

# PROGRESS.

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## HUSTLE FOR AN OFFICE.

MR. HAMILTON THINKS HE HAS IT AND PROBABLY HE HAS.

It was promised to him long ago—how long ago it is not known—his recent mission to Ottawa—Opinions of the Press vary as to the situation.

Mr. James H. Hamilton got word from Ottawa, the other day, that he had been appointed appraiser in the custom house, and Collector Ruel also got word to the same effect. The official notice of the appointment has not yet arrived, however, and until it gets here and Mr. Hamilton gets to work he is not quite sure whether he is to be congratulated or not. Indeed, on Thursday night he was for a while thought to be a subject for condolence from a Globe correspondent telegraphed from Ottawa that James Kelly, the orange taylor, had been appointed appraiser and that some other place was to be given to Mr. Hamilton. The statement was not made as a rumor but said definitely that the appointment had been made, and the same despatch also stated that Kelly had been hanging the orange lodges and indorsing the actions of Clark Wallace. Whether this circumstance had compelled the government of Canada to change its plans and revoke Mr. Hamilton's appointment in spite of the influence of the St. John members was not stated, but almost anything might be inferred from the wild-eyed story. As one of the Globe staff in Ottawa, some people were inclined to believe the statement, but enquiry made by wire at a later hour showed it to be a yarn. The correspondent, whoever he was, must have had wheels in his head.

The position Mr. Hamilton thinks he has got is that heretofore held by Mr. Allan McBeath, who was appointed 23 years ago, and has proved himself a very competent man for the position. Mr. McBeath's salary has been about \$1,400, but this included something extra as Dominion appraiser. Mr. Hamilton will get about \$1,150 as a starter, and Mr. McBeath will retire on a superannuation allowance. His friends should be glad of this, as it is the surest guarantee of a green old age, as exemplified in the case of Postmaster Howe who was retired twenty years ago and is hale and hearty yet, and of Dominion Auditor William Seely, who has actually been enabled to survive a sickness in which neither he nor his friends had the slightest hope of his recovery.

The prospect of assured longevity, however, does not appear to have much weight with Mr. McBeath's friends. What the public think about it is hard to learn, it one looks to the daily papers for correct indications. The Telegraph, for instance, says that "very great indignation is expressed by the merchants generally" over the appointment while the Record a few hours later declares the appointment "is regarded very favorably among the business community of St. John" and affirms that "the appointment is the most popular that has been made here in a long time." It would seem from the two papers got their information from different sources. When Mr. Hamilton was asked which version was correct, he seemed inclined to accept the Record's view, and said that he was willing to leave the decision to prominent men who were not identified with the conservative party.

In the meantime a petition has been circulated asking that Mr. McBeath be retained in office, as there is no reason for a change. Whether it can have any effect, now that the matter has gone so far, remains to be seen. The government seems to have committed itself too deeply to go back with honor, though after the capers cut at Ottawa during the last week or two it would appear to be able to twist itself in any kind of a way when circumstances require. If it retires Mr. McBeath, it will make some people mad, while if it disappoints Mr. Hamilton it will make some of its own supporters still madder. If it retains Mr. McBeath as appraiser it will have to look around for an equally good or better office for Mr. Hamilton, and then the latter's friends will not feel any too well pleased over the deal.

The story of the appointment of Mr. Hamilton dates back nearly two years, to the time when he retired from the dry goods business. He had been and has since been an active conservative ward worker, and has also been a useful man in outside districts. His ability in the latter respect was fully recognized in the last local election when he was assigned to the forlorn hope of trying to work up an opposition majority at Milkish in the face of the subsidy to the Milledgeville ferry. He had a hard day's work and did not get the majority, but he probably did as much or more than any other missionary could have done in swelling the returns of the minority in the city. He has been recognized as an active and efficient hustler, and Mr. Hazen has long felt anxious to see his energy rewarded. As Mr. Hamilton knows all about dry goods, the position of appraiser was

considered one in which he was eminently qualified to shine, and the place was offered him more than a year ago. He said he did not want to have an office at the sacrifice of Mr. McBeath or anybody else, but he was told that superannuations were to be made and that if he did not assert his claims somebody else would get there. So he took the hint, and as the office appeared to be seeking the man, the man was polite enough to go half way and meet the office. Messrs Hazen and Chesley supported his claims and it seemed as though there would be little or no delay about it.

In the meantime another man was looking at the office with hungry eyes, and taking its measure to see how he would fit it. He was the Right Worshipful Sir Knight James Kelly, Master Tailor, who came forward with two qualifications for a position in the custom house. One was that having failed to manage his own business he ought to be allowed to do business for the government, and the other was that he was the head of the orange body in this province. He went to Ottawa and pressed his claims with Brother Clark Wallace, with the result that there was a hitch in the machinery which had been moving so smoothly in Mr. Hamilton's direction. The St. John members stood by their man, however, and though there was a delay of some months, Mr. Kelly was not successful.

Quite recently Mr. Hamilton's supporters urged him to agitate his claims, telling him that if he did not jump for the position now he might not have another chance, as the retirement of Mr. McBeath had been decided upon. He jumped, and last Saturday the word came that he had been appointed. Thereupon a number of Mr. McBeath's friends undertook to have the arrangement changed and got up the petition. They claimed that Mr. McBeath was a very satisfactory official and that there was no reason why he should be retired when he was in all respects fully competent to do his work. On Thursday, however, Collector Ruel got official notice that the superannuation had been made.

Mr. Kelly went to Ottawa the other day on some mysterious mission. Whether it was to adjust the Manitoba school question, get a judgeship for Brother C. N. Skinner, or secure an office for himself was not stated. Little clue was given by the fact that he began to send telegrams to citizens of St. John, when Bowell was reconstructing his cabinet, asking them to urge Hazen to accept a position. He is said to have sent about twenty-five of these messages, but there were not that many replies, nor was Mr. Hazen flooded by telegrams from St. John.

Mr. Skinner also went to Ottawa the other day on an equally mysterious mission, but whether it was to reconstruct the cabinet, get an office for Brother Kelly or secure a judgeship for himself was equally uncertain. The fact that he did not get a judgeship is believed to be due to the circumstances that the resignation of Chief Justice Allen was not in Bowell's hands, but in Foster's pocket, and that Foster and Bowell were not playing in the same yard just at that time. Therefore when the Globe sent word that Kelly had been appointed appraiser and that some other office would be found for Hamilton, some of the public thought they had found a solution of the mystery of the pilgrimages of Brothers Skinner and Kelly.

There has been another position in the appraiser's office which has been looked after with some expectation. It is that held by Mr. D. H. Hall. Mr. Hall, it has been believed, cannot be superannuated, as he was appointed too late in life to come under the terms of the civil service act. Yet the office has been demanded, and it may be that some way will be found to dispose of Mr. Hall and give the place to one of the faithful, perhaps even to James Kelly. Before Mr. Hall was an appraiser he dealt in hats and later manufactured boots and shoes. These vocations do not of themselves eminently qualify a man to appraise general imports, but Mr. Hall has got along very well. Mr. Kelly, having been a tailor, would probably have a pretty good idea of the valuation of cloths. Mr. Hamilton, however, is thoroughly informed as to every detail of the dry goods business.

It may be that by the time PROGRESS reaches the public, Mr. Hamilton will have official information that he is in a position to be congratulated.

Was an Old St. John Boy.  
Mr. John C. McDade, who died in Boston this week, was a well known St. John printer in the latter part of the seventies. He learned his trade in the Telegraph office and was an excellent compositor. About fifteen or sixteen years ago he went to Boston, and up to the time of his death was a compositor on the Boston Globe. He was a man of hearty, generous nature which made him many friends, who will hear of his death with regret. He was 37 years old, and leaves a wife and seven children. His brother, Mr. M. McDade went to Boston to attend the funeral.

## DID A BRISK BUSINESS.

HOW A COMMISSION MERCHANT LIVED BY HIS WITS.

Some Leading Business Men Were Named in His Circular as References—How He Baited His Hook and How the Unwary Bit at It—The End Came This Week.

H. G. Watters was until Saturday last a commission merchant, doing business at 10 Water street, when he was found there, which was but seldom, and also at the house where he lived, in Sewall street. He did not advertise the latter fact, but just the same, and it was there he got in his fine head work which enabled him to live by his wits at the expense of those with whom he did business. In a circular which contained his card he announced that his specialties were eggs, oysters, cheese and butter. In the light of the way he carried on business there appears to have been a peculiar humor in this array of specialties. He was as smooth as butter and some of his creditors seem to have been so soft. He baited his trap for the unwary with cheese, he never put all his eggs in one basket, and he looked upon the consignors as his oyster, which he proposed to swallow as early and rapidly as possible. A further legend on his card read "Prompt sales; quick returns; consignments solicited." He faithfully carried out his idea, for he lost no time in selling whatever came to hand, put the returns quickly in his pocket, and continued to solicit consignments from various quarters of the country. He gave as "references by permission," the following undoubtedly good names: "W. Frank Hatheway, President Board of Trade, Geo. Robertson, Mayor, Hall & Fairweather, Geo. S. DeForest & Sons and all the wholesale merchants of this city."

All of the gentlemen referred to deny having given Watters any permission to use their names as reference, and it was not until this week that Mr. Hatheway had any intimation that his name was on the circular, he having been for months on an extended tour abroad. He says that he not only never authorized Watters to use his name, but would not have permitted him to use it in such a connection. Above all this he would not have allowed it to be given in the official capacity of president of the board of trade. Similar denials were made by others named, some months ago, when the matter was called to their attention, but none of them made their denial so public that any warning was given to people with whom Watters sought to deal. They probably had no idea of the extent to which he was working his plans, and their names on the circular made his work so much the easier. People at a distance probably supposed there could be no question about a man for whom such solid men of St. John were announced as willing to vouch.

While it is true that many business men could not be deceived so easily, and would have either looked up his record in the mercantile agencies or written to the men named as references, there were others not so wise. The gulleible Nova Scotia farmers and small traders were easily caught and sent their dried apples, socks, mitts and other country produce to him to be sold. In some instances he would offer net cash terms. This was the case with his dealings with R. S. Thorpe, of Centreville, Kings Co., N. S., more than a year ago, and the Thorpe transaction may be quoted as a fair specimen.

Thorpe sold him dried apples to the amount of \$139, for net cash, as he supposed. Then Watters wrote him that the apples had proved of inferior quality and insisted on a reduction. This gave some delay, and finally when an arrangement was finally reached, Watters told Thorpe to draw on him. He did so, but the draft was not honored and for the last year all attempts to collect it have been in vain. The lawyer who held this and some other claims found that Watters was a hard man to find, because his office at 10 Water street seemed to be closed all the time. When he did manage to see him he could get no satisfaction, and was finally told to sue if he liked and see what he could get. It was out of the question to bring a suit, for Watters had no property, and were a levy made on any goods found on the premises, they could be replevied by the owners, as being their property and only held by Watters to be sold on commission. One enterprising lawyer, however, succeeded in getting hold of the identical goods his client had sent, and thereby saved a total loss of the claim.

When Watters was threatened with criminal prosecution for obtaining goods under false pretences, by using the names given as references, he stoutly asserted that he could prove he had the permission of the owners in question, but this bold bluff would not of itself have saved him, had it not been considered that the prosecution was not a matter to be undertaken by private parties, who were more interested in getting their money than in being put to the trouble of giving evidence for the crown.

## RESISTED THAT CAPIAS.

A NOVA SCOTIA CAPTAIN FOUGHT HALIFAX POLICEMEN.

The Amount Involved Was Only a Dollar and a Half, but there Was More than the Much Worth of Fight—Then the Court Touched Him for Twenty.

HALIFAX, Jan., 16.—There were two unusually interesting capias in the city court the other day. The first was that procured by Campbell Robertson a grocer, against Captain Raymond Keating, of a Guysboro vessel lying at Whitman's wharf. It was only for \$1.50, but the small amount of the claim seemed to make the captain all the more determined not to pay. Captain Keating who is a heavy, strong man, refused payment and defied arrest. Chief O'Sullivan naturally thought that one policeman was sufficient to settle the business but he soon found his mistake. The captain entrenched himself within his vessel, and armed with an iron bar, shouted to the officer: "I am not going to pay, and you cannot take me!" Then another officer was sent down and after a protracted parley they retreated before the captain and his iron bar. Chief O'Sullivan though twice repulsed was far from being beaten, indeed he was only being nerved for the fight. He issued an order that Deputy Chief Nickerson and six men with him repair immediately to the Guysboro vessel and take the belligerent captain to jail whether on a truck or in a patrol wagon on their back he cared not, but he must be landed at the jail forthwith and alive. The seven policemen marched off with confidence, for they knew that if they failed in effecting the capture the whole city force of sixty men would go to the scene of strife at two o'clock when the men came in for relief.

The perfect number of seven were able to do their work alone, however; Captain Keating was captured, but what a struggle there was! The doughty seaman kicked and fought every inch of the way from Whitman's wharf to the jail. Within the gates he made a last grand effort as all then seemed to be "lost save honor." He turned suddenly round within a circle of seven blue-coated officers who, with angry determined looks surrounded him and dealt Policeman Mont a stunning blow which staggered that stalwart officer, and made him shiver like an aspen. But little they cared, for the captain was now a prisoner sure enough.

Captain Keating had fought so well that in one sense he desired to escape payment of the dollar and a-half. But not so thought the police nor creditors. So the captain's son stepped on the scene and the \$1.50 was counted out.

But the story by no means ends here. That blow to Mont had to be paid for and it was easy enough to get it. A warrant was immediately taken, charging Keating with assault. He was arraigned before Stipendiary Fielding. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and Keating's friend appeared opportunely. The local legislature is in session and one of the members of the popular chamber is D. H. McKinnon, M. P. P. Captain Keating is a voter in Guysboro and Mr. McKinnon is a lawyer. He appeared in court on behalf of Keating, but all the M. P. P.'s eloquence and logic was inadequate to the task of securing the prisoner's release. The court sentenced him to pay \$30 and costs. Kind-hearted Mr. McKinnon's good offices did not end with his defence of the bellicose constituent. No, they went so far, also as to advance the money for the payment of the fine.

Captain Raymond Keating found that an expensive battle, but the experience he gained may be of future use to him.

The other capias is of a different nature altogether. John Fernandez is a seaman whose name has figured in the courts with some regularity lately. Captain Pope owed him, it seems, \$30. Fernandez had learned enough of law to know that he could obtain money by means of a capias. Accordingly he issued such a process and the \$30 was paid into the hands of Chief O'Sullivan. Then Pope got in his work. He knew that Fernandez owed \$20 to the Sailor's home for board, so he quickly hid himself up to Manager Graydon and told him about the \$30 that was in possession of the chief. He advised that Fernandez be given a taste of his own medicine, and forthwith the manager procured a capias for him, which was placed in the hands of the chief. Without delay Fernandez came into the police station for his \$30, when he was immediately laid hold of, and confronted with the instrument from the sailor's home. It was somewhat of a painful surprise to the wily sailor, yet there was nothing for him to do but to take the \$10 that was left, and look longingly after Manager Graydon who departed with the funds of the sailor's home \$20 better off on account of the little transaction.

Police and Handsets.  
The daily papers report that the police have "confiscated" several boys' sleds since the recent slight snow fall. It would be

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interesting to know what color of authority they have for doing anything of the kind. The law provides a penalty for coasting but there is no provision for impounding sleds. It is an old trick of the police, however, and in the past some of them have gone so far as to destroy sleds. When they undertake to do anything of the kind they are in the same position as if they destroyed any other piece of personal property.

## CARLETON WANTS LICENSE.

Reasons Why the Saloon Industry Should be Encouraged There.

As already stated, it is understood that application for license to sell liquor at retail in Carleton will probably be made this year and there is a report that at least three persons will be applicants. It is quite possible there will be some opposition shown to the projected enterprises by people who are interested in having matters stay as they are, just as there was opposition to the scheme for the union of the cities, and as there is likely to be to any new idea of which the merits are not recognized at the outset. Under these circumstances it may be as well to show some reasons why there should be a license granted in Carleton, or three licenses, if there are that many people who are willing to invest their capital and devote their energies to the revival and development of what has of late years been merely a struggling industry on that side of the harbor.

Carleton has been dull and the streets have been as quiet as those of a village after dark. The advent of saloons in full blast would materially change all this and make them as lively as they were years ago. There might be a fight two or three times a week.

Carleton people now have to go to the time and expense of crossing the ferry to find a saloon, and the expenditure bears heavily on the working man.

The West Side now has to get along with only one policeman on duty at night. The opening of saloons would require the presence of several more, and the citizens would thus feel better protected. Where there is now only a sergeant in charge, there might need to be one of the so called "captains." It might be necessary, also, to enlarge the lock-up, and this would give employment to the working classes.

The Beaver line and other steamers give employment to a good many men who are paid in cash. In the absence of saloons a good deal of their money may be taken home instead of it being all spent, or they may even put some of it in the savings banks, thus withdrawing just so much from general circulation. The saloons would help to circulate it, and in time the saloon keepers might be able to build handsome residences, thus giving additional employment to the working classes.

As things now are, many young lads in Carleton are growing up without learning to drink, and when they are men will do little or nothing to support the liquor traffic so that fewer licenses may be needed, and the city will be deprived of that much revenue. The licensing of saloons would do a great deal to remedy this state of things and the question "Will the coming man drink wine?" would be no longer in doubt in Carleton.

There may be other arguments brought to meet the objections of those people who don't want to see things made lively around Carleton.

## ANOTHER OFFICE WANTED.

It is that of Immigration Agent and There Are Several After It.

There is another office that several people want. It is that of Immigration Agent held by Mr. Samuel Gardner.

The salary is not large, \$1,000 a year, but there is little or nothing to do. Properly filled, the office ought to be a very important one, for the idea of an immigration agent is such a man as Moses H. Parley was, who can make the country's resources known and not only circulate but prepare information to attract strangers to this part of the world. As the office now is, the agent simply has to look after the few immigrants who pass through and send out such scanty and miserably arranged literature as is furnished him, besides, of course, answering letters of inquiry. With this idea of an immigration agency, anybody can fill it. A year or so ago, the government decided to abolish it when the present incumbent went out, but this prospect of one less office filled the faithful with horror, and on the strength of representations of some prominent workers, it is still available as a prize. During the last week Mr. Gardner has been quite ill and the has been a renewed hustle for the position. Perhaps that had something to do with the visit of Brother Kelly to Ottawa. Mr. Gardner, at last accounts was reported to be getting well again.

There are said to have been a number of appointments decided upon which have not been announced. The next week may develop something more in this line.