Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, the 19th, June 1899 trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted,) as follow

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton 8.30
Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax 7.25
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou 11.50
Express for Moncton 16.10
Suburban Express for Hampton 17.45
Express for Quebec, Montreal 18.10
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney 22.30

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.10 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 23.30 o'clock for Truro.

Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Suburban Express from Hampton 7.15
Express from Moncton 3.25
Accommodation from Moncton 13.55
Express from Halifax 17.40
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal 19.10
Suburban Express from Hampton 21.00
Accommodation from Point du Chene and Moncton 11.35

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,
97 Prince Wm. Street
St. John, N. B.

Moncton, N. B., June 14, 1899.
City Ticket Office, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

STEAMERS.

1899. 1899.

THE YARMOUTH S. S. CO.,

LIMITED.,

For Boston and Halifax

VIA.,

Yarmouth.

Shortest and Most Direct Route.

Only 15 to 17 hours from Yarmouth to Boston.

Four Trips a Week from Yarmouth to Boston.

STEAMERS "BOSTON" and "YARMOUTH"

One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after arrival of Dom. Atlantic Ry. trains from Halifax. Returning leaves Lewis wharf, Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 2 p. m. connecting with Dom. Atlantic Coast Rys. and all coach lines. Regular mail carried on steamers.

The Fast Side-Wheel Steamer "CITY OF MONTICELLO," Leaves Cunard's wharf, Halifax, every Monday (10 p. m.) for intermediate ports, Yarmouth and St. John, N. B., connecting at Yarmouth, Wednesday, with steamer for Boston.

Returning leaves St. John every Friday 7 a. m.

For tickets, staterooms and other information apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis Street; North Street depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 148 Hollis street, or

L. E. BAKER,
President and Director.

Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

SAILINGS

—OF THE—

STMR. CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday 29th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 (local). Returning will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. local.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE,
Manager.

Star Line Steamers

For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard, for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7.30 a. m. standard.

On and after June 24th, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave St. John, every Saturday at 4.30 p. m. for Wickham and Intermediate Points. Returning will leave Wickham Monday a. m. due at St. John at 8 o'clock a. m.

Tickets good to return by Steamer David Weston, due at St. John at 1 30 p. m.

JAMES MANCHESTER,
Manager, Prostem.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line:

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14th, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter.

Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 9th, 19th and 29th, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements [both by rail and water,] we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business intrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.

For all particulars, address,

R. H. FLEMING, Agent.
New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.

M. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager,
5-11 Broadway, New York City.

PROGRESS.

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Board of Works Stamp

PERRY'S COW HUNTING.

HE STARTED FOR THE BOVINES WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED

At His Farm to Arrest Him for Breaking the Game Laws—A Queens County Man Describes the Incident From the Standpoint of a Resident of the Place.

It is not often that PROGRESS gets a letter from Queens county but this week an aspiring resident of that fertile county has sent in an account of a recent visit of police officers to that section of the province. It is good enough to print in toto, though one must conclude that fertile imaginations are also to be found in Queens. The article is not dated any particular place and reads as follows:

It is rather unsafe business for any party to violate the "Game Law," especially unsafe for the "Tory party" in fact a good many around the parish of Brunswick and county of Queens are becoming confused. They can't exactly tell whether they are being prosecuted for shooting moose out of season or for voting Hetherington and Woods at the last election. If for violating the game law why do their "Grit" friends who have assisted in the meat getting enterprise contrary to the laws of the land, remain unpunished? In fact "Tammany" politics are very much in evidence in Queens county just now, where a policeman of the same faith and order as the "Bowery Tiger" appears in our midst for the purpose of dragging our fellow citizens before a police magistrate of the same political persuasion, it naturally creates some excitement. The Johnston inquisition is still flush in our memories, and the yeoman of Brunswick and surrounding vicinity are naturally reluctant about appearing before that particular "Bar of Justice."—"This by the way of introduction."

About three o'clock P. M. on the thirty first day of July, in ye year Anno Domini 1899 the calmness that rested like a blanket upon the peaceful village of Coles Island, in the county of queens aforesaid, was rudely torn into strips by the unusual conduct of two strange gentlemen they alighted from a carriage in front of Alfred West's store. One was a gray-headed man with a hitch in his walk as though a suspender had bursted from its moorings and allowed the nor west angle of his pants to droop and impede locomotion. He said his name was Phillips, but upon an expansive watch charm was a name that could be read at a distance of ten feet with the naked eye and that name was J. Ring, evidently the gentleman was slightly untruthful or had purloined the goods and chattels of some innocent third party. And the other gentleman! Oh my! he beggars description like Saul he towered head and shoulders above his fellow men. He scowled, and put the fine touches on his fiercely rolling eyes, and glared about him as much as to say "Hain't Hi got a Hi like a Heagle." He evidently expected the poor innocent countrymen, to climb trees and pull the trees up after them, in terror of his majestic presence.

Not a house moved, only an urchin remarked to his neighbor, "Golly wouldn't his feet make fine "tater bug smashers"

Both raised their heads aloft, like the caribou on his native plains inhaling the breath of autumn and looked long and lovingly across the meadows towards Mr. Sidney Perry who was engaged weeding his turnips entirely obvious of the strangers' interested stare.

Then they jointly and severally started across the field towards Mr. Perry's turnip patch and the observer concluded that they were agricultural experts, from Mr. Labillois and interested in turnip culture.

Meantime Miss Perry had gone down to the field and told her father that it was time to get the cows. As the strangers started for the turnip patch Mr. Perry set out on his cow hunting expedition. Mr. Perry's cows pasture in the woods.

The bears have been particularly aggressive during the present summer and farmers who hunt the cows carry various offensive and defensive weapons. It was noticed that Mr. Perry carried a fork just an ordinary long handled sharp tined hay fork. Of course this was carried for the purpose of gouging bears who might attempt to become too familiar, if some foolhardy policeman were to accidently fall against that fork it would be apt to puncture their clothes and cause slight "abrasions of the cuticle."

Mr. Perry was evidently unaware of the strangers presence as he had never looked in their direction and could not have seen them. He was walking leisurely at right angles to the course being pursued by the strangers. It was noticed that the strangers began to swing round as though desirous of joining in the cow hunt, and the observers concluded that they were interested in tuberculosis instead of turnips. Cow-hunting no doubt would have been a pleasant pastime and Mr. Perry I am sure would have enjoyed their society, but he never saw them, at least he never looked at them. He didn't seem to be in any hurry to get his cows, neither did the strangers appear to be possessed of a burning anxiety to join him, in fact they acted as though they were shy and diffident, possibly they did not want to disturb Mr. Perry cogitations so abruptly. It is true whenever Perry got near the clump of alders, they began to run, but they didn't wish to tangle the grass and so stepped very high and didn't get ahead very fast. When within a couple of rods from Mr. Perry the old gentleman's shoes seemed to get out of order and he stopped to fix them—a lace had let go, probably; at the same time the big fellows shoes seemed to fetch away, and he stopped; the oldest inhabitant cannot recollect of two men's shoes giving out under such trying circumstances and so instantaneous as it were. By the time their wardrobe was properly arranged Mr. Perry had disappeared in a small clump of alder bushes. Then the two gentlemen rushed frantically forward and dashed around the clump two or three times. They did not attempt to enter the bushes however.

At this season of the year numerous and ravenous groups of black flies infest the alder bushes and are liable to attack in an annoying manner the unwary traveller who ventures near their native haunts; of course no gentleman after a day's outing in the country, would like to return to their native city with faces looking like animated nutmeg graters. As Mr. Perry started to cross a small glade in the centre of the thicket he was assailed by the little pests in such a malignant manner that he had to beat them off with the hay fork. This caused the fork to swing and dip, and plunge, and spear in a very eccentric manner. In the midst of the struggle Mr. Perry caught a glimpse of the strangers whem he mistook for his hired men coming to his rescue and so gave them some interesting information in regard to the sharpness of his fork tines so as to prevent any accident. Thus having an illustration of the vicious nature of the flies, the two strangers concluded to forego their tuberclosis hunting expedition and returned to the house where they showed themselves to be real valiant by talking up bold and strong to the sixteen year old girl in charge. The way the big fellow swaggered and sputtered showed that he was fully confident of his ability to thrash any sixteen year old girl in Queens county if she just dared be fi p with him.

"Are you Mr. Perry's daughter," they roared.

The young lady pleaded guilty to the charge.

"Where did your father go?"

"He went for the cows. Where were you gentleman going?"

"Oh we were going for the cows too," this in a very sarcastic tone.

"Well its a mighty good thing that you met pa cause that mule of ours has a great appetite for fresh things."

Then they went across the road and threatened two or three inoffensive law abiding citizens, with handcuffs and trips to St. John. Dismissing the extra team that they had brought with them for some purpose or purposes unknown, climbed into their carriage and drove away; while Mr. Perry who appeared to have changed his mind about getting the cows and was now in his field stirring out the hay could be heard whistling "Just tell them that you saw me," which closed the incident, for the present, leaving the inhabitants of Coles's Island very much puzzled to know what it means. It is rumored that Mr. Perry has sworn out warrants for the arrest of the two gentlemen for the use of violent and threatening language in the presence of his daughter.

Well Stocked Greenhouses.

One of the prettiest sights in the way of floral beauty just now are the greenhouses of William McLean which are well stocked and carefully looked after. The rose house contains one of the largest rose trees that can be found anywhere and with its wealth of odorous blooms is a beautiful sight. In the rose house is also an immense heliotrope tree the like of which does not exist in the province and is certainly wonderful. Mr. McLean has a large number of city patrons who find his prices right. His conservatories contain hundreds of roses carnations, geraniums palms, and potted plants at prices lower than elsewhere.

AS A JUDGE AND LAWYER.

A. L. Palmer Home From Boston and Very Ill.

The serious illness of ex-judge Palmer recalls many incidents in the life of a man who has filled a prominent place in the city of St. John. He is best known perhaps as a lawyer and a judge but he was chosen at one time by the people to represent them in parliament and his legal knowledge and attainments placed him in a prominent position there at once.

The cases he has been engaged in are enough in themselves to make any man well known. His knowledge of marine law introduced him to much good business and his arguments as a lawyer and his decision as a judge have rarely been upset.

In the Annie Parker case when she was charged with the murder of McCarthy Mr. Palmar was the prominent lawyer and the records of that case will always be read with interest.

Then there was an argument in Fredericton some years ago about Maritime bank affairs. The failure of this institution meant a great deal to Judge Palmar and he was not in sympathy with the movement to place Messrs Collier, Sturdee and one other in charge as liquidators. They had obtained a large number of proxies but in spite of that the judge fought against their appointment and for two or three days the late chief justice Sir John C. Allen listened to him and the other counsel argue. Then he decided in Mr. Palmar's favor and appointed Messrs McLellan, McLeod and Taylor.

His life as a judge, his retirement from the Bench need not be dwelt upon as they are fresh in the minds of the people but his return to the bar as counsel in the case of Hesse against the street railway company gave additional interest to that somewhat notable trial. The jury gave the client of Dr. Quigley and himself $25.000 but the gentlemen who used to sit on the bench in Fredericton with Mr. Palmer reduced the verdict largely and now the case is still in court.

Mr. Chas. A. Palmer was associated with his father in this case but he died before it came on. Then the Judge went to Boston after it was tried and while stepping from a street car met with so serious an accident that he has been unable to attend to business since. He reached St. John a few days ago and his condition since has been such as to alarm his friends.

A PICNIC UNPAID FOR.

The Fredericton End of the Blair Picnic not Squared Yet.

Every one remembers the famous political picnic at Gagetown. It was given in honor of Mr. Blair, minister of railways and the most central spot on the St. John river and the shiretown of one of the counties which the minister represents was chosen as the place of meeting. All the boats of the Star Line that could be spared were chartered and people from all parts of the noble river prepared to enjoy a pleasant time and at the same time show that politically or personally they were not at variance with the New Brunswick representative in the cabinet at Ottawa.

"A goodly crowd was there." Men in all classes of life gathered to hear the speeches and see what was going on. There were excursions from Fredericton as well as from St. John and the friends from the capital turned out in great style.

The gentleman who was manager of the Star Line then has since died and it was only recently that it was discovered that a portion of the political picnic was not paid for. The St. John committee had done its part and the $275 that they engaged to pay had been handed over but it was different with the gentlemen who came down river. They had not paid for the use of the steamers and now the steamship company will understand just how difficult it is to collect a political bill. It is only fair to say that the Fredericton committee claims that the late manager, Mr. Baird, told them that they could consider the account settled but it is hardly likely that he would charge the St. John friends of Mr. Blair $275 and permit the contingent from the capital to go free.

NO EFFORT TO SAVE HIM.

THAT IS THE SUMMING UP OF THE CORONERS JURY VERDICT.

At the Runciman Inquest, George Runciman Tells a Pitiful Tale of His Appeals to the Deck Hands to Help His Brother—An Action May be Brought.

The public seems to have reached the conclusion that the life of John Runciman was thrown away and if proper precautions had been taken and such assistance rendered by the deck hands as was natural under the circumstances the accident would not have had a fatal result.

PROGRESS did not have much opportunity to write about the accident last week but since then a coroners jury composed of men of keen common sense has been inquiring into the cause of the death of Mr. Runciman and has reached a conclusion such as might be expected.

It is a pretty hard matter to place the blame on any one man though of course the captain of the steamer is responsible for what is done by those who are under his orders.

Had such a casualty occurred in the states Captain Starkey would have been placed under arrest as soon as the steamer reached the wharf but Canadian laws are slower in this respect than those of the republic. The conductor and motorman of a street car who makes such a mistake in Boston, New York, or any large American city, knows that the policeman who arrives on the scene first will have him in charge. Nothing of this sort, of course, has been done in this case, but the fact remains that a valuable life has been lost and while it was no doubt the fault of somebody the coroner's jury has not placed the responsibility upon anybody.

Mr. Simpson was the man who made such a desperate effort to save Runciman. It seems that the two men were only acquaintances of a few hours yet that did not prevent the visiting American from diving and swimming after Runciman and holding him above water until he himself was so near exhausted that he was unable to keep afloat any longer himself. The effort was heroic and worthy of recognition. He was one of the first witnesses at the inquest and told his story in a straightforward manner. There was no self glorification in it but he showed beyond a doubt that the deck hands on the Victoria were not the right kind of men to have the care of the lives of the people who are daily in their charge. His evidence showed that they were careless to a great degree and did not use the facilities they had at hand to save the man who was struggling in the water. There wasn't a life buoy thrown, nor one of the hundreds of life preservers within reach of their hands, not a plank, not a rope—in fact nothing was done except to lower a boat and rescue the man who had jumped from his own boat to try and save Runciman's life.

George Runciman who was also in the small boat and was being brought to St. John by his brother returned to the inquest though in no condition to do so and the story he told was certainly pathetic. After stating that it was on account of his poor health that his brother went for him he said that when they started from the shore they were in Mrs. Stocker's boat. "I was seated in the stern of the boat. Mr. Simpson had the forward oar and my brother the after oar. While rowing down to the steamer I put my hand to the side of my mouth and called out, "Victoria Ahoy," and also waved an umbrella over my head to attract attention. I heard some one in the stern call to us. Are you coming aboard? or words to that effect. I answered, "Yes." As we drew near to the steamer I heard some of the deckhands who were near the steps call to us to hurry up. I also heard the remark, 'We can't spend the afternoon waiting for you.' When the boat got alongside of the steamer it seemed to be a little behind the steps. The boat was pulled up alongside the steps. I would not swear in what manner it was pulled. I arose from my seat, picked up a valise which was alongside of me and boarded the steamer, being assisted up the steps. When I got to the deck I walked a short distance aft and laid down my valise. I then came back near the steps to watch my brother getting on board. The first I saw of him he seemed to have lost his hold of something connected with the steamer and was falling into the water. I called to some of the deck hands, 'My God, if any of you can swim try to save him for he can't swim a stroke.' Nothing was done. I walked aft watching him at the time to where I noticed a coil of rope lying on the deck. I tried to get enough of the rope slack to throw to my brother but was either too dazed or the rope was fastened in some way that I could not get enough of it loose. At this time, to the best of my knowledge, he would be about 12 or 15 feet from the steamer. I was not assisted in any way with the rope. As he floated or drifted with the backwash, I noticed Mr. Simpson rowing with one oar after him; it was on the thole pins. When he got to within six feet of my brother he stood up in the boat, took off his coat and dove over the side of the boat after him. He brought him to the surface and brought him towards the steamer. Suddenly I noticed my brother had disappeared. The next I remember was Mr. Simpson being hauled into the boat, which had been lowered from the steamer. When he got on the steamer he came to me and said, "It is all right, George; we reached him." I had an idea, however, that my brother was drowned. Mr. Simpson then walked aft, and I heard him asking to be let off to go back. I was then assisted up the saloon stairs by some ladies and taken to a small room off the dining room. I thought it was the steward's room. I was in a condition then not to know very much about what was going on.

To the coroner—In coming down on the steamer, as near as I can remember, that was about all the conversation that took place. My eyes were riveted on my brother. He was out of the boat when he was hanging on to something connected with the steamer. I did not notice the position of the small boat. When I saw Simpson attempting to row first he was about 10 feet from my brother. I swear positively that I did not call out good-bye. I did not say it at any time afterwards. I used no word to that effect. I had not spoken at all. I knew it was my brother's intention to board the boat. I had not bid good-bye to Mr. Simpson at any time. I may have forgotten it. I cannot say I had forgotten it, but if I had, I would have said "Good-bye, Mr. Simpson." I did not consider the time had come to say good-bye to Mr. Simpson.

Mr. Runciman did not speak of Mr. Simpson's treatment on board the steamer but it seems that no attention was paid him and that in spite of his protests he was taken to Maugerville instead of being put ashore at Oromocto. This one circumstance is a strong reflection on the captain who was an eye witness of the attempt he made to save Runciman. It is no wonder that the aged father accused him at the inquest of having killed his son. The Americans on the river and in the city are very indignant at the captain's treatment of their countryman.

The coroner's jury did not bring in such a verdict as the jury expected but they placed the blame on the steamer asserting in their belief that the engines were started too soon and that insufficient effort was made to save him. They went farther and recommended greater care to be taken in transferring passengers. They might have brought out the fact strongly that there are wharves all along the river which have been placed there at great expense for the use of the public and the steamers and that there should be some regulation compelling the boat to stop at a wharf.

In the effort of recent years to make time the steamboat people overlook the necessity of taking care of the lives of their passengers and the writer has again and again observed narrow escapes while a boat is alongside the steamer. Experienced boatmen and careful deck hands on a calm day will do all right but the inexperience of Mr. Simpson and the negligence and haste of the deck hands were not the proper safe guards of the life of John Runciman.

It is said that his father proposes to enter action against the steamship company.

A Man With Many Friends.

The death of Wesley Vanwart of Fredericton, while a great shock to his host of friends there, was none the less sad news to those who knew him in St. John and other parts of the province. He was a man who made friends wherever he went and the honor the people of Fredericton conferred upon him when they made him their first citizen was properly bestowed. He was a young man, not yet fifty years of age, and yet in his short life he had won the professional and political confidence of many people and made more friends than usually fall to the lot of one man.