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VOL. III., NO. 117.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS

A SCARCITY OF POLICE.

HOW THE CITY IS PROTECTED AT
TWO O'CLOCK, A. M.

The Hopes, Fears, Aspirations and Military
Instincts of Captains of the Southern
Division - The Literary Efforts of the
Police, and their Results.

When the union bill was passed, there was considerable anxiety in the vicinity of the Police and police building. Men who had been in civic positions for years, and considered themselves almost a part of the city itself, and others who had spent years of convincing and planning to get a poll with the aldermen, and, eventually, a good "snap" in the employ of the city, began to look around them and became very active.

But no one displayed so much anxiety as activity as Capt. Richard Rawlings, chief of the Portland police force.

His anxiety took the form of a perpetual whine about the loss of his position, and earnest entreaties to the aldermen to "see him through." He was given every encouragement, even when he got up a petition asking that he be made chief of police, and began hustling for signatures.

Capt. Rawlings was not made chief of police, as he hoped to be. For which the police force and citizens generally have great reason to be thankful.

He was made Inspector of the northern division through the grace of Chief Marshall, and should have been grateful to have had his anxiety relieved. But he wasn't. In the guard room of the Portland annex, his language was not that of a grateful man by any means. He wanted to soar. He wanted to be Chief of Police.

The appointment of Mr. W. W. Clarke to the position, was quite a set-back to Capt. Rawlings. But he determined that if he could not be chief, he would endeavor to run things according to his ideas. When Mr. Clarke entered upon the duties of the office, he made some very radical changes in the workings of the force. One of these was the transfer of Capt. Rawlings to the Inspectorship of the Southern division and Inspector Weatherhead to the Northern division.

The change appears to have been satisfactory to both men. Inspector Weatherhead was sent to the North End because that part of the city was in such a state of extreme lawlessness, and the force in such a demoralized condition that a change had to be made. It was said that the men left their beats to play various games with their friends, or spend a quiet hour leaning over the counter of one of Portland's many bars. Under these conditions Inspector Weatherhead considered himself highly favored in having the chief repose such confidence in his abilities.

On the other hand, Capt. Rawlings was needed in the Southern division, because the men, under Chief Marshall, had greatly neglected their military training. It was said that some of them did not know even how to "quick march." Capt. Rawlings was an old soldier and the chief instantly saw how valuable he would be in making a crack military corps out of the force. He had probably been struck with the fine military appearance of the Portland division when Inspector Rawlings had charge.

But, although Chief Clarke had been to Boston and had re-organized the force on the American plan, there were some things that did not please Capt. Rawlings. No sooner was the transfer announced, than he told the chief that he was going to make some changes, and the first thing he was going to do was to make John Owens permanent office sergeant. This announcement took Chief Clarke by surprise. He asked Capt. Rawlings where he got his authority to make such a change, and the captain, at the moment, couldn't explain. If there was to be a sergeant in the office permanently, instead of changing about every week as under the old order of things, no man was better entitled to it than John Owens. At any rate, Sergt. Owens has been in the office ever since.

And so has Capt. Rawlings. Detective Ring, Sergt. Covay or Sergt. Hastings, and the man who tends the telephone. So there is little danger of anybody breaking into the police station and purloining the telephone, office desk, cuspidors or a chief's new bed, unless the burglars take a mean advantage and do it when the officers are away on a summer excursion to Bloomfield, or up the New Brunswick railway.

It is to be inferred that Capt. Rawlings, having made one change, was the originator of the rest, and to him belongs the credit of having the police station so well protected.

Meanwhile, the southern division does not seem to have been "taken" with the military idea. One man left the force rather than practice any of Capt. Rawlings' manoeuvres; and a majority of those who remain have become possessed with pugilistic tendencies, rather than military. If report be true, some of them would sooner give the captain some pointers in fisticuffs, than receive instruction in military drill.

While Captain Rawlings has been trying to inspire some military instincts into the

Southern division, and the men have become pugilistic instead, the captain and sergeants have drifted into literature. Their productions so far have all been in prose. If officer Boyle had been made sergeant, as it was expected he would some time ago, the chief, to whom all efforts are submitted, might have had some poetry to relieve the monotony. Officer Boyle's masterpiece was in poetry, being lines written on the drowning of a vagrant goat by certain members of the old force.

Everything that occurs in the run of a day has to be submitted to the chief in writing. If an officer leaves his beat somebody has to write all about it and hand the report to the chief, telling how long he was away, how far he went and everything that occurred during that time.

Officer Weatherhead has been suspended on the strength of one of these literary efforts, for being off his beat fifteen minutes. He says he was obliged to leave the beat owing to a combination of circumstances over which he had no control. With the exception of the case of an officer who left his beat for good after trying to go to sleep on it, which he was prevented from doing by mischievous persons in that locality, this is the only one of the literary efforts that have accounted to much.

Weatherhead may have been innocent in this case though he produced no evidence to show that he was, but there have been times when his conduct deserved more than a reprimand: dismissal from the force would not have been too severe. Perhaps he can call to mind the little girl who picked up eight dollars on the street, and in her confidence and honesty ran to him, a policeman, and gave him her find, thinking that it might find its owner in that way. Her confidence was abused. Weatherhead pocketed the money and made no report at the station of the matter, which only came to the attention of his chief by the little girl's father inquiring if the owner for the lost money had been found. Weatherhead was taxed with the business and admitted it. He should have been very grateful for being permitted to remain on the force.

If the chief had not started with a clean sheet his punishment might have been heavier. It was a lucky thing for him that the charge preferred against him was a few months before by a prominent city official was not on the books, else suspension would indeed have been a farce of a sentence.

Capt. Rawlings has the placing of the men in the southern division. When he took charge he found that things were run somewhat different from what they used to be in Portland, and saw an excellent opportunity for making changes that would astonish the entire force and everybody who took any interest in it. For instance, where it was formerly thought that the city should have as good, if not better, protection during the night than in the day time, Capt. Rawlings believes that when the streets are full of people they should be full of policemen also, and that when there were no people on the streets, there should also be as few policemen as possible.

Under the old arrangement, there were 15 men, out the twenty-four on the force, on duty from 7 o'clock at night to 6 o'clock the next morning. Now there are thirteen on duty up to 2 o'clock, and nine from that to 6, and if five of these nine men should get prisoners at half-past two o'clock, the city would be under the protection of four policemen, for the reason that whenever a prisoner is taken the policeman making the arrest is allowed to go home and sleep, so as to be fresh and wide awake enough to appear against him at the police court.

What is known as the Back Shore is considered one of the worst localities in the city. It comprises all that district from Duke to Sheffield street, in the eastern part of the city, and one of the lock-ups is there. Yet Capt. Rawlings does not think that this district needs any police protection, after two o'clock in the morning, and the colored population is at liberty to hold high carnival after that hour, if it has a mind to.

Providing that no arrests are made after two o'clock, this is the way the city is protected.

Two men on Sheffield street, one at Reed's Point, one in York Point, one on Market square, one on King square and one man on Brussels street.

If any of these men should secure a prisoner, his district would be left unprotected!

Or if there should be policemen wanted to go on an excursion after burglars, or to do special duty at a circus, for instance, it might materially reduce the force.

There is a great field for burglars, or evil disposed persons of any kind, in the vicinity of Garden and Dorchester streets. No policemen ever visit that district at night. In former times men from the division doing duty in York point used to be detailed for duty "over the hill," but now there are not enough men "to go round," and make a decent showing in the day time.

THE MYSTERIOUS RAPS.

A SETTLER ON THE COAST HEARS
FIVE OF THEM.

And a Short Time After Learns of the Death
of Five of his Nearest Relatives—Some-
thing for Those Spiritually Inclined to
Think About—Chased by a Bear.

Many of Progress readers are familiar with the coast line of Charlotte County bordering on the Bay of Fundy, where its restless and capricious tides are ever ebbing and flowing, and at times breaking on the rock bound coast with a fierceness almost incredible. Here, many years ago a family that can be called Stark, located on a portion of Frye's Island. The head of the family was of a thrifty, persevering nature. Against the wishes of relations and friends, he, however, persisted in his idea and built himself a comfortable log house and outbuilding, where in due course of time the wife and family were installed.

A clearing was made, and when not engaged in his lumbering pursuits, which was the chief object, the settler with his family and such help as he could occasionally get, tilled the ground with good success, and, save for the lonely character of the place, made the more so, from the sudden change from a bustling, active life in the midst of neighbors and society to the dullness of a forest primeval and the rock bound shores around them, with but few neighbors, and those some considerable distance away.

The monotony and dullness of the place was, however, occasionally broken by the necessity of a trip to the main land, to Lords Cove, Macarone, Le Tete, or Red Head, as the occasion demanded, in boats, when the tides suited, and the younger members of the family, girls as well as boys, became expert with the oars whenever necessary. Many were the visits and explorations to different parts of the island by her who furnished the writer with these facts.

At one time she was sent by her mother on an errand of charity to a sick neighbor some little distance away. Arriving there safely and setting out on her homeward way towards dark, she had not been long on the road before she found that she was being followed, and from the sounds and heavy tramping &c., was satisfied it was a bear which pursued her. With coolness and bravery, however, she hurried on all the more rapidly, and instead of taking the usual wood path home made a short cut across the beach and rocks by a course which was possible by foot when the tide was not coming in. Well acquainted with the coast and tides she reckoned that if she made haste she could get across before the tide which would soon be due, reached her, and with firm resolve she rapidly sped on her way, making the desired spot in time, and getting home in safety.

Her story was amply verified the next morning. Bruin in following her across the passage was caught by the fierce and relentless tide and his body found on the rocks by her relatives and neighbours.

Thus passed away some time and as there was no regular means of communication or postal facilities months would elapse before tidings could be sent to or had from absent friends. During one of these periods Mr. Stark and family had retired for the night, when towards midnight he was awakened as if by some mysterious force, and heard at the head of the bed five clear, distinct and regular raps or knocks, which made him somewhat uneasy. Asking his wife if she had heard them she replied in the affirmative but said it must be the cattle thumping against the building. Mr. Stark, however, was uneasy and restless for the rest of the night, and all the next day he worried over the circumstance telling his wife he feared bad news. She, however, tried to draw his attention away from the matter, which so worried him. A few weeks later Mr. Stark received an order for some spars from Eastport, Maine, and having made up his mind to proceed to navigate them to their destination. On the way fearing the looks of the sky and not wishing to be caught in a gale, he neared a point of safety on the shore between his starting point and Eastport, and having with his companion made fast for the night proceeded to look for accommodation until morning.

To his great surprise he met a man coming towards the shore, who proved to be none other than one of his brothers who had recently bought a place in the locality and settled there. The meeting was a welcome one, and proceeding to the house Mr. Stark found in his brother's care a letter which had been on the way for some time, awaiting a chance to forward it to its owner on Frye's Island.

On opening and reading the letter, it informed him of the death of five of his nearest relatives, and strange to say the date of the death of the last of the five corresponded identically with the date of the night on which he and his wife heard the five mysterious raps within their humble cabin on the island.

Advertisement in "Progress." It says.

ALL ARE SORRY TO LOSE HIM.

The Retirement of F. W. Cram as Manager
of the N. B. Road.

There is much sincere regret in New Brunswick that the transfer of the railway has resulted in the voluntary removal of Mr. F. W. Cram from the provinces. The writer has had the pleasure of knowing him since he came to St. John, and from his newspaper connection was occasionally brought in closer contact with him than those who knew him in a business way. No man won popular favor quicker, and none deserved it so well, as Manager Cram. It mattered not where you went on the road, from Andover to St. John, or whom you asked, whether it was the youngest brakeman or the oldest conductor, there was but one opinion: "He's a good man," and that, in railroad parlance, means a great deal. They respected him as much for his unvarying justice as for anything else. If a man neglected his duty, he knew that he would be held to a strict account, and, if his fault merited his dismissal, there was no chance for him. On the other hand, there was no injustice and no favoritism. It is always difficult for one man to retain the good will and win the loyal affection of hundreds of employees. Mr. Cram did this without effort. He has passed through every stage of railway life, from the engine cleaner to the manager, and yet there was no envy for him. Those who were under him knew that he knew their business as well as his own, that when their work was slighted the eye of one who knew how it should be done would inspect and condemn it. They knew from experience that there was no shirking with their manager, that where the hardest work was to be done, no matter whether there was a snow bank in front or a wreck on the rail. The bond that united manager and employe on the New Brunswick railway was uncommon and will not easily be broken.

It would require more space than Progress can give to tell what Manager Cram has done for the New Brunswick road. No matter how rich a railway corporation is, or how much money it spends, it is very possible for it to have a poor road and a poorer service. On the other hand, brainy management can do much with little. The New Brunswick railway ten years ago, or even less, and the road today cannot be compared. Neither can its business. The improvement in one meant increase in the other, and that is exactly what has happened.

Personally and in his official capacity Mr. Cram has done very much to make this province known as a summer resort and sporting resort. His faith in St. Andrews led to the erection of the Algonquin and the land boom in the old town. What effect the loss of his interest will have upon the future of New Brunswick's summer resort remains to be seen.

Mr. Cram appreciated newspapers and treated their representatives with unflinching courtesy. The road he managed did not suffer from this, but received the best advertising that ready pens and gratitude could give it. So long as he was manager of the railway there was no surer path to his disfavor than a paragraph of personal flattery. To such an extent indeed was he indifferent to personal remembrance that upon one occasion at the conclusion of a press excursion, which the railway tendered the newspapers, when, in return for personal attention and kindness and a handsome engraved epergne, it was unmentioned at his request. There is no doubt that could he in courtesy have refused this gift he would have done so.

When the public heard of the proposed transfer but little was thought of it, for no idea was abroad that there would be a different local manager. When the announcement was made there was unfeigned regret that the courteous gentleman and manager would be with us no longer. If his mantle of popularity should fall on his successor, he would indeed be fortunate.

A Good Place to Go.

There is no prettier spot on the river than Gagetown and none more eagerly sought by city people. Progress' advice to those who go there is to seek out Mrs. Simpson's—a private boarding house, and stay there. There is a pleasant restfulness about the place that is more than attractive.

Four Great Heads.

A city hatter says that there are some men in St. John who have big heads. He meant large heads, because he is not a man that jokes. Four of them he mentioned to Progress take a 7 1/2 hat. They are Bishop Sweeney, A. Chipman Smith, Col. McShane and M. W. Maher.

Bound To Be Satisfied.

The American Hair Store finds space in Progress this morning to make its announcement. Anything that can be said cannot add to Mr. and Mrs. Ramsdale's reputation as thorough artists in their line. Ladies can call on them and rest assured of being satisfied.

NOT MUCH OF A SUCCESS.

THE BANDMASTER OF THE CITY
CORNET FLITS WESTWARD.

Leaving Relatives and Creditors "To Mourn
Their Sad Loss"—His Facile Religious
Belief and Other Characteristics not Bar-
gained for when He Engaged.

The City Cornet band was late in arriving at the Shamrocks grounds, Wednesday evening. There was considerable speculation among the members, before leaving the bandroom as to whether they would have a leader or not, but it was decided to give him reasonable time to turn up. He did not put in an appearance. When the band marched down King street, every man wore the regulation uniform, but the cornetist with the gold band around his hat was conspicuous by his absence.

About that time Prof. Bowen was probably in Fairville. He was there when the western train stopped at the depot, 90 minutes later, and stepped on board, bound for the land of the free.

He left a wife, one son, two daughters, and a number of creditors to "mourn their sad loss," beside a bandmasterless band playing for all it was worth to an admiring audience on the Shamrock's grounds.

Mrs. Bowen had the assistance of two policemen in mourning her loss, and she was very active for a weeping woman, just before the train left the depot. She had taken good care to inform those of the professor's creditors known to her, that he intended to disappear, and finding that they did not seem to take the interest that she naturally thought they would in his departure, her interest in the momentous event was greatly increased.

The cause of the professor's departure does not seem to be generally known. In fact, he, himself, seems to have been on the lookout for a good cause for leaving the city. The members of the band became aware of this when he informed them Wednesday, that if he was not paid \$8 for playing at the two concerts given on the Shamrocks grounds he would resign. Rather than have it said that they were the cause of his leaving the city, as it was hinted he was likely to do, the band paid him. But \$8 did not make him change his mind.

And the band is not so sorry as might be supposed.

Prof. Bowen was a good musician. He was formerly a soloist in Gilmour's famous band, with a salary five times as large as he received in St. John. He came well recommended by Prof. Clappe, of the New York 75th regiment band, and proved to be all he was recommended to be. He was a man who could apparently adapt himself to the existing conditions of things so as to further the harmony of his surroundings. When he came to St. John the band found him to be a gentlemanly appearing person, and as he was unknown in the city, the members took pains to place him in a way of attending a place of worship. To their surprise he informed them that he was a catholic. He was the first bandmaster they had ever had of that denomination, as it was always the policy of the band to look for an instructor with the necessary musical qualifications, without regard to his religious belief, except he was known to be very radical. It was afterwards learned that Bowen had inquired beforehand, what denomination the majority of the band belonged to.

Nevertheless the professor continued to attend worship with the bandsmen, and was exceedingly strict about his Friday diet.

When he had been in the city about a month he told one of his fellow boarders that his wife was to join him, and at the same time remarked that she was a Protestant. His wife arrived, and when Friday came round those at the dinner table were somewhat surprised to hear the professor order a beefsteak. Then it was remembered that he did not appear to be so well informed as to the forms of worship in the Catholic church as would be expected of one brought up in that faith. Prof. Bowen's religious belief was thereafter looked upon as doubtful, if he had any particular belief at all.

From all accounts there were other things that bothered him a great deal more than religion. One of these was hard work. When all the City Cornet band's cornet players were not on hand, and he was expected to do a little more blowing than usual, he manifested his displeasure in terms not mild by any means. This was unlooked for by the members of the band, who were paying him a larger salary than was ever given to a bandmaster before in St. John, and much larger than the City Cornet people will probably give to another.

But if Prof. Bowen had trouble, so had the people living in the vicinity of his residence. Saturday night a climax was reached when the professor rushed into the street in a manner that astonished everybody who happened to be passing at the time. His wife was not very far behind him. The only difference was that she could regulate her speed in reaching the

sidewalk and stop when she pleased, and the professor could not.

Two policemen were brought at the professor's bidding, and there was a quiet trial at the police court Monday morning, at which Mrs. Bowen produced a letter which the professor had written before leaving New York, stating that his conduct would be of a higher order than formerly if she came to St. John.

Prof. Bowen changed his boarding house Monday, and later his place of residence.

Not Pleased With Their Criticism.

Mr. W. S. Harkins is not more than pleased at the treatment shown him and his company by the daily papers of the city. From his first appearance the notices have all been of the stereotyped kind with due regard to the standing advertisement of the show. The morning following the production of *American Flats*, the rankest play given in St. John, the daily press warbled over it sweetly, called it a splendid performance and flung taffy over all the company. The reporters who wrote the notices said privately it was one of the worst plays they had ever seen. Mr. Harkins was angry when he had waded through the sweetening, and it is said expressed his very plain opinion of St. John newspapers. He spoke on the grounds that it did not matter whether he put on the best or the worst play in America, or whether his company played it badly or otherwise the same stereotyped notices would appear the next morning. He said further that when *St. Plunkard* was here it received the same lavish praise that now falls to his (Harkins') lot. Of what value is such criticism?

Merchants Will Appreciate It.

Now that the Canadian Pacific is really in St. John, or will be next week, there should be some changes that have followed their appearance in other cities. In many Ontario towns where the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific are fighting for freights the trucks of both railways call for and deliver the goods and the merchant pays no cartage either to or from the station. The intercolonial and the C. P. R. will come into contact here, and the railway which gives the conveniences will get the business, provided all other things are equal. St. John merchants who have travelled in Ontario must have noticed the great railway trucks moving about the streets loaded down with imports and exports. All these things make business easier, and Progress hopes the coming of the Canadian Pacific means at least the introduction of the free freight delivery.

A Reporter's Revenge.

An amusing story is told of a local reporter who saw the Nagle-Power fight. He was telling what he knew about it, and the chief of police, who was standing near, suggested, jokingly, that he would make a good witness. The reporter became alarmed and angry, and began to threaten that if he was called as a witness he would have his revenge. It was not clear to the official how he was going about it, but seeing that his joke was taken in earnest he did not bother his head about it—until at this late day he begins to think, though he did not call the witness, the threatened revenge is being attempted.

A Boom in Hop Beer.

While the city has had, or will have, about \$1500 added to its finances lately, the North End has worn a funeral aspect. Its principal industry has been paralyzed, and instead of being the tippler's Utopia, the tide has turned in a southerly direction. There has been a good deal of hustling for signatures this week, and considerable speculation as to who will get licenses. In the meantime hop beer has been having an extraordinary boom.

Nothing Wrong with Our Weather.

"I never saw such beautiful summer weather," said a St. John hotel man to Progress Thursday. "It is simply perfect. All my guests are delighted and are staying three times as long as they intended. Several Americans from the Western States, at present in the house, will remain for a week longer at least. They say that they never saw a place with such clear weather and so cool."

They Take Them In on the Outside.

The band concerts at the Shamrock's grounds are proving highly successful, notwithstanding the fact that large numbers prefer to hear the music from a distance, and would sooner bask in the light of the moon on the adjacent hills, than under the electric light in the grand stand. The City Cornet band intend introducing new and novel features, aside from the music, in the near future.

Slow, but Sure.

A certain grocer in town sold a gentleman thirty-five cents worth of groceries in 1879. The gentleman passed to his fathers, and the other day the first bill reached his son.

MEN DIE
DIES TO
NEVER
WHO HAS
NAME
SAGA
FOOD
R DIE
DD NAME
ee years ago in
om mothers in
ere dying from
on NESTLE'S
safest diet and
um and other
her mentioning
& CO.
Montreal.

D WITH
ROSS"
D SOAP.
\$50.00
95.00
10.00
5.00
10.00
Mfg. Co.
Stephen, N. B.

FOR
FLOUR!
HER.
MICHIGUO.

Manie Savre gave a large party
in honor of Miss Maggie
on Sunday last.
of Kouchibouguac, was
Almon, of Yarmouth, N. S., occu-
St. Mary's church on Sunday last,
ed by Mrs. Almon, and they will
n, after which they go to
ral weeks.
ves, of Summerside, P. E. I., is in
rsey returned last Saturday from
who has been sojourning for the
of Moncton, is in town, the guest
after a month's visit.
at a gentleman residing in the
n, and a daughter of a legal gentle-
n, will in a few weeks be the
resting event. ROMA.

MUSQUASH.
C. C. Luigato and children have
gone after a month's visit.
Ontario, is the guest of her sister,
Mrs. St. Andrews, residing Mrs.
Rand and C. Stone, of Worcester,
ing a week's vacation here.
Clark, of St. John, visited her
n, last week.
nsey, of North End, St. John, is
tion at the Musquash hotel.
n, of the St. J. railway, is home
of North End, St. John, spent
ratt, of Boston, is visiting at the
Nettie Austin, of St. John, are
n, and his brother Rannie, of West
ited here last week.

MPBELLIN.
for sale in Campbellton at the store
ry, wholesale and retail dealer in
ies, boots and shoes, hardware,
lounery, furniture, carriages and
A Family Jar.
what's a family jar?" said
receptacle for the bits unfit
et aside for family use alone.
er thing to keep any one
hat do you mean, child?
I Jeff's said the reason you go
to the wedding last night
ud a family jar.
to bed, child—N. Y. Press.

on Bad to Worst.
ad news to the friends of
Station of the Atlanta
learn that he has determined
poetry to engage in man-
ges.—Ex.
beries and Hum.
strawberries after drinking
you want a sensation, try a
them.—Chatter.
Chair Case is Used in all
by Duval, 342 Union street.