

# PROGRESS.

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## THE WOES OF AN EDITOR.

A North Shore Man Tells His Tale and Editor Stewart's Comment.

The trials and tribulations of the modern country newspaper have been well illustrated on the North Shore. The disappearance of the Telephone of Campbellton, the remarks of the editor in the last issue of his paper and the somewhat caustic criticism of Editor Stewart of the World makes interesting reading. The people are all interested in the press, they depend upon the newspapers for the news and the press depends upon the people for support. The success or failure of a publication has therefore especial interest and the following explanations and comment taken from the Telephone and World are interesting even if they are read with regret.

A little over four years ago The Telephone made its appearance and took its place among the newspapers of the world. During that time it has been tossed about on the waves of financial uncertainty and with wavering tread moved on and on until it has become the recognized leading journal of the north shore.

Today we present it to our readers for the last time; that is so far as the present publisher is concerned. No doubt our readers will wonder why, now that we have apparently surmounted the financial obstacles and the paper is firmly established, that we thus abandon our post of responsibility. But there are other troubles and tribulations in the publishing of a paper than the financial part of it, and more especially when there are a number of persons interested and each and every one of those persons consider that the paper should be conducted to their respective liking.

When this paper was established in 1897 several prominent gentlemen took a financial interest in its establishment and assisted the present editor to start the same. The Telephone had not made its appearance much longer than six months when one or two of these parties wanted their money—wanted their portion of the capital invested before there had been one hundredth part of one per centum of interest on the same earned. We nobly responded to the call and with an independence that only newspaper men can assume just about the time they are not getting enough to buy a few pounds of rice or a herring, we raised the money and paid them back. From that day to the present it has been a continual repetition of the first act. Just when a little advancement was made some one of the 'stock holders' in this illustrious dividend paying investment would demand his money and would tell it to his friends for miles around—yes for hundreds of miles around—that he owned The Telephone and could get nothing out of it, and his lamentations would be pitiful to behold; while he perhaps had \$100 invested. Others again, who not so much as paid for a year's subscription to the paper, posed as the sole proprietor of the same, with all rights reserved.

"During all this The Telephone was nobly forging its way ahead doing what it could for the good and welfare of the countries in which it circulated, and only rolling up a long list of book debts. Then other trials came. The political course of this journal in a certain recent election did not meet with the unanimous approbation of the 'stock holders' and again everything did not go as 'merry as a marriage bell.' With the assistance of a few of the reliable and 'staunch friends of the paper, those 'who wanted their money' got it."

The editor of the Campbellton Telephone, in announcing its disappearance from the field of journalism, says it has been tossed about on the waves of financial uncertainty and with wavering tread moved on and on until it has become the recognized leading journal of the North Shore. The writer of its obituary is probably the only man who recognized it as such. No paper that is 'tossed about on the waves of financial uncertainty' and 'moves with wavering tread' can by any stretch of imagination be considered a leading journal. Financial certainty, and a step with no wobble in it, are necessary to give a paper the independence that is required to gain such a position. Mr Chandler is a bright

and active newspaper man, and has made the Telephone a good local paper, but its 'wavering tread' has been so evident that it never gained the position of influence it should have achieved.

The editor's description of his experience with the numerous owners of his plant is amusing to one who fails to grasp its pathos. But it is an old, old story. Thousands of others have tried to publish papers that were founded in the same way, and failed. We have had a little experience in this line ourselves.

The World was started by a company, and its editors and owners were mutually dissatisfied at the end of two years. The paper would have died then, to be revived periodically and published for a time when political or other interests required a paper, if its present publisher had not purchased it outright from the proprietors. He bought it, paid spot cash for it, and, after losing some more money in the business, had the satisfaction of placing it on a paying basis as a legitimate enterprise. It had never endured a moment of 'financial uncertainty,' and has never moved with 'wavering tread,' but has been thoroughly independent of all politicians and cliques, asking for no favors, indebted to nobody for endorsements, and paying all its bills promptly. Its publisher could afford to be independent, and he has lived to learn that independence and consistency win public respect and confidence. Others who have clung to the coattails of unprincipled political gymnasts, and been felled literally at the public crib, have suffered kicks and cuffs from their patrons, lost what self-respect they had in the beginning, are despised by the public, and are protected from their creditors only by the bills of sale that are held by the men to whom they look for orders in regard to what they shall publish.

Local Baseball. As the PROGRESS went to press this week the expectancy in the local baseball world was at fever heat. The Roses have again secured the services of the big American League giant, Jack McLean, who has been playing with the B. stones. He is accompanied by a twirler named Daley, who also hails from Beantown.

John Walshy who is identified with the Roses management brought three athletes from Boston on Thursday, accompanied by Manager Scott.

The personnel of both teams are practically the same as that of 1900. The Alerts will be captained by Den Britt and will have the assistance of the veteran Frank White.

The Roses are again sailing under the captainship of John (Tip) O'Neill. The ensemble is about the same as last year, a popular young player, Royden Thomson will guard the short field for the Roses. The same old rivalry is bound to prevail. Both teams look spick and span new in their uniforms of red and blue and gray.

Girl With The "Goo-Goo" Eyes. Residents in the southern section of Charlotte street are very much amused just now by the daily appearance in a second-story window of an up-to-date girl who has as her window companion a dog. The young lady and the dog in question nod and salute to the passing pedestrian. It is another case of 'Lady and the Tiger,' or 'Beauty and the Beast.'

Some of the little boys living in that vicinity have been unfriendly and term the pair the 'twin rubber-necks.'

It is said that policeman are even fascinated by the 20th century mode of the up-to-date miss and her boom companion, the beast. Still in Jail. The 'Irate papa-in-law, referred to in last week's PROGRESS is still a boarder in the county jail. He refuses to make amends to the peace, hence he is under restraint. The baseball son-in-law is wise in his day for the papa-in-law is said to be a very bad man when his dander is up. Discretion is the better part of valor in

this case is the way the base-ballist looks at it. He knows very well that if his north end parent-in-law located him that he will not be able to make any 'home-runs' to his south end domicile this season.

THAT HALIFAX MYSTERY. Authorities Still in Ignorance Regarding Recent Suicide.

The Halifax suicide still remains a mystery and it is a mystery that is troubling not a few. On Barrington street, Halifax, there is displayed to the public view a series of pictures that are attracting no little attention. These pictures represent a woman that became tired of life and left as a memento nothing but a form for public inquisition. The Photographer has done his part well. It is an unfortunate thing to commit suicide, but to commit suicide and have all the results published to the general public is no pleasing matter. The photographer at Halifax has done his duty well. The photos are wonderful in the extreme. There is the picture of a woman, sitting with eyes wide open, a woman sitting in a chair in the most peaceful slumbers, a woman standing as if she were in the prime of life, a woman represented as enjoying the best of life, in fact the different pictures of the woman who found life so disagreeable is pictured in every shape and form, but just who the woman is the mystery and continues to be so. Detective Power can say nothing. Detective King of St. John cannot help him out. It is a case that the maritime experts are nonplused. Mrs. Eastman may be Eastman and she is the mystery still remains. Halifax is just as badly worked up as ever. The City has had a suicide and it is just as far as ever in deciding who the suicide is. The woman did her deed well and she has pretty well accomplished the fact in her attempt to conceal her identity.

Next Boxing Show. The pastime club will reopen its rooms Monday night, June 3, when the star attraction will be Johnny Cragan of the South End, vs., Johnny Taylor of the North End. The boys will go 15 rounds for a decision as both are very clever there should be a large attendance other interesting bouts are promised. Referee Keefe who will have charge of all the events, which is a guarantee that the show will be a first class one.

Something new for Campbell. "Jack" O'Brien, a ticket-of-leave man, started in to celebrate this week. He commenced his adventures in darkest St. John, Sheffield Street. Here he was rounded up by officer Campbell, who caught him after his flight out of Miss Alice Broynne's window. Then relenting sergeant for once in his life showed mercy and let the poor fellow go. He was captured later on, however, and landed in the cage behind the bars on King Street East.

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Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Reported. Read 17 Waterloo.

## THEY ARE OPEN NOW.

Restaurants That Have Been Closed Allowed Open on Saturday Night.

Last week PROGRESS advocated the opening of certain restaurants on Saturday night which for some time had been closed owing to the decision of the liquor license commission. The commissioners, it appears, met the same day and in accordance with the request of the proprietors gave them permission to open their eating saloons from 7 o'clock until midnight.

This, of course, was on a distinct understanding such as the restaurant people were quite willing to agree to and which is only in accordance with the law. But it may be pointed out all the same that for more than a year, in fact for two years, these gentlemen have been deprived of a privilege which they contested was their's by right. For certain local reasons which need not be stated here the commissioners decided otherwise and the loss to Messrs. Clark and Harding can hardly be estimated. They lost business and customers on Saturday night who came at no other time in the week and their competitors in the business secured a footing from the fact of their being closed which they could not possibly have obtained otherwise.

Some members of the commission are no doubt very firm in their opinions, but there are others or another who has not seemed to know his own mind for more than a week at a time. Perhaps in only one respect has he clung to his opinion for any considerable period and in the end influence even made him give that away.

It cannot be said that he was wrong in giving away to the influence, because PROGRESS thinks that the hotel in question when it applied for a license and was ready with its fee and had suitable premises should have obtained the certificate without question. If the proprietor does not carry out the law the inspector is no doubt at all times as ready to deal with him as he has been to deal with others. There is not much opportunity for the liquor law to be despised in St. John. Hotels may or may not sell after hours, there may be some drinking in beer shops of something stronger than hop and pop, but the fact remains that for some time at least there have been no reports mentioned of any considerable prominence. This would indicate that the law is fairly well enforced. If it were not the temperance people would no doubt soon make themselves heard.

The change in the commission mentioned by PROGRESS last Saturday is likely to take place about the time indicated and so far as can be learned Dr. Smith is the gentleman who will succeed Chairman Knodell. The doctor is a gentleman of experience in worldly matters, is thoroughly acquainted with most of the people of the city and should make a good official. He will have an opportunity to give the duties of liquor license commissioner and the other business in connection with the office a considerable amount of time and no doubt the very best of his opinion.

Whitewash and Its Uses. White wash and the uses of that very convenient household article was much discussed on Pokioik Road last week and those who had up to that time believed that the use of whitening extended only to the cleansing of domiciles were awakened to the fact that they had lived in ignorance the greater part of their lives. At any rate so the story goes, there are two families out on Pokioik Road, living in close proximity to each other. A fierce feud has been carried on for some time between the female portion of the two families, and a few days ago while one of the women undertook to beautify the front of her dwelling by means of the white-wash brush, she was attacked by her neighbor, and a war of words carried on for some time. At length, unable to stand the taunts of her opponent, the lady of the brush, turned and vigorously applied the whitewash to the person of her neighbor. It is hardly necessary to say that the heated discussion was soon brought to a close.

Foxy Dog Thieves. Dog stealing has become a favorite pastime with some parties not known at present. Several citizens have lost valuable dogs and can find no trace of them. It is said that the organization is complete and

the thoroughbred are kept for a time and then taken or sent to Boston where a party who once lived here disposes of them. The list of valuable animals that have disappeared is already large and unless some determined effort is made to put a stop to the thieving, more will likely follow the same way.

THE ABUSE OF DYNAMITE. A Fisherman who Found out Something About the Explosive.

Ava White or LeBlanc, a Frenchman from Digby, Nova Scotia, who was dynamiting pollock on the ribs near the old Ledge, off Grand Manan, with Harrington Guptill, of White Head, was killed by a charge of dynamite which he held in his hand, says the Beacon. It seems White was a greenhorn, it being the second time he attempted to kill or catch fish that way. Guptill was in the bow of the dory and White in the stern. White lit the fuse and thought it was going to burn. Guptill told him to throw it overboard but White held it in his hand too long for it was only a short distance from him when it exploded, killing White instantly. It made a hole entirely through his right lung and blew his hand and ear off and otherwise disfigured his face and body. He was thrown about ten feet from the dory into the water. Guptill, although very badly shaken up and benumbed by the explosion, managed to get White's body. A sloop will take it to Nova Scotia. His mother was notified of his death by wire. Guptill is said to be in a bad condition, very deaf and shaken up. Strange to say the dory was not injured in the least.

The Beacon's Grand harbor correspondent says it is reported that White blew the fuse to hasten the explosion. He had part of his face blown away, his right hand blown to atoms and two holes through his body; the force of the explosion throwing his body fifteen feet away from the boat. It is said he was warned three times to throw the dynamite overboard but did not heed the warning.

The recent dynamite tragedy off Grand Manan has brought to light a lot of blood-curdling stories of narrow escapes on the part of the fishermen using this explosive.

In most cases, the dynamite cartridge is suspended from a block of wood by a string a dozen or so feet long. The string is wound around the wood and the fuse is lit and thrown in the water among the fish. The weight of the cartridge unwinds the string. About the time the cartridge reaches the end of the string the explosion occurs.

On one occasion, in throwing out a cartridge, the string caught on the end of the vessel's boom. The five men who were on board could not disengage it and at once threw themselves on their faces, not knowing what would happen. The explosion wrecked the boom and made an awful report, but the men escaped uninjured.

On another boat, the string, in casting the cartridge overboard, wound around the mast. The men had just time to break the string and throw the cartridge into the sea when the explosion occurred.

The above is a fair sample of the tales that the dynamite fishermen are now telling.

Great slaughter has been caused among the pollock by this method of killing the fish. Thousands upon thousands have been taken, while just as many thousands of multicolored fish have sunk to the bottom. It is not alone in fishing that dynamite is being used. It is related that this spring one of the ingenious residents of White Head had a compost heap near his barn. Considering it too much trouble to distribute the compost over the ground by the usual process, he made a hole in the pile and inserted a dynamite cartridge. The stuff was distributed pretty thoroughly and so was the barn. It proved such a success as a barn distributor that this method of scientific farming is not likely to become popular on the 'tight little isle.'

Ready to Repair Them.

The wharves on the St. John River are said to be in bad condition on account of the freshet. The government is not ignorant of this and PROGRESS understands as soon as the water is low enough for the work of repairing the structures will be pushed forward.