

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

TALK OVER A SHIP SALE.

HOW THE DAMAGED SHIP CHARLES WAS SOLD.

An Affair That Had a Suspicious Appearance—Advertisement With Blatant Dates—The Auctioneer's Conditions—He Wanted Cash on the Spot.

When Charlie Murphy and Capt. Long of Yarmouth arrived in St. John on the Steamer Alpha last Thursday morning they were under the impression that they had a day to spare—a day to look around and inquire into matters—before the once good ship Charles, now upon the Hillyard blocks, should be put up at auction and sold. The Charles was a Yarmouth vessel once and naturally her managers advertised her in that town as well as here but the advertisements in the Yarmouth papers said the ship was to be sold on Wednesday while those in the St. John papers named Tuesday as the day. Only a difference of 24 hours it is true but Mr. Peterkin of Yarmouth who had an eye upon the Charles, when he arrived upon the Prince Rupert Tuesday afternoon was a greatly surprised man when he found he was too late for the sale.

Still Mr. Murphy and Capt. Long were on hand and soon found out that they were just in time. And the people who had matters out and dried to get a good cheap ship did not expect them, for, shortly after they appeared upon the scene Mr. Murphy, who owned an eighth of the ship was approached and asked what he would take for his shares. He named \$2,000 as his price but he was laughed at and nothing was done.

When noon came round there was quite a crowd of shipping men about Chubb's corner. All of them knew the Charles as a ship that had sailed from this port some weeks ago with a cargo of lumber and that she was in collision with a steamer when about out of the bay. She returned to this port in a damaged condition. The owners asked for a survey upon her and Mr. Arthur Adams was chosen as one of the portwardens. Mr. Adams had to have an associate and finally selected Capt. Wm. Thomas the chairman of the board. The survey was held and the portwardens after getting tenders for the repairs—from whom is not stated—recommended that the ship be discharged and sold.

Well, when Auctioneer Lockhart read the notice of sale he had an attentive audience listening to him. There were shipping men who were ready if the vessel went for a song to bid the Charles in and have her repaired. There were junk men who were looking for the copper and other valuable portions of her. But they soon found out that Mr. Lockhart's instructions were of a very peculiar character. To the astonishment of the crowd he stated that the man who bought the vessel must have the cash in his pocket and pay him before he left the corner. The parties were given to understand that checks would not answer. "Well," said Charlie Murphy "I guess if I buy this ship my check will go until you find out it won't go."

Then when Walter Lantulum asked the auctioneer if there was anything against the Charles, he was told he did not know, he was selling without any guarantee.

Then Edward Lantulum put in his little say and asked if the auctioneer would give them time to go to the bank and if the register went with the ship. Mr. Lockhart repeated his orders and stated that the ship was sold by order of the portwardens. He made a mistake there for the advertisement stated the sale was by the recommendation of the portwardens, not by their order.

Chairman William Thomas, one of the board of portwardens, was standing near and he was asked what he knew about the vessel and whether she was condemned or not. Although Capt. Thomas had made the survey he did not know anything about the Charles. Mr. Murphy then protested against the sale as an owner but the auctioneer went right along without taking notice of any of the talk. The ship was started at \$1,000 and went rapidly to between \$3,000 and \$4,000 and finally rested at \$4,090 at which figure Mr. J. K. Dunlop bid her in for the owners. Those of the crowd who waited around for Mr. Dunlop to flash up and pay Mr. Lockhart before he left the corner did not see such an unusual sight.

It was significant and suggestive to see one owner Mr. Charles Murphy, bidding against the representative of the other owner but such was the fact and but for

his timely arrival here the vessel would probably have sold for some \$1,500 less. The difference in the date of the advertisements, the conditions of the sale, the auctioneer's statements and the ignorance of the portwardens make one of the most regrettable affairs in the history of St. John shipping. The portwardens are appointed by the common council and for them to show any interest in one party as against another is altogether apart from their duty. The sale of the Charles reminds one of the sale of the Annie E. Wright a short time ago when a ship of 1800 tons sold for about \$1,500. The copper alone upon her was worth \$800.

But there are ways and ways of selling ships.

A SUNDAY EVENING SMASH UP.

Fast Driving on Loch Lomond Road Sunday Evening.

Last Sunday was a fine day and a warm one. It was so warm that a party of young men out in a boat on Douglas Lake concluded to cool off in the water and some of them turned the boat upside down. The half dozen in her got a ducking as a result. Fortunately the water was shallow at this particular spot and none of the party got more than a wetting.

But that there must have been something more than water out the road was the opinion of a young man and lady—residents of Red Head—who were driving home Sunday evening. Just before they came to Kane's corner where they would have turned and been out of harms way, they met with a surprise in the shape of a horse flying along the road which ran into their wagon, threw them out and smashed things generally. A bicyclist who had been trying to keep ahead of the fast driven horse for some two miles and was but a short distance in advance saw the animal going by him on the "dead run" the next minute, and so far as he could see had neither of the occupants of the wagon in.

Meantime the young man and his lady friend who had been run into were trying to find out how much they were injured. The young lady was bruised and suffered much from the shock but none of the others were badly hurt. The team coming in the road belonged to the livery stable man, Walter B. Campbell, and was being driven by its owner at the time of the collision.

MR. THOMPSON'S COINCIDENCE.

He Had The Same Text And Sermon As His American Brother.

Sunday night's congregation at Centenary Church had a little happening not on the regular order of service but which proved interesting nevertheless to those present. Rev. Mr. Thompson was to have preached the sermon but an American clergyman visiting the city occupied the pulpit and at Mr. Thompson's solicitation the latter consented to deliver the sermon. He did it in a very masterly manner, holding the congregation's close attention throughout. Indeed it is seldom that any congregation has an opportunity of listening to so eloquent a preacher, such graceful diction and well turned phrases. Not the least interested of listeners was Rev. Mr. Thompson. His face was a study and wave after wave of surprise swept over his usually mobile countenance as the sermon progressed. It was explained when the preacher had finished, for rising to his seat Rev. Mr. Thompson drew forth a weighty looking roll of manuscript and holding it up remarked: "If I had delivered my sermon it would have been about the same as the one to which you have listened. The reverend preacher of the evening drew his sermon from Micah 6th chapter and 8th verse and strange as it may seem I had selected the same text."

A Dainty Little Booklet.

Ripples on the St. John River in Loyalists Days is the title of a daintily printed little booklet that has reached PROGRESS office. The front cover bears rather a startling engraving and yet appropriate withal. The author only gives his or her initials "J. C. T." and dedicates the work to the Loyalist Society and notes that the proceeds of the sale will be devoted to the assistance of the Little Girls Home of this city. The "ripples" prove to be the diary of a Loyalist woman in the first Loyalist days and they are so interesting that when one starts to read them it is difficult to turn from the pages. The booklet we presume is for sale at the bookstores. It is worth reading and dainty enough to be an ornament.

DIED WHEN AT HER DUTY

A RED CROSS NURSE, MISS PHINNEY OF RICHIBUCTO

Falls a Victim to Malarial Fever While Nursing United States Soldiers—Some Particulars of Her Brief Illness and Her Life as a Nurse.

Sad indeed has been the fortunes of war to one family in one of the smallest of New Brunswick's towns, Richibucto, which has been visited with the loss of one of the bright and dear members of the family. Dorothy Phinney was only twenty-two years of age when the dread malarial fever attacked her in one of the United States

and of very brief suffering, she was engaged in her chosen profession all night previous to her illness, which was of less than twenty four hours duration and in a letter written by her thirty-six hours before her illness no word was mentioned of any sickness of her own, but of others she told pitiful tales. Her experiences were quite extensive for one so young in years, she being only twenty-two years of age. The remains arrived here on Monday afternoon for interment; the funeral service was held at her father's residence, conducted by the resident ministers; the funeral procession to the grave was an unusually large one.

Brunswick for burial. Stephen Barton has taken charge of the remains.

LANDED HIGH AND DRY.

A Party of Society Young Ladies Comes to Grief near Drury Cove.

When ladies go out of their sphere, they frequently come to grief. They can do some things very well indeed—a whole lot of things in fact, but evidently managing a yacht is not one of them. At least that is what a whole bevy of society girls think since their little experience early this week. They won't go yachting any more, or if they do they'll take a man along, or one who knows a little more about a craft than they do themselves.

The first of the week a very select party of ladies went aboard the Grayling in great delight over the prospect of having an outing independent of mankind. They got as far as Drury Cove. Next day they were back in the city sadder, very much fatigued, but not any wiser about the mysterious ways of the sea.

Near Drury Cove the Grayling was anchored, but it was low water and the anchor dragged. Next thing the fair crew knew the yacht was ashore.

The gallant Captain, the daughter of a local shipping man, did not desert her post at the first alarm but worked like a beaver to get things in shape, and when she found her efforts unavailing and the horrid yacht wouldn't put out to sea, she walked a long distance to find a telephone in order to summon assistance from the city. It could not be obtained till the next morning and the ladies spent the night alone on the Grayling. No doubt they enjoyed it, but just the same they are singularly reticent regarding the trip and their experience as sailors.

SUNDAY MORNING DOG FIGHTS.

How Some Young People in Rothesay Pass the Time Away.

Sabbath desecration assumes many forms. Many of them are mild and harmless, others are not so mild nor yet so harmless. Strange to say the worst story of this kind that has reached PROGRESS comes from that abode of the select, Rothesay. The people who reside in this charming resort are not supposed to be on the wrong side of anything, but once in a while something turns up just to show they are as human as those who are not privileged to reside in the country. There have been two or three instances of this heard from this pleasant resort this year, but the latest explains how a few of the young people manage to spend a part of their leisure time.

Among the possessions of the people who reside there are two bull dogs. One of them belongs to a bank clerk and is a beauty, the other is the property of a young lady who is spending a short time in Rothesay. The rivalry between the dogs has extended to the owners and the friends of the owners who meet as often as possible to try and discover which of the dogs has the most endurance. And at these meetings PROGRESS is informed there are regular dog fights such as please the brutish senses of the elegant young men who look on and encourage the cruel pastime. If it is true that the young ladies also have tolerated this dog fighting then it is time some of the older heads in Rothesay assumed control of the movements and actions of those who are to follow them.

Professor Hesse's Condition.

Professor Hesse is still in the Public Hospital where he has a private room and every possible comfort that can be obtained. He was not able to move around on crutches the first of the week but his friends hoped that he would in a few days. So far as PROGRESS can learn the legal representatives of the professor have not been able to come to any agreement with the street railway people in regard to the question of damages. The difference between what is asked and what the company is willing to give is too great. If the case goes to court no doubt the amount asked will reach \$100,000. In support of this claim proof of the distinguished ability of the organist will no doubt be furnished and the fact that he was in receipt of a sum exceeding \$5,000 a year as an organist in Providence. He is a young man yet being only 36 years of age on the second of August. When he was seven years of age he studied music and spent years under the greatest masters in the world. His ability to teach was such that people who could say they came from him readily commanded good salaries in any part of the States.



MISS DOROTHY PHINNEY, OF RICHIBUCTO.

The Devoted Nurse, Who Dying at Camp Thomas, Chickamauga, Was the First Woman to Yield Her Life in the War.

camp in the Southern States last week. She must have been a girl in her teens when she left the happy home of her father Mr. Robert Phinney in Richibucto to go to the States. Like many another New Brunswick girl she chose the nursing vocation and, like many of them again, she was so bright, willing and active, that she became a strong favorite with both the physicians and her associates.

When PROGRESS learned of her death the services of a friend in Richibucto were asked and almost by return mail came a small photograph of one of the gentlest and most loving faces that could be pictured. The outline drawing given with this article while a good picture does not do justice to the fine lines of the photographed face which would have been engraved with this issue had there been time. The following facts accompanied the photograph and are as interesting as they are sad.

RICHIBUCTO, Aug. 17.—The far reaching effects of war have been surely demonstrated amongst us within the past week by the death of Miss Dorothy Phinney, who died at Chickamauga, on the ninth inst., while ministering to the sick and wounded American soldiers in the capacity of a professional nurse under the Red Cross order. The late Miss Phinney was the eldest daughter and second child of Mr. Robert Phinney and was born in Richibucto in eighteen hundred and seventy-five, she graduated from the Lowell Mass., hospital with honors over a year ago. After spending a short vacation at home she took a post graduate course at the Sloane Maternity hospital in New York, later she entered the Kings county hospital at Brooklyn N. Y., and was in this institution when volunteers were asked for to go south under the Red Cross Society. That the deceased young lady was greatly devoted to her work is evidenced by the readiness with which she offered her services under the Red Cross Society and went south a month ago with courage and hope of being able for the work; letters from her told of the terrible sufferings and hardships of the wounded soldiers, giving some idea of a nurse's work under the existing conditions, no particulars of the death have been forwarded beyond the fact that her death was caused by acute malarial fever

The Boston Globe in noting the death of Miss Phinney gives the following additional particulars:

Tears were in the eyes of many Lowell friends of Miss Dorothy Phinney on the arrival to day of The Globe announcing her death at the Chickamauga Park hospital. She had no relatives here, but she had friends in and out of the hospital who loved her for her kind heart and many estimable qualities. She is the first woman to give up her life for this country in the war.

Mrs. E. D. Holden, who has been interested in the Lowell general hospital training school for nurses, where Miss Phinney graduated in June of last year, was grieved when informed of Miss Phinney's death.

Mrs. Holden spoke of her as eminently qualified for her vocation. Miss Phinney came from Richibucto, N. B. to study in the Lowell general hospital training school. Her father, brothers and sisters reside here.

The matron of the Lowell general hospital is away on her vacation at present, but it is understood Miss Phinney wrote to her from Tampa, Fla. She said it was the intention of the physicians to send her to Santiago, but later it was decided to transfer her to Chickamauga Park hospital.

Miss Phinney, after leaving Lowell, continued her studies in the Maternity hospital, New York city. When she volunteered as one of the first Red Cross nurses she had been head nurse for eight months in one of the wards of Kings County hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The staff at this institution will feel her loss severely. When she went south she left in care of Miss O'Neil, superintendent of the training school for nurses there, the diplomas she had received, in case she did not return. Miss Phinney had a lesion of the heart, and before she left the Brooklyn hospital on her journey she said: "I know I have not long to live anyway, and I want to do all the good I can." She had no idea of the difficulties she had to encounter.

Miss Phinney had corresponded with nurses who were in the training school in Lowell with her, but not since she went to Chickamauga Park hospital.

Her body will be sent by the national government to her former home in New