

PROGRESS.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

REDUCED!

Honest John Weatherhead the Victim.

SENT BACK TO THE RANKS

Without a Fault and Without a Reason.

MORE OF THE CHIEF'S FINANCIAL TRANSACTIONS.

The Truthful Rawlings Divides with John Woods—He Wants His Son's Rival Arrested—His Drink at Nixon's—Where the Bottles and Ale Kegs Went To.

When officer John Weatherhead, of the city police, went on his vacation last week, he was one of the two inspectors of the force, in charge of the Northern division, and next to the chief himself in command. When he returned, Wednesday morning, and reported at the office of his chief for duty, he learned, to his utter amazement, that he was reduced in rank to an ordinary patrolman. True to his discipline and his duty, he bowed to the order, threw aside his stripes and authority, and took his place in the ranks. Today he is nothing more than any other patrolman of the force.

His vacation was short, because he had enjoyed a portion of his regular holidays sometime before, but to the best of his knowledge, he behaved himself as every good citizen should while away from duty. When Chief Clarke granted him his leave he was in good standing on the force, with no charge against him. So far as he or any other person knows there is no charge against him up to this present moment, and yet he has lost all the honor and advancement he has striven year after year to attain. He began as a patrolman, and has always been recognized as one of the very best of officers. His merit won him the appointment of sergeant, and even greater honor, for, when the cities were united, and there were two captains of police to be appointed, John Weatherhead's right to one of those positions was not questioned.

Soon after Clarke was appointed chief he gave Weatherhead charge of the most troublesome division—old Portland—relying upon the ability of the man to bring order out of disorder in that district. Even his enemies will admit that Weatherhead was successful. The North End has been a more orderly place under him than it ever was. He proved so infinitely superior to Rawlings, so much more acceptable to officers and men, that a splendid division and order were the results.

In the meantime the turbulent, mischief making and truthful Inspector Rawlings was getting in his finest touches in his southern division. There disorder followed order. Dismissals and resignations followed each other in rapid succession and no wide awake citizen needs to be told now in what a miserable condition the southern section of the force is in today. Rawlings, the officer next to the chief, has been fined for abusive language, he has been charged with perjury yet still retained in his position. His companion Inspector, John Weatherhead, in direct contrast, has not been found fault with; he has done his simple plain duty and—been reduced to the ranks.

The indignation of the people was very marked when the report of this manifest injustice spread Wednesday morning and the question: What has this man done to be treated in this fashion? was to be heard on every hand. No one could answer it. Even Clarke himself, though he knew he was robbing an honest man of promotion won by hard years of service, had no reason to give. It was the more remarkable that Weatherhead has just returned from his vacation and reported to his chief when sentence was passed upon him.

No, but while John Weatherhead had done nothing, his brother, William Weatherhead, had. While John Weatherhead was enjoying his vacation, his brother had sued Chief Clarke for \$5,000 damages for dismissing him from the force without sufficient reason. Is there any connection between the two acts? Was Chief Clarke prompted by revenge, or what motive did he have?

He considered Captain Weatherhead, only a few days before, the most reliable officer on the police force. He made that statement to the writer and to others. He even went so far as to point out his only

fault which was, "he talked too much." Great Caesar! Chief Clarke to accuse any man of talking too much!

But this is only on a par with his statement to William Weatherhead, whom he said he was unjust to, when he suspended him for being off his beat, and would promote as soon as he got the chance. He did—he dismissed him, which is the only promotion worth anything now-a-days on the force. He dismissed him Wednesday though on the previous Friday, when crossing the ferry with an officer he repeated the statement that William Weatherhead was one of the best and smartest men on the force. Has the man lost his senses?

Perhaps he has. It was only a few months ago, when he first donned that dandy combination uniform, that PROGRESS poked some fun at, that he gravely informed the writer that his rank as chief of police was equal in military circles to that of a colonel! Therefore he was entitled to wear the uniform. There is a very general impression at the present that he won't wear it out.

Nothing, since the disclosure of the Covay bribery business, has so roused the people as PROGRESS' statements last week about the bills sent out of the chief's office to private citizens and tax-payers for police protection from officers employed by the city, on duty and being paid by the corporation at the time.

The half of this disgraceful business has not been told. The money-grabbing game has gone further than any one imagines. It is well known that the Institute people always have one or two policemen in the hall when performances are going on. Those policemen were, as a general rule, selected from those of the force not on duty, and they were paid one dollar each for the service. That was all right, but when Clarke was made chief he took the matter out of the hands of the men and asked the Institute managers \$1.50 a night or the services of any man he chose to send them. They refused point blank to agree to such an arrangement, and employed other protection at the old price.

More than this, when that Frog Boy show was being held on King square, early in the summer, the manager asked Clarke for a policeman in the afternoons when they had their matinees. Clarke detailed officer Seth Thorne, a newly appointed man, to look after the Frog show, in addition to doing King square duty. Thorne was on the square six days, and Saturday Chief Clarke gave him a bill of \$9 to collect for protection to the Frog show. The show had a license, but the bill was paid, and Clarke remarked to Thorne that, of course, that money belonged to the city and he must hand it over. Thorne paid him the money. Has it been paid to the city?

More than this, Chief Clarke. The liquor seized by the officers was brought to the station in bottles and jugs and kegs. The law says that the vessels which contain the liquor shall be destroyed as well as the liquor. Were they destroyed? Were not fifteen dozen sold to a well-known wholesale dealer in town? Were there not nine dozen of lager bottles, three dozen of pop bottles, one and a half dozen of whiskey bottles, and one and a half dozen of ale bottles? Were not those bottles carried out of the police station by an officer, at the command of the chief, and sold for between two and three dollars? That money was handed to the chief. What became of it?

How much did the jugs bring? About \$3.50, did they not? That money was handed to the chief. Where did it go?

Did not a city ale brewer go to the police office and demand the ale kegs, saying that they belonged to him. Did not you, Chief Clarke, dispute his right to them, and finally settle the matter by taking a certain sum of money for them. Where did that money go?

These are questions that the police committee may ask "Mr. Chief" next Wednesday when he appears before the public safety committee. PROGRESS trusts that he will be able to give satisfactory replies. Some of them would have been asked this week, but when the committee was called together the chief was away at South Bay and could not be summoned before them. So the Covay matter, at this hour (Friday morning), appears to be the only police question that will come up before the council at its meeting Friday afternoon.

In the meantime the biggest kind of a tempest is brewing over the chief's treatment of John Weatherhead. The *Globe* says that it is a tempest in a teapot, and a very small one at that. The *Globe* will find that its teapot won't hold this tempest. If Weatherhead is not given British justice and fair play, if Clarke will not assign satisfactory reasons to the common council for his action, it will be for the citizens to act. Even the *Globe* is not unkind enough to see Weatherhead reduced without some adequate cause being assigned for it.

The people are thoroughly roused. They might pass over the flagrant purchasing of

certain officers and take no action upon the chief investigating force; they might even stand the retaining such a man as Rawlings upon the force, though he has the chance every day of giving evidence against citizens, but they will not stand silently when, for apparently nothing else than an offset to the \$5,000 damage suit, a good officer loses the promotion he has worked years to attain and is reduced to the ranks.

TAKES ALL HE CAN GET.

One of the Probable Reasons why Capt. Rawlings is not "Reduced."

Policemen do not receive enormous salaries, and were there no little "extras" that they can earn outside of the hours when they are doing duty for the city, some of the men might find it hard to make both ends meet. They are welcome to all they can earn when not in the employ of the city. But for a tax-payer to be assessed for police protection, and then have to pay an exorbitant sum every time he really needs an officer, is unreasonable. If, however, there is a scarcity of police, and men who are off duty have to be called upon, it is but right that he should receive remuneration for his services.

And every man should be given an equal chance to add to his regular income.

This has not been the case when Chief Clarke or Capt. Rawlings have had anything to say in the matter.

As a rule, they seem to have assigned the men on regular duty to do the special work.

It is an old trick of Capt. Rawlings'. If he did not do it, he might have found it hard to claim his share of the spoils. And the captain is not backward in taking all he can get.

Here is a case in point:

When the Wizard Oil company opened in Union hall, some time ago, John Woods, who was then one of Capt. Rawlings' finest, was doing day duty. This left him free to do what he pleased at night. It pleased him to keep order for the company at \$1 a night, and to receive \$6 on Saturday to add to his regular income.

The following week he was to go on night duty in another part of the town. It wasn't pleasant for him to think that he would have to lose another \$6, especially when the managers of the show told him that they would like to employ him again. He told them he would get a good man to take his place, but would see the captain first.

He saw Captain Rawlings. The captain saw something too—in the distance. He told Woods it would be all right; he would arrange for him to do night duty on Main street, and he could drop in and look after the show until it was out. Woods dropped in every night at 7 o'clock, and stayed there until the show was over. He received another \$6 on Saturday night. Then he saw the captain, and gave him \$3.

Capt. Rawlings took it and said nothing.

HE WOULD ELECT THEM.

Boss Kelly's Idea of the Police Magistracy. Chief of Police and Recordship.

When Boss John Kelly talks he usually says something. That is more than can be said for some of his companions in the council who beat all about the bush and come to no conclusion in the end. Kelly met PROGRESS a few days ago and after a few pleasantries had been exchanged over the last bow this paper made to him he began to talk about police chiefs and magistrates. He believes in the American system of electing the principal city officers at the same time the mayor and aldermen are chosen.

There is no doubt that such a system would fit Boss Kelly right down to the ground. He would be in his element then with elections on the cards all the time. It would not be hard to imagine party lines introduced into city politics then with two tickets for mayor and aldermen, chief of police, police magistrate and judge of the city court and the recorder in the field. Many persons would prefer such a change to the present system under which the best men do not offer but simply look on.

PROGRESS would modify Kelly's idea a little: combine the elections for mayor and alderman, and appoint the chief of police, magistrates and recorder every year.

A gentleman standing near suggested that it would not be wise to have such positions of trust dependent upon the caprice of the people. "The caprice of the people" is good, but since the people do the paying they can afford to be capricious if they please. If the aldermen do not carry out their wishes, private life will be their portion, while the same can be said of the important city officers—if they do their duty they will not be disturbed, while any neglect of duty would be their latch key to retirement.

Fancy Goods, Christmas Cards, Booklets, and all New Goods, at lowest prices.—McArthur's Bookstore, 80 King street.

HIS CONNECTION WITH IT.

Professor Hunter's Story of a Box Within a Box, and What he Claims to Do.

When Prof. Hunter entered PROGRESS Monday morning, it was quite evident that he had made up his mind beforehand as to what he was going to say, if he had not spent Sunday in rehearsing his oration. He did not beat about the bush, but was very much to the point. He was probably under the impression that he was before an investigating committee, for he expressed a desire to swear to everything he said, and would probably have done so if he had been allowed to go on.

The object of his visit was to disagree with some of the statements made about him last Saturday. He told of his connection with the Trites case in a way that could not be misunderstood. Mr. Trites had heard of his wonderful gifts for looking into the future and offered him a sum of money if he would tell him what he wanted to know. The professor said: "No! I will not take your money. If I tell you the truth and you want to give me anything for it, why I will take it. I told him he had a large square box in his store, and that inside of that box was another box; and inside of that box was another tin box; and that that tin box contained a sum of money. You think there was more money in it than there really was. You think there was over \$200 in that box; but there was not. There was not more than \$190 in it, may be a little more or a little less, but nothing above a nine. Mr. Trites told me I was right. 'Now,' said he, 'tell me who stole the money.' 'Ah!' said I, 'now you ask me too much. I cannot tell you who stole the money.' And that is all I said to Mr. Trites."

Prof. Hunter said he had not been in Mr. Trites' store for two years past, when he bought a fig of tobacco there. He stated further that he was not a fakir. He waxed very warm on this point and said: "If what I say does not come true I do not want any money. I don't claim to be able to tell everything, but I do claim that I can tell a man which side of the road he was born on, and in which direction his parents went to draw water."

The professor terminated his visit with the request that a newsboy be sent to his place early Saturday morning, as he always wanted to buy early, and avoid getting left.

Truthful Rawlings in Two Lights.

One of the very best officers on the force up to the hour he resigned—because he would not work under Rawlings—tells a story about that apostle of truth that would discharge him from the force in any other city.

Rawlings' son worked on the I. C. R. as fireman. He was in Moncton while Sam. Ritchey, another fireman, was in the St. John yard. Influence brought about a change and Rawlings' son came to St. John while Ritchey was sent to Moncton. Ritchey's friends got to work and Rawlings, jr. went to Moncton again.

This aroused the truthful Inspector and he spoke thus to the officer: "Keep your eye on Sam Ritchey; he drinks a good deal I understand and I want you to look him up if you can. He got my son Dick fired out of the St. John yard." The only reply he got from the officer was that he had known Ritchey as a temperate not as a drinking man.

Another story that shows Rawlings in same light as he tried to put Ritchey comes from the same source. This officer was on duty on the Haymarket square during the Carnival torchlight procession when Rawlings rode up to the sidewalk had a glass of ale handed out to him at Nixon's, drank it hastily and galloped forward again.

Let the Girls in Out of the Cold.

A good citizen inquires of PROGRESS why it is that the doors of the Victoria school building are locked every morning at sharp 9 o'clock, with the result that if one of his girls are late, even a minute, she must remain, rain or shine, calm or wind, snow or sleet, upon the doorstep or the sidewalk until those within have finished their morning devotions, which must not be disturbed. The citizen goes further and says that his daughters have instructions to return home when they find the doors of the building locked. No doubt the proper person to give information upon this point is Mr. John March, or perhaps Principal Hay's jurisdiction may extend so far. Certainly whoever is responsible for such a regulation should be ashamed of it. Strong men would refuse to stand out in the cold and rain these mornings, while tender girls should not suffer such exposure at all. It is far better that devotions should be interrupted and a little disorder reign for a few minutes in the hall than a score of girls should stand the chance of getting severe colds.

A New Store.

The new store at 94 King street has an interesting announcement on the eighth page in this issue. Read it.

THE WORK OF A MOMENT.

HOW A QUIET COMMUNITY WAS FLOODED WITH PEOPLE.

Scenes and Incidents about South Bay, on the Day and Evening of the 25th of November. After the Explosion—Among the Dying and the Dead.

South Bay is the next platform beyond Fairville. It is one of those places along the C. P. R. with nothing about it to attract the attention of passengers on the express trains, which shoot past it as if there was no such place on the time table.

But South Bay had a mill, but for which, in all probability, there would be no such name on the railway time guide. All the people roundabout have worked in the mill at some time or other, many of them now being employed in the other mills near at hand.

Besides the mill, there is a railway platform and a bridge, houses perched on the tops of little hills, and at this season of the year more red mud than many places with a larger area and population can boast of.

It was the mill that made the village, and has now made the name of that quiet little community known over the length and breadth of the land.

John Allingham, its assistant engineer, rushed into the engine-room between nine and ten o'clock Tuesday morning. The pumps were in motion, and he noticed that the water was flowing back from the boilers. Some people differ from Mr. Allingham on this point, and say that there was very little water in the boilers at the time. While his hand was yet on the little wheel that was to stop the pumps, there was an awful roar, the building shook, the steady motion of the engines behind him, with their huge wheels reaching almost to the lofty ceiling, and the clacking of broad belts, that connected with the machinery in the mill, all gave way to one great shock—the machinery stopped, portions of the mill, long, heavy boilers, boards, iron, men and children flew through the air in all directions.

In that brief moment five persons were killed, many were scalded or badly bruised, some received marks that they will carry to the grave, and others, injuries from which they died; while a score of people escaped death, how or why they will never understand, but simply say, "Miraculous."

Down in the engine room amid the massive machinery, with his hand on the valve, and the six great boilers on the other side of the wall from him, was the man on whose action this great catastrophe probably occurred. He heard the roar, and looking around the small and crowded engine room instantly thought of means to escape. To his left, as he stood at the pumps, was a door leading out from the mill by way of a plank gangway. He moved in this direction. The door led to the open air, that was all he thought of. When he reached it he could not get out. For which he is thankful today. Had he gone out of that door, Allingham would probably have been among the killed. But a flying piece of timber struck him, knocked him across the room, over the huge wheels of the engine, and when he had sufficiently recovered himself, crawled through a hole in the opposite wall and escaped; his clothes drenched with water, and with a slight injury to his head.

It all happened in a minute. People for miles around heard the shock and hurried to the mill. Men, women, and children whose fathers, husbands, brothers and friends had left home for their work in the morning, rushed about here and there, with the awful uncertainty of meeting their dear ones living or dead upon them. Nothing was known for sure. Women wept and men turned pale; a friend suddenly making his appearance alive and uninjured gave a pang of joy, but caused no merriment. Others found their dear ones dead or dying.

The news spread! It was carried everywhere, by train, by telegraph, by telephone, by word of mouth. Reports differed, but on one point they all agreed, that the accident was a terrible one, and that some lives had been lost.

People flocked to the place from all points, and by every means, and soon South Bay presented a scene that the people will never forget. That quiet country village, where everybody knew his neighbor, and where a stranger was an object of remark, was now being flooded with strangers. But the villagers thought naught of them. Those of the millmen who had come out of the accident unharmed, instantly set to work to rescue their fellows.

The great crowds of curious and inquisitive people, who came in teams, by rail, along the roads, and made one long black line along the railway track, caused no comment. It seemed as though everybody for miles around dropped everything and turned their footsteps in the direction of South Bay. All day long the crowds came and went, viewed the ruins, and perhaps caught a glimpse of the unfortunate millmen. But when night fell they turned their footsteps homeward, and quiet reigned.

When the Fredericton evening express drew up at South Bay siding, all the passengers cast curious glances from the platform and windows. The news agent had sold all his papers, and on the way up nearly every person in the car was deeply absorbed in the long accounts of the accident, the scene of which they were soon to pass. From the cars nothing could be seen. Through the darkness loomed the tall chimney of the mill which had been the centre of so much confusion some hours before, but in the darkness, the building looked much the same as it did every day.

The train rolled away. On the platform a few men who had left their homes with the hope of getting an evening paper, looked disappointed and turned to go back again. Then the place was almost deserted. The life, excitement and confusion of day had given way to the quiet and darkness of the night, and one would find it almost impossible to believe that it had been the scene of such a terrible accident.

In some of the houses lights shone from the windows, others were dark. Up the road a man with a lantern picked his way through mud, and passed pools of dirty water. Near the railway track a few men talked in whispers about the accident. The elder Baird, they said, was down in the oil room, left there in a box, and not fit to look upon. His son was also dead, but had been taken to Mr. Smith's house, across the bridge, where he boarded. The little Currie boy, who was killed while getting a plug of tobacco for one of the men, lived upstairs in that large house on the hill, and downstairs Mr. Kelley's little boy lay badly scalded. Poor Hayes! he lives up the road beyond the Temperance hall. They thought he might be dead even then.

Down among the ruin of the mills, men moved about with lanterns, but there was little to be seen, except where the boilers had stood, and where the elder Baird had been found and some of his brains still lay, to the horror of those who ventured a look at them. All was confusion, and to make one's way was difficult; everything was piled up in such chaotic heaps, the huge chimney alone remaining intact. The men stopped to look at it and wonder how it ever escaped, for the boiler must have come within an inch of it on its way up the hill. Yet the chimney stood.

Supper over, one by one, men from the houses round about, sauntered in the direction of the mill; strong, healthy millmen, some of them without coat or vest, although the night was cold and damp. Gathered in little knots near the wreck they told with awful seriousness of their adventures during the day; compared notes, and spoke of what might have been, all with a touching reference to their dead fellow workmen. And when it was discovered that one little fellow, a stranger, who listened to the stories of the men with opened eyes and wonder, was a relative of one of the killed, no words were too soft to address him with. Here were men, living and well, standing in the cool evening with their hands thrust down into their pockets, talking in whispers of men who had worked alongside of them that morning, but were now—dead. It did not do to let the flow of conversation cease; what their thoughts were, only they knew. The raw air did not cause a shudder, but the thought of how near they were to the men who were now dead, seemed to make them uneasy, and give expression to wonder that they ever escaped alive.

One man told how he, the moment he heard the shock, leaped through a window, so frightened that he did not know what he did, and ran as he never went before until he reached the bridge. But it was all over then. Another, a young man, said he had just left the boilers and had not resumed his work when the explosion occurred. And thus they talked in hushed tones.

As the time wore on, more people arrived; teams were drawn up and tied to the neighboring fences, while their occupants groped through the ruins and asked questions. Across the bridge, a little group of people stood before the door of Mr. Smith's house. Upstairs in a small room, James Baird, a strong, able lad of eighteen years, lay dead, his face discolored from the effects of steam and water. In other rooms the friends of the deceased had had assembled and gave vent to their grief. The dead boy was a son of the man who lay in the oil room up the road. They belonged to Pisarico, and the father had been a fisherman from his boyhood up to within a few weeks when he came to work in the mill. Those who told this dwelt upon his short stay among them, and how strange it was that he should have left his old calling to meet his death thus. Then some one referred to poor Lynch, who had gone to work only that morning, and who was taking another man's place when he was killed. He was to have been married next week and the bans had been twice called in the church in connection with the event. Even Mr. Smith had an experience to tell, of how he might have been among the

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