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BENJAMIN WENT WEST, AND HE TOOK HIS EMPLOYER'S MONEY WITH HIM.

The Life of a London Street Arab Who Came to St. John—He Was Good on Disappearing, and Telling Pathetic Stories, Some of Which Were True.

About a year ago a stranger arrived in St. John. There was nothing remarkable in this, except that he was very much of a stranger and anybody who wanted information about him had to take his word for it. But he showed no disposition to make himself appear to good advantage. He confessed to being a London street Arab, and of having had all the experiences incidental to such a life, which were much the same as those of Oliver Twist when he made the acquaintance of Fagin the Jew. In his frankness that won him friends, and he had quite a number of them before he had been in St. John many months.

The stranger's name was Benjamin Scovil. He was not a pickpocket when he arrived in St. John. He had given up all his London ways and was a reformed man, connecting himself with the Methodist church soon after his arrival. Some of his friends got him employment in the wholesale department of a large business house, and he was one of the most obliging and industrious workers in the place. His pay was small, but he never complained, and of course nobody thought anything about it.

Scovil was somewhat of a musician, and made his first appearance behind the bass drum of the Citizen's band. That was in the days when they wore plug hats and played a tune of an inquiring nature with special reference to them. He did not give much time to the band, however, but paid considerable attention to church work, and spent some time in the Y. M. C. A. building.

"Ben," as he was familiarly called, could tell a good story of London life, and as adventures, such as he had come through, are always interesting, he found ready listeners. But nobody ever thought that he would have the same experiences over again. It was like listening to the reformed man at the revival meetings—his wrong doings made him interesting, while had they been recited by one still in the business respectable people would not be seen listening to them. But Scovil generally gained the sympathy of his hearers from the fact that he had been born to a life of wickedness, having been thrown upon the world at an early age and left to shift for himself. No one ever distrusted him.

His appearance was in his favor, and it was hard to believe him other than a large, overgrown, good-natured youth. Those who saw him at work could not fail to get this impression.

Everything went along smoothly, and Ben was looked upon as if he had been born and brought up in the establishment where he worked. One Monday morning, however, he did not put in an appearance. Inquiry was made at his boarding house, but nothing could be learned of his whereabouts. About that time it was remembered that he had overdrawn his wages, but not to an extent to cause any alarm. Although the newspapers referred to his disappearance nothing was heard from him for some time.

Everybody knew that something of this kind would happen. At least that is what was said, now that he had gone. Too much confidence had been placed in him, his friends knowingly remarked, especially when all his past experiences were so well known. In fact, Benjamin was abused on all sides. He was ungrateful, deceitful, and every other thing in the criminal catalogue. The fact that no trace of him could be found, in the opinion of many, showed what an accomplished scoundrel he was.

One day a letter was received at the establishment where he had been employed. It was addressed to the boss of the wholesale department, and came from Ben. It was dated St. Stephen, and told a pitiful story. In fact, it was much more effective in exciting the sympathy of all who read it than any of Scovil's verbal efforts in the same line had been. According to the letter, he had led a hard life in St. John, although no one knew anything about it, and now that his circumstances were recalled everybody knew that everything he said was true.

All who read it were silent. Everybody pitied Ben, and those who abused him most when he disappeared were now his best friends. Since reading the letter they could understand everything.

Scovil further stated that he was in employment and intended to pay all he owed in St. John. And he did so. When he arrived here he received a warm welcome and had more friends than ever.

Some time ago Scovil applied to the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in this city for a recommendation. He said there was a lady visiting in the city who had promised to get him employment with her husband in Boston, and thought a letter to the Y. M. C. A. in that city would help him along. He got what he wanted, and has made use of it. Benjamin also has a very nice little note about his many good qualities with the name of Mr. Harrison A. McKewen, M. P., at the bottom of it, and probably has a number of other similar documents.

But Scovil did not go to Boston. He secured a position with Messrs. Bowman & Lachur as book-keeper, at a fair salary, and decided to remain in St. John. He remained here until exhibition week, when he again mysteriously disappeared. This time, however, he took something to be remembered by—and his employers are about \$125 poorer than they were the day before he left. Scovil had the combination of the safe, and took all there was in it.

On the night he left the city he told his boarding mistress that he was going to work at the exhibition building, and the next visitors at the house were Benjamin's employers. Nothing was heard from him until a few days ago.

When he was missed the general impression was that he had gone to Boston to make use of his recommendations. Word was sent to the Y. M. C. A. people there to hold any paper presented and have an eye kept on him, but no answer was received. The chief of police was notified, and he also had correspondence with the Boston authorities. But Benjamin had gone in another direction.

A few days ago the secretary of the Y. M. C. A., in this city, received word from Detroit, Michigan, that Benjamin was there, and had made use of his recommendations. A despatch was immediately sent to the Detroiters to look out for him, and secure some of the money, if possible.

THE DOINGS OF THE UNIONS.

The Union lacrosse club goes to Moncton Wednesday to play the Springhill team for the Nelson trophy and the championship of the maritime provinces. The Springhill team is said to be composed of heavy weights, some of whom are good for 200 pounds and over. This will make it necessary for the Unions to keep on their feet, and not give their opponents an opportunity to drop on them. The St. John club will have a very good team, but will miss Geo. McLeod, who is at present in England. They have a new man, however, who promises to be a valuable acquisition in more ways than one. He is Arthur Cameron, of Toronto, who is at present working in St. John. Mr. Cameron with his partner, Curran, won the amateur double scull championship of America, and is besides somewhat of an athlete. The public will have a chance to make his acquaintance at the Union club sports in St. Andrew's rink October 22, when it is probable he will carry off the medal for the high jump. He had heard of the Unions before arriving in St. John and his remark when asked to join the club, was very gratifying to the members. "You represent the Unions," he said to the gentleman who, on learning that he was a lacrosse player, asked him to become a member of the club, "Yes, I intended to join your team as I was told that it was the best in these parts."

The Union club sports promise to be very successful. The medals are already under way and they will be beauties, each one having on it the club crest, an illustration of which has been printed in PROGRESS. An effort will be made to bring some Halifax athletes over, and about this he accomplished there will be a crowd in St. Andrew's rink.

Much Paper and Little Cash. There is some uneasiness in business circles. The fourth of October has come and gone and the feeling of security has not been increased. One or two crashes in a local way have opened the eyes of many people who supposed everybody was fairly prosperous and easy in a financial way. There are some others that will be heard of in a few days if a quiet compromise is not effected. Much paper is afloat and ready money seems scarcer than it has been for some time. This is the consensus of opinion among those merchants with whom PROGRESS has talked. On the other hand they agree that economical living is much more general, and that the abundant crops are beginning to move and the returns from the country must soon show the effect.

LAW BUT NOT JUSTICE.

HAMPTON PEOPLE AND THE UN-
RULY SCOTT ACT.

Mr. Grant, of Sussex, Takes a Hand in the Hampton Trouble—No Sympathy from the Temperance People of that Place—Mr. Frost's Reward for Giving Evidence.

The law abiding and justice loving people of Hampton are having plenty of law this fall, but remarkably little justice. The disclosures made in PROGRESS some weeks ago were printed in good time to give some idea of what was going on in the local magisterial courts and of the strife between the liquor people. The last act in that play was played by Judge Palmer who freed Belyea from prison where he had been committed by Justice Peters. This same official has, since that time, found Belyea guilty of a second offence upon the information of one E. J. Grant, who when spoken of professionally has the handle "Rev." to his name. In this connection it is not necessary to use it.

Mr. Grant is identified with the Scott act party in Sussex—a party that has done its best to keep law and order in the place and has backed up its opinions by a goodly sum in cash for prosecution purposes.

After Mr. Belyea was freed from the county jail he went out of the liquor business, and PROGRESS is informed upon the best authority, does not sell it or keep it for sale. Notwithstanding that fact, the ever zealous Mr. Grant of Sussex was persuaded in some way to lay an information against Mr. Belyea before Magistrate Peters, of Hampton. The offence was not of the present, but of the past, and Belyea was convicted upon the evidence of a colored boy, who has since avowed that he was given a dollar to buy run from Belyea and two dollars more to testify in court that he did so.

It is only fair to Mr. Grant to say that in all probability he was ignorant of this. But the balls were made by the enemies of Belyea in Hampton and Mr. Grant was persuaded to fire them.

It is a curious fact that in doing so he is acting against the wish of the ministers of Hampton and against the expressed desire of the prominent temperance people of the place. They know the circumstances, know the nature of the conspiracy and have no sympathy for the informant, his advisers, or for the evidence. They went to the trial and openly arrayed themselves on the side of Belyea, while the former, Grant, was in consultation with the principal witnesses for his case were passing to and from the Vendome bar during the trial and one of them had such a poor memory that he could not remember having a drink in Scribner's that day, when he knew what transpired in Belyea's in August. There is a deal of feeling in Hampton against Mr. Grant in this matter. He is, in a measure, interfering with what does not concern him and it is asserted using the Scott act funds for the purpose of prosecuting the Hampton offenders. That may be all right and no doubt is if the Sussex contributors say so. But if Mr. Grant wishes to be active in Hampton there is a general feeling that he should act with the ministers and temperance people of Hampton who know all the facts and circumstances of the case.

The "ring" referred to in PROGRESS still continues to flourish and does its best to make anyone who opposes them as unhappy as possible. When Mr. Henry Frost, a carpenter, returned from Sussex after testifying against Scribner in the assault case he found next day that his grocery account with councillor Harry Fowler was sued and still further an old note given nine years ago to a relative of Fowler's was unearthed for the purpose of jailing him. He has been existing at the expense of the county in consequence for the past fortnight.

In the Scott act case against Scribner in Sussex the latter swore that he was not the proprietor of the Vendome. This is one of the things "no fellow can understand." Mr. Scribner is believed to be the proprietor; his hotel literature says he is, and goods for the house go there addressed to him.

Another curious feature of the business is that when Mr. Wallace issued a search warrant to search the Vendome for liquor there was not a constable in Hampton who would execute it. Their bread was not buttered on that side and they knew it.

These are but a few of the incidents which go to show what law and justice are having with one another in Kings county.

What Was It Paid For? Some people are asking what the municipal council paid Mr. Carman \$100 for. The answer appears to be that he was doing something in connection with the Scott act in the county. No doubt that will satisfy the electors—almost anything passes with them now-a-days, but still the conclusion must be that Mr. Carman is one of those lucky people who is always looking for a fat snap and gets it.

NOT A COMMON NAME.

Why Mr. Rutledge was Interested in the Correction of the Police Reports.

Every little while a paragraph appears in the daily papers to the effect that a certain person mentioned in the police reports is being fined \$4 for drunkenness was not the person of that name who lives on some particular street. Although such a contradiction usually leaves the impression that the man who makes it is in the habit of getting drunk, and wants credit for all the time he is sober, there are many men who would not rest easy until they have satisfied the community as to their temperate condition.

PROGRESS had a visit from a gentleman this week, who had more cause for complaint than the majority of this class of people. It was Mr. John Rutledge of Silver Falls. Mr. Rutledge thinks his is not a common name, and gave this as his reason for making a tour of the newspaper offices, where it was becoming quite familiar.

"It has appeared in the police court three or four times now," said he, "and I want to have it stopped, so being in town to-day, I thought I'd see about it. I've been around to all the newspapers, and they told me they would make the correction, and thought it wasn't fair. Some fellow has been giving my name at the police court and a great many people think it is me."

"Perhaps there is another man in town whose name is the same as yours."

"Mr. Rutledge shook his head incredulously.

"No," said he, "mine isn't a common name, and there are no other persons who are called by it, and besides, it's been John Rutledge every time it has appeared. It had been a name such as John Smith, I would not have bothered about it at all, but you see in my case it is different; so if you'll just make a note of it in your paper I will be very much obliged."

"By the way," he continued, "it will be interesting to know that we've had a good season out our way. All the crops are first class; best we've had for years."

CHRISTMAS CASE.

A Chance for Bright Young Ladies to Earn Money Easily.

PROGRESS has a few amateur society correspondents in this city who send in many interesting items at times, and then are heard of no more for a few weeks. They know what to write about, and are usually concise, careful in their facts and their way of stating them. This is the kind of news PROGRESS is looking after. Its regular correspondents always make an interesting column, but it is impossible for one, two or three persons to get all the news, and "all the news" is wanted.

To encourage these occasional city correspondents who may be called "amateurs," PROGRESS will offer two cash prizes of \$15 and \$10. They will be awarded December 21st—the first day in Christmas week—and will be given to the two ladies who send in the most, acceptable society items between now and December 17. The editor will be the sole judge of the work. The interest of the items will be considered before their length, so that it will be no object for any competitor to indulge in "padding." Any *nom de plume* may be signed to the contributions, but the real name and address of the writer must be enclosed to the editor in confidence. Items may be sent in any time from Monday until Thursday, but not later than Thursday of each week. This contest is not open to those regularly employed by PROGRESS, and all who compete will be paid for the matter they send in at our usual column rates, whether they receive a prize or not.

Any further information will be cheerfully given upon application to the editor. If the prize winner wishes the prize may be awarded to the *nom de plume* she signs to her letters.

The Numbers are Astray. Mr. McAlpine, the publisher of the city directory, has an idea that the city is not numbered right—an idea that he has tried again and again to impress upon the common council. That astute body, however, is remarkably obtuse about some things and has not given the veteran worker much encouragement. Mr. McAlpine numbered the houses in Halifax after much opposition. He says St. John is in a worse condition, and for examples he goes no farther away than King street. The first number from the Bank of Montreal building is 12. While Mr. A. O. Skinner's store number is 58, that of his next door neighbor is 64. This would show some room for improvement.

The Rink is Popular. Prof. Skinner closed his engagement at St. Andrew's rink Wednesday evening. The longer he stayed, the larger the attendance, and the last night saw the largest crowd of all. A new show will be put on at this now popular amusement resort, at an early day.

OUT ON THE DOORSTEP.

WHILE THEIR PARENTS SLEPT
"THE SLEEP OF THE JUST."

The Experience of Two North End Youngsters, the Children of a School Teacher—Where a Neighbor Found Them Late at Night.

A case of "motherly love and fatherly affection" has been attracting some attention in one part of the North End. When it was learned that the father was a teacher in one of the public schools there was considerable indignation in some quarters, and the question arose as to whether he treated other people's children like his own. If he does the school board should see that there is a vacancy in the staff of male teachers at a very early day.

The teacher is the father of several small children, who are as fond of playing about the streets as most youngsters. In fact, it would appear that the street is the most desirable place for them, as there they are in very little danger of an application of the paternal shingle. When at home they become quite intimate with it. The absence of the youngsters about bed time does not seem to trouble their parents as much as a tardy pupil would an ordinary school ma'am. On the contrary if they are not in the house at bed time, that does not prevent their parents from retiring and enjoying the sweet sleep of the just.

A short time ago one of the school teacher's neighbors happened to be coming home very late one night, and was somewhat surprised to see two little ones crouched together on the doorstep. He spoke to them but they seemed afraid to answer him, but finally said that they had been out playing all evening, and found the door locked when they came home. All the lights in the house were out, and although the neighbor pounded at the door there was no response. The teacher and his wife were sleeping soundly and nothing could rouse them. The man wanted the children to go to his house and stay there for the night, but they were frightened at the idea and refused to move. It was very near morning before those two little ones—a boy and a girl—were tucked safely in bed.

This is a case for the society for the prevention of cruelty. It has already caused considerable unfavorable comment, and as the principals stand well in the community, the story of how they treat their children has been a surprise to many.

She Used Threats.

There was something new in the way of book-agents in town this week. It was a woman, and her methods of canvassing were peculiar, to say the least. She was to all appearance a Jewess, and had a book which she thought must be as interesting to everybody as it was to herself. She went from door to door selling it, and several women who answered her knock were somewhat startled before they got into the house again. She first urged upon them the importance of the book, but when her victim flatly refused to buy it, made all kinds of threats, saying that she possessed the power to bring malaria upon all the members of the household, and a number of other things equally appalling. The result was that the door was usually shut upon her suddenly. She had a number of strings to her bow, however, and one of them was a prospectus of the book, which she sold for a very small sum. As it contained the first pages of the work, she probably counted upon the buyer becoming so interested as to buy the book in order to "finish the story."

Fast Train for Freight.

There is not so much distance between western and eastern Canada in these days of fast transit. The people are used to boarding the C. P. R. at midnight or the I. C. R. late in the afternoon, and stepping upon the Montreal platform next afternoon. But merchants who have been getting goods from the west have discovered a wonderful improvement in the time it takes to get them here. This is especially the case when they come in car lots. PROGRESS had an example of this quite recently. An unexpected run upon its stock of paper for several weeks made it necessary to rush another supply forward. A carload was shipped early in the week from a town several hundred miles west of Toronto, and it arrived here before Saturday. That is fast time. There may not be any preference between the roads, but this time it was the I. C. R.

The Trespassers Won.

There was a foot race on the cantilever bridge last Sunday. The spectators stood on the suspension bridge and seemed to enjoy the fun immensely. There were five entries and the contest was a spirited one, but the man who looks after the bridge came in last, much to the satisfaction of the other four. Few persons pay any attention to the notice forbidding foot passengers to cross the cantilever and the man who is employed to enforce the law in regard to trespassers finds the sign board of very little assistance.

WHY THEY FELL OUT.

Two Good Insurance Agents in Halifax are on the War Path.

Alfred Shortt and F. W. Green are two of the best-known insurance agents of Halifax. The former represents the Standard Life Insurance company; the latter the Confederation. Up to about a week ago they were pretty good friends. Just at present they don't speak as they pass by. Both agents, it appears, were after a certain Haligonian's life—they wished to insure him. Mr. Green gave him figures which spoke pretty strongly for his company. Mr. Shortt did some figuring also. He, however, didn't stop with the figures, but did some talking. He alleged that Mr. Green's presentation was false, and what was worse, Mr. Green knew he was misrepresenting the case. The Haligonian who was about to invest in insurance, lied him to Mr. Green and related what had been told him by Mr. Shortt. Mr. Green is not a robust man; he is rather slight, mild mannered, and no one would take him to be a pugilist. But he is plucky, and what he had heard about Mr. Shortt made him very mad. He determined to seek satisfaction—an apology, if not a—lud. He wrote a fiery epistle to Mr. Shortt demanding that he take back his uncomplimentary remarks falling in which he (Mr. G.) would fight him at sight. Mr. Shortt is a large man—an Englishman, genial, and to a casual observer would be able to crush his threatened adversary with one blow of his large fist. When he read Mr. Green's brief but business like note, he didn't grow excited. He tore it in pieces and scattered it on the floor. The contents may have troubled him some but he didn't show it. All this happened on Thursday. Up to the hour at which PROGRESS went to press Mr. Shortt and Mr. Green hadn't met to settle the little affair.

Objecting to a Bill. The city council is objecting to the payment of twelve cents each for placing the street signs. Mr. King, who did the work, thinks the charge moderate and reasonable, and to listen to his experience it would seem so. Notwithstanding the convenience of the signs, there were real estate people who objected to them being placed on their houses. One woman in Lower Cove tried to get a dollar a year for the use of one of the clapboards of her house to nail the sign to. It was removed next day. Some buildings of stone required to be drilled, and the brick buildings were enough trouble for the compensation. Mr. King says it was more trouble to hunt up the owners of the houses for their permission than it was to carry around the ladders and place the signs. There are 585 of them in position in the city.

Coffee Smuggling on the Border.

A young Maine lady whose maiden name was Coffey was married to a New Brunswick wicker recently. Both lived near the border, and some young men the day of their marriage informed the custom officers that Mr. Blank proposed to smuggle a parcel of coffee across the line that evening. Consequently when the newly married couple drove along, the customs official stopped the carriage, and addressing Mr. Blank said they had information that he was smuggling a parcel of coffee. "Yes," replied Mr. Blank, "that is so. I have 150 pounds right here," and he presented his wife. There is no record of the custom officer's reply.

The Narrow Path is the Best.

"Virtue is its own reward" after all. A well known young man about town whose name has been banded freely from pillar to post recently had the assurance to present himself for a ticket at a select ball shortly afterwards. He could not get one for favor or cash. He was not alone. Another, whose sole office lay in his accepting another man's accepted found that his money was no good when presented for a ticket. Then they say clubs have a nasty fashion now-a-days of noting these things—but "they say" so much.

Hard Lines Though a Small Amount.

It is always a good plan when a man cannot pay a note in full but is able to pay part, to capture the note as soon after as he forwards the renewal and the cash as is possible. A story comes to PROGRESS that illustrates the folly of doing otherwise. A citizen paid \$20 the day before a note of \$25 was due on the understanding that his paper would be cared for. The merchant failed to keep his promise, and now he is called upon by the bank to pay the full amount of his original obligation.

Money no Object to Them.

"There," said officer Collins, at the I. C. R. depot, the other evening as he picked up a ticket for Torryburn that had just been punched, "that fellow was too lazy, or silly to stop to get that pass, and he will have to pay his fare over again when he gets on the train. We have lots of cases of this kind. Some nights I pick up four or five tickets, that were thrown down and left there."