the horse show has already been brought into greater prominence than they ever hoped it would be at this season of the year.

Progress talked with a number of good citizens yesterday, and they all united in saying that in their opinion it would be a mistake, and one fatal to the exhibition association to allow the exhibition to be blocked by the common council. "It is all nonsense," said one gentleman, "this talking about an exhibition every other year. The people get out of the notion of it, and it cannot be a success. If we miss the show this year, it is very likely that three or four years will pass before there is another."

The only and last resort appears to be a citizens' guarantee fund. Already several offers of sums from \$200 down have been made, and it is thought that rather than see the exhibition go by default there will be no difficulty in raising the required guarantee.

Progress would dislike such a termination of the exhibition idea, and is willing to do its share in starting or adding to a guarantee fund by subscribing \$100.

## TO SHOW THE TOWN.

### Good Views of Amherst in the Next "Progress"—Truro Follows Soon.

Progress' illustrated edition of Amherst appears next Saturday. All the views of the streets and the portraits are completed and make a splendid showing, while the buildings being engraved for the merchants are yet in the hands of the engraver. There are a good many of them and they take time to execute properly.

There cannot be much doubt at this hour, however, but that the Amherst edition will be as handsome as any citizen of the town could wish it.

The views of the town are very satisfactory, while those of the public buildings and streets cannot be excelled. The portraits are uniform in size and clear—which is the strong and desirable point in half-tone engraving. Already the orders for papers are very large, one firm alone taking 800 copies, another 500 and many other smaller orders. It will be well, however, for those who want papers to make a note of the fact that their orders should be placed as early in the week as possible, as it will be a difficult matter to run a second edition to supply an unforeseen demand. Orders handed to Master George Douglas will be attended to.

Reports from Progress representative at Truro indicate that the edition of that flourishing centre will not only be large but very attractive. This paper has published many illustrations, but few of them if indeed any will compare for natural beauty to the scenes about Truro. Further and more particular information about the issue will be published later.

## Everything Comes to Him who Waits.

The pile of stone that has graced the head of King street for some years has been removed. The "art critics" who regarded it as an eye-sore, and the thirty individuals of a practical turn of mind, who never saw the taps going, can now rejoice together.

## THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

### How Apprentices are Engaged at Present. Compared With 70 Years Ago.

"Do you want a boy to learn the trade?" "Yes. Would you like a situation?" "How much do you give a week?" "One dollar and a half, for the first year, and an increase every year after that." "Well, would I do?" "Yes, I like your appearance. Can you read and write?" "Yes, sir." "All right, hang your coat up there." And with a few instructions and some information as to who he is and what he has done, a boy usually starts in to "learn the trade."

Of course, in some cases, engaging a boy is not done with such despatch as in this instance, but the most voluminous understanding between an employer and his apprentice nowadays would be nothing in comparison to that in vogue 70 years ago. And in most cases the boy engaged with the least talk turns out the best. One thing is certain, it would be hard to find a lad today who would enter into the agreement given below, which is copied from a time-worn document at present in Progress office. There was nothing remarkable about it when it was written, but it is interesting reading now.

This indenture witnesseth that Benjamin H— of the age of fourteen years, (by and with the consent of his father, Thomas H— of Silsoe in the county of Bedford, Yeoman) doth apprentice to James Webb, of the town of Bedford in the county of Bedford, printer, bookbinder, paper hanger and stationer, to learn his art after the manner of an apprentice to serve from the date hereof, until the full end and term of seven years, thence next following, and fully to be complete and ended. During which said term, the said apprentice, his master faithfully shall serve, his secrets keep, his lawful commands everywhere gladly do. He shall do no damage to his said master nor see it to be done by others, but to his power, shall let or forbear with giving warning to his said master of the same. He shall not waste the goods of his said master nor lend them unlawfully to any, with the said Benjamin H—, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, his said apprentice, the said Benjamin H—, in the art of a printer, bookbinder, paper hanger and stationer, which he now use by the best means and manner that he can, shall teach and instruct, or cause to be taught and instructed, binding and allowing unto his said apprentice sufficient meat, drink, and lodging during the said term. And the said Thomas H— doth hereby covenant, promise and agree to bind and provide for the said apprentice during the said first year and before the expiration of the third year, and before the expiration of the fifth year, the sum of twenty-one pounds. And for the true and faithful performance of all and every the said covenants and agreements each of the said parties bindeth himself unto the other of them jointly by these presents. In witness whereof the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their respective hands and seals, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand and eight hundred and nineteen.

They Have the Material to Do It. The Citizens' band has decided to get uniforms, and the concert to be given in the Institute on Friday evening next, will swell the fund. A fine programme has been made up, and to do this it would not be necessary to go outside the members of the band, for many of them can be classed among the best musicians in the city, in their special lines. The programme, however, will not be confined to members of the band, a number of other well-known musicians and vocalists having consented to appear. The new organization has won its way into popular favor, and is determined to add to the reputation already gained, by giving musical people the worth of their money Friday night.

## Rather Mixed.

Readers of "Astra's Talks" will note an annoying error in the "make up," which was not discovered until that part of the edition was printed. The first three lines of "Wall Flower's" letter were placed at the top of the third instead of the second column of the department.

## A Boom in White Gloves.

Chief Justice Sir John C. Allen was presented with a new pair of white gloves, by the Sheriff when the court opened this week, there being no criminal cases on the docket. The police were presented with white gloves on Sunday. No reason is assigned.

## They Bought Tickets for Fairville.

The "gate" at the depot is a paying institution some times. Sunday evening, a young lady with enough friends to fill the depot, left the city, and they were all down to see her off. The officers were at the gate, however, and all the parting had to be done on the inside of it. The only way to get over this difficulty was to buy a ticket to Fairville—and there were quite a number sold to that station Sunday night. Twenty-five cents is a pretty good sum to pay to get past the gate.

## Have Wilkins & Sands figure on your Painting, inside and outside—Union St.

Right now, have your Painting done—Wilkins & Sands, Union St.

## EVENTS IN CITY LIFE.

### THINGS THAT AMUSE SOME AND ANNOY OTHERS.

### A Haunted House and the Reason Its Last Tenant Disappeared—Countrymen at the Depot and a Bear in the Post Office—No Style About the Assessors.

There is a house over in the North End that is generally supposed to be haunted. Of course the owner of it does not try to spread this interesting piece of importance. On the contrary she—for it is owned by a woman—tries to rent it at every opportunity. The house has had quite a number of tenants since the ghosts first made their appearance, but no one has stayed more than a couple of weeks, during which time it appears, they got enough material to supply them with ghost stories for the rest of their lives. All kinds of noises have been heard, and every tenant has had an experience different from that of everybody else. But this is common to all haunted houses. The reputation of the one in the North End, however, has spread to such an extent that of late years its tenants have been few and far between.

This fact may explain the gratification of the landlady at having it rented on the first of May. The smallest rent would be better than having the place empty. So when the tenant moved in, the next thing was to keep him there. The landlady found this a rather hard task. But it was not ghosts that bothered the new occupant of the house. He was short of money, so short, indeed, that if the landlady would lend him \$50 for one month, he would be willing to give \$10 as interest. This was a pretty tempting offer, but the landlady was unwilling to strike a bargain for some time. At last she loaned the money, probably thinking that if she obliged the tenant, he might stay on and prove to the world that ghosts existed only in the imaginations of former tenants, and that there was nothing the matter with the house, thereby making it again a source of revenue.

When she handed the \$50 over to the new tenant, however, that was the last she saw of it or him. In a few days the house was again without a tenant, and its owner minus \$50 in cash. The tenant's whereabouts are unknown.

## Think It Is the Custom House.

The custom house officials seem to have gained great notoriety in the rural districts. The stump orators of the opposition at election times accomplish their object in making the people believe that the custom house is something to be avoided and feared. Countrymen arriving in St. John seem to think that the first person they meet must be a custom house official and act accordingly. Some amusing mistakes of this kind are made in the new room at the depot. A boy is usually in the main hall directing passengers to the parcel room, and it is a common occurrence to see a countryman open his valise and show its contents to the clerk, with the remark, "There's nothing on the bottom but a few shirts and things."

## They Don't Recognize Style.

People who are fond of giving prominence to their second name and making their first an initial, are not recognized by the assessors. For instance, S. John Brown wouldn't count with them, and an agent would have to call upon S. John and find out whether his name was Samuel J. or Sydney J. or whatever it was, but John would have to take a back seat while the tax bills were being made out. It is rather discouraging to a man who delights to pose before the world with a high-sounding middle name to have to pay taxes on a plain every-day but substantial surname, that is as common as flies in July.

## Give Him a Holiday.

Progress has rarely had any complaint to make of post office officials considering what an amount of its business passes through their hands, but there is one bear at the window in the St. John office, whose principal qualifications for the public service seems to be his ability to annoy. The confines of the post office—and especially the window box—seem to be too narrow for him. The postmaster should let him loose, give him a vacation—do anything with him in fact that will rid the public of him.

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## IS THERE IMPOSITION?

### Owners of Cemetery Lots Complain That They are Charged for Unordered Services.

There is a growing suspicion in the minds of a good many persons who are interested in the rural cemetery that some person or persons are also interested in playing upon their feelings. Progress has a complaint, supported by good evidence, which would go to show that a change in one or two of the regulations might be greeted with pleasure by many people who are becoming weary of having bills presented to them for imaginary services.

Few persons would dispute the payment of such a bill, even if the work was not ordered done, but the principle of allowing this or that employ to present bills for services not requested or ordered, would seem to be an evil one. One gentleman tells Progress that a few days ago he received word that the stone in his lot required attention, as it was falling down, and at the same time a request for an order to set it right was made. The request was refused, and the gentlemen at once visited his lot. The monument had not been touched and was as straight as possible. This suggests imposition.

Other owners of lots have spoken of the bills that are presented to them year after year for work which, if done, they know nothing of. Perhaps Superintendent Cruikshank could find time to look into these matters.

## ONLY A SLIGHT INCREASE.

### The Census Commissioner's Own Opinion of the Population.

The signs at present do not indicate a very large increase in the population of the cities of St. John and Portland. So the census commissioner says.

The work is progressing as fast as possible, and the returns are forwarded to Ottawa just as soon as they are completed. There is no enumeration done here; no totals calculated or made known from any other point than Ottawa. The census people say that a change has come over St. John in ten years. In 1881 the people were in a measure crowded together, and while the number of houses was very much less than now, the number of occupants was much greater. It was no uncommon thing to find a large family in one or two rooms. This was, of course, the direct result of the fire. Since that time the population has spread. The people may not be much more numerous, but they are decidedly more comfortable.

But few districts were in any degree complete when Progress talked with the census commissioner, who by the way, is not allowed to give any definite information, but it was his opinion that there would be a slight increase in population in every ward.

## Won Florida Real Estate.

Master Harry Rawlins is a young dry goods clerk, who, through much knowledge of his bible and competing in a "house and lot" competition of an American newspaper, has found himself the sudden possessor of real estate in Marion county, Florida. Master Rawlins feels elated at being a winner, but naturally he would like to know something more about his house and lot: whether it is in a swamp or on a mountain, and its approximate value in hard cash. He is also interested in the rate of taxes in that vicinity.

## A St. John Boy's Welcome.

"It looks very natural," writes a St. John boy in Halifax "to see Progress sold on the streets here Saturday morning and found in every new store I enter. Halifax people are just as loyal to their city as we of St. John are and any one of them would welcome their own papers in another town. Speaking for myself it makes life away from home much more bearable to find such an old friend as Progress so near a neighbor."

## The People Are Laughing.

A rather good story of a December and May flirtation now going on in the city has been handed Progress, but it is too long and a trifle too personal to print. Both the principals appear to be deeply interested, and they are the ones chiefly concerned. But the young lady's friends are indignant, the old gentlemen's disgusted and the people are laughing.

## One for the "Mail."

One of the papers Progress advertises in regularly is the *Mail* of Halifax, and a curious result of its effectiveness has just come to hand from Glasgow, Scotland, from which place a lady writes enclosing the "ad" and asking for Progress and its terms. It counts one for the *Mail* and also shows that it pays a newspaper to take its own medicine.

## Good Correspondents Wanted.

Progress wants a number of good society correspondents. Sample letters should always accompany the application. Ladies always preferred. There are vacancies at present in Sussex, Annapolis, Yarmouth, Kentville, New Glasgow, Antigonish, Westville, Stellarton, Shediac, St. Martins.