

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XI., NO. 548.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## AN UNFEELING FATHER.

OLIVER CROMWELL DIAPER AND HIS LATE SON.

The Manner He Acted When Brought to the City Disgusted all the Friends of His Popular Boy who was Buried to His Grave 20 Hours After Death.

The death of Frank Diaper on Friday night a week ago while not exactly unexpected by his intimate friends was considerable of a shock to those who only knew him well enough to appreciate his good qualities and like him for the pleasant manly bearing that characterized him. He was almost a stranger in the city as far as relatives go, but he had plenty of good friends, who have watched his success in the industry in which he was employed, the American Steam Laundry, from the time he first went there. If his death was a shock to his friends, the news that he was to be buried on the following day at 2.30 o'clock was a still greater surprise to

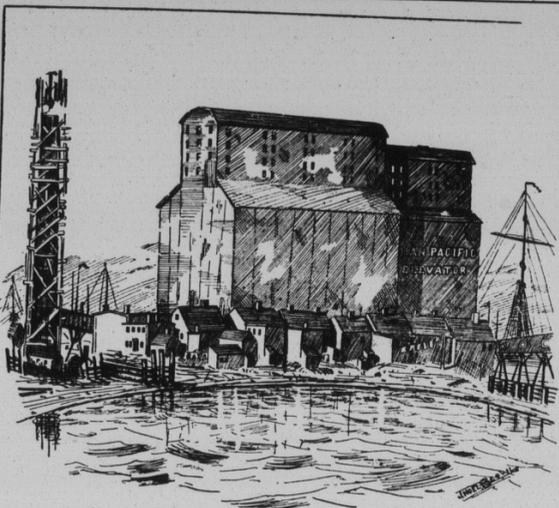


FRANK G. DIAPER.

A Popular Young Man Whose Early Death is Much Regretted by His Associates.

them, because many of them were thus prevented from paying the last tribute of respect to him whom they had associated with and liked in his lifetime. PROGRESS has no wish at any time to comment upon the arrangements or the treatment accorded to one relative by another, but the facts connected with this case are such that it seems justifiable to note a few of them.

Young Diaper was the son of Oliver Cromwell Diaper, and if the historical reputation of the man whom Diaper senior was named after has been handed down correctly it would appear that his parents could have chosen no more appropriate cognomen for him. Mr. Diaper is a commercial man and is on the road a good deal of the time. For a considerable period he lived in St. John, on Paradise Row, and one of his wives died there. And it is probable that public attention was directed to him for the first time because of the celebrity with which he put another woman in her place. This may be some index to that phase of his character, which his son's friends in this city would call heartlessness, and yet be mild. Young Diaper had been in ill health for some time,



THE NEW ELEVATOR ON THE WEST SIDE.

but he had fought and striven too long against the insidious attack of typhoid fever, that was coming upon him. When he had taken to his bed at last, he felt like many other young men, who are trying to pay for their past education and yet aiming to live at the same time, that he was not prepared financially to stand the strain of a long illness, and so he telegraphed to his father asking him to send him a few dollars. If he had mentioned the fact to his friends it would not have been necessary for him to have made this request. At any rate the money did not come and his friends employed a physician and engaged a nurse to see that the young man was attended to as carefully and as skillfully as if he had been in his own home.

Telegram after telegram was sent to his father telling him of the illness of his eldest son, but he paid no attention to them until at last the young man's physician sent such a telegram that it made it almost necessary for him to come at once. When he did arrive the condition of his son was so serious that almost the first thing that was suggested to him by his physician was that a consultation should be held to see if anything further could be done for the young man. His father, however, pooch-pooched this idea, as well as the proposition to provide another nurse to relieve the one who had been at the patient's side night and day. It is hard to understand how a father could be so heartless as to approach his dying son's physician and demand of him, "How long this thing was going to last?" And state that "he did not want to remain here all the time as every week he lost was worth \$50 to him." It is little wonder that the physician told him that it was not necessary for him to stay at all, that the boy's friends had taken care of him all the time he was ill, and that there was no doubt but they would take care of him until the end. At

any rate, Mr. Diaper, senior, did not leave. Perhaps he thought it was necessary to remain to administer upon the \$1,000 life insurance that his son had taken out and made payable to his heirs and assignees. He did not forget to do that, but he did forget to make any reparation to the people, who cared for his sick son, who looked after the necessary expenses incurred in a serious illness of such length, or to even thank those who had devoted their time and incurred the risk of looking after his son. Those of the young man's friends who went to his funeral in the old burying ground on the Westmorland Road were surprised to see that he was interred in a grave where already one or two people were buried, and that the quantity of earth covering his remains could be measured by six inches at one end of the coffin and by twelve at the other. If anything was needed to complete the disgust they felt at the young man's father, this was all that was necessary.

## HE GOT THERE ON TIME.

How the City Clerk of Fredericton Avoided an Awkward Position.

FREDERICTON NOV. 9.—Not a few people who attended the funeral of the late lamented City Treasurer Moore on Tuesday, were somewhat surprised that Colonel Marsh, the veteran police magistrate of the city did not occupy a more conspicuous place among the corporation officials in the procession. As a matter of fact the dauntless colonel instead of being well to the front, contented himself with a subordinate position among the general public with a minor official for a companion; though the colonel is reputed to be a very modest man, PROGRESS learned upon investigation that it was not modesty alone that is responsible for his not having occupied a more prominent place on this occasion and it is no fault of his that he did not.

The colonel when he attends a religious service, in his accustomed place of worship, which is quite often, invariably occupies a seat somewhere near the front row, and if he happens to be a little tardy in arriving at the sacred edifice, he knows that there is always room for him in front and governs himself accordingly. Now it so happens that the colonel is the senior officer in the service of the city of Fredericton, and as such considers that he is entitled, when there is a turnout of the corporation officials, to the position along-side of His Worship the Mayor. Not a few people agree with the colonel's view of the matter and are inclined to commend him for rushing to maintain the dignity of his high and responsible office on every and all occasions, as he invariably does when given a free hand.

The colonel would no doubt have been permitted to occupy the coveted place on Tuesday but for one thing. Another officer in the person of City Clerk Beckwith got there ahead of him. As city clerk, it is Mr. Beckwith's duty to affix his autograph to all documents bearing the city seal, along with that of his worship, and he naturally holds to the opinion that whatever honor there is in walking as the companion of the mayor in a procession belongs to him. When the city clerk gets the idea imbedded in his legal acumen that he is right on a particular point, it is pretty hard to convince him to the contrary, and un-

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

## HE CHANGED HIS NAME.

THE REASON MACKAY'S LATE WIFE GAVE FOR THIS ACT.

He Wanted to Claim Relationship With the Millionaire Mackay of California—He was Intended for the Priesthood But Became a Bank Clerk.

John Mackay is still in jail in Boston and so far as anyone knows he is likely to remain there for some time. He seems to take his position very coolly and in the solitude and quietness of his prison room he has had no doubt that opportunity to reflect that is oftentimes productive of good with any one. One of the results of his reflection was his marriage to the woman who was known in this town as "Beatrice Hatheway." Mackay's relations here with the woman he has made his wife in Boston are not easily described. As PROGRESS stated in a former issue, for some time back, he and the Hatheway woman lived on Prince William Street. They occupied a flat in the building one or two doors from the corner of Prince William Street and Market Square. Life with them was gay and always had that roseate hue that free and easy livers enjoy.

Rightly or wrongly, John Mackay had the name of being a careless father. He had a son and one or two daughters. The former was in ill health and appeared to have such a slight hold on the affairs of this world that everybody wondered how his father succeeded in getting the insurance policy of \$5,000 on his life. The insurance was placed however and his father saw to it that the premiums were paid. The boy was ill of consumption and when he passed away his father drew the \$5,000. His sister was also taken ill and it is stated, although PROGRESS has been unable to verify it, that her life, too, was insured. Whether this was the case or not, when her days were rapidly coming to an end, her father and his companion, the blonde Beatrice, were going from place to place in Nova Scotia intent upon business or pleasure—no matter which. The death of his daughter recalled the father and he took the remains to Fredericton and had them buried, but the fact that one of his children had died did not prevent the occupants of the flat on Prince William street from having the usual social and hilarious time that used to attract the attention of the passers by. It did seem strange to see a coffin come out of the door in the morning and to hear the sounds of revelry and music from the open windows of the flat in the evening. These things however did not seem to bother Mackay at all. He was making lots of money and spending it just as freely, but he was not making it fast enough by the ordinary means to suit himself, so he began to venture in the Honduras lottery. How he secured the ticket that has got him into the present scrape has been told again and again and it must be quite true that the articles about that matter in PROGRESS and other papers have attracted attention over a wide area, because from one of the towns

of Nova Scotia this week a note comes to PROGRESS stating that the name of John Mackay is not the one to which he is entitled. This correspondent says that his name is Mackey, and that he is of Irish descent and not of Scotch as his method of spelling his name would imply. But he says that Mackey adopted the name of Mackay some time ago, and he did this for the purpose of writing to the world famed millionaire of the same name in California and claiming relationship with him. After giving some particulars of this PROGRESS correspondent adds, "This was told me by his late wife in St. John."

It may surprise some to know that Mackey was originally intended for the priesthood. Up to a certain time in his life he had that idea, but instead of carrying out the wishes of his parents he followed rather the bent of his own inclinations and became teller in the People's Bank at Fredericton. His career there has been told again and again and it is not necessary to revive the story now, but it is told of him that he was one of the smartest bank tellers that ever handled cash in the province of New Brunswick.

## SHRINERS' SNAP SHOTS.

Happy Remarks and Portrait Attempts in the Lewistown Journal.

The Lewistown Journal in its readable account of the Shriner's pilgrimage to this city says nice things of the first shriner they initiated, James R. Ferguson, of Mine



JAMES R. FERGUSON.

Who is Thus Illustrated in the Lewistown Journal as the First Provincialist Initiated into the Mysteries of the Mystic Shrine in St. John.

Host Willis of the Dufferin, Charles H. Jackson [and his luscious bivalves and in fact everyone they met and the city in general. The camera fiends of the party tried to get snap-shots of everything



A SHRINER'S SNAP SHOT.

Supposed to Represent Mine Host Willis of the Dufferin and His Favorite, "Pat." interesting and it all the pictures they got are as good (?) as those PROGRESS reproduces today from the pages of the Journal they must have an interesting collection. Still, they meant well.

## They Wanted to Know.

Two ex-policemen called on PROGRESS this week.

They did not want to know much but what they did want to know PROGRESS could not tell them.

They wanted to know where the police fund was!

That is what PROGRESS has been asking the chief of police.

He does not seem inclined to tell.

He does not say he won't tell but he has intimated—not to PROGRESS but to others—that so long as this live journal keeps pegging away at him for information he won't give it.

These two policemen, strange to say, think they have some right to that police fund!

Strange to say, too, they think poor old ex-sergeant Owens, who has spent his life in the police service and who is now not long for this world, has some right to a share of the fund.

They asked PROGRESS if they couldn't take some way of making the chief and his co-trustees account for the fund.

They are not rich—in fact they are poor, and their share of the money would be

most acceptable to them now, that the winter is coming on.

So their main object in coming to PROGRESS was to find out if possible how much was due them and how they would get it.

All that PROGRESS could tell them was that the chief had made no statement of the fund and no one outside of himself and the officials in the Savings bank know anything about the amount.

"But how can we find out?" quietly asked one.

"Go ask the chief!" said PROGRESS.

Then both of them explained that there were reasons why they had better not ask the chief and strange as it may appear and wrong as it is, their reasons would satisfy anybody who understood the case.

"Then why not go ask the chairman of safety to inquire into the matter?" asked PROGRESS.

"He is away in New York" replied the other as he picked up his hat "and won't be back for some days." Then they went out.

This is not the first ex-policeman who has asked questions of PROGRESS, but these men meant business. Look out for them, chief.

## What Caused Her Death.

HALIFAX NOV. 10. The cause of the death of Francis Lee the young Newfoundland girl in the Victoria general hospital here, is as deep a mystery as ever. Up to the present time the medical men have not discovered the cause of her death. It seems unusually strange that this young woman should die in an institution of this kind, and with the best medical attendance, without some special cause being assigned for her death. The postmortem examination the physicians say did not reveal anything that would cause her death, and it did not what will? There seems to be a disposition on the part of all connected with it, to keep the matter as quiet as possible. The physicians will not talk about the case, and no information bearing on the immediate cause of death can be learned from anyone. The public in general are of the opinion that the doctors know more about the case than they care about giving out, but what reason they have for keeping such profound silence, is a mystery to all. There are many incidents in connection with this unfortunate girl's death, that should be explained. It is stated that she was admitted to the hospital with-

out the customary certificate from a recognized physician. No investigation has as yet been held, so as to bring the facts of the case out. The effects belonging to the dead girl were taken care of by the medical examiner, and it is understood that there were some letters found among them which will put a very different complexion on the state of affairs. Some of them it is understood will bring out disclosures of a startling nature. The official in whose possession they are at the present time declines to make them public just now. Why the father and mother of young Emerson should have kept this girl under their roof for such a time, is another matter which demands an explanation. The poor girl however, is now far from this world's cares and troubles, and her remains rest quietly in a pauper's grave in Fairview cemetery. The young man who was her lover when she was in her prime, never even offered to provide decent burial for her, which fact is not by any means commendable to him. The authorities say the matter is not going to be dropped by any means but if they are going to make any move, one would think that they should have proceeded long before this.