

THE LOST WAS FOUND

AFTER HE HAD LONG BEEN MOURNED AS DEAD.

The Story of Fred Knight, Stolen From St. John in his Infancy Sixteen Years Ago—His Wanderings and Works—Restored to His Father by Marshal Sharp.

"Well, as I haven't seen father for sixteen years, I guess I'll stay at home this winter."

The speaker, a prepossessing, intelligent and well-mannered lad of seventeen years, was Fred Knight. City Marshal Sharp is his foster-father. At any rate, Fred never knew where his own father was until the shrewd marshal found him. It was in the latter's cosy parlor that the long-lost boy sat when he uttered the words quoted above—the conclusion to a story romantic enough to deserve the honor of type.

Harry W. Knight, who has mourned his son Fred for nearly sixteen years, is an Englishman who, after serving for a time in the British army, immigrated to New Brunswick. Here he followed, at various times, the occupations of barber and cook. Twenty years ago he was a resident of St. Stephen. While there he suffered two misfortunes—the burning of his house and the death of his wife. These events, coming close together, made the place hateful to him. He had four children, two of each sex, and with these and an adopted daughter he removed to St. John.

Fred was the baby and it was his unhappy lot to be "taken care of" by the adopted daughter. She didn't like babies. Before he was a year old she had tried to poison him. After Mrs. Knight died, the girl concluded that she ought to be stepmother as well as nurse, and when Mr. Knight declined to take that view of it, the baby suffered the consequences. Foiled in a second attempt to kill him, the girl decided upon a more cruel revenge. She stole the baby. Along with him, she laid hands on \$200 in cash and a gold watch worth \$125.

St. Stephen was the thief's destination. A man named John Mingo, who has since died, was her accomplice there. He and his wife received the baby, the girl saying that she was going away to get work. She didn't labor very long. The Mingos heard strange noises in their attic next day, and when they investigated they found the abductor dying on the floor—stricken down by the hand of God.

The St. John police were given the case, but they didn't go to the bottom of it. Chief Marshall probably found the usual number of clues—but he didn't find the baby.

After the Mingos had kept the child a year, they passed him over to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Young, who lived about five miles from the town of St. Stephen, at "The Ledge." Their policy was to get all they could and give as little as they could help. When the little fellow got able, he chopped wood, milked cows, picked up potatoes and did all the other work that he was strong enough to perform. He didn't love his keepers—not to any great extent. They gave him board and lodging, of course, but the lodging was not palatial and most of the "board" came in the form of a shingle carefully applied to his tenderest places. When the boy was about ten years old he ran away.

Calais welcomed him, at the hands of a farmer and milkman, named Staples. With him the boy abode two months. Then the young Crusoe sought his fortune in Baileyville, Maine. He lived more than three years with Harris Anderson, and a year and a half with his next neighbor, at that place. Thence he went to Grand Lake stream and found work in the tannery. Working in the lumber woods and going to school filled up a winter. The last employment he found was in the granite-polishing mills at Barre, Vt.

Knight, the father, had done all that a poor man could to find his boy. Finally, he gave him up. When Marshal Sharp wrote to him that Fred was alive and well, it was hard for him to believe it.

Fred on his part has tried for years to find his father. Clairvoyants have told him that that father was a banker who lived in Montreal. Self-styled detectives have tried to delude him with lies that had even less reason in them. The boy has always held the conviction that his father was alive and somewhere in Canada, but beyond this he knew very little. That little, however, was told to his friends. Clifford, the Boston perfumer, was one of these, and he, happening to mention the case in the hearing of Marshal Sharp, the latter took hold of it—and solved the riddle in two weeks.

Mr. Knight, the elder, lives now in Sackville. The younger Knight arrived in the city Thursday afternoon, and left for Sackville by the 7 o'clock train. Fred will be 17 years old the day before Christmas. He will be the only Christmas present the old gentleman will want, this year.

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PEOPLE YOU HEAR TALKED ABOUT

Since President-elect Harrison's picture has been prominently before the public, people are beginning to see a resemblance in it to the face of Mr. R. Radford Barnes. When Mr. Barnes was in Boston, a friend took him some distance out of his way to look at the counterfeit presentment of himself on a Harrison banner.

President Cleveland has a counterpart who is well known among some of "the boys" of St. John. He is John Barton, an American commercial traveller, and he has very frequently been mistaken for the president in his rambles through the states.

In a country of more than 60,000,000 people, it is not remarkable that even very peculiar-looking prominent people should have their counterparts. I have seen a Boston man who would readily pass for the late W. H. Vanderbilt, and another who looked near enough like Ben Butler to be his brother. I have also seen a New York man who bore a striking resemblance to Beecher. Jay Gould is such an ordinary fellow that there must be many who look like him, but I have never seen any of them, nor have I ever seen anyone I would mistake for Talmage. Not many would want to look like him.

How would Canada like to have the next pope chosen from the Quebec clergy? There is talk of it, and the man suggested is Cardinal Taschereau. It is two years since he was elevated to the purple, and as he is nearly 70 years of age, he is of sufficiently mature years for the highest position in the church. The reasons given for the possibility of such a choice are that the cardinal is as much a Frenchman as a British subject. He is a man of great merit and comes of a distinguished ancestry on both sides of the house. He is also a profound theologian and zealous churchman.

Hugh J. Grant, the present mayor of New York, is 35 years old and a bachelor. He is well educated, good looking and an athlete. If he ever intends to marry he can find no more propitious time than during the two years in which he is chief magistrate of the greatest city in America.

Charles E. Knapp, of Dorchester, is a natural born kicker. As is the case with most kickers, he is very often in the right. Just now he is objecting to barristers wearing robes in court. He says the custom was originally borrowed from the clergy, and adds that it is impossible for lawyers to hide their crookedness under the vestments of a priest. Knapp is inconsistent. He is always railing at lawyers, and yet he stays in their ranks. He took a dislike to law after he began to study, and for seven years he abandoned it, roaming around Westmorland parish with a gun on his shoulder most of the time. Then, being of mature years, he deliberately returned to his studies, under one of the "sharpest" lawyers of the county. Knapp belonged to the era in which Dorchester got the name of the Devil's Half Acre, and it is all nonsense for him to pose as a purist and talk about lawyers' crookedness. The fact that he is a local preacher on occasions does not improve his case.

Under the old practice, the declaration in ejectment contained certain allegations that the plaintiff cut, broke, carried away, etc., certain trees, etc. These allegations were pure fiction, of course, but the more folios an attorney could make, the higher would be his bill of costs. It is said that when Knapp had such a case he would give his student a book with a list of all the trees and shrubs indigenous to New Brunswick, and direct him to add 500 of each to the burden of the defendant. This gave the student a useful lesson in natural history, and at the same time materially benefited Knapp's pocket.

BOSWELL.

Something is in Store for Him. The track obstruction fiend who has a special grudge against the Fredericton branch train, is around again. A few days ago a large plank was carefully placed in the way of the locomotive in exactly the same spot as Nevers performed his act. Driver Smith saw the obstruction, but too late to stop the train. Fortunately the snow flanges had been put on that morning and by dropping them the plank was shoved ahead until the train was stopped. If the employees on the branch ever meet their enemy, no telling what may happen.

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PECUNIA SPEM REDUXIT.

WHICH MEANS THAT MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.

That Mare is the Iron Horse Which Has Been Wheezing on the Grand Southern Railway—Some of the Things the New Managers Will Do and Not Do.

Something is to be done about the Grand Southern railway.

"That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and so may the line of track which extends from St. John to St. Stephen.

Russell Sage, Giles E. Taintor and Richard J. Cross, bankers; Horace M. Ruggles, lawyer, all of New York, with John McMillan and Hugh H. McLean, of St. John are to be incorporated as the Shore Line Railway company.

They will have a capital of \$500,000, the interest of which, at 6 percent., is just the amount which the road, as heretofore run, is capable of sinking annually.

Under a receiver it is capable of still more. It has gone behind some \$33,000 since Mr. Sturdee took charge.

The new owners intend, of course, to connect with the Maine railroads and to reach Bar Harbor.

It is presumed that they also intend to put the roadbed in shape, put in a telegraph connection that is of some use in running trains, and give the public something better than a second-class car at first-class rates.

It may be that they intend to make those rates somewhere within the limits of reason and the length of the average Charlotte county man's purse. They may also issue return tickets to all stations. In short, they may try to induce people to live along the line instead of scaring them away from it.

There are several things which it is tolerably certain they do not intend to continue.

For instance, they will not cause every train to be held for half an hour or so at Musquash, sixteen miles from St. John, under the idea that people want dinner. If they must have a dining station on a route that ought to be covered in at least four hours, they will not have it on the outskirts of St. John city.

They will not attempt to run a train without telegraph instruments and operators at all regular stations. But they will have more sidings than there are now, so that when an east bound train is behind time, the west bound may push ahead and make a crossing, instead of having to wait some hours at Musquash until the delayed train comes to that station.

They will not employ a station agent who stands calmly on the platform with an open switch before him and allows a train to run off the track.

They will not hold the train for half an hour or so because an official is behind time in getting to the station. Nor will they, when the train is some miles on the journey, return to St. John for another official's umbrella.

They will not, it is hoped, continue to have a station in Carleton, but will reach the city by way of the bridge.

They will not be afraid to wash and dust their cars occasionally.

They will not, if they think that they have made a bad bargain in buying the road, try to save money by economy in the wrong direction. They will endeavor to induce traffic by giving speed, efficiency and comfort, at rates which will attract rather than repel travel. They will run the road in modern style.

So, at least, it is hoped.

The Congregation Smiled.

There was an entertainment held in connection with a church not 1,000 miles away from St. John, this week. The fact that it was to be held was duly stated by the pastor, among the regular announcements, last Sunday evening. While the collection was being taken up, the organ played, and when the church officials had finished their duties, the organ was still playing sweetly, while its tones were getting lower and lower. The pastor stood motionless, apparently in deep meditation, while not a member of the congregation even coughed. The organ stopped playing; silence prevailed. A pin would have been heard had it dropped on the floor. The pastor advanced a few steps, and everybody wore a look of expectancy. Visitors, who were not accustomed to the service of the church, thought he was about to offer prayer. The regular churchgoers waited in breathless anticipation. The pastor broke the silence with:

"I am requested to announce that the price of tea, on Wednesday evening, will be 25 cents."

He Has Lots of Energy and Push.

Everybody who was sorry to see J. W. Johnson's establishment burned to the ground will be glad to learn that he will be again at work in a day or two. The time lost will not, he thinks, exceed two weeks. Such energy and push belongs only to Mr. Johnson.

THE ARTFUL DODGERS.

Government Officials Who Are Always in Debt and Like to be Dunned.

A new order has recently been issued from "headquarters," which is to form part of the civil service examination of candidates, for this and the sister provinces. As the life of an official of late years differs very materially from the lives of former officials (I mean those of the old school) it is found to be necessary before a young man is appointed to office, that he should have more than a mathematical knowledge, and a good square way of doing business in a good round hand; but he should also have a roundabout way of doing many things, which nowadays form part of the stock in trade of getting along in accordance with the most approved methods, as observed in some institutions whose persons are provided with board, lodging and fuel at the expense of the state. The "order," for example, embraces a few rules which might be here copied for the information of all aspirants for employment in the civil service, both dominion and provincial. Some of the qualifications may thus be presented:

Examiner—"How are you off for wind?"

Is that a good quality?"

Candidate—"In what respect?"

E—"I mean, are you what is commonly called long-winded?—for example, are you good for running into debt, and long-winded in paying up, whenever credited?"

C—"Well, I can't say as to that; but if I get a situation I think I shall soon get into that way if I set my mind upon it."

E—"Now, young man, there must not be two ways about it. I want a straight answer. Can you or can you not live within your means—I mean salary—that is, provided you pass the examination and get an office?"

C—"I will do my utmost; but you know as my salary would be sure, I cannot see why I may not be able to supplement it by working upon my credit as much more—I mean by this, if I am only allowed \$1,000, by running in debt a thousand more I can then make both ends meet."

E—"But, young man, have you the conscience to do this—is it right?"

C—"Oh, let that be to me! The longer one is in office the less conscience he has—it wears out gradually—so I am told, and by what I see. All we have to do is to run up bills at the grocer, butcher, baker and such like, and when a creditor calls pay him in promises. Promises go a long way with some people."

E—"But why not pay cash, as you receive it, as you go along, and make no promises?"

C—"That would never do. Clerks or officials are never respected unless they have lots of people running after them. Why, sir, I know some of these gentry in dominion and provincial offices, who take delight in being dunned. In fact, some of them go so far as to stand at the street corners so as to meet their creditors passing in their direction; and they have got so used to be waited upon with little bills that they luxuriate in that balmy atmosphere."

E—"Well, well, I see you will do—your wind is good and you are up to the dodges, and if you receive a commission we will classify you among the artful dodgers—in other words, the government officials who are always in debt and like to be dunned."

Mr. Bates Has a Job.

It is on the exhibition buildings and is worth \$600 or \$700 to him. What it would be worth to anyone else is not known. Perhaps it would be as much, perhaps less.

No one outside some of the committee knows how Mr. Bates got the job. No tenders were asked, nor was any chance given other builders to name the figures for which they would do the work.

Considering that the people foot the bill, it is suggested that some of the people besides Mr. Bates might have had a chance to compete with him. They did not.

Some of the people have the temerity to ask by what authority the committee gave out the job by days' work, and if that is the way they intend to run matters to the finish.

Perhaps some of the committee can answer.

It Is Likely to Succeed.

When the Union club gets comfortably settled in its new quarters, its members will have the accommodation which has long been needed. Where the new club house will be is as yet uncertain, and the questions of design and cost have not yet been settled. A movement for such a building has been made, however, and is likely to be favorably received. Mr. J. R. Stone, who has been trying to see how much stock can be subscribed, is not yet in a position to say what action will be taken, but there is good reason to hope that the scheme will succeed.

For an Idle Hour.

Mr. J. H. Shorthouse's new novel, *The Countess Eve*, is published in Harper's Franklin Square Library and for sale at McMillan's. It is a strong, suggestive story, quite as thought-provoking in its way as the same author's *John Inglesant*. Price 25 cents.

She Will Be Made Happy.

A generous and appreciative Harvey, York, congregation is to make a church organist happy in a few days. A handsome gold watch suitably engraved will tell her the time after Dec. 25, 1888.

AND STILL SHE BOOMS.

ONE-THIRD OF THE HOLIDAY EDITION PRINTED.

As Handsome a Paper as "Progress" Wished For—An Order for 1,000 Papers from New York—Leave Advertisements and Orders Early.

If all goes well, the holiday edition of PROGRESS, to be published next Saturday, will be an agreeable surprise party to the citizens and the outside public.

Everything has worked to a charm, so far, and one-third of the huge edition is printed and stacked in the office. It is as handsome as fine paper, fine portraits and good presswork can make it.

Fifteen thousand papers make quite an imposing pile and visitors to PROGRESS office have had the pleasure of verifying for themselves the size of the edition. Next Thursday the second part of the edition will be printed, cut and stacked and any person who wishes may call and see what proportions 30,000 papers assume.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday will be occupied preparing and printing the third eight pages, making the 24 in all, of the holiday edition and disposing of them to newsboys, the newsdealers and subscribers.

PROGRESS spoke some time ago of very large orders, two of them as high as 2,000, received from city firms. A very pleasant surprise arrived this week in the shape of an order for 1,000 copies from the Electro-Light Engraving company, of New York.

This splendid concern does PROGRESS engraving, and it will give the city of St. John wider advertising than PROGRESS could possibly do. Every important newspaper in the country will doubtless receive samples from the enterprising firm, and the city by the sea will get much of the benefit.

It looked quite a formidable task to set out and get sufficient advertising to defray the very heavy expenses of the edition, but the object once explained, the generous merchants who are friendly to the city's prosperity and to PROGRESS responded willingly and liberally. It is the aim of the paper to make every advertisement worth double its cost. There is but little space to let at the present time, and that can well be taken up with additional and interesting reading matter.

Any merchant who proposes to avail himself of the immense and wide circulation of next Saturday's number, cannot communicate with the publisher too early. Advertisements of any kind will not be received later than Wednesday afternoon at 6 o'clock.

All orders for extra papers from newsdealers and merchants should also be in early. PROGRESS will not undertake to save copies of the illustrated number for merchants who may want copies.

St. John makes a very handsome appearance on paper. Its streets give one the idea that he is looking upon some metropolis of at least 100,000 population.

That's what it will be some day. PROGRESS will be around when the census is taken, and there will be another boom.

MONEY WITHOUT STINT.

And No Use For It—A Million and a Half and Ignorance.

Every newspaper reader remembers the immense fortune in Belfast claimed and obtained by Mrs. "Cherry" Moore, of Fredericton Junction. Her income is enormous. It is not an uncommon occurrence for drafts worth thousands of pounds to show up in that vicinity.

She has two sons. One of them is a steady, sensible fellow, who, notwithstanding that he is co-heir to a million and a half, has never given up his job as foreman at Glazier's booms.

The other is sometimes quite unsteady, and at no time very sensible. Nature has been as unkind to him as fortune has been generous. He is a hunchback, and does not stand more than five feet, if he does that. He is not pleasant to look at, and when he starts out to paint Fredericton Junction red, everybody gets out of the way.

His mother doesn't seem to discourage her boys vagaries by refusing money. On the contrary he was showing a \$1,000 gift to his boon companions a few days ago. It was part of £5,000 which had reached the family about that time.

Mrs. Moore lives as much as she has always. A fortune of a million and a half hasn't changed outward appearances. A stranger wouldn't think they owned a hundred and a half. They don't know what luxury is, it is said. Their money didn't bring them any of the changes that usually accompany fortune. None of them can read or write, and while they can draw a check for almost any sum, yet they cannot.

They Rushed It Through.

If marriage is a failure, it is not without remedy, at least in Nova Scotia. The Halifax papers are boasting of the speed at which a recent divorce case was railroaded through the courts. A citation was served on Sept. 13th and a divorce granted on Dec. 1st. Massachusetts is not more expeditious than that.

PROMPTED BY ENVY.

A Summerside Paper Fiercely Assails Dr. George Stewart.

The Quebec *Telegraph*, supported by the Toronto *Empire* and St. John *Sun*, has been advocating the claims of Dr. George Stewart for the vacant chair of literature in Toronto University. The *Telegraph* said:

"To go no further than our own city where would the University of Toronto find a more efficient authority on literary subjects generally than Dr. George Stewart, jr., editor of the *Chronicle*, whose fame is not confined to this country, nor yet to this continent, but is known wherever his contributions to the *Scottish* and *American* reviews and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* are read? Dr. Stewart is on terms of personal intimacy with all the leading authors of the day, both British and American, from Tennyson and Houghton and Whittier and Lowell down, and his eminent literary ability has been recognized by no less than three Canadian universities, in conferring upon him the degree of D. C. L."

This gave a great deal of pleasure to Dr. Stewart's friends in St. John and elsewhere. The press in this, his former city of adoption, endorsed the suggestion, and in fact no one has had a word to say against it. Now, however, the *Summerside Journal*, a paper published among a people who have no university, and who have no idea what a professor should be like, lifts its voice in protest. While the carping of such a paper are scarcely worthy of notice, it may interest the friends of Dr. Stewart to know just what objection is made to him. Knowing him, as they do, they can judge for themselves what weight should be attached to such utterances.

"We believe," says the *Journal*, "that Dr. George Stewart is a contributor to various literary publications, but that he is an authority on literary subjects is a fiction held only by a coterie of admirers whom he has deluded with the idea. Indeed, were we to judge from the chapter in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, on Prince Edward Island, of which Dr. George Stewart is the author, that gentleman's ignorance of literary subjects is far in excess of his knowledge. We have already reviewed it in these columns, and some big snowstorms this winter, when mails are delayed and news scarce, we shall publish it as a literary curiosity. We must be pardoned if we decline to accept as 'an authority' a man who tried to impose upon the public a half a score of places in this province of which not even the oldest inhabitant had heard, and which exist nowhere outside his own fervid imagination. The youngest of our school children would hoot Dr. George Stewart if he repeated his observation that this Island maintains saw, file and tobacco factories. In his account of the Island he is lamentably astray—shamefully astray for a man of his professions. Not only is he no authority on facts but he does not seem to be able to write decent English. What man with any pretension to nothing better than a plain English education would write—'the coast-line of the Island is indented with projecting headlands,' or, 'wild ducks &c. occur in great abundance.' And this is the kind of man recommended for the chair of English literature!"

Those who have read the productions of Dr. Stewart's pen can make their own comments on these assertions. It will be found probably that some man in Summerside is after the place. Perhaps the editor of the *Journal* wants it for himself or some of his staff. Dr. Stewart also wrote the *Encyclopaedia* article on New Brunswick, but only a few papers have endeavored to show that it was inaccurate. And they had the decency to do so at the outset, before Dr. Stewart was named as a candidate for a chair in a university.

Three colleges have awarded titles to Dr. Stewart, despite the fact that he had not a collegiate education. He was one of the original members of the Royal society of Canada, which has since then admitted some very learned men to its ranks. He has written several books, and is the editor of the *Quebec Chronicle*. All these facts ought to be a sufficient answer to the envious railings of the *Journal*.

It is not likely that Dr. Stewart will reply to the absurd charges. If he chooses to do so, PROGRESS will be happy to allow him the use of its columns. The *Chronicle* is an excellent paper, for Quebec, but there is a limit to its circulation in the outside world.

White's Fine Opportunity.

If White, the alleged Braintree murderer, does not escape it will not be the fault of the alleged detectives who have been looking for him. The anxiety of these gentlemen to give publicity to their movements and theories makes the chase equivalent to hunting partridges with a brass band. If White does not keep out of their way, he is a bigger fool than a man in his peril ought to be.

A Free Exhibition.

The visit of the C. P. R. exhibition car to this city will be an event of much interest. It will be at the station Monday from 10 to 5 o'clock, and Tuesday from 9 to 4 o'clock, and all who feel an interest in the products of the great Northwest should see it.