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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

MR. CHESLEY IS WILLING

IN THE FIELD AS A CANDIDATE FOR THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

His Good Points and Those of Mayor Lockhart—How People May Look at It—The Situation in Prince and Victoria Wards—Plenty of Time For More Fun Yet.

It has been a dull week in civic politics. Candidates have been scarce and quotations few. It is possible that business will improve when the weather gets more settled, and that some of the old lots will be cleared out at a sacrifice.

The most important item is the advent of Mr. John A. Chesley as a candidate for the position of mayor. Mr. Lockhart will, of course, be a candidate, and if no third man comes forward it is believed that he has fair chances for a second term. The idea, which some consider unwritten law, that a mayor who behaves himself should have a second year, is in his favor. Mr. Lockhart has undoubtedly behaved himself, and while he has done nothing to make his name or that of the city immortal, he has taken no course to provoke hostility from those who have been his supporters in the past. He has made a good looking mayor, with some of the aldermen as foils to set off his looks, and any fault that has been found with him has been that he has failed to keep some of the more bumptious aldermen in due subjection.

Mr. Chesley is also a good looking man, and would appear to advantage in the big arm chair, provided he assumed the boiled shirt and white choker as Mayor Lockhart does when presiding at the board. Mr. Chesley has undeniably a thorough knowledge of civic affairs. The chief point of debate is whether he could do any better than Mayor Lockhart has done in keeping his associates in order. His friends say that he would, and that with his knowledge of the rules of debate he would make a good presiding officer. It is claimed that he would not, for instance, having made a decision, permit an irregular and unseemly debate calling that decision in question. Against this supposition is his record as mayor of Portland, which had the most disorderly council in Canada, if not in the world. It will be remembered that when PROGRESS exposed the state of affairs, it did not direct its fire at the mayor, but at the body over which he presided. It had to take the view either that he sympathized with the disorder and jobbery which prevailed, or that he was unable to prevent it. And it had faith enough in his integrity to accept the latter supposition. As a candidate for mayor of St. John, therefore, it lies with him to explain to the electors why things were as they were in Portland, for that the condition of affairs was very bad indeed, cannot be denied by any sane or honest man. So bad were they, indeed, that in consequence of the exposures made by PROGRESS, the people of Portland voted for union to escape the existing evils. The act would not have been carried had the true style of affairs not been so well known.

It is, however, possible that Mr. Chesley can give a satisfactory explanation of his course, and if so, there is no reason why he should not poll an excellent vote. He has many friends, and has undoubted ability.

It is believed that Mr. C. E. MacMichael will not be a candidate in Queen's ward, in which event Mr. W. Watson Allen will probably run.

In Prince ward no new men have come to the front, though it is not because there is a lack of good material. The trouble is that the men who ought to be candidates are not the class of men who will push themselves to the front or work to secure a nomination. It is generally agreed that Mr. Jonas Howe would make an excellent representative, but as he is a busy man he would probably refuse to offer. There are two admirable men, however, who doubtless would consent to serve if they felt that the people wanted them. They are Messrs. James McNichol and James Reynolds, neither of whom are politicians, but both of whom are of the class of which good aldermen are made. They are careful men, who would consult the city's interests in preference to their own, and their records as good citizens cannot be questioned. Neither of them, however, would canvass, or attempt to curry favor by tricks. The only way that they could be brought forward would be by a requisition, or better, by a call from a convention of the rate-payers. If they would not consent to serve, and PROGRESS has not consulted them on that point, some other equally reputable men could be chosen. Prince ward should wake up to its opportunities.

It is announced that Aldermen Law and Busby will run together in Victoria ward. That is, they will start together, but if Ald. Law is re-elected they are not likely to be together at the finish. Mr. John J. Forrest is to the front and from what PROGRESS can learn this week is likely to be elected. If the ratepayers will bring forward another man, the ticket can be elected

as against the Law-Busby combination. There are good men in Victoria ward, but as in the case of Prince ward, they will not come to the front of their own accord. If Mr. F. W. Wisdom could be induced to serve he would be an able and popular representative, and so would Mr. James Seaton, a representative mechanic, who would have been in the council long ago if he had been treated as his merits deserved.

There is little or nothing new in the situation in the other wards, or if there is, it has not come to the surface. There was talk of a ticket against the aldermen of Guy's ward, but it has not materialized as yet.

But there is plenty of time for new candidates in all the wards.

"E DEVOUR WIDOWS' HOUSES."

A St. John Lawyer Who is Trying to Fulfill the Words of the Scriptures.

Among the 113 gentlemen attorneys of Her Majesty's supreme court, who are licensed to prey upon the public in St. John, are all sorts of men. Some of them know a good deal of law; some don't know any. Some know you every time they meet you on the street; others only know you once in a while. Some are past patriarchs of temperance societies; others are fast patrons of gin mills. Some are very pious; others very wicked. As a body, they resemble the collection in the sheet let down unto Peter, wherein were all manner of creatures, clean and unclean.

There is one lawyer who is neither very old nor very wicked, as the world views things. He is, indeed, rather pious than otherwise, and combines with a studious temperament a good deal of religious zeal. Perhaps it was his reputation in this respect that induced a widow to trust him with a claim against the city of St. John, many moons ago.

The claim was for damages caused by a defective sidewalk, or something of the sort, whereby the woman sustained certain bodily injuries which confined her to her bed, necessitated medical attendance, and deprived her of gaining a livelihood for some time. She was a poor woman, and not unnaturally thought that the city should pay her a reasonable compensation for the results of its negligence. She entrusted her case to the lawyer in question.

He undertook it, and proceeded to make up a claim for the city to settle. The doctor who attended the case was asked for his bill, and as the woman was poor, he placed it at the nominal figure of \$15. The lawyer laughed scornfully at the idea of such a sum and insisted that it be made larger. The doctor, finding that the money was to come out of the city, then put in a bill for \$40.

In due time the case was settled for \$140 and the money was paid to the attorney. When the doctor, after a time, began to enquire for the \$40 which he supposed was due him, the lawyer told him that he would have to look to the widow for his pay. The doctor, knowing that the lawyer had the money, refused to do this and threatened to make the matter public, whereupon the lawyer confronted him with the original bill for \$15, which he finally consented to accept, with the understanding that the balance of \$25 was to go to the widow.

The widow has been less fortunate. She had on a previous occasion given the attorney a bill of \$10 to collect, and subsequently received from him the statement that it had been collected, but all the proceeds were required to pay the costs. She did not expect that exactly the same thing would happen with the second claim.

But it did. She has not got the money, nor does she ever expect to get it. It has been "swallowed up in costs."

It is no wonder that lawyers get rich nowadays without a big practice.

The Thaw Stopped It.

There was a good prospect of war between the city and the street railway company, last Tuesday. The former had carefully removed the snow from its Prince William street track, and piled it up on each side. When the corporation men came along they quite as carefully removed it from the street, and put it back on the track again. By the time the company was ready to retaliate the thaw had interfered, and removed so much of the cause of contention that it was not worth fighting about. Hostilities may be renewed with the next big snow storm.

A Word to "Progress" Agents.

The very frequent complaints from outside places that no PROGRESS can be obtained Saturday evenings, lead to the supposition that the agents of PROGRESS in some localities are not ordering enough papers for the demand. There is nothing like selling out all the papers, but do not disappoint the many people.

The Boys Will Be There.

The St. John Typographical Union will have its anniversary supper, at the Hawarden hotel, tonight. Good luck to it and the cause of labor.

GIVE THE MEN A CHANCE

CHIEF MARSHALL'S FONDNESS FOR NEEDLESS MYSTERY.

When a Thief is to be Caught the Policemen Should Have a Chance to Catch Him—Some of Them Might be Bright Enough to Recognize Him if They Met Him.

Why did not the St. John police catch Walton, the Texas express embezzler of \$35,000, instead of waiting for a man to come from Montreal to secure the prisoner, gain the glory and pocket the reward? Simply because they did not know anything about it. A circular had indeed been sent to the chief of police with an excellent photograph of the fugitive, a complete description of him, and a fac-simile of his handwriting. A very plain scar on his forehead made him particularly easy to identify, and yet for ten days he sojourned at one of the hotels, walked the streets, made purchases at the leading stores and apparently took no pains to conceal himself. The reason for this was that the policemen who would be most likely to see him knew nothing about him or his crime. The descriptive circular had, with that love of mystery for which the chief is remarkable, been kept as if it were a great state secret, and its contents divulged only to two inspectors and the detective. None of these gentlemen were able to find Walton, though it is reported that one of them had an introduction to him under his alias of "Harry Simpson," and did not recognize him.

They took the plan of watching the railway trains, and finally formed the theory that Walton, if he had been here at all, had crossed the bay in the *Monticello*. All this time Walton, feeling quite secure, as he well might under the circumstances, was preparing to leave for the West Indies. He was finally caught by the Montreal man, who did not show any extraordinary ability in finding him, simply because he had secured his address from his pals. Walton was not caught, and probably would not have been caught by the chief and his three confidential men. This is not so much a reflection on them as it is on the system which persists in surrounding everything of the kind with an absurd mystery. If, as is the custom in some cities, the descriptive circular had been read at roll call, and every man on the force allowed to have all the information he desired, it is possible that some of the rank and file might have succeeded in "landing the fish." It is more than probable that it would have occurred to some one of them that it was worth while making enquiries now and then at certain hotels, and of adopting other precautionary which do not seem to have suggested themselves to the quartette who were in the secret.

It is true that in such case the honor and the reward might have gone to some one who was not a detective, but while this might have been a misfortune from an official point of view, it cannot be denied that the interests of justice would have been served.

There may be men on the St. John force who are quite as intelligent, competent and faithful, as those who are in the inner and confidential circles. There is no reason why information of men who are "wanted" should not be given to them. If they cannot be trusted they are not fit to be on the force. Does any one imagine that had every man on the force had the facilities for information possessed by the mysterious and confidential quartette, all of them would have failed to recognize Walton? One of the force, who knew nothing of the case, had a long talk with the fugitive one day, and might have recognized him if he had known such a man was wanted. He might not have done so if it were true. One of the quartette who *did* know all about the case is said to have smoked sundry cigars with the genial stranger, whose writing was to be seen on two hotel registers, and whose tell-tale forehead scar was either plainly visible or covered by a cock of the hat which was enough of itself to excite suspicion.

It is possible that every man on the force might have been as unsuspecting as the officer in question. It is also possible that every man might not have been.

Which reminds PROGRESS of a story that is current this week. It is said that several years ago, but not so very many, a certain chief of police in a certain city received a circular descriptive of a notorious criminal who was wanted in the United States. Shortly after this a man arrived in the city, put up at a leading hotel, and made haste to see the chief to whom he disclosed himself as a detective known to evil doers as "Old Rattlesnake." The chief was very glad to see him, gave him all the information in his power, and introduced him to the city detective. The three became very good friends, and day after day Old Rattlesnake visited headquarters to learn if there was anything new about the man of whom he was in search. He was pleasant company and told such thrilling stories about criminals surrendering

through sheer terror when they heard he was after them, that his friends were really sorry when he left one morning by the eastern train to follow up a clue somewhere else. Before leaving, he presented the chief with a fancy pin and the detective with a pair of patent handcuffs.

An hour or so later, the western train brought another detective, who was very anxious to see Old Rattlesnake. Learning the direction in which he had gone, he hired a special engine, overtook the express at a station 90 miles away, found Old Rattlesnake and arrested him. Old Rattlesnake was the identical criminal who had been wanted. He had utilized the chief, so that he could keep posted on what was being done.

PROGRESS has only good wishes for Chief Marshall, who has been too often unjustly abused. It is, however, constrained to say that the methods in cases such as that of Walton are capable of being very greatly improved.

"HEAVENLY LOVE."

A Picture that Should Do Much to Educate the Popular Taste.

Everybody who has a taste for the beautiful in art should see "Heavenly Love," the famous picture by J. B. Scholl, now on exhibition at Jack's hall, Charlotte street.

It is a revelation to many in this city, who have perhaps had other and lower standards of art presented to them, and it will do much to educate the popular taste for really good paintings. A description of the subject has already appeared in PROGRESS, but no idea of the picture can be gained by mere description. It may be said, briefly, that it is admirable from every point of view, with the possible exception that it is a little crowded, and should have had a larger canvass. As regards correctness of drawing, color and perspective, it is simply admirable. The figures are most natural, and that of the dreaming artist in particular seems to actually lean away from the spectator as if it were a real figure in the foreground. There is nothing artificial about its pose, and it does not have that flat look so often apparent even in pictures of merit. It is only after repeated study, indeed, that one observes with what fidelity all the details of the picture are worked out. Nothing is omitted that can tend to completeness.

The coloring of the picture attracts special attention, and tells at once of a master hand. In the representation of the mother and child seen by the sleeping artist, the effect of softness and roundness has been most successfully attained. One can almost imagine that he sees the wind gently stirring the drapery, and that its shade lightens or darkens as it waves.

The fidelity of art to nature throughout cannot fail to impress the most ordinary observer. The impression it finally leaves is one of regret that the companion picture, "Earthly Love," is not there as well, and that St. John people have not more opportunities of seeing really meritorious works. The need of a collection which will help to educate, as this picture does, will be felt more than ever in the future.

Mr. E. Scholl, son of the artist, who is exhibiting the picture, has done the public a favor by his enterprise, and it is to be hoped that his exhibition will have the patronage of all lovers of the beautiful, the natural and the true in art.

Too Extravagant by Half.

The story is told of a young New Brunswick who had an ambition to be a dentist, and had only \$50 in cash to carry out his intentions. He went to Philadelphia, and with a companion as impetuous as himself, took a six months' course, each living on the not extravagant sum of six cents a day. That amount purchased enough bread and milk to suffice for their wants, and the man who tells the story says that they actually got fat on it. The only piece of extravagance of which the student appears to have been guilty was in buying a ticket from St. John to Philadelphia. He should have walked there and saved his money.

The Design Is Good.

The design for the cover of the prize list of the October exhibition, executed by the Maritime Lithograph company is a handsome piece of work. The title of "Canada's International Fair" is a taking one, and shows that St. John does not propose to be second to any city of the Dominion where exhibitions are concerned.

Plenty of Smart Girls.

A city insurance agent recently advertised for a young woman as copyist in his office. There were 47 applications in the next two days, and if the advertisement had not been stopped there would have been a good many more.

Her Three Teachers.

There is said to be a courageous young lady in St. John who is afraid of only three things. One is a thunder-storm, another is a June bug, and the third is the rector of the church she attends.

CHARGED WITH A CRIME.

A BRIGHT WOMAN WHO IS NOW AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

The Serious Accusation Brought Against Mrs. Georgina Weeks, of Charlottetown—Her Trip to St. John—How She Looks, Talks, Acts and Meets the Charge.

For that she the said Georgina Weeks, on or about the twentieth day of January one thousand eight hundred and ninety at Charlottetown, aforesaid, in the said province, feloniously did, unlawfully and maliciously cause to be administered to one Isabella Sutherland, wife of James M. Sutherland, of Charlottetown, aforesaid, barrister, a certain poison called arsenic, so as thereby then to endanger the life of the said Isabella Jane Sutherland contrary to the statute in such case made and provided.

Never before in the history of the Maritime Provinces has a lady of the appearance and position of Mrs. Weeks been charged with such a crime. It is not only charitable, but it seems natural to suppose that there is a dreadful mistake somewhere and that she is innocent. That is for the courts to decide, and they are now taking the first steps to unwind the tangled skein. Until they have finished, whatever would savor of opinion is out of place in public print. All that PROGRESS seeks is to give an idea of the woman as she appears, or did appear before the shadow of this trouble fell upon her.

The story of Mrs. Weeks is well known



to many of the readers of PROGRESS. It is charged that, having an affection for Mr. James M. Sutherland, a Charlottetown lawyer, she caused arsenic to be administered to his wife in medicine prescribed for her. The ground for the charge is that suspicion having been aroused by the protracted and mysterious illness of Mrs. Sutherland, an analysis was made of whiskey, etc., of which she had partaken, and traces of the poison found. The connection of Mrs. Weeks with the arsenic has not yet been made by any of the evidence produced at the examination now in progress at Charlottetown.

On the night of Saturday, the 1st of February, a very tired woman arrived at the Hotel Duferin in this city and went immediately to her room. She did not register, but as ladies frequently do, gave her name, and stated that she was Mrs. Weeks, of Charlottetown. She had left the latter place at two o'clock in the morning, driven 30 miles to Cape Traverse, and then braved the perils and discomforts of a five hours' trip across the Straits of Northumberland in the ice-boat, a trip from which even a man might well shrink. During the passage she got very wet, as did also her luggage, and she was still wet when she reached St. John and went to bed. On the following day she was seriously ill, suffering from an attack of pneumonia.

The midnight train of the following Tuesday brought another person from Charlottetown. It was Constable Cameron, with a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Weeks on the charge already quoted. Previous to his arrival, she had expressed her intention of returning to Charlottetown as soon as her health would permit.

For a time it looked as though the constable's errand would be a fruitless one. She seemed dangerously ill. It was not until the 17th that she was able to leave in the constable's charge.

The portrait of Mrs. Weeks, given herewith, is a good one, but does not flatter her. She is better looking than it makes her appear. If it be allowable to state a lady's age, it may be added that she is about 28, that she has been a widow several years, and that her husband died leaving her with two children, who are still living. His name was R. T. Weeks, and he was the law partner of Mr. Sutherland.

Mrs. Weeks is a very attractive woman, who would be an ornament to any society. Of fair complexion, with blue eyes, her face is one which has marked character and individuality in every feature. There is nothing weak about it, and yet there is something very pleasing. It is a face which any man would be apt to admire when he saw it, and remember it after it had passed from his sight.

In figure, Mrs. Weeks may be described as stately, without being either over or undersized. She is of graceful carriage,

and the police description, which stated that she had a "slouchy gait," was a gross and unnecessary libel. She has resented it by some peculiarly sarcastic remarks on the subject.

Sarcasm, indeed, is one of her strong points, and she has no hesitation in expressing her opinion of those who have been instrumental in procuring her arrest. The constable who followed her and the St. John officers who assisted him have no reason to feel flattered when they remember some of the clear cut phrases used by her in referring to their obnoxious presence.

From this it will be inferred that she is in "no wise alarmed or dejected by the situation in which she finds herself. She has given no indication of either guilt or fear. She simply asserts that she is innocent, and by implication bids the authorities go ahead until they come to the end of their tether. Her friends, also, have confidence that she has nothing to fear from the results. The case is a remarkable one, and she is a remarkable woman.

TALK ON THE STREET.

The Imperial Trust company will remove to Bayard's building this spring. PROGRESS understands that this concern has made an exceedingly favorable impression, and has already worked up a good business.

The retirement of Mr. McKay from the firm of Hunter, Hamilton & McKay was a surprise to everybody. The business will be conducted as usual by Messrs. Hunter & Hamilton. Mr. McKay who intended starting for himself, in the store now occupied by Messrs. Dowling Bros., has, PROGRESS understands, abandoned the idea for the present.

Messrs. Ward C. Pitfield and W. J. Fraser are among those who visited Upper Canada this week in search of the cream of the market for the maritime trade.

They Won't Go Again.

The *Out at Sea* company did not create a very favorable impression in the capital; in fact, it was quite the reverse. The company lacked strength from the start, and when Mr. and Mrs. Mason found it convenient to be absent, the talent of the organization was considerably demoralized. There is no excuse for the foisting of such a broken down show on the people of Fredericton. The local agent and the public had a right to better treatment even from St. John amateurs. PROGRESS understands that the next St. John combination that drops in to the Celestial city will not get an exceedingly cordial reception.

The "Progress" Clubs are Booming.

Every day there is fresh evidence that the club has taken hold of the young friends of PROGRESS. They have no difficulty in getting the names of some people who want the paper, and by sending in their names with \$3.00 they earn \$1.00. A Westmorland boy writes Thursday and sends \$3.00 and adds "there are a lot of people here who will take your paper, and I will send their names in a few days." There are plenty of boys who can earn money this way.

The Boston Buds Went Back.

A good story is told of a Fredericton youth who, enamoured with a celestial maiden, resolved to give her Boston roses for a recent fashionable event in that city. The roses were ordered and came—C. O. D.—and the bill was sixteen dollars. This was a little too steep, and the buds were soon on their return journey.

Everybody is Glad.

The belief, as PROGRESS goes to press, that Judge Fraser will recover from his dangerous illness, causes a good deal of sincere pleasure. No kinder hearted or more upright judge has ever sat upon the bench, and the people as well as the profession could ill afford to lose him.

No Maritime League.

The effort to form a Maritime Provincial Lacrosse League has been abandoned, and each province will have a league of its own. At the close of the season the best men in each province will play off for the silver trophy contributed by H. A. Nelson & Sons, of Montreal.

Not the Chairman.

In the haste of writing last week an unintentional injustice was done Ald. Busby in stating that he was once chairman of the Portland fire committee. He was simply a private member of the committee who allowed the other members to run things as they pleased.

Sample Them Today.

The delicious Franco-American soups are served up in style at George Robertson's grocery today. These soups have a great reputation, and they are just as good as their name.

Will See Him Later.

Hon. Thyekke Fogge, an old acquaintance of St. John readers, dropped into PROGRESS office the other day, and will be on hand next week.