

PROGRESS.

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SHOULD HE BE HANGED?

THE WAY IN WHICH OLSEN WAS TRIED AND CONDEMNED.

A Good Deal of Doubt Whether He Committed a Murder—Little Doubt that He Will be Hanged if Executed—Strong Points in His Favor.

On Thursday, December first, within the walls of Dorchester jail, Robert Olsen is to be legally murdered on suspicion of having murdered Joseph Steadman.

The murder of Steadman, so-called, was the work of a moment and possibly accidental. In the midst of a scuffle in the dark several shots were fired, some of them certainly at random, and one of them went home. The murder of Robert Olsen will be a more cold-blooded, carefully designed affair, and the county of Westmorland will pay the carpenter and the hangman for their work.

The public cares little, it seems, about the matter, for the reason that the public is not being strangled unto death. But it is a rather important matter for Robert Olsen. Robert Olsen may have been a bad man, but the law recognizes that even a bad man has his rights. One of the rights that Robert Olsen had on the 14th of September last was to be fairly tried. But was he fairly tried?

Can a jury of twelve men in such a case escape the contagion of other men's opinions? Can they be chosen from a crowd of men, the most of whom openly declare their inability to try the prisoner upon the evidence, and not to be influenced by the general view? Can they read the sensational reports in the press before the trial—yes, the sensational reports of the press during the trial, and hold their judgment in suspense? Can they acquit when everybody expects them to convict? Above all, can they acquit when the learned judge positively instructs them to convict? Is not the county entitled to the worth of its money? After burning all this powder shall it not be able to bag its game?

It was a Supreme Court judge who stated to PROGRESS:—"I could have wished that Olsen had been tried less hastily and in a calmer atmosphere. It hardly seems to me that the evidence, if it is correctly given in the press, was strong enough to justify the verdict. Where public sentiment is strongly aroused by a tragedy of this kind, it is difficult to ensure an absolutely fair trial. I consider that Carroll's evidence was very dangerous evidence to admit." Was the remark of His Honor justified by the facts in the case of Olsen?

The spectator who dropped into the Court-house at Dorchester, on the 14th of September last must have noticed certain things. He must have noticed, first of all, a small, light-haired, blue-eyed man, who looked like a Norwegian sailor, sitting in the dock. Grouped around the prisoner were a number of stalwart constables who, as occasion required, hustled him in and out of the dock with scant courtesy. Immediately behind the dock, he would have seen the tall, athletic figure and somewhat dubious face of Peter O. Carroll, who having captured the luckless Jim, and having dogged the prisoners for the last four weeks, night and day, and entrapped them into conversations which he will soon retail upon the stand, is now amusing himself by taking snap-shots at the man in the dock with a kodak.

He would have seen on the bench His Honor, Mr. Justice Fraser, in whose heart there is compassion, but in whose mind there resides a strong, almost relentless sense of duty.

In the jury-box are twelve men who have been instructed to give the prisoner the benefit of every doubt, and who believe themselves capable of so doing. These twelve men have been sworn to try the prisoner upon the evidence, no matter what their present belief may be.

At the end of the long table sits the attorney general, who will use, legitimately enough, all his great ability to secure the ends of justice. Opposed to him is the prisoner's counsel, who has had no previous experience in cases of so grave a nature. Beyond all else, the spectator would have noted the crowd that filled the court room. It was a crowd that occupied every available seat, and even all the standing room, and then poured over the judge's platform. A crowd that thronged around the barriers' table and peered over the partition behind the jury. A crowd that even surged breast-high against the dock in which the prisoner sat, and leaned upon the railing, and gazed upon him with eyes that never grew weary. A crowd that, for the most part, thirsted for his blood with a thirst that nothing but blood could satisfy.

As the trial proceeded the visitor must have noticed other things. He could hardly fail to note the eager haste, the almost feverish speed with which the work in hand was prosecuted. How the witnesses were rushed on and off the stand with scarcely a moment's pause. How the crown scolded some of its witnesses because they failed to agree with other witnesses. How the crown succeeded in bring-

THEY ARE TWO OF A KIND

BUT IN THIS INSTANCE THEY DO NOT MAKE A PAIR.

Straight Conservatives and Mugwumps Have the Fight Between Them—How the Liberals Sought to Have a Fight and Why They Failed.

Two Richmonds are in the field, but they are two of a kind that under none but the most unusual circumstances could ever be counted as a pair. Mr. Robertson stands out as the nominee of a majority of the 60 or so delegates representing the citizens, and 27 more delegates representing some 200 and odd young men of the junior liberal conservative club. Mr. Chesley claims to be as good a conservative as Mr. Robertson, and comes out as a protest against machine nomination, and represents the mugwump element in the party.

He would have taken the machine nomination if he could have got it, but neither he nor Mr. Robertson was the machine candidate. That gentleman was Mr. George McLeod, but unfortunately for his prospects the people did not want him, and he has gracefully accepted the situation.

On the face of the nomination papers, Mr. Robertson would seem to have all the odds in his favor, for his name includes some rather strong n.m. Nomination papers do not count, however, on election day, and it is suspected that a good many who did not want to come to the front will be heard from in favor of Chesley when the votes are counted.

Then there is the grit vote, represented at present by X, as an unknown quantity. Nobody can foretell much about it. If the liberal vote be given to Chesley he will sweep the field. If it is not given to him his defeat is certain. He has not anything near a majority in his own party.

He will hold the North end, of course, but the South end will be against him and so will Carleton. He will have a good show in the out parishes, where he is better known than Mr. Robertson, and altogether will do a good deal better than forfeit his deposit, as some of the Robertson workers claim will be his fate. The liberals can elect him, if they will support him.

How far they will come to the front is the question that only election day will solve. They have, at best, a choice between two conservatives, but a good many of them think that the defeat of the straight party candidate would be such a slap at the machine as to be almost equivalent to a liberal victory. If they could have nominated and elected a liberal he would have been of no use to them as the parliament is now composed, and they would at best only have the satisfaction of outgeneraling the tory ring. They may think it worth their while to consider Mr. Chesley a good enough grit for their purpose.

As PROGRESS related last week the grand Diogenes act of looking for a man, by using Mr. Weldon's dining room gas fixture as a lantern, resulted in a fizzle. Mr. Weldon did not want a contest because he could not run. Mr. Ellis did not want one because he was anxious to please Mr. Weldon. The young men of the party did want a contest, and said so.

What PROGRESS told of the dining room caucus last week was read with great interest. Those of the party who had not been in the secret were indignant that the leaders should show such a dog in the manger policy. The controlling ring was also indignant, because the secrets of the caucus were given away. They eyed each other suspiciously to know who was the traitor, and some of them most unjustly blamed the editor of the Telegraph who, PROGRESS hastens to explain, was as innocent of any share in the disclosures as was Mr. Weldon himself.

After the appearance of PROGRESS on Saturday, a spirit of mugwumpery showed indications of development in the liberal party. It was then known that Chesley was in the field, and the war liberals thought there was the opportunity to show fight with some chance of success. They decided that there ought to be a convention, and a delegation of them called on Dr. Berryman to arrange for the use of his hall for Monday night, and also to intimate that it would be wanted as headquarters until after the election.

In the meantime, Mr. Weldon, satisfied that he had killed out all prospect of a contest, had gone to Ottawa or some other distant goal. Courtesy demanded that Mr. Ellis be consulted, and he was. His answer, received on Sunday, was that it was not advisable to call a convention. This flattened out the mugwumps and they surrendered unconditionally.

Several candidates had been thought about and discussed. The name of Hon. David McLellan was one of the first suggested, but it was soon dropped. In the first place, Mr. McLellan has a snug berth which he has no wish to resign, and in the next place, if he did run, the record of 1890 would bring him disaster. He was quietly but promptly dropped.

The name of Geo. McAvity again came up, but his refusal had been positive, and he was out of the question. Then somebody suggested Geo. A. Knodell, but it was learned that he would run only on condition that the party put up the money. The liberals wanted a man who would shell out, so Mr. Knodell was dropped.

Then came the name of R. R. Ritchie, from the young element, and also the name of J. E. B. McCready. Mr. McCready is reported to have had no desire to be in the field, but he was willing to run for the sake of relieving his friend Weldon from the odium of having obstructed the plans for a contest.

THE MAYOR ON HIS EAR.

HE TRIES TO STOP DISCUSSION OF "PROGRESS" CHARGES.

That Sliced Liquor is Drunk by the Aldermen—The Inspector to Report on The Matter However—Mr. Brady at 314 De-serts After All.

HALIFAX, Nov. 15th.—When the City Council met last week, Ald. Hubley set the ball a-rolling by referring to the articles published in PROGRESS in regard to the confiscated liquors that are said to be drunk by some of the aldermen and their legal adviser. The alderman, however, said very few words before Mayor Keeffe stopped him and said he would not allow the paragraphs to be read, and further said he would not put any resolution in the matter.

The mayor was soon convinced, however, that he could not do as he said, and alderman Hubley proceeded. The result was that his resolution was carried to the effect that Inspector Mackesy report to the next meeting of the council what had become of all the liquor seized by him during the past two years.

It might be said here that the Inspector cannot destroy any liquor without an order from the stipendiary magistrate. A great many people believe that the charges in PROGRESS are true, and among that number are some aldermen, one of whom said this week, "The charges are true enough, but we object to the publicity."

Recorder McCoy admits that there is considerable liquor drunk during the sessions of the council in his office, but says it is all paid for. The Recorder further says that he has no doubt that the inspector destroys liquor from time to time without the formality of an order from the stipendiary magistrate. There is little doubt that some of it has been "destroyed," but in what way was it done?

The petition of the Sisters of the House of the Good Shepherd came up, for an allowance of \$50.00 each per year for the keep of the inmates. PROGRESS has heretofore shown how an immense laundry was run at the "Home" with prison labor, in competition with outside laundries and washerwomen. One of the main arguments used in favor of the grant from the city was that the institution was not self-supporting. Your correspondent learns that during the past two years 34 girls have been sent there. The manager of the Queen Hotel says that the "home" does his laundry work for \$25.00 per week or about \$1,500 a year including extras, and this is only a small part of that income. This one sum of \$1,500 would easily take care of 12 or 20 girls for a whole year. So it is very evident at this rate, that the institution can get along without any further help from the city. The council very wisely voted against granting the petition 11 to 7, and instead a resolution was carried that the city maintain and control a reformatory of its own.

The case of officer Brady, who had been dismissed by the police committee and reinstated by the council, was brought up for reconsideration by alderman Hubley, and the result was that Brady was dismissed this time by a vote of 11 to 7.

It is very doubtful if the St. John people will see the Baker Opera Company in that city again this year, judging from the crowds that attend the academy every night here.

THE MIKADO AND THE SHAH.

A Question of Cash that One Candidate Had and Another Wanted.

The story goes that a candidate for the city, who was elected, has been trying to extract the sum of one hundred dollars, lawful money, from a candidate for the county who was not elected, but who came nearer to it than he is likely to come again until he mends his political ways.

For the purposes of this anecdote it will suffice to term one the Shah and the other the Mikado, which, if not definite, is at least oriental. The Mikado is the man who has the money; the Shah is the man who wants to get it.

A deposit of \$100 is required from candidates in the local election and this amount was duly put up for the Mikado, but the cash came from the pocket of the Shah. After the election the sheriff properly enough handed back to each of the candidates the money put up for each of them. The Mikado got the hundred dollars and put it in his pocket.

After a day or two the Shah began to look for the Mikado, to get back the cash he had advanced. He found him and was considerably surprised to learn that the Mikado proposed to keep it in order to recoup himself for outlays he had made and which he considered were chargeable to the opposition as a party, the Shah being a big gun in that party. He claimed that the party had agreed to raise \$2,500 for their county election expenses, but through their failure to do so he had been obliged to put his hand in his pocket and pay his own bills. A warm discussion ensued between the two. The Shah thought the Mikado was a mean man, and the latter said he might be a mean man but he did not in-

THE LOG CABIN SPORTS.

The Log Cabin Fishing Club held their annual fall sports and Thanksgiving dinner at their camp, Loch Lomond, on the 10th inst., and it was a grand success notwithstanding the storm. The following were present: Messrs. E. W. Paul, G. L. Slipp, J. W. Hazellhurst, C. A. Gurney, J. P. Till, G. R. Crawford, J. I. Noble, J. A. Dawson, C. H. Jackson, A. G. Hamm, S. J. Richey, W. S. Thomas, T. E. Everitt, H. Crawford, R. Selfridge, D. Conley, R. J. Armstrong, W. C. Gibson, R. Nichol, D. R. Willet, M. C. McRobbie, J. Whitebone, G. W. Smith, J. E. Wilson, R. S. Jackson, J. I. Noble, Jr., H. McBrine and Jno. Kerr. The all round Champion Athletic Club Medal was won by Jno. P. Till for 1892-93.

THE UNLICENSED HUCKSTER SHOULD GO.

Complaint has frequently been made to PROGRESS that a large number of itinerant peddlars, who pay no taxes or license, go from door to door every day in the business week, seeking to palm off inferior goods at ridiculous prices. This is not fair to the merchants, and it would be a popular move for Chief Clark to hunt up every pedlar and make him take out a license. The merchants themselves, who complain of them, should meet and, in an hour or two, take such vigorous and concerted action that an end would be put to the annoyance of unlicensed hucksters.

A JUDGE IS NOT A SCAVENGER.

One of the resident judges of the supreme court says it will not be well for the next lawyer he finds chasing around town after a judge before whom to make a motion, etc. The place to look for a judge is at his chambers, instead of lying in wait at Chubb's corner asking this man and that if he had seen judge so-and-so around— "just as if he were a scavenger!" comments his honor, as he grows indignant over the degeneracy of the profession. This new rule of court has not yet been published, but the lawyers will do well to bear it in mind.

HUNTING AFTER BAIL.

It is a long time since there has been such hustling to secure good men and true, on a bail paper, as there has been for that of Rev. Sidney Welton. The public had almost made up its mind that bail was not to be had, until Thursday the announcement was made that ten citizens had been induced to go bail to the extent of \$1000 each. Reverend Sidney furnishes the other \$10,000.

IS JIM A ST. JOHN MAN.

A strange story traceable to no good foundation, has been current this week that the mysterious "Jim" now in Dorchester penitentiary is a St. John man of a highly respectable family, who has been away from the city for years. If such is the case, there ought to be many in the city who could identify him, but it is very doubtful if there is any substantial ground for the rumor.

IT WAS A CONSIDERATE ACT.

When Dodge was sent to Dorchester a few days ago, instead of being taken to the depot where he would have to pass the ordeal of seeing his old associates, the prisoner was driven to Coldbrook and took the train from that point. It was a considerate act on the part of the sheriff, and was fully justified by the peculiar circumstances of the case.

WHAT "PROGRESS" IS DOING IN BOSTON.

Writing from Boston Mr. Larsen says, "The sale of PROGRESS is increasing every week at the King's Chapel news stand and people who buy it there tell the dealer that it will not be long before he sells 100 each week. You had better increase the order 15 copies."

THE "ROYAL ART" RANGE.

Messrs. Emerson & Fisher are advertising the "Royal Art" cooking range which seems to possess many advantages which are always well considered by the average housekeeper.

THE DEER DID NOT WAIT.

While beef is sometimes sold on the foot, it is not always advisable to dispose of venison until it is dead. A Musquash man went out with his gun the other day when he saw a deer within easy range. He had left his powder at home and had only one shot in his gun, but he fired, and as he supposed, settled the fate of his game. The deer ran into a hole where only part of its body was visible, and the hunter satisfied that he had it, sent his son to the house for a knife to skin it. He stroked the sleek animal, but it did not move, and he began to think of how he could dispose of the carcass to the best advantage. In his meditations he wandered away a short distance, and when he looked again the supposedly dead deer was speeding away at a Nancy Hanks gait. The next time he gets his hand on a deer he will keep it there until the job is finished.

TWO OF ONE MIND.

Among the active workers for the straight government ticket in St. John are Drs. Gilchrist and March, who seem to be trying to outdo each other in the lustiness with which they hurrah for the old flag and G. Robertson. They are both North End men, and it might be supposed that they would be about for Chesley, but they are not. Rumor has it that they are real applicants for Dr. Harding's position as quarantine officer, and the man with the biggest pull will get the place. In the meantime, whether Chesley is elected or not, the only safe course for a man who wants an office is to vote as the bosses vote and keep clear of the mugwumps. That is why the two doctors are of one mind, at this crisis in the affairs of the party.

IN HONOR OF MR. COSTIGAN.

The banquet to Hon. John Costigan at the Victoria Hotel, Thursday evening, was certainly a non-political character, if one may judge by the political complexion of the guests who sat about the board. Many people have been speculating as to the exact meaning of the event, but a satisfactory solution is not easy. Such an honor extended to any man may be a recognition of past services, or a preparation for future moves. If Mr. Costigan is to be governor the banquet will show appreciation of him; in any event his colleagues in the cabinet will probably not fail to make a note of the fact that a non-political banquet was given Mr. Costigan in this city by the sea.

A VERY CHEAP CANVASSER.

In one of Mr. Pitts speeches after his election he took occasion to tell how cheaply he had got along during the campaign. He was out for four days, on a canvassing trip, and it was his proud boast that his total expense during that time was twenty-five cents. It may be that such a man will suit the people of York but PROGRESS thinks that in no other county of this province could a man do that trip and dare undertake to cover the same ground within ten years.

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Munro's Cough Syrup is the best.

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