

PROGRESS.

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IS HE THE SAME MAN?

THE STORY OF A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER AND HIS DEEDS.

There was a Rev. Alexander Anderson Watson in Carleton, and there is one in Denver—If They Are Not Identical the Coincidence Is Very Remarkable.

What has become of the Rev. Alexander A. Watson? is a question that has occasionally been asked of members of the Carleton Presbyterian church, without getting more definite information than that after he left Carleton he "went west," and nothing has since been heard from him.

Rev. Alexander Anderson Watson supplied the pulpit of the Carleton church in the interregnum between Rev. Wm. Stewart and Rev. Godfrey Shore, about three years ago. He was a Scotchman, about 33 or 35 years old, but came to Carleton from some other part of Canada. He was believed to be a duly ordained minister, but he had evidently had a hard struggle with adversity and was in poor financial circumstances. He remained in Carleton some months, hoping to be called to the permanent pastorate of the church, and he made an effort to secure a position as missionary at Pisarunco, but failing to get what he wanted, he betook himself to fresh fields and pastures new in the United States. So far as is known the officials of the Carleton church have heard nothing of his good or bad luck in the new land of his adoption.

Mr. Watson did not suit the Carleton people. Apart from the fact that he showed little of erudition or brilliancy, they had doubts as to his moral standing. It may be that they judged him wrongfully, but there was a good deal of "talk" of one kind and another and he was viewed with more or less suspicion by some of the women of the congregation, while the venerable elders shook their heads, and said Mr. Watson might be a very good man, but ministers were only human like themselves. No charge was made against him, and there was no definite scandal. It was simply the aggregation of a rumor here and a rumor there that caused the cloud of doubt to rest upon him and obscure his career as a minister to the congregation of the church upon the hill. He was soon forgotten after he left, for Rev. Godfrey Shore arrived on the scene and gave the people enough to think about when he undertook to manage matters.

When Mr. Watson came to Carleton there was a belief among some of the people that he was an unmarried man. It is not known that he encouraged this belief, that some of the women were amazed and indignant to learn later that he had a wife, though just where he had left her did not appear. She did not materialize during his sojourn in Carleton, and he is said to have assured some of the young ladies that while it was true he had a wife in Scotland, it was his intention to get a divorce from her as soon as possible.

When Mr. Watson first reached Carleton, he had a young lady as a companion on his journey, but nothing was urged against him on this account, and so far as is known his conduct in regard to her was perfectly proper. It was, however, soon learned that he was a "ladies' man," and the Carleton elders were warned to enquire into his record before they engaged him. They did not do so, however, but they declined to make him their pastor.

"What is the reason I cannot suit the Carleton church?" he asked a prominent official of the presbytery.

"Well, Mr. Watson, I don't know whether it is because you are too fond of the ladies, or that they are too fond of you," was the reply.

In November last, PROGRESS happened to notice in a United States paper an account of the downfall of a Rev. Alexander A. Watson, in Denver, Colorado. The account described the man as a Presbyterian clergyman who had come from the east. It proceeded to detail that while in Denver he was so poorly paid that he was in a state of chronic hunger and likewise developed a thirst. Charged with immoral conduct, his case was considered by the Denver presbytery and the following resolution was adopted by that body:

Whereas the Rev. Alexander A. Watson, upon his own confession, is guilty of unministerial and immoral conduct as charged, he is hereby suspended from the office of the Gospel ministry and from church privileges, with the understanding that unless at the expiration of one year he gives satisfactory evidence of reformation and reformation, he shall be deemed excommunicated without further trial.

The unfortunate minister made a statement in which he attributed his downfall to hunger, due to the miserable pittance paid him by his congregation. Then he made the following remarkable declaration:

Time sped on, and my exchequer became low. I became so much reduced that I was almost destitute. Oftentimes I know not where I should find anything to eat, and was glad to be fed by one or another of my present adherents. Some days I had scarcely anything to eat.

At length it seemed as if a way of escape from this life of want had been opened up. So, in connection with my clerical labors, I accepted the janitorship at a medical institute. A number of the men and women that attended the institute lead an immoral life, and often would visit the place late at night. When I threatened to expose them they offered me liquor, which I foolishly drank, and then they gazed over my downfall.

FINING THE DRUGGISTS.

CARLETON PHILOSOPHERS HAVE SOMETHING TO DISCUSS.

The Liquor Question in the West End—A Division of the Police Force Transferred, and Rumors of a New Deal in Regard to the Location of Sergt. Ross.

The members of the Emersonian Institute, and the other philosophers of the West End have had a good deal to talk about this week. The discussion was started by the transfer of the police force in the first place, the reporting of two druggists for selling liquor next engaged attention, and now the rumored removal of Sergt. Ross to the east side, is provoking a great deal of comment wherever a knot of Carleton men sit down to swap experiences in the cool of the evening.

Up to very recently, policeman McLaren was a division of the force in Carleton under Sergt. Ross, and as he lives there the arrangement has suited him and the public very well. The other day, however, Mr. McLaren was transferred to the east side, and a policeman from the North End, Mr. McCordock was sent to Carleton in his stead. There was no complaint against McLaren but it is understood that McCordock had been indiscreet on his walk and conversation. The Chief did not suspend him, but as something had to be done in the interests of discipline he sent McCordock to Carleton as a mild sort of punishment.

The charge was more of a punishment for McLaren, who was thus not only compelled to forsake the peaceful promenade of the West end for the noise and dust of the city streets, but when on night duty was really deprived of one of the inalienable rights of a St. John policeman, that of getting home and to bed when on night duty, after having made an arrest later than midnight. This regulation in the past has had the effect of getting more fish in the net than would otherwise have been caught, for many a man the worse for liquor but neither incapable nor dangerous has been "pulled in," when otherwise he would have been helped on his way, simply because his arrest relieved the arresting policeman from further duty for the night.

It may not be the theory of all the present members of the force, but it was the style of some of those who were there a few years ago. Whatever the motive, however, the policeman is thus rewarded, goes to his bed and is around again at ten o'clock to swear. The friends of McLaren are incensed to think that he is deprived of this reward. If he arrests a man after midnight he can get off duty, it is true, but he cannot get to his bed unless he walks around by the bridge. He can either sit around the station or tramp the streets until the first boat leaves at six in the morning. The best way to avoid this dilemma is obviously to avoid making an arrest, and so remain on duty.

Two Carleton drug stores have been reported for selling liquor contrary to law, and their proprietors, Samuel Waters and W. C. R. Allan, have paid up without contesting the matter. The latter was without to show fight in the courts, and Monday next was set for the hearing, but as several sorts and conditions of men who had purchased liquor for medicinal and other purposes were in a panic, lest they should be summoned as witnesses, Mr. Allan paid the fine, though protesting against it as unjust.

The information in these cases were made by Sergt. Ross, but it is understood that the movement was initiated by somebody else. The provincial law directs that druggists shall sell liquor only under certain conditions and shall keep a book in which their sales are recorded. The Carleton druggists claim that they have kept such books in the past, though east side druggists did not, but finding no inspection was ever made of them they discontinued the practice. The other day Sergt. Ross saw a man coming out of Mr. Allan's store with what seemed to be a bottle under his coat. The man was from the Commercial works, and possibly liquor is required there for mechanical purposes. Sergt. Ross went into the store and found Mr. Allan was absent. He looked at the book where liquor sales should be recorded, but found no recent entry. He then looked at the day book, though by what authority he did so is not clear, and found evidence of the sale. Mr. Allan was thereupon reported, and so as not to appear partial in the matter, a descent was also made on Mr. Waters.

It is claimed that if the law were enforced as to the sales of liquors, half the druggists in St. John could be fined, as few of them attempt to keep the book as directed. On the other hand it is urged the liquor sales of the druggists on the east side are comparatively small, because when a St. John man wants liquor for medicinal, mechanical or other purposes, he goes to a licensed liquor store and gets it fully as cheap and equally as good as at a drug store. Some of the most popular druggists of St. John are so situated with all sorts of

approaches through buildings that the most prudent can enter and retire from them without observation by the general public. The West End man, on the contrary, in case of chills, ague and "that tired feeling" has no place but the drug store to which to go. Thus the sales of liquor by the Carleton druggists must always exceed those of their city brethren.

Following this comes the report that the Chief intends to transfer Sergt. Ross to the east side, and there is a good deal of talk about the idea. It is generally conceded that such a move will be a very bad piece of policy on the Chief's part. It may be that such is not his plan, or it is that he will reconsider his intention before he makes a blunder.

MR. FERGUSON WAS LEFT.

And He in Turn Left a Lot of Other City People and Merchants.

Mr. Ferguson who has been a resident of Boston for some months, returned a few days ago with a well defined plan of operations in his fertile brain. He managed by means of introductions to livery men to secure a horse and wagon for a week and buying a pedlar outfit from a well known grocer, proceeded to tour the country. He returned on time, paid for his horse hire and engaged the same animal for the next week. The grocer and the owner of the wagon were not so fortunate and he led them a merry chase for their cash.

Monday he bought a wagon from Mr. McGowan, who accepted a few weeks' note in payment; then he proceeded to exchange wagons with Messrs. Price & Shaw, who secured themselves by a lien on the vehicle. He did not have that long before he tried to dispose of it, and failing in that to ship it out of town. But Price & Shaw discovered what he was about and secured their property again. Before this time the livery men had taken their horses from him and Ferguson himself left for unknown parts.

NO MORE SUNDAY BALL.

McNAB'S IS DESEITED BY THE SUNDAY BALL TOSSERS.

"Progress" Correspondent and Others Have Something More to Say—An Anecdote About the Check Passing Stranger—He Always Carries a Blank.

Halifax, July 13.—The best people in the community are outspoken in their praise of PROGRESS for the publicity it gave the young men who spent a recent Sunday afternoon playing baseball on McNab's island. If they prove free from the prosecution of the police it is a matter for congratulation that those young men cannot escape the punishment of the notoriety that has befallen them, and which will certainly fall on them again if similar offences are committed. Since PROGRESS came to hand much of the time of "City Club" and Hillside Hall "Perfect Ladies" baseball players has been spent in the vain effort to find out who of the crowd was the traitor who "gave the snap away". They'd never let him play baseball again with them,—even on a week day,—if they could but discover the villain.

One name might have been added to the list of excursionists that Sunday, though he was not an active member of either ball team. He looked on and applauded the good plays, and came in for a share of the good things supplied for the inner man. He shall be nameless even now, but it would be just as well for him in future to choose his company and his surroundings a little more carefully on Sundays. Men who, like him, are officials of the provincial government, who are of a decidedly literary turn of mind, and who think they can afford to look down upon nearly everything Nova Scotian as of very inferior quality, as this visitor to McNab's on that memorable Sunday afternoon referred to does, might just as well spend the afternoon quietly in the Club house of the yacht squadron, and thus be safe.

In connection with the above it is only fair and right for PROGRESS to state that since the issue of July 8 the editor has received letters concerning the whereabouts of two gentlemen, Messrs. Ross and Bruce, on that particular Sunday. Mr. John T. Ross wrote PROGRESS that he was the only Mr. Ross residing at Hillside, and that he was not only on the island on that particular Sunday but had never played a game of base ball on Sunday in his life.

This letter was answered immediately to the effect that there was nothing in the article to indicate that the Mr. Ross mentioned by PROGRESS was the Mr. John T. Ross of Hillside but that his letter would be sent at once to our Halifax correspondent with a request for particulars. The following reply from PROGRESS correspondent will possibly convince Mr. John T. Ross that he was not at McNab's on that particular day or that anyone would suspect him of being there. PROGRESS is glad to give it equal prominence with any statement that Mr. John T. Ross imagined had reference to him. Still that cannot alter PROGRESS opinion that Mr. John T. Ross has rather strained a point to take up the cudgels for the casual Mr. Ross in PROGRESS' article.

HALIFAX, July, 15th.

E. S. CARTER ENQ.

Dear Sir—You are quite correct in your statement to Mr. John T. Ross that he was not the "Mr. Ross" who went to McNab's Island that Sunday afternoon to play baseball. Mr. John T. Ross was certainly not on the island that day, and he is no doubt speaking the absolute truth, when he says he never played a game of baseball on Sunday in his life. I had not the slightest intention of conveying the impression that Mr. John T. Ross was one of the players that Sunday or on any Sunday, and in point of fact did not convey any such impression. No one who knows Mr. Ross, would for a moment suppose he would stoop to such a thing as Sunday baseball. Till now, I had no idea that Mr. John T. Ross was a resident at Hillside Hall, and I cannot imagine how Mr. Ross could for a moment think he was referred to. Mr. John T. Ross is a leading lawyer of Halifax, acting stipendiary magistrate of the city, (today Tuesday), and he is the very last man one would think of accusing of Sunday baseball playing. There are a dozen or more citizens of Halifax bearing the same name "Mr. Ross," and because Mr. John T. Ross happens to live at Hillside Hall it surely no reason why he should suppose he is the person meant by PROGRESS. He was not the man.

A friend of Mr. Bethune Bruce also writes PROGRESS that the Mr. Bruce mentioned in the article could not possibly be correspondent to this is that Mr. Bethune Bruce was not on the island on Sunday. PROGRESS can only add to this that it is regrettable that the publication of the names was not more particular, that the Christian was as well as the surname was not given in every case as in that event there could have been no such mistake. It is farthest from the intention of this paper to misrepresent anyone or to cast a suspicion on anyone undeserving of it.

He Always Carried a Blank.

A rather amusing fact has become semi-public property in connection with the "English officer" bogus check-manipulator—Buchanan, Bennet or Borman, whatever his name is, who is now the guest of a leading citizen at one of our second class hotels. A phase of his financial career in Halifax was given by PROGRESS last week.

Large assortment New Books at McArthur's Book Store, 30 King Street.

CONTINENTAL SUNDAY IN HALIFAX.

Ladies Who Use Guns and Make Good Points with Targets.

According to a correspondent the observance of the Continental Sunday in Halifax is favored by more than the base ball players. The other Sunday, he writes, on grounds not very far removed from Admiralty House, two ladies with full equipment of targets, butts, marking bulletins and discs, were in active competition at one hundred yard range. Their weapons were small-bore rifles, with pistol-grip stocks. One of the ladies proved to be a good shot and made some splendid scores.

The correspondent, in view of the latter fact doubtless did not venture on an interview as to the advance of civilization as regards Sunday sports, but he is ungladly enough to say that the shooting off of guns at this place was dangerous, and was more contrary to a city ordinance, which forbids the use of firearms within the limits by civilians of either sex, and whether in or out of either circle.

At the risk of being threatened with a libel suit, PROGRESS may add that there is a current rumor that Mr. Smith, of Halifax, recently went boat sailing on Sunday. What is the country coming to anyway?

A Credit to the Province

Besides those who read the Boston and Nova Scotia papers very few can really appreciate the amount of summer travel between the ports of Boston and Nova Scotia, especially Yarmouth. Between these two points one of the fastest and most complete steamship lines in America, the Yarmouth SS Co. is running two elegant steamers which carry an immense number of patrons between Yarmouth and Boston every year. They prove a convenience to the regular run of travel, to the people who are seeking their fortunes westward, and in the summer time to the thousand of Americans and provincialists who hasten eastward to the cool sea breezes of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

The Spike is Still There.

That spike, which is believed to be a file, is still in the "great gun" on Carleton heights, and nobody knows how to get it out without breaking up the gun. Frequent councils of war are held and suggestions offered. One of these is to put a heavy charge of powder in a water-tight bag, having a fuse in a rubber tube, fill the rest of the gun with water; light the fuse, decamp and await results. Another is to borrow a small diamond drill from the plant of the manganese mines of Major Markham, of Markhamville, and make a hole by its aid. In the meantime the gun is in a state of innocuous desuetude.

Shifted All the Numbers.

In placing the new letter boxes in the post office, the number of them was reduced from 600 to 400, as less than 300 had been occupied. The idea has been to have an alphabetical arrangement as nearly as possible, for the convenience of the sorting clerks. In assigning the new boxes there has been a great changing of numbers, to the disgust of some firms which have their box numbers on their cards and letter heads. There was just one man, and only one who got a new box with the same number as the old one. The new boxes are much superior to the others in every respect.

Sorry to Lose Him.

It gives PROGRESS much pleasure to say a word of praise for Master George Douglas of Amherst, who has for years pushed his sale energetically and successfully in the border town. Master Douglas' business relations with PROGRESS have always been most satisfactory, always characterized by promptness and correctness and while it is pleasant to know that he has secured a good position, the services of so good and faithful an agent are lost with much regret. Master Charles Hillcoat will dispose of PROGRESS in his stead.

ES. THE RY. APOLIS RY. RAILWAY. ST. JOHN: WASH, PICTON. 7.00. 10.10. 13.10. 16.25. 22.20. AT ST. JOHN: 6.00. 8.30. 12.55. 18.30. 22.25. THE AN RIC RY. COLUMBIAN. TION. WAGO. each. Homes for Visitors to office Chubb's Corner. S. S. CO. Boston. LIKE BUTCHER. Hopwell, Salisbury. Harvey, Vanoverbo. Lake, Caribon, Fort Fair. West of other lines should. to make money. He can. Splendid goods. For information, Circulars. St. John N. B.