

PROGRESS.

VOL. IX., NO. 443.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

RAILROADS.
Atlantic Railway.

LEAVE ST. JOHN

St. John, Fugwash, Pictou	7.00
St. John and Quebec (Monday)	12.50
St. John and Montreal	16.00
St. John and Halifax	17.50
St. John and Sydney	20.45

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

St. John and Pictou	8.30
St. John and Quebec (Monday)	10.30
St. John and Montreal	13.30
St. John and Halifax	15.30
St. John and Sydney	18.30

Atlantic Railway are heated and illuminated, and those between St. John and Pictou, via Lewis, are lighted by gas by Eastern Standard Time.

POTTINGER,
General Manager.

September, 1896.

DIAN
CIFIC RY.

ain Service

BOSTON & C.

N. B. Standard Time, at

Week days, for and

Portland 11.00 a. m., connecting for New

Work days, for and

11.00 a. m., connecting for

St. John, N. B.

SOME ONE BLUNDERED.

THE CITY IS PAYING THROUGH THE NOSE FOR DREDGING.

The Freeport Wonderful Charter—A Profit of \$830 a Day—Towing to the Foul Ground—What the Gravel is Costing a Square Yard—The Probable Expense.

Varying reports come from Sand Point in regard to the progress of the improvements and the average citizen cannot make up his mind whether the wharves will be ready for the steamers in good time or not.

What everyone is sure of however is that the city in taking the chances of carrying on the work itself is bound to pay heavily for the privilege, and it is safe to say that never again will such a work be undertaken except by contract.

The dredging is progressing slowly and the tax payers are paying through the nose for it. The Cape Breton which was loaned by the Dominion government is idle because there is a dispute who shall pay for repairs—the city or the government. The reports in the news papers at the time indicated that the crew did not know how to handle her and it only seems reasonable that the city should repair any damage to machinery which was broken in its own service. But the expense is becoming so large that the city fathers are scared and are trying to civil about this matter. They paid \$1000 for getting the Cape Breton here to lie at one of the public wharves idle.

But what about the Freeport, that wonderful dredge of an asphalt Portland firm? Is she doing the work expected of her? Not by any means, and the city is paying her owners the nice sum of \$600 a day of 20 hours for her services. When it is considered that this is for every working day no matter whether the Freeport dredges or not one can imagine what a sum the dredging is costing the taxpayers. When Mayor Robertson made such a contract with Colonel Moore he must have been magnetized by that gentleman, or else he would have thought of the fall season, the high winds and seas which would make it impossible to tow the scows away, and many other drawbacks already experienced and incidental to the season. But no, the winds may rage and prevent tugs and scows from leaving their berths, but the Freeport whether idle or not gets the sum of \$325 for the day and \$275 for the night. Then as to accidents, while the time limit for repairs with the American and the Canadian governments is two hours the city allows the Freeport 24 hours to make repairs; that is to say she can injure her machinery and if the damage is repaired within 24 hours, lose nothing by the accident.

It is said that it costs no more than \$70 a day to run the Freeport and if this is true the owners are receiving the nice profit of \$530 for her daily work. Of course it has been shown long ago that the dredge is one of the clam shell machines that are employed along the coast at the ordinary price of \$200 a day and it is difficult to understand what possessed his worship to close at \$325. Colonel Moore is a better bargainer than he is.

If the offer of the Portland firm had been the only one then there might have been some excuse for the blunder but when Morris, Cummings & Co. of New York offered to supply the best dredge on the coast—a combination dredge, clam-shell and bucket—having a capacity of 4000 yards a day for \$325 it is difficult to realize that Colonel Moore's dredge was chartered. Moreover the New York firm only asked the usual conditions, making allowance for wind and weather and the government time limit for accidents.

This New York firm made so many shrewd offers at the request of the city and it is curious none of them suited the mayor and his advisors. The first one was the offer to do the work for \$89,600 which included the placing of the dredged material behind the work to the extent of 100,000 yards or more if the city wanted it there. This sum included the towing outside of the harbor—not to the foul ground where the city is dumping the scows.

The second offer was to send the big dredge as described above, at \$325 a day. It must be remembered that this dredge is one of the largest on the coast and has twice the capacity of the Freeport.

Then there was a third offer of 45 cents per square yard in situ which included towing to sea and depositing whatever quantity the city wanted behind the wharf. In addition to this knowing that time was an object this firm offered to bring more than one dredge and to have the work completed in two or early in December. But all of this was in vain; the mayor was evidently determined that Colonel Moore should have the job and it went that way.

If he has begun to count the cost he will see where the figures are apt to lead him. The original estimate was the city would require 300,000 yards to be dredged. Progress understands that it is said now that 360,000 yards will be nearer the quantity in situ measurement. In situ measurement means as the matter appears above the water, not

after it has been dumped in the scow and mixed with water and foreign substances. There is a difference of about 40 per cent in scow and in situ measurements. By adding the 40 per cent to the 260,000 yards it will appear that the quantity in scow measurement will be 364,000 yards. The Freeport cannot average more than 1000 yards a day in situ measurement or 1400 yards in scow. If she keeps on doing the work practically alone it would take her 260 days to complete the job or more than four months night and day. Supposing this to be true the cost for dredging will be \$78,000 while to that must be added \$50 a day for towing or \$130,000 more. Then as the specifications called for the material to be deposited behind the wharf the cost of that must be included. The way it is being done is costing the city 25 cents a yard, measuring the square yards upon the cars. The city is calculating car measurement but the yard measurement was adapted in the first place and should be retained for the purpose of comparison. Here then is an idea of the cost:

Dredging 300,000 yards	\$78,000
Towing to foul ground	130,000
Filling back of wharf	25,000
	\$133,000

Even if this was the total it does not look like the saving the city intended to make by not letting the work to contractors. But that this amount does not represent the total. There is an item of 2000 for bringing the Cape Breton here and then the repairs both on her and the other machinery.

But someone will say no allowance is made for the work of the other dredges. That is true but if a return of the amount dredged is called for and correctly given will the average be 1000 yards a day? It is said not.

But there is another serious matter so far as the harbor is concerned that should be inquired into at once, and that is the dumping of the dredged material on the foul ground. With such a wind and such a sea as last Saturday will pretend to say that the loose mud is not washed into the channel. Perhaps the city is relying on the fact that the Cape Breton will be here next summer and will deepen the channel, but the government may not relish such additional work as this. More than this if it worked had been let to a contractor and he attempted to take any such liberty as the board of works director has, how many hours would it be before he would be answering the queries of the police magistrate. Harbor Inspector O'Brien would not stand it for a moment. Why does he not inform on the present offenders?

Some one has blundered. That is plain. The taxpayers want to know who is to blame. They have to pay the bills; they have a right to know but so far there has been the greatest secrecy maintained about the negotiations that went on. Now let some alderman call for a copy of the Freeport charter and then for a return of the record showing the cost of the work so far.

SOME PROMISING YOUTHS.
The Actions of Boys Who are Allowed to Roam the Streets at Night.

While in St. John the standard of morality is admittedly higher than in almost any other city in Canada, it bids fair to become lowered if children, particularly boys between the ages of nine and fifteen, are permitted to go their own gait at the rate many of them are now rushing ahead. At any hour from half past seven until late in the night knots of boys congregate around various corners and to the passerby their conversation is anything but edifying. A night or two ago eight or ten of these future citizens were gathered at a corner on Mill street and two little girls who happened to be passing, claimed a share of their attention. The little ones were evidently unaccustomed to being out alone after night and were hurrying along in a manner that betokened extreme nervousness and fear. When they approached the group of boys they were greeted with the most vile and disgraceful speeches that it was possible for utterly depraved youths to invent. The little girls hurried past and were breaking into a run when one of the largest of the boys hastened after her and catching her by the arm again indulged in even worse language than had been previously used.

A gentleman who happened to be following closely behind the children, gave the boy a sharp rap over the knuckles, with his cane, and thus came in for considerable abuse himself.

This is only one of many similar incidents that occur nightly, almost under the eyes of the police, for in the case mentioned above an officer was only a short distance away. A night or two ago a well known city clergyman happened to be in the vicinity of a group of boys who were trying to "rush the growler." The clergyman says that for a few moments he was mystified as to what was the meaning of the phrase but was not left long in doubt when the youths began quarrelling as to the kind of "growler" they wanted. It was at this point that the clergyman joined the group and gave them a little lecture that had the effect of quieting the "growler" for the time being, and sending the boys home.

HE COLLECTED THE FARE.

THOUGH THE PASSENGER CLAIMED TO BE AN OFFICIAL.

Funny Incidents in the Life of an Electric Car Conductor—The Man Who Wanted His Change—He Thought Tickets Were Four Cents—Other Matters.

The life of an electric car conductor is usually an uneventful one as far as his business is concerned, but he has a better chance to study human nature than most people think and the average conductor usually has a good fund of stories which he can relate to his friends under the head of personal experiences. One of the conductors had a queer experience lately with a passenger who was economical to a fault. The passenger in question was a man of eminently respectable appearance who looked like a well to do merchant or tradesman. He entered the car and sat down between a very stout man and a middle aged maiden lady. When the conductor came round for the fare he dived into the further corner of his waistcoat pocket and produced a nickel which he handed to the conductor with an air of grandeur that completely overawed his fellow passengers.

"I'll take one ticket" he said. The ticket was produced and placed in the collection box by the passenger and the conductor passed on. Before he had finished collecting fares he, of the nickel said "I didn't get any change." "Why," said the conductor "you only gave me five cents." "Yes," was the reply, "but tickets are only four cents each, or six for a quarter you know." At this the stout passenger and the maiden lady laughed long and long and the conductor has not as yet recovered from the shock.

Another conductor had an adventure with one of the officials of the road a short time ago that for a time filled him with fear and trembling but he was consoled by the knowledge that he did his duty. A road official who was not known to the conductor entered the car and when the conductor came for his fare he said that he was one of the owners of the road and was entitled to ride free. "Where is your pass," said the conductor, to which the owner replied that he left the book home. "Well you must pay up," insisted the conductor. At this the official got wrothy and threatened to have the young man discharged but it was all unavailing; he could not pay up and the conductor was obdurate. The car was stopped at the next crossing and the official hustled out; but the conductor was not discharged.

THE LADY WAS LOCKED IN
And was Therefore Unable to Take in the Centenary Concert.

To be locked in a parlor no matter how elegant or comfortable the apartment, is not the pleasantest way of passing an entire evening but whatever of joy or discomfort it entails was experienced by a Queen street young lady on Tuesday evening. At supper the lady announced her intention of accompanying some friends to the Centenary church concert that evening and as she disappeared immediately after tea and nothing more was seen of her it was naturally thought that she had dressed and gone out without saying any more about the matter.

This young lady has a mother who is a particularly careful housekeeper and how usually makes a tour of inspection before going out to see that everything is secure and the doors all locked; she also intended going to the Centenary with another lady for whom she was to call at an early hour and it was more than a quarter to seven when she made her nightly raid upon the doors. The key was turned in the parlor door the last thing as the lady was on her way out, so she went content in the belief that everything was safe at home.

As the story goes she was a little too particular, or rather her daughter thinks so, for that young lady had entered the parlor a few moments before and wishing for a little rest had encased herself upon the sofa and had fallen into a light doze from which she was awakened by the slamming of the front door as her mother went out. The family occupy the middle flat, so there was nothing to hope from the windows; the fair prisoner had not even the comfort of a light, no matches being available. It was almost eleven o'clock when the family returned to be met with the indignant and fearful reproaches of this cold and weary member of the family who insists that locking every door in the house without first ascertaining whether there is anybody inside who has no means of getting out, is a downright outrage.

THEY LIVE IN HARMONY.
A Catholic Bishop Addresses The Dalhousie Y. M. C. A.

HALIFAX, Oct. 29.—Archbishop O'Brien addressing a gathering of Y. M. C. A. students marks a new era in religious work in this city. Last Sunday afternoon His Grace lectured to the regular meeting of the Dalhousie college Y. M. C. A., and he gave them just such an address eloquent

and forceful and correct as would be expected from a presbyterian or baptist minister. True His Grace did not enter the room till after the devotional exercises were over but this may have been merely because he arrived too late. There is very little of denominational bitterness in Halifax, a fact upon which we here often congratulate ourselves. There is not much of that feeling it is pleasing to know, which caused a deacon in a prominent presbyterian church to say, on the occasion of a Roman Catholic officiating at the church organ: "If that young man ever again plays the organ here I will leave the church." The world must be getting better and broader for this deacon is not a sample of Halifax views.

HE IS A MODEL OFFICER.
Captain Win R. E. is Greatly Admired for his Good Works.

HALIFAX, Oct. 29.—Captain Win R. E. to whom PROGRESS referred in a recent issue as having performed the rite of baptism for a brother officer who sought immersion, is a remarkable man. He is the backbone of the Nova Scotia Sunday school organization "financially and otherwise." In appearance he is stern, but in reality he is kindness and gentleness itself. His rulings from the chair, and any remarks he makes, are given in the tone of a general shouting orders to his brigade. There is not a Sunday school teacher in Halifax who has met Captain Winn in himself as that they should be possessed by an officer in the army, where one generally expects to see something very different from his manly christianity; in connection with Captain Winn it is interesting to note that Rev. W. A. Hall is out with a challenge to Rev. H. H. Pittman, Church of England of this city, asking him to produce a single scripture text to prove that Christ will on earth ever baptize an infant. This Mr. Hall is the clergyman to whom Captain Wiggan of the Royal Berk regiment, appealed for baptism for himself and wife. Brother Hall agreed to perform the ceremony but when he found that all the captain sought was baptism, and not membership in the baptist church, he refused to perform the ceremony and the affair was declared off.

Rev. Mr. Pittman replies with a challenge to Rev. Mr. Hall which seems completely to floor that gentleman. He asks him for one single scripture text which will be clear, that Christ ever positively ordered the holy observance of the first day of the week as the Sabbath.

THEIR CIVIC TROUBLES.
Halifax Aldermen Experience Some Stormy Times.

HALIFAX, Oct. 29.—The city council on Tuesday evening refused to reconsider its action in shelving the city auditor bill and removing the city treasurer, the vote standing nine to eight. If the minority had shown the same activity, previous to the vote that they did after it, the charge would not likely have been made. When the names had been called and recorded Ald. Musgrave, Lane and others started a campaign against the proposal which Ald. Hamilton, the father of the scheme, called filibustering tactics.

What is the true inwardness of the opposition to Ald. Butler's civic salaries reform scheme, or rather to that part of it which proposed to make J. J. Hopwell city treasurer? Some of the aldermen say it is because Hopwell is blamed for having given the information which led to the hardware contract investigation of some months ago. But this is not likely to be so. Others urge that the man who is opposing Butler have some man in their minds eye who they wish to displace from the new clerk-treasurer's office, and that man is not Hopwell. Ald. Hamilton himself is certainly honest in his advocacy of the abolition of the treasurer's office. For years he has consistently urged that this step be taken, and now he has his chance. There will be some fighting yet, however to make it sure.

During the discussion there was a characteristic passage at arms between Ald. Hamilton and Foster. The former asked Ald. Foster if he had been canvassing Ald. Mosher, as he seemed to know very well how that city father would vote. Ald. Foster replied that he did not canvass; it was Ald. Hamilton who did that kind of dodging. To this Ald. Hamilton replied: "Ald. Foster's hardest work is dodging himself."

Ald. Eden 'takes the cake,' as a modern early rising business man. He solemnly and with philosophical determination fought in the council on Tuesday for the 'privilege' to shopkeepers of washing their shop windows up to 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Notwithstanding this 'wide-awake' representative of the people the aldermen almost unanimously resolved to keep the limit at 8 in the morning.

Go to McArthur's Book Store for Rowse's Gram.

PEACHY STILL TALKS ON.

CARROLL THE PICTOU POLICEMAN AND THE DUTCHER MURDER.

He Gives Out Stories Said to Have Been Told Him by Mrs. Green Who Denies the Statements—Who Owns the Bloodstained Garments Found at Milltown?

Stories, most of them of a more or less sensational nature, relative to the discovery of new evidence against John Sullivan implicating him still further in the Meadow Brook tragedy, seem to be the order of the day, and if some of those whose inventive genius seems to be far in advance either of their discretion or their veracity have their say, the unfortunate young man in Dorchester jail who is so patient awaiting an opportunity to defend himself, will have as scant mercy shown to him as that meted out to the unfortunate 'Buck' a few years ago.

It has always been the aim of PROGRESS to judge the poor man by the same standard as the rich, and to see, so far as possible that justice was done. Many a poor and friendless man has felt a glow of gratitude in the midst of his desolation when he discovered that PROGRESS was on his side, determined to see that he was fairly treated, and many a wealthy sinner has trembled at the fearless denunciations of the paper which has never hesitated to speak in the cause of justice and right.

If ever there was a man tried, convicted, and executed by public opinion before his preliminary examination was over, that man was the unfortunate "Buck" and to the last PROGRESS sturdily maintained that he was a victim to the public clamor for vengeance, and that he had not been fairly treated. It begins to look as if John Sullivan might be another victim to misplaced zeal, and misdirected newspaper, and detective enterprise; and as if, PROGRESS would be again obliged to adopt the role of moderator, and if necessary mentor.

A person known amongst his intimates by the euphonious nick name of 'Peachy' Carroll, of Pictou N. S. seems to have been interesting himself in the case to a wonderful degree, and in his zeal for the triumph of right over wrong he has even gone so far as to put words in the mouth of Mrs. Jane Green of Meadow Brook, which Mrs. Green has felt called upon to publicly deny. Carroll stated that Mrs. Green told him that she saw a man carrying a light in the large room of the Dutcher house on the night of the fire, and afterwards saw a man—presumably the same—come round the corner of the Dutcher house and run away. Mrs. Green writes to the Daily Times stating that she never made any such assertion, and told all she knew about the tragedy on the witness stand. Of course it merely amounts to a question of veracity between Mrs. Green, and the valiant capture of 'Jim' the reverendly-to-be-admired-on-that-account 'Peachy'; and the one possessing the best reputation for truthfulness, whichever that may be, must be believed.

Mr. Carroll has also been kind enough to give it as his opinion that even if Maggie Dutcher should be unable to give any evidence there is enough circumstantial evidence now to convict Sullivan of the murder. If Mr. Carroll says so, that settles it beyond all possibility of doubt; but surely the Moncton Daily Times is guilty of a very serious error in giving publicity to this opinion. It is a rule of British justice that every man however humble should be considered innocent until he is proved guilty, and things look quite dark enough for John Sullivan as it is, without the public mind being further prejudiced against him by reputable newspapers giving currency to such statements, and virtually trying him before the bar of public opinion, instead of allowing the proper authorities to try him before the bar of justice. It is to be regretted that the gallant 'Peachy' cannot forget his capture of 'Jim' some years ago, and devote his attention to his native town, where he would doubtless find much to engage his attention and occupy his talents.

The latest important development in connection with the tragedy is the finding of a bundle of blood stained clothes found about ten days ago near Middle Landing, Milltown, Maine, and which have been identified by a Mrs. Clarke of the Union hotel, Milltown, as exactly similar to those worn by a man who called at her house about the time Sullivan was in that vicinity and asked for a suit of old clothes. Mrs. Clarke states that she gave him an old suit of her husband's wrapping it up in a newspaper on which Mr. Clarke's name was printed. This same paper was wrapped around the bundle of blood-stained clothes found near the Union hotel, and which has been sent to Moncton for identification.

Mrs. Clarke has been summoned to Moncton to give evidence in the examination, and say whether John Sullivan is the man to whom she gave the clothes.

Of course it is possible that the clothes found may belong to Sullivan, but taken in connection with all that must have happened on the night of the tragedy, it seems highly improbable. In the first

place if Sullivan had been wearing a suit of blood stained clothes when he was strolling about town on the morning after the fire, some of the numerous people who were with him would surely have observed it, and it is scarcely possible that he could either have found an opportunity of changing his garments either directly after the murder, or on his way to Moncton, nor is it likely that he would have left such ghastly evidence of his crime at his father's house, or risked almost certain detection by wearing the same suit to Calais, and trusting to the charity of the people he met on his journey to provide him with another suit. John Sullivan was surely a man who had sufficient cloths to provide himself with a change, without begging an old suit like a tramp, and if he had only possessed that one suit he would never have walked around Moncton on Friday and Saturday in it, absolutely inviting people to notice the blood stains; no man in his senses would do such a thing. On the other hand if John Sullivan is guilty of the awful crime of which he is suspected, it is to be hoped he will receive the punishment he merits, but until his guilt is proved it is the duty of all right thinking people to see that he is not condemned before he is tried.

The little Dutcher child is recovering rapidly; her mind seems clear, and there is every indication that she will be able in a short time to give intelligent testimony as to the events of the terrible night when she so nearly lost her life.

HE WORE HIS RUBBERS.
Because He Thought They were Easier to Dance In.

The members of a certain dancing class are smiling over the action of a young man, a recent arrival in the city who, having a slight knowledge of the terepishorean art, was anxious to acquire more, and enrolled himself as a pupil of the class mentioned above. Now the feminine portion of the class are very good hearted and as the young man was rather nice looking and dressed as well as the other gentlemen present he found no difficulty in securing partners willing to instruct him in the mysteries of waltzing or to navigate him through the less difficult dances.

Their first attempts were usually their last; and from her praiseworthy efforts his last partner would retire in a state of exhaustion, in several cases being so completely tired out that it took her some time to recover sufficiently to take part in the dancing. Before long the young man found it next to impossible to secure a partner among the ladies; but as he was quite determined to learn he threw himself upon the generosity of the male members of the class. They were less difficult than the ladies had been and after one or two turns his first partner asked in an astonished manner, "For heaven's sake Mr. L., what have I got on your feet?" "What have I got on my feet?" repeated by the time crest fallen young man "Why—why—I thought it might be easier to dance in rubbers, don't you see, so I bought a new pair, and got them small too, so they would be just the right thing. Is that the reason I am not getting along as well as the others?"

It is needless to say that the young man was told that rubbers were not the order in that class and that a different kind of foot wear was not only desirable but necessary. He remedied his error as soon as possible and is now progressing rapidly with his dancing—and the ladies.

NOT WITH THE COMMON HERD.
They Enjoyed the Call but Didn't Want Their Names to Appear.

HALIFAX, Oct. 29.—The ball of the petty officers of the warship Crescent, which took place on Friday, was most successful. All enjoyed themselves, and the management are sincerely to be congratulated on the delightful evening they provided for their guests. It is amusing to note, in connection with the ball, the solicitude that some people manifested to keep their names out of the list of guests as published by the evening papers. Many of the people went to the ball and danced the liveliest night, making merry with the merriest, but they did not care to have their names published as among the number of those who enjoyed the hospitality of the "chief and petty officers." Why is this then? None asked to have their names kept out of the list of those invited to the ball given by the officers of the Crescent the day before. They were only too glad to have their names blazoned to the world as among those invited; by the officers. Such is "society." But if any one was at all averse to the publishing of their names as guests at the petty officer's function, surely the least they could have done was to stay away from it, and then, as some strangely enough did, they could insert a card in the papers that Miss So and so, and Mr. So and so, were not at the ball on Friday night.

The "function" was indeed good, the questionable thing about it being the taste of any who attended and enjoyed