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ANOTHER MISSING MAN.

NO CLUE AS TO WHAT HAS BECOME OF WILLIAM COOK.

He Disappeared Five Weeks Ago and Since Then Not a Trace of Him has Been Found—The Peculiar Circumstances Under Which He Left His Home.

William Cook has been missing from his home since the afternoon of Monday, the 15th of September, and there is not the slightest trace of his whereabouts, or anything to show whether he is alive or dead. One reason why nothing more definite is known about him appears to be that no determined effort has been made, nor have the facts attending his disappearance been given sufficient publicity in the daily papers. They have merely noted the fact that he is missing and there the matter has ended.

Cook was a man very well known to many of the citizens. He came to Canada from England about twenty years ago, and after holding one or two situations in private employ, one as coachman with Sir Charles Tupper, he came to St. John shortly after the fire of 1877, and a little later became sexton of the Stone church. For nearly eighteen years he held this position resigning in May last on account of the extra work imposed upon him, as he claimed, by the personal errands of the rector.

During the month of June, Cook went to England, where he had a brother employed in a government situation and who was trying to secure for him a position about to become vacant. When Cook reached London, however, he found that a knowledge of shorthand was essential in the situation in question, and he accordingly returned to St. John in the latter part of July or early in August. From that time forward he appeared to grow moody and despondent, sitting around the house and making no effort to find employment. Latterly he grew very irritable and his manner toward his wife became so strange and sullen that she felt a good deal of uneasiness about him. When she sought to rouse him from his apathy he answered her gruffly and told her to let him alone.

Mrs. Cook is an industrious woman, who has worked at household duties for others in the past, and did so for many years after Cook became sexton. She had saved a little out of her earnings, so that, even though her husband was out of employ they were not in want, and they had succeeded in making a comfortable home. Cook was not in debt, and there was no reason why he should seek to run away, if in his right mind.

Mrs. Cook last saw her husband about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of September 16th. He was then sitting in the kitchen. She went into the next room, and a caller coming in, remained there for more than an hour, when she went to the kitchen to make preparations for her husband's supper. He had gone out, and this circumstance surprised her a little, as he had been sticking close to the house for several weeks. She prepared the supper as usual and waited for her husband, but from that time to this he has failed to appear.

Cook was seen by others that afternoon. One peculiar act of his was in going to the Stone church, taking some spoons and forks which were in the unlocked vault and returning them to a store from which they had been borrowed on the occasion of a festival some time before. The church at this time was under repairs and the doors were open, so that Cook evidently feared the things in the vault might be disturbed and wished to return the articles he had borrowed when he was sexton. This would seem to imply an intention of winding up his little affairs and going away. There are, however, other circumstances which rebut such a presumption.

He was next seen later in the afternoon, walking rapidly along the City Road, by a woman who knew him well, and whom he recognized as he passed. That was the last trace of him, and it has been seen during the last five weeks the fact has not transpired.

So far it would appear to be a plain case of a man deliberately walking away, but either Cook had no such intention when he left the house, or he was very much out of his mind. He had no preparation for travelling and took nothing with him except the everyday clothes he wore, a common black diagonal suit and no overcoat. Usually a very particular man as to his appearance in public, he did not take the trouble to change his much soiled shirt before going out, and he wore the socks he had had on his feet for a week. He had about \$15 in money in his pocket.

One remarkable circumstance which would seem to show that he did not intend to go away, is the fact that he left behind him his pipe and a new piece of tobacco he had bought only that day. It is quite true a man might leave such things behind if he wanted to create the impression that something had befallen him, but it is very doubtful if Cook reasoned out the matter to this point, for his pipe, above all things,

ALONE IN THEIR GLORY.

STOCKTON'S SEVEN MEN A GRAND MORAL SPECTACLE.

The Opposition Likely to Feel Lonesome in a House where Blair Controls Four-Fifths of the Votes—The Spirit of the Fight in St. John and Elsewhere.

The fight is over, and Mr. Blair goes back to the legislature with a stronger following than ever. His government has 37 and probably 38 men in a legislature of 46 members. This is a big enough majority for all practical purposes and it is a bigger one than most people supposed he would get, though *PROGRESS* predicted a majority of four-fifths, which is the actual result as near as possible.

Alfred Augustus Stockton is leader of the forlorn hope of an opposition with a double corporal's guard to back him up in overthrowing the government and hurling Blair from power. Besides his august self, he has three men from St. John and four from York. He has some hope that Summer of Westmorland is also with him, but this is by no means certain.

It is the sickest and saddest opposition that ever set out to redeem a country that has not asked to be redeemed, for not only does it lack in numbers, but the wind is not there to make anything like a decent breeze in the legislature. Besides the leaders, the stock orators are our own and only Silas Alward and Perivious Pitts. They can make noise enough in their way, but it is the kind of noise of which even their friends are tired. Silas ceased to draw from now fountains of inspiration a long time ago, and Pitts is most amusing when he tries to be most serious.

The opposition has been put to rout in every constituency except York and St. John city. Both of these were conceded from the outset and the latter was given without a contest. The city, in addition to Alfred and Silas, has two very decent representatives. Mr. Shaw is beyond reproach, so far, and Mr. Lockhart, judging by his record as an alderman, will do no harm and may be the means of doing some good. One thing is certain he will not tire the house by long speeches, but will leave that task to his colleagues, the lawyers and to Pitts.

Since the last session the opposition has lost its best man. Powell had found another field, Atkinson is dead, and Phinney was left on one field in Kent on election day, while Purley of Sunbury is also numbered among those slain by the ballot. With these men gone, leader Stockton must feel lonesome. He would be a great deal more comfortable if he had never declared himself "agin the government."

The contest where it was most hot, was not against the government or any principle of government but against Andrew G. Blair. It was largely a campaign of personal abuse, in which most of the charges were so manifestly absurd as to defeat their own intent. St. John and York would have voted against Blair without any canvass against him by the opposition, but the majority in York was swelled both by the domination of capital over labor, the free use of money and the appeal to the rabid fanaticism of those classes of men who delight in the stirring up of strife.

The election of 1890 was the beginning of this most disreputable species of campaign. In St. John the want of feeling were engendered by the appointment of Robert J. Ritchie to the position of police magistrate. It is true that many who then voted against the government did so not on account of the appointment as such as in indignation at what seemed the unjust displacing of Magistrate Peters. The latter satisfied himself that there was no injustice done the latter individual, and many who has opposed Blair in that fight are now his supporters. With a large class of citizens, however, the case was different. They were animated by a spirit of intolerance and bigotry fanned by men whose purposes were best served by creating and perpetuating such a feeling. It has steadily grown here, though Mr. Ritchie has long been out of the issue, and it would probably have been developed very plainly this time had there been a contest. Then, united with this, is the purely conservative opposition, which jumped with joy at the present mistaken attempt of some misguided liberals to commit political suicide by drawing dominion party lines for the local election in St. John.

In York, the largely increased majority against the government shows that the bigotry and strife which find their exemplification in persons like Pitts have grown and are on the increase. Were such a state of affairs to be found in other countries, the country would be in a pretty sad state.

The great battle ground of election day was in King's county, where a determined effort was made to defeat the three government candidates. The opposition used all the strength of the St. John conservative machine and tried to prejudice the temperance people against the Blair ticket, though the names of some of these men

who were advocates of prohibition in the county of Kings would read like a page out of a comic almanac if used in connection with a temperance movement in St. John. They had money, of course, and a good deal of it came from this city. There was a big demand for dollar bills on opposition cheques at some of the banks the day before the election.

All this failed of its intended effect, and even the eloquence of Stockton and Alward on their native heath was as much wasted as it is likely to be in the next legislature.

Moses, when the light went out, is said to have been in the dark. That is where leader Stockton appears to have been from first to last in the campaign. He did not know where he was, but he has no doubt on the subject now, for in a political sense he is nowhere. From time to time, during the campaign, his supporters are said to have sought to learn something from him as to plans and prospects, only to be met with the enquiry of "What do you hear?" The leader had no news to give. He was looking for news, and when Wednesday night came he got it.

From the masterly inactivity shown by Mr. Stockton during the campaign and on election day, it may be inferred that he has some dark plot by which to win all the government men over to his own side while the house meets. He may be a strategist of the first water, and rumor already has it that the opposition will be able to carry a want of confidence resolution at an early day. It will be of want of confidence in their leader and themselves.

HELEFT TOWN HURRIEDLY.

D. L. Aspinwall Sells His Business and Forgets His Creditors.

D. L. Aspinwall, who, for a little more than a year, has resided in this city and become quite well-known in his own peculiar way, has left the city and his creditors.

He did not send out any particular notice of the fact but in a quiet way negotiated the sale of his business and next morning took the boat for Boston.

Aspinwall was an American, with the twang and shrewdness supposed to belong to the typical Yankee. The quality of sharpness was so defined in him, that his honesty was always in danger and there are those who think now that the usual portion of that essential principle was lacking in this particular individual.

Aspinwall's business was that of canvassing and it is fair to him to say that he was successful at that. He had a linguistic partner in the person of his son-in-law, W. P. Mason, who worked with him at the canvassing but whose business aspirations went higher than that and who disliked the monotony incidental to interviewing people continually on the same subject. So Mason and Aspinwall went out of the canvassing business in St. John after making big money at it for three months. Mason became an advertisement solicitor and was fairly successful at that. He was engaged by two daily newspapers, one after the other but about exhibition times his services were no longer required and he went to Boston leaving a former landlord and some friends in the lurch.

After Aspinwall was through with canvassing himself he went into the picture business, the enlarging and framing of crayon portraits. *PROGRESS* made a contract with him to make crayon portraits for new subscribers under a plan that was outlined at the time. His agents were to be instructed by him to do certain things under the contract but he failed to carry out his end of it and the contract was cancelled.

Aspinwall bought quite largely from picture frame dealers in Upper Canada; he brought artists from Boston to do his work and he employed agents to solicit orders, but he acted so toward his artists that they would not remain, his agents could not obtain payments from him and his business did not prosper as it should have.

He made his arrangements to sell out very quietly and when he boarded the steamer Wednesday morning carried some hundreds of dollars with him.

One of his creditors was not satisfied to allow him to escape scot free and arranged matters so that when the boat arrived in Boston Mr. Aspinwall was arrested for the amount of a note due the day before he left.

He left quite a number of local accounts unpaid, even that of the poor woman who paid the washing for himself and family.

Another Disappearance.

One Mr. Bird, who has been living in Douglas avenue for the last two months, disappeared mysteriously about a week ago, leaving no clue to his whereabouts. Bird came from Halifax and acted as an agent for pianos organs and sewing machines. He brought with him a wife and five children, who are left in very destitute circumstances by his absence. His wife has no idea of what has happened to him, as he said nothing to her about any intention of leaving the city, but the supposition is that he is alive somewhere and may be heard from in due time.

SEEKS AFTER DIVORCE.

HALIFAX PEOPLE INTERESTED IN A RECENT SUIT.

The Parties Immediately in Evidence are Well Known in That City—So are Some Otherwise Mixed up in the Case—Why the Action has Been Brought.

HALIFAX, Oct. 17.—Judge Graham was in his place on Wednesday as presiding officer in the probate court. The case of most interest before him, because the parties are so well known, was that of Congdon versus Congdon.

Mrs. Congdon sues for divorce from her husband, Frank Congdon, a barrister of this city. In her petition, filed with Registrar Bars, Mrs. Congdon states that she was married on August 25th, 1892, by Rev. E. M. Saunders, D. D. The couple left soon after for Denver, Col., where she had been treated by her husband with great cruelty. They remained in Denver fifteen months. The wife alleges in her petition that her husband knocked her about, grabbed her by the throat and almost choked her. He also neglected to provide her with proper clothing and other necessities of life. Before leaving Denver, to return to Halifax, the wife alleges that her husband struck her across the face with his hand and injured her lips, leaving traces of the blow for several days.

The petition also stated that she has been residing with her parents since her return to this city. Her husband has been living at the Lorne house, where the petitioner alleges he was unduly intimate with the wife of a well-known sea captain sailing out of this port. The date of these occurrences is given, the last time mentioned being in September. All the details of these charges are given with minuteness and the petition makes a lengthy document. The case was adjourned.

Mrs. Congdon was a widow when she married her present husband. She belongs to one of the most estimable families in Halifax. There is much sympathy for her in this trouble.

CLOTHES BY LOTTERY.

The Experience of a Halifax Man who Went into a Tailor's Club.

HALIFAX, Oct. 17.—Any young man hereafter goes into a watch club or clothing club will do so with his eyes open. Scipendary Fielding has ruled that these are lottery and consequently illegal. The case that brought this decision from his honor was a suit between Frederick Murphy, a tailor and Simon LeBlanc who was one of a clothing club organized by Murphy. Thirty men were to pay Murphy one dollar a week for thirty weeks. A suit of clothes was to be drawn out and won by one of the club each week. One member of the club was bound to get his clothes for one dollar, another for two, and so on to the thirtieth, who would pay thirty dollars for his clothes. LeBlanc paid \$21 and yet he was without his clothes. He became tired of it, and stopped paying. Then bethinking himself of his lost ducats he went to Murphy with \$9, making a total of \$30, and asked for his suit. Murphy refused on the ground that LeBlanc had forfeited his rights by stopping at the end of the sixth week, and that he could not come in now with his \$9 and expect credit for anything more than the bare \$9.

LeBlanc brought an action against Murphy for value for his money paid in under the club arrangement. The case was tried before stipendiary Fielding who ruled that this club business was a lottery and consequently illegal, and that LeBlanc could not recover the money which had been paid into it. Judgment accordingly went to the defendant and the tailor was happy.

DREW NO NARROW LINE.

Prominent Presbyterians to the Front at a Stone Church Lecture.

The Young Men's Association of the Stone church has begun a winter course of lectures, in the school room, the first of which was delivered by the rector, Rev. J. deSoyres, on Tuesday evening. His subject was his experience of a trip across the continent, and it is needless to say he interested all who heard him. A vote of thanks was tendered him at the close, but his fact is not mentioned by the daily papers. The reason for the omission is probably that they received a synopsis of the lecture in advance and did not send a reporter to learn what actually happened.

A vote of thanks on such occasions is not unusual, but the interesting point about this was that it not moved by any member of the Young Men's Association nor by a member of the congregation, nor even by a churchman of any kind, but by a leading presbyterian elder, and that it was also seconded by a presbyterian. Sir Leonard Tilly was in the chair. It will be remembered that objection was recently taken, by Mr. Charles E. Knapp, to Sir Leonard being honored at a

FOR SEVERAL THOUSAND.

Several Accommodating Gentlemen Will Regret Mr. Clark's Departure.

The estimate of the amount of Arthur A. Clark's financial transactions was a good deal under the mark in *PROGRESS* last week, as some of the heavy holders of his accommodation paper had not "squeaked" at the time of writing. It is now understood that the amount of paper afloat will figure up well into the thousands. One well known man who occasionally obliges men for a consideration is said to have discounted about \$2,000 worth of the paper. Another holds to the extent of about \$1,500 and there are others who are not far behind in the race. There are no assets, some of the makers of the notes are no good, and others have either put their property out of the way or will contest any actions that may be brought against them.

One well known young man about town, residing in the North End, went to Boston last week and is likely to remain there for a time. He is understood to have been a good deal mixed up in the note transactions with Clark. They accommodated each other.

Clark's transactions appear to have been legitimate enough in their peculiar way, so far as any regular system of kite flying with accommodation paper may be considered legitimate. He was an insurance agent, but did a very limited amount of business. The notes which he got discounted were supposed to be given to him by insured persons in payment of premiums, but this was a fiction which certainly did not deceive some of the discounters. They knew perfectly well that the notes were purely accommodation paper, representing nothing but the wish to raise money for the time being. They took them at a thin shave, in small quantities at first, and then in larger ones as they found they were met or renewed. For the last year or so, Clarke had been following this plan of raising money, and the shavers knew it. One of them was told, some time ago, that Clark was not doing much insurance business, but his reply was that the notes had been met so far, and that was all he cared to know. The idea was probably to close down when matters began to look equally, but Clark wisely anticipated the evil day by closing down first, and getting out when he had loaded the discounters with all the paper they could stand. It was like the case of the darkey who put medicine in a tube to blow down a horse's throat. He had his mouth to the tube, ready to blow, "but de loss he coughed first." Mr. Clark coughed first in this instance.

Nor is it to be supposed the makers of the notes were "such innocent victims as many imagine. It is out of the question that all of them supposed they were giving only one note and that the subsequent notes were merely for renewal. Some may have thought this, but others were probably quite well aware of Clerk's method of raising the wind, and were sharers in the cash proceeds of the transactions. It is said to be the common course to give a divvy to the man who lends his name on accommodation paper.

The gentlemen who discounted the notes were well aware that even a man in business could not continue to stand the heavy shaves, and that a man without business must ere long come to the end of his tether on accommodation paper. It was merely a question of time, and they flattered themselves they would make hay while the sun shone and get it in before the rain fell. It was a game at which two were playing, and Mr. Clark seems to have come out a long way ahead.

Her Definition of It.

A little girl of six years was toiling laboriously through her next day's lesson evening this week and when she came to the word "summer" a lengthy pause was made. "Well," said her mother, who whisked the little girl to hand for herself what the word was, "what do you call that time of the year when the flowers are in bloom, and the birds are singing?" "Holidays" was the prompt and triumphant response of the tiny student.