

PROGRESS.

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EAGER FOR THE CHANCE.

MEN WHO ARE WILLING TO CARRY THE OLD FLAG.

The North End thinks it should have the first chance—Mr. Jones comes to the front. The Liberal Candidates Not a Big Crop This Season.

It looks now as though the Dominion election in St. John on the 22nd would be chiefly interesting as a fight between the conservative factions, and that there is a tolerable certainty of a poll being demanded whether the liberals nominate a man or not.

The only new boom that has come to the front this week has been that of Hon. Thos. R. Jones, who appears to be chiefly booming himself and has the good wishes of the Fog club. The latter organization has its headquarters in a house in a field off the McCookery road, North End, and is composed of a number of gentlemen who are to the front in elections and at other times when there is any fun to be had. The Fog club house is as hospitable as the Saints' Rest on the shores of Lancaster, and Mr. Jones was the guest at a smoking concert or something of the kind, the other night. He states that he is in the field, and that implies that he is there whether he gets the party nomination or not.

When PROGRESS discussed the probabilities last week, the name of Mr. George Robertson was to the front. He is in as good a position now as he was then, as regards his prospects for nomination. Mr. Robertson, however, is understood to be a little particular about the way he is to run. He as good as wants a guarantee of a delivery of the goods, and he does not want to run if he is to be made a target of abuse by the liberal press. If he can have an easy walk over the course it is likely he will take it.

The McLeod boom is not thoroughly collapsed, though nobody is carrying around a requisition this week. Mr. McLeod's friends still consider him an available man, however, and some days his stock is quoted high, but liable to fluctuations and to a sudden drop out of sight at any time.

The Junior Liberal Conservative club think it about time they should have recognition and have been suggesting their president, J. Fen Fraser, as a proper man, with Geo. W. Jones as a good alternative. The boom has so far been confined to the club.

In the meantime the name of Mayor Peters has come up again and been more or less discussed. Mr. Peters is believed to be not over anxious to be put forward. He has a good thing where he is and it just suits him. He will probably take a third term if he can get it, or might indeed be induced to take the office of mayor *ad vitam*, if there were a requisition to that effect. He has been to Ottawa on delegations, and he understands that the rank and file of the members have very little to say about the running of affairs. He has not been used to positions of that kind, and would rather stay in St. John where he can have something to say about things. Besides, he can live better on a \$1,600 salary here than on a \$1,000 one at Ottawa. Some of the conservatives want him, however, because they think he can be induced to contribute something toward the expenses of the fight, and because he will poll a good city vote.

The North End is up in arms with Ald. John Chesley as the candidate. There was a lively meeting Monday night at which the principle laid down was that a man from that section of the city should be nominated. Ald. Chesley is the one particular man, and if the convention called to nominate a candidate next Monday night does not report on his name there is likely to be trouble in the camp. He will run in any case, if his friends say so, and they assert that they do and will say so to the bitter end.

The convention is called to meet at the Institute Monday night. There was a good deal of pulling and backing before it was summoned, and the party managers seemed to be holding off until they saw their way clear. Zekiel McLeod has been busy in court in the Welton case, but Candidate Chesley's brother Lon went into the court room the other day and buzzed a few words in his ear. He told Zekiel in effect that there had been too much humbug about calling the convention, and it did not hurry up the North End folks would call one themselves and nominate a man.

"Oh, you surely wouldn't do anything like that!" exclaimed Zekiel in considerable alarm. Brother Lon assured him that they would. "We are mugwumps," he said, "and we have as much right to call a convention as you have. We want to find out whether we are in it or not in it, and if we are not in it we want to know it."

Within the next twenty-four hours Zekiel called a convention for Monday night. The Honorable and Ornamental William Fugaley was at the Portland meeting, and came dutifully and beautifully into line with the Chesley wing of the party. He had

no chance of a nomination with the other crowd, under ordinary conditions, but it may be that he can come in on a fluke as a sort of a compromise between the various factions.

Carleton has not yet been heard from with a candidate. The only reason assigned for this is that, outside of the present local member, Mr. Smith, there is not supposed to be a conservative on the West Side likely to get any votes worth mentioning outside of Carleton.

The liberals appear to be lying back until the conservatives put a man or group of men in the field. They have not much material to draw from, and they are not terribly anxious to nominate anybody. They look upon it that the seat will be held for only a portion of the term, and that the money and energy had better be reserved for the general election. Mr. Weldon's health will not permit him to run, and it is doubtful if he would have much chance if he did so. Mr. Ellis has no desire to come to the front again, and if anybody is selected it will be a new man. Mr. McKewon will take the nomination, if he can get it, but so many liberals are opposed to his being put forward he has little chance of a nomination. It is reported that he threatens to run as an independent liberal, and if he does so will probably weaken the chances of one or the other of the conservative candidates. The orange element in this community is not conspicuous by its leanings towards liberalism.

The best name yet brought forward on the liberal side is that of Mr. George McAvity. He would carry the young men with a rush, and if he did not get elected he would at least give his opponents the toughest kind of a fight. The chief obstacle in the way of Mr. McAvity as a candidate appears to be that he will not allow himself to be put in nomination.

The latest name to the front is that of Mr. J. E. B. McCready. Whether he will be nominated or not is another question. Nobody can question his loyalty to the liberal party, but it is doubtful if that party would return the compliment by being loyal to him.

At this crisis of affairs it looks very much as though the conservatives would have the fight all to themselves, and a very interesting fight it will be, if all who threaten to run come to the front.

MR. BLAIR IN QUEENS.

The Attorney General Seeks Election to the Seat Vacated in that County.

The announcement of Mr. Hetherington's resignation in Queens, as well as the fact that the attorney-general would seek a seat in that constituency has revived the drooping interest in local politics. Little groups of politicians could be found every few yards on Prince William street on Thursday, and Jas. K. Pinder, King of the Nackawick and M. P. P. elect for York, was seen in earnest consultation with A. A. Stockton, the leader of the opposition.

Without meaning, perhaps, the writ for the new election fixes the dates of nomination and election the same as the dominion contest in St. John. If there is opposition by the liberal party here it is more than probable that the opponents of the local government will be kept very busy attending to matters at home. As it is at present, Mr. L. A. Currey who has been spoken of in connection with opposition to the Attorney General is very busily engaged in the county court defending the Messrs. Writton in the conspiracy charge. That trial is likely to last until the middle of the month at least, and it is quite safe to presume that Mr. Currey will not have much interest in politics while it is going on.

Mr. Harry McKewon who, it is understood, was willing to accept the nomination for the liberal election in this city, is now spoken of as an available man to confront Mr. Blair in the county of Queens. PROGRESS understands that his reception by the liberal fire pullers in this constituency was not as cordial as he might have expected had he taken a different part in the recent local contest. They intimated to him, it is said, a course much the same as that indicated by PROGRESS in its last issue, namely that it would be well for him to prove his adherence to the liberal party by shouldering the musket and marching in the ranks.

Mr. Blair opens the campaign in Queens on Monday night with Messrs. Ferris and Hetherington at Jemseg and, it is said, proposes to make himself thoroughly acquainted and known throughout the county before election day.

Growing in Popularity.

The corner of Coburg and Union streets appears to be growing in popularity as a Sunday evening loading place. The front of the market and the head of King street used to have the bulk of the patronage, and they retain it to a large extent yet. The later resort, however, appears to have advantages, one of which is that the crowd "stand out" in the middle of Coburg street and have a fine view, the electric lights being admirably located for their purpose.

THE DOCK IS FOR HATS.

BUT THE OWNERS SIT OUTSIDE IN ARM CHAIRS.

No Lack of Interest in the Gravel and Insurance Cases—How the W. Ions and Randall Appear on Their Trial—The Scene in the Court Room.

Great interest is being felt and taken in the trial of the Weltons and Dr. Randall, now going on before Judge Peters. The court room is thronged from the hour it opens until it closes by people in all classes of life listening to the evidence and watching the prisoners.

The three of them sit close together in armchairs behind the barristers and reporters' table, and the only use for the prisoner's dock appears to be for their hats. The one man most under discussion, C. B. Welton, sits in the centre between his brother, Reverend Sidney Welton, and Dr. Randall. He appears steeled to what is going on about him and never changes countenance, no matter what evidence is brought out. Dr. Randall, on the contrary, leans forward in his chair and follows every movement of counsel and witnesses with eagerness, listening to every word as if his life and liberty depended upon it. He is a large man, nearly if not quite six feet in height and weighing nearly 200 pounds. His face is clean shaven and bears an expression of much anxiety. Rev. Sidney Welton sits to the left and takes a keen interest in all that is going on. He is dressed in his usual neat fashion and as he sits there nervously biting the ends of his moustache would hardly be taken for one of the men in the hands of justice. He talks quite freely to any one with whom he is acquainted and coolly handles the long photographs of handwriting as though he had never seen the signatures before. Mr. Pugsley conducts the case for the crown while Mr. John Kerr and A. W. Macrae are in attendance representing different insurance companies. For the defence, Mr. E. McLeod is the leading counsel, and associated with him are Mr. L. A. Currey and Mr. McLatchey.

Every available seat for spectators is occupied by those whom the officers of the court permit to enter, and the intense interest in the case is shown by the attention. There are usually several clergymen in attendance, and but a poor idea is had of the busy life of a lawyer if one may judge from the number who find time to loiter in the court.

The public know about as much of the evidence, from what has been published in the newspapers, as the jury, though it has been presented in regular form subject to a hundred and one objections, and the documents are there to prove their existence. It will not do at this stage to express an opinion of the result. At the time of writing the defence has not shown its hand and it is not easy to foresee what course it will pursue. Stories more or less true are pouring in from all parts of the country concerning shady insurance and it nothing else results from the present inquiry than light on this question it will have done much good. In the meantime those people in this city who were induced to go into the Mutual Accident Association are finding out something they did not know before. They were accustomed to send their money in a lump sum but before paying their last assessment one of the members took the precaution of writing to the head office and this is the reply he received:

CHICAGO, Oct. 24, 1892.
DEAR SIR:—We are in receipt of your favor of Oct. 19th and beg leave to state that the class of business which we recognized from your section of the country, as well as St. John, from the Rev. Sidney Welton and his brother, was of such a character that we were compelled to cancel all of it. I see that they have got Mr. Welton and his brother and the Doctor in jail and I presume that the claims we paid there are as fraudulent as they say the life claims are that he wrote for the Life companies. No doubt there will be some honest men among his applicants but the experience we had was of such a nature that we could not trust the company to carry the risks. If your section of the country desires good insurance, they must use every means to clear themselves of the odium put upon them by the Rev. Sidney Welton and his crowd, or it will be impossible for any decent man to get insurance in any company either in Canada or the United States until he has suffered the penalty of his fraudulent transactions.
Yours truly,
T. S. QUINCEY, Sec'y.

Mr. Quincy seems to have an idea that he knows what he is talking about.

A Warning in Time.

PROGRESS is reminded that in a short time electric street cars will be in operation in this city, and that if the present system of permitting teams to stand along the streets without being secured in any way, is to continue, there are likely to be many accidents. Perhaps in no city in America is there so much freedom of the streets. Only a few days ago a serious accident resulted from the fact that a team

on King street was left unattended. It is a curious fact that horses which are not in the least afraid of an ordinary street car are very much frightened at the approach of an electric car. If there is a city bye law regulating the securing of teams it should be looked into at once, and if none exists the aldermen should take the matter into their consideration.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS.

A Paper with a Premium Which is Well Worth Having.

With a view to a still further increase of circulation, the publisher of PROGRESS is making very tempting offers to subscription canvassers who will begin work at once. New names for its subscription list are what every paper is looking for and in many cases the amount of the first year's subscription resembles the first premium on a life insurance policy—the most of it goes to the agent. Those agents who are working for PROGRESS are unanimous in stating that it is an easy paper to canvass for. Being known in every town it needs no special introduction, and "talking"—usually the hardest work of an agent.

Some time ago the announcement was made that more than 1,200 Webster dictionaries had been sent out with PROGRESS subscriptions. That number has been largely increased now, and as the evenings grow colder and longer and more reading is done there is a far greater demand for this "prince of premiums," as the dictionary has well been called.

The subscription price of PROGRESS is two dollars a year and the dictionary can be had by anyone when subscribing for \$1.95 additional. When it is known that there are 1500 pages in the dictionary; that it contains, besides an appendix of 10,000 words, more than 15,000 illustrations of everything almost that can be named; that the print is large and legible and the binding handsome, half seal and cloth. Some idea may be had of it as a great premium bargain.

While special canvassers will receive every attention and consideration from the publisher; any new subscribers who send their subscriptions direct to the office can obtain PROGRESS from date to January 1st, 1894—nearly 14 months—for one year's subscription price, and if they wish it, get the dictionary at the same time for the additional \$1.95.

Since the offer was made to send PROGRESS for one year free of charge to any one who would find a smart boy to sell the paper every Saturday morning in some place where there is not an agent already, the clerk in charge of the circulation department has had his hands full looking after the new agents. Eight towns and villages in the provinces in which PROGRESS was not sold before now takes as many as 200 copies altogether one of these boys agents is Master Otty Titus, of St. Marys and Maryville. He began with six copies three weeks ago and last week had increased his number to 35. Increases are the order of the week now and all over the country the same steady increase of readers is noticeable.

But there are many places still where PROGRESS is not sold and where boys are desired. Some of the towns are mentioned below:

Tatamagouche, Sydney Mines, Tidnish, St. Margaret's Bay, Lockeport, Wallace, Weymouth, Weymouth Bridge, Port Hastings, Port Hood, Hantsport, Canning, Avondale, Maitland, Bath—Carleton Co., Bathurst Village, Belledune, Benton—Carleton Co., Black Brook, Blackville, Oromocto, Fredericton Junction, Harvey, Vanashoro, Fort Fairfield, Carleton, Norton, Buctouche, Havelock, Canterbury Station, Caraque, Upper Caraque, Chester, N. S., Barrington, Shelburne, Chipman, Coverdale, Collins, Douktown, Douglstown, Dumbarton, Edmundston, Gagetown, Hartland, Hopewell Cape, Memramcook.

He Was an Able Dealer.

A high tribute is paid to the business sagacity of a gentleman who took a prominent part in the recent local election in St. John, by one who knew him when he was a boy. The youth was responsible for the saving and splitting of the firewood of his paternal home, but not being given to love hard work, hit upon an expedient to save himself the labor by hiring his boy acquaintances to do the work for him. He paid them in marbles, but the story goes that he took good care to have the work done early in the day. When night came he had won all the marbles back. It was a business like way of doing things, and the principle is not uncommon in the children of larger growth now-a-days.

Where There Was a Mistake.

A slight error was made by one of the city correspondents, last week, in stating that a certain widow, a resident of the city until a short time ago, was in St. John. She had been here, it is true, but at the date of the issue of PROGRESS she was in an American city and had moreover been wedded to a second husband.

GOOD BYE RAWLINGS.

THE BULLY OF THE POLICE FORCE DISMISSED.

The Effect of His Departure on the Force—He was Favored and Distilled—Too Much Clubbing Done by Officers—A Case in Point.

Captain Rawlings put too great a strain on the rope that bound him to the police force and it snapped—broke off short—a few days ago. It looked all along as though that particular piece of hemp was strong enough to hang any officer, inferior or superior, who tried to thwart the captain, but the strains on it have been so frequent of late that it became very weak.

The force has been wonderfully improved by Rawlings' dismissal. He was disliked and feared by the officers, who, with the remembrance of report after report filed against their companions for little or no cause, had good cause to beware of him.

From the very first he has been a firebrand in the police force. By some means or other he succeeded in getting the chief sufficiently into his power to enable him to act his pleasure without fear of reprimand or dismissal. PROGRESS pointed this out again and again, and was so persistent and specific in its charges against Rawlings and certain of his companions that many people thought that too much attention was being paid to those officials. Recent events have proved that, so far as Rawlings was concerned at least, it would have been far better had he been dismissed long ago.

It is not too much to say that in the case which brought his conduct before the public for the last time, had Mr. Page been any other than a well-known citizen he would have stood an excellent chance of an arrest, clubbing and a night in the police station. Had he been a stranger there is no reasonable doubt that he would have been as unjustly treated as scores of other strangers have been. PROGRESS reported a case much similar to this during the summer when an American stranger, peaceable as he could will be, had a narrow escape from arrest at the hands of Rawlings.

There is too great a tendency on the part of many of the officers to treat strangers harshly. Only a short time ago there was a case of unwarranted brutality at the doors of the Opera house when a slight young fellow was clubbed by policeman Campbell for but slight cause. He was small enough to be but a child in the hands of the officer had he wished to treat him in that fashion, but the club was handy and was used—not only on him but on a bystander who ventured to express his sympathy. The very brutality of Campbell's action caused a good deal of talk at the time and added to his unenviable reputation in this respect. He was connected with the affair a year or more ago in which a prominent citizen expressed an opinion when an arrest was being made, and on this account was charged with interfering with the police in the discharge of their duty.

The discharge of Rawlings should have a beneficial effect on all officers who have a tendency to bully the public. The officers at the I. C. R. could take a lesson with profit. PROGRESS has no reason to say this from personal experience because the courtesy of those officials to newspaper men and others whom they are acquainted with is undoubted. Their treatment, however, of strangers is not always what it should be. Whether it is because there is something wrong with the air in and about the station or due to the bad digestion of the officials it is certain that their temper varies as often as the barometer. The complaints that have reached PROGRESS and not been mentioned would fill columns. The officers are not always to blame but frequently are far harsher than there is any necessity for them to be.

WHERE DOES THE BUM GO?

Do the Halifax Aldermen Drink It?—Some Interesting Foliole Messers.

HALIFAX, Nov. 4.—The Mail thinks it "improbable" that aldermen and other officials drink liquor within the "sacred precincts" of the city hall. Will the Mail or some of the aldermen enlighten us as to what several aldermen were drinking in the recorder's office during the last session of the council, and after it adjourned? If it was water, it is usual for so many aldermen to get thirsty at a time and so often? It was not some of the "confiscated" they were drinking, who was doing the honors? Would it not be as well to ask the inspector of licenses what he does with the liquor seized by him?

That the police force of this city is in a very demoralized state is common talk, but the question is how to remedy matters with a majority of the council apparently opposed to any reform. The case of Officer Brady, who was recommended for dismissal by the police committee for being drunk and leaving his post and afterwards reinstated and fined \$5 by the

WHY FAIRVILLE HAD NO WATER.

The People Tried to Get It but the Charges Were too High.

Fairville is coming up rapidly after its cleaning out by fire last summer, and the frame of a big hotel looms up as one of the most noticeable additions. If a water supply can be got for the village the people want to get it, and it appears it was not their fault they did not have it a good while ago. The story has been current that they could have had all the hydrants they wanted long ago, had they been willing to pay for them, but this statement is true only in a qualified sense. Before the union of St. John and Portland the people of the village were anxious to get four fire plugs in connection with the Carleton water supply, and were willing to pay \$50 a year for each of them. They were to be distributed from a point near the reservoir down to the western end of the village, and a delegation with this proposition waited on the Carleton officials. They got sharply snubbed for their pains, according to their side of the story. They were told that they could have two hydrants at \$100 each a year, but that there could be none east of the railway crossing, near Mr. Scammell's house. The officials, moreover, are said to have been very abrupt in their manner, intimating that this was the ultimatum and they had no time to waste in discussing any other propositions. The delegation withdrew, and nothing more was done. When the fire happened, there was a general outcry against the Fairville people for their neglect, but this is how they explain it. It is likely that next season will see them provided for emergencies, so far as a supply of water is concerned.

Why Held Was Afraid.

The average man in the rural districts is a good deal more afraid of a parish constable with a capias or an execution than he is of a policeman with a warrant. That was why Gideon Reid so successfully eluded capture when officer Ring went to take him on a charge of conspiracy in the graveyard insurance case. He did not know Ring and did not care for him, but he did know Constable Fullerton and he was bound not to be captured. That is why he fled to the wilderness of Shepody so often and with such success. He might have been dodging around until this time had he not learned what he really was wanted to answer. When he heard the particulars he came to St. John of his own accord, and brought Joe Howe Dickson along to look after matters for him. Fullerton has no jurisdiction in St. John, and Mr. Reid, though in custody, probably feels a good deal more at ease than if he were dodging an execution around Hopeville.

A Good Supper and Good Time.

A novel entertainment is announced to take place in St. Mary's school room on the evening of Thanksgiving. In addition to the usual harvest supper, there will be a conversation afterwards at which an attempt will be made to represent one of the old fashioned New England corn shuckings, so admirably described by Longfellow. As Thanksgiving is a holiday for everyone it may be to the advantage of many housekeepers to remember that a good supper and a good time can be theirs by going to St. Mary's school room on that evening.

They Remembered the Blind Man.

The cold weather is approaching, and this is the time when people can look for chances of doing good with some prospect of finding them. PROGRESS has heard of four little girls, Della Vanwart, Olive Wallace, Lena Clark and Lucy Vanwart, who had a bazaar last Saturday in aid of the blind organ grinder who is to be found on King and Charlotte street on Saturday nights. They realized quite a little sum, and there is no doubt their kindness will be the means of making a little brighter a life, which, at the best, is dark enough.