

PROGRESS.

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AS SEEN IN HIS CELL.

THE MAN CHARGED WITH KILLING JOSEPH STEADMAN.

The Correspondent of "Progress" has an interview with the Prisoner—How the Authorities have Allowed Indignation to Overcome Humanity.

Everybody in Moncton, and a good many outside of it, knew "Joe" Steadman, of the police force. When the city got its second incorporation, some fifteen years ago, he was made town marshal, and continued to act in that capacity until there was a reorganization of the police and Marshal Thibideau was appointed. Mr. Steadman subsequently went to the United States and found employment in Boston, and when he returned to Moncton again

endwise to the street, with the front door at the left hand side. The side door, which is the one generally used, is in the centre of the right side, with a broad wooden platform before it. The back door is in the ell. It was from this door that the men made their exit, and outside which the shooting took place.

Reports have been current that in the indignation at the prisoner arrested, he has not been used with common humanity, that his wounds have not been attended to and that in other ways he has been made to feel that he is in custody to suffer all that he can legally be made to suffer. In order to learn how far this was true, PROGRESS instructed its Moncton correspondent to enquire into the matter. The following is the correspondent's statement:



OLSEN IN HIS CELL OBJECTS TO BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

became a member of the police force. He was a good officer and a man who had many friends. At the time of his death he was about 44 years of age.

The particulars of the tragedy have been fully told by the daily papers. The store of W. Wilson & Co., Chatham, was robbed on Friday night of last week and about \$260 in cash secured. On Monday two strangers staying at the house of Mrs. Donnelly, Telegraph street, excited the suspicion of the Moncton police, and it was determined to arrest them that night. At 9 o'clock Marshal Foster went to the house, accompanied by officers Steadman and Scott and special constable Colborn. These men were stationed at the exits of the building, while the marshal entered to find the men. Steadman was at the side door. When Foster entered, the alarm was given by an inmate of the house, and the two suspected men ran for the rear. There was heard the sound of pistol shots, and when Scott ran to the spot he found Steadman grappling with one of the men. Scott seized and handcuffed the fellow, whereupon Steadman staggered away, exclaiming that he was shot, and fell dead. The bullet had entered his left breast between the second and third ribs.

It is believed the man now in custody, who gives his name as Robert Olsen, a Norwegian, is the man who fired the shot. He himself received rough usage, and when taken to the police station it was found that his head was badly cut and there was a bullet wound in his leg. It is supposed the latter was caused by his own pistol being knocked down in the struggle with Steadman. No weapon was found on him but a Smith & Wesson revolver was picked up near by, with two of the five chambers empty. As several shots were fired, the other fugitive must also have used a revolver.

This man, who is known only as "Jim," but who is said to be James Willis, who formerly worked in Chatham, escaped, and is still at large, though he may be captured before PROGRESS reaches its readers. A reward of \$250 has been offered by the city of Moncton and this is supplemented by \$500 offered by the provincial government. He is described as about 30 years old, 5 feet 7 inches high, wearing black clothes, dark shirt, necktie with black spots and had whiskers of three or four weeks' growth.

The house from which the shooting took place is a rather large two story and a half one of very ordinary appearance, situated on Telegraph street, a short distance above the Park hotel, on the opposite side of the street. A vacant lot is at the left hand side and at the back a high board fence. In spite of the unsavory reputation it has long "enjoyed," it is rather a respectable looking house for the locality, having lace sash curtains in one or two of the windows and potted plants. It has three different entrances, and seems specially adapted for the rapid and easy escape of anyone desirous of avoiding observation. It stands

expression of fright and patience, and he seemed so broken down and tired, that the writer mercifully cut the interview short. "Does your head trouble you?" he was asked.

"Yes, a good deal."
"Does it ache?"
"Yes, it hurts me all the time."
"And your leg too, I suppose?"
"My leg is very bad," laying his hand on the injured limb, "it is so feverish."
"Has it been dressed this morning?"
"No, it has only been dressed just the once, and it has been bleeding a good deal since then, so it feels very bad today and it makes me feverish."
"Do you treat you pretty well here?"
"No, not very well"—hastily—"as well as I can expect, I suppose."

At the close of the conversation the prisoner limped painfully back to his cot. His left ankle was quite swollen from the wound in his leg, and he seemed to be suffering a great deal, yet in christian—double dyed christian—Moncton, his wound had only been dressed once. He is a criminal, possibly a murderer, but still common humanity would suggest that he should receive ordinary care.

Several efforts were made to photograph the prisoner yesterday, but with only partial success, as he persistently threw his arms over his face on the approach of a photographer or any one with a kodak, and when prevented from so doing, resolutely shut his eyes. The picture forwarded by PROGRESS is the best that could be got.

MR. BERRY OF BERRYVILLE.

He Visits Sussex and is Received by the Leading Dignitaries.

One of the men in the railway ticket office at Sussex has been impressed with the idea that the man "Jim," wanted as an accessory to the Moncton murder, would pass through Sussex in his effort to get out of the country. He has, therefore, kept a sharp eye on all strangers, and on Tuesday evening it seemed to him and many of his neighbors that a great discovery had been made. A stranger to the ticket seller came to the office and made a number of inquiries as to routes, distances, connections and fares to the United States. He wanted to get a train that would enable him to get away by the International steamer, which would necessitate his getting out of Sussex very early in the morning. The stranger appeared so excited and in so much of a hurry that the suspicions of the official became aroused. It seemed to him that this might be "Jim," and so word was sent over to the hotel where the stranger sought shelter for the night. Everything he did was construed into a suspicious act, even to the way he began to undress when shown to a bedroom. It was determined to effect his capture.

News of the arrival of the mysterious stranger was sent to the leading officials and other dignitaries of the village, and a posse of the boldest spirits was soon gathered at the hotel to determine on a plan of campaign. Every man had some kind of a gun in his pocket, for it was believed that the fugitive at bay might show fight unless overawed by an imposing display of weapons. It was deemed impolitic to force an issue at arms by going to the man's bedroom, as he would undoubtedly shoot somebody. Wiser counsels suggested that, as the man had to get up to catch an early train, the best strategy would be shown by the crowd sitting in the waiting room until he came down stairs. Then he could be surprised, surrounded and forced to yield before he had a chance to defend himself.

As the time for the stranger to come down stairs drew near the excitement, though suppressed, was intense. At last his step was heard, each man prepared for action, and stood ready to play a decisive part at the critical moment. The step came nearer, the door was flung open, and—

Mr. Berry, of Berryville (that will do as well as any other name), walked serenely into the presence of the excited posse. Nearly every man in the room knew him as a peaceable young farmer from one of the adjacent districts. He had come to Sussex to get a marriage license, and that was what had made him in so much of a hurry and so anxious to know about routes for a honeymoon.

The posse retired in good order. The next time Mr. Berry of Berryville comes to Sussex the man at the ticket office will say "sailor" from his broad shoulders and tanned, fair skin, to his bare feet and knotted, seamed hands, which bore every evidence of hard work. In fact he reminded one forcibly of several of the man-of-war sailors who passed through Moncton some months ago, and had been dressed in blue serge and on the deck of a ship, instead of in the police cells, would have excited little comment, except that he looked as if he had recently recovered from a bad "spree," and was still feeling the effects. So far from looking like a desperado, his face wore a mingled

Why the Organ Would Not Fly.

The organ of a city church refused to respond to the touch of the organist one evening recently, and an expert was called to examine it. He found a flask lying across two of the pipes from which no music could be extracted. This looked suspicious, until it was explained that the organ blower used to take a flask of tea to drink behind the organ. He had left the flask on the bellows and they had dropped into the organ.

THAT FERRY QUESTION.

IT CONTINUES TO WORRY THE WEST END CITIZENS.

The Object to Any Increase in the Rates of Toll—Some of the Figures of This Season and Last—Ald. Baxter's Plan to Effect a Saving.

As a red rag waved at an exasperated rooster, or as a tin can tied to a dog's tail, so is any proposition to raise the ferry tolls, when mentioned to the people of the west end.

The fact that Carleton has the liberal proportion of seven churches to its population does not always prevent the use of strong language when it is hinted that while the ferry must lose at the one cent rate it can be put on a paying basis by the two cent rate. "Why not make it ten cents?" is howled with withering sarcasm at the east side man who presumes to discuss the matter.

The people of the west end have instructed their aldermen to demand a free ferry, and the aldermen are carrying out their part of the contract every time ferry matters come up at the council. Their zeal in this respect nearly broke up the meeting in disorder the last time the board assembled.

While the issue of free ferry or secession has not yet been brought squarely to the front, there are threats that it will be should the council insist on restoring the two cent rate. In the meantime Ald. Baxter has been struck with a bright idea. This is that, admitting the one-cent rate must be retained for a time, the sum of \$1,764 a year can be saved by dispensing with the services of two collectors and two gatekeepers. To effect this he would have fares taken on one side only, and as the east side gives the larger receipts, it would be chosen as the place of payment. A person going to Carleton would pay two cents on this side and return for nothing. If he never returned the city would have a cent to the good. The people of Carleton would come to this side free of charge, but each would pay two cents to get back unless he chose to walk around by the bridge, in which case he would have a wholly free trip.

These are the outlines of the idea which the alderman has worked out in detail, as to the manner of collecting, watching the floats, etc., and he will probably lay his plans before the ferry committee.

In the meantime the ferry is paying better under the one-cent for all system than it paid a year ago. In July 1891 the passenger receipts were \$1045.04, while in the month just closed they were \$1312.92. That means that 131,292 persons paid toll. In July, a year ago, the east side receipts were \$67.88 in excess of those of the west side. At the same rate the difference this year would have been \$85.20, but as a matter of fact it was only \$42.92. Much of the excess in both years seems to have been due to people passing the east side gate, taking a trip on the steamer and not passing the west side gate. The differences are the larger on fine Sundays, and at such times as when there is a war vessel in port, of which the people can see the size and shape by a ferryboat excursion.

There is another thing which makes some, though not a very heavy, difference in the east side receipts. People sometimes pass the turnstile and either become suddenly thirsty or remember something they had forgotten, in which case they return to the street by the way of the gate on the floats. Formerly they were allowed to come back in the same way, free of charge, but now they have to take the turnstile and pay toll a second time.

The present system of checking appears to be about as close to accuracy as it can very well be got. As everybody pays at the turnstile its record of passages means just that number of cents, whereas under the old system with monthly tickets, etc., only an approximation could be had. The teams, etc., that pay toll on the gate at one side are counted and recorded as they pass at the floats on the other side. While this check is not always absolutely correct it is quite near enough for all practical purposes, and is usually within a few cents of the actual receipts. The difference is usually due to passengers getting on or off teams on the way across.

With all the care that can be taken, the ferry is bound to run behind. Last year there was about \$1,000 a month deficiency. This year the indications are that it will be less, but run behind it must, and will so long as the present system is continued. Nor is this to be wondered at when it is remembered that in the year when the rate of toll was reduced from three cents to one cent, the salaries of employees were actually increased \$1,000 per annum.

The ferry that could be run without loss on this principle does not belong to this world.

It Makes a Difference.

The members of the prohibition commission do not appear to be in search of temperance hotels in their travels. They want the best that is going and the Royal in their headquarters in St. John. The government pays the hotel bills, which may make some difference in the case.

PROGRESS PICNIC ON TUESDAY.

Have you got Your Tickets?—Some Particulars of the Affair.

It is not necessary perhaps to remind those who have thought of going that next Tuesday is the day set apart for PROGRESS picnic at Lepreau. There has been a good deal of talk about it this week, both inside and outside of PROGRESS office. The newsboys have had a hundred and one questions to ask, all of which, so far, have been answered to their satisfaction. Some of them said they were too small to go alone and wanted tickets for other members of their family. Of course not only they got them but any others of the boys who requested them.

Quite a number of subscribers in the country living near this city have written requesting tickets, which have been sent them.

It is not the intention of PROGRESS to make any elaborate preparation for the day. The providing of the trains and the entertainment of the boys while there is about all that will attempt.

Arrangements have been made for a general refreshment table for the sake of those who go to the picnic without any basket or anything of that sort. This will be conducted by the person who has secured the privilege on the usual plan.

A number of people have asked if buying the paper regularly each week does not entitle them to the same privilege as subscribers. To this it may be said that if any one of them will request the dealer from whom he buys his paper to procure him tickets, he will have no difficulty in getting them.

The arrangements for the trains will be announced in PROGRESS' advertising space in the *Globe* on Monday night. It is possible that three trains may go to the grounds if the crowd is too large to go in two, but on the other hand, two full trains will probably be quite sufficient to contain all who intend to go; if so one of these will leave about 9 o'clock in the morning and the other about 1.30 in the afternoon.

For the second time PROGRESS extends a cordial invitation to all of its friends and patrons to come to the picnic.

How Lepreau Mill Beat the Record.

The Fredericton *Herald* is quite correct in claiming that the best provincial record for one day's sawing of one gang belongs to the Lepreau mill, which was burned several years ago. The mill was built by W. K. Reynolds in 1854, and was in many respects the most complete in the maritime provinces. Mr. Reynolds leased it to King & Gibson, and during their time, in 1860, the quantity of 67,300 feet was passed through a gang, edged and surveyed, in ten hours. The logs were taken from the pond without any previous sorting. There was then no machinery for hauling the edger table, but had there been the record would have been considerably exceeded, as at the close of the day the edger horses were piled to the height of a man's head with deal not edged and not included in the count. Had it been surveyed the record would have been nearer 72,000 feet. When Mr. Gibson built the Nashwaak mills he adopted many of the features that had made the Lepreau mill so complete, but the old record never was and has not yet been beaten. The splendid water power which drove this mill has been idle for years, and picnic visitors see only the ruins of what was once a veritable hive of industry.

Mr. Currie and Mr. Crisp.

Editor D. D. Currie, of the *Shelburne Budget*, is evidently on the war path from the tone of an article in the last issue of his paper. Mr. Currie, it will be remembered, was once the talented pastor of a prominent church in this city, and held a high position among his brother officers until charged with a moral offence that required investigation by the conference. That trial and its results, the endless law suits and disputes, are still fresh in the minds of the public. As PROGRESS understands it, one of those very prominent in the prosecution was a brother clergyman, the Rev. R. S. Crisp. It seems almost a case of "tit for tat" to see Mr. Currie now accusing his former accuser. There is only one thing for Mr. Crisp to do. He placed Mr. Currie upon his defence once, Mr. Currie has now placed him upon his defence, and unless he does defend the charges made, people will be likely to think there is too much truth in them.

Easy to Be Mistaken.

Mr. Stevens of the I. C. R. depot, found out this week how easy it is for a man to be mistaken. The coachmen are always intruding upon Mr. Stevens' rules, or rather the rules of the station, and he reported one of them to the court, but it appeared that he made a mistake in the name. Two of the coachmen look very much alike and after Mr. Stevens had sworn that he was quite sure it was So and So, the court could only be convinced to the contrary by So and So bringing two witnesses who proved that he was not at the station at that hour but at the Royal hotel. Mr. Stevens then admitted that he might have made a mistake which, after all, was quite a graceful act on his part.

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Silver Service Coupon.

To the person who Sends in the most of these Coupons by Saturday, September 24, PROGRESS will present a handsome Silver Service of seven pieces, Quadruple Plate, Guaranteed, valued at \$45

CUT THIS OUT

THIS BEATS HALIFAX COUNCIL.

St. John Has a Very Temperate Crowd to Manage City Affairs.

The Halifax *Recorder* seems rather proud of the composition of the city council of that city as regards the principles of temperance. From a list which it gives of the mayor and eighteen aldermen, all appear to be temperance men and five are total abstainers. The classifications given are "total abstainers," "very nearly a teetotaler," and "occasional glass of wine." Taking the same classification for the St. John council, and premising that the term wine includes ale, etc., the following is the showing:

Those who take an occasional glass of wine are Mayor Peters, Alds Barnes, McLaughlan, Jack, Colwell, Knox, Shaw, White, McKelvey, W. A. Chesley, Christie, John A. Chesley, McGoldrick, Nickerson, Kelly, Vincent.—16.

Very nearly teetotalers, Blizard, Law, Seaton.—3.

Those who are claimed as total abstainers are Alds. O'Brien, McCarthy, Lewis, Smith, Baxter, Davis, Lingley, Connor.—8.

This is away ahead of Halifax, as all our aldermen are temperate and more than a third of them never take anything, unless it is something that is very soft indeed. The council is a temperate enough body, save in the matter of some debates in which the West end is interested.

Bequests Should Be Acknowledged.

When the late David S. Kerr made his will he provided that after the death of his widow the sum of \$2,000 should go to the Old Ladies' Home and \$1,000 to the Protestant Orphan asylum. These amounts were paid over immediately after the burial of Mrs. Kerr, last week. The \$2,000 bequest has been acknowledged in the daily papers, but that of \$1,000 has not. Would it not be a good idea for institutions which receive legacies to acknowledge them as publicly as possible, in order to stimulate other people to generosity? The idea of some officials that when people know an institution has received a gift they will think it does not need any more is not the correct one. PROGRESS thinks that the good deeds of men should not be hidden, and for this reason it not long ago gave the particulars of the bequest of Thomas Chubb to the Old Ladies' Home, a story that was new to the public because, though made a year before, the management of the home had said nothing about it.

Making It Unpleasant for Travellers.

Customs officer Rigby has an opportunity to make himself popular or unpopular with the travelling public. He is one of the officers who manipulate the baggage at the I. C. R. station, examines the trunks and makes himself pleasant or unpleasant. In one case at least that has come under the notice of PROGRESS, he made himself unpleasant. A lady who has spent her summers in St. John for the last eight years arrived in this city a few days ago. Among her effects in her trunk was a pair of boots she had worn but once in Boston and a pair of pillow shams that she was bringing to this city for a present. After turning her trunks inside out, Officer Rigby seized upon these articles and demanded duty to the extent of \$1.00. The amount was not troublesome, but the lady said that five times that amount of damage was done to her dresses and effects by the rough way in which they were handled and left.

They Are to Be Congratulated.

The Knights of Pythias are to be congratulated on the splendid appearance they made in the decoration day procession. They are a fine body of young men, well uniformed and well drilled, and the turnout was the best made by any society in St. John for many years. It is quite evident, from the prosperity of the order here, that the right kind of men are and have been at the head of affairs.

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Railway.

St. John, Standard 1.00; for Point 1.00; for Sussex, 1.25; for Yarmouth, 1.50.

St. John, 8.00; from Point (Monday), 8.25; from Halifax, 10.25