

STILL NO TRACE OF HIM.

H. W. MOORE'S WHEREABOUTS A GREATER MYSTERY THAN EVER.

Nothing heard of him for three months, although his brother Masons have searched everywhere—his last letters written in Norfolk, Va.

The disappearance of Mr. Herbert W. Moore, and the fact that after three months of letter writing and searching, his whereabouts is a greater mystery than ever, has been the cause of a great deal of absurd speculation and rumor.

Herbert W. Moore, son of the late chamberlain of Portland, is one of the best known of St. John's many young barristers. Last fall he went to New York to collect some money, and on his return remained here several months. On the eighth of January he again returned to New York, with the intention of staying there until the balance of the account was collected. He left here with an uncle, and while in New York stayed with a cousin in Brooklyn. In letters to his wife and mother, he stated that he intended going west with a friend, and the next they heard from him was by letters written in Norfolk, Virginia. He stated that he was ill with la grippe, and that the doctor attending him thought he would be unable to leave the house for several weeks. The letters both to his wife and mother were short, relating to business matters, and ending with a promise to write in a few days. In his mother's letter he promised to send a paper on the following day. This he did. And that was the last they heard from him.

Both the letters and paper were a long time reaching St. John, and when his friends did not hear from him again, although a week or so passed, they felt no uneasiness until after receiving no word at the end of a fortnight they decided to write to him. But his letters gave no address; did not tell whether he was staying at a hotel or private house, and they had to write to him at random. Still no word was received. Letters to the postmaster and officials of the town had the same effect. They knew nothing of him. When written to, a friend of his, a student in Bellevue hospital said Mr. Moore had called upon him before leaving New York, to bid him good-bye. He is the last one who saw him that can be found.

In the meantime the members of the different orders to which Mr. Moore belonged, have been trying to learn of his whereabouts. The masonic lodges in Norfolk were written to, and made a thorough search of that city, but were unable to find any trace of him. All efforts in the same line have been unsuccessful, and his whereabouts is a greater mystery every day.

It was Mr. Moore's intention to move into his own house on Symonds street, on his return, and in the last letters received from him he sent a notice to quit to be served on the people who then occupied it. This was done, and the house was not rented until a short time ago, when his wife, unable to understand his absence, and unable to tell how long it might continue, rented the house and returned to her parents.

The search for Mr. Moore has been conducted very quietly, but unceasingly, and the fact that the public know very little of what is being done to find him has given people a chance to use their imagination to better advantage than they probably could if they knew something about the case. The result of this has been that many absurd rumors have been given circulation, but PROGRESS is in a position to state that anything aside from what is now published is untrue, as far as his friends in this city are aware of the facts.

In none of Mr. Moore's letters can be the least evidences of insincerity in his promises to write again, and they were all most affectionate, dealing with matters concerning the family's business.

A letter written to the person whom Mr. Moore went to collect the money from was replied to, and a cheque was received by his wife for part of the amount. This letter also stated that although the balance due Mr. Moore was ready for him he had never claimed it, nor had they seen anything of him since he was heard from in Norfolk.

It is now three months since the last letter received from Mr. Moore was written, and his wife and mother have almost given up all hopes of ever seeing him again alive. But where or by what means he might meet his death they are unable to imagine.

The Irrepressible Kid.

At a recent church entertainment, not a hundred miles from Fredericton, a young lady was singing that Lullaby Divine and when she had come to that touching part which comes in "bye, bye baby" to the tune of "old Greenville," and which she was trying to render with great pathos and effect, a small boy in the audience who rejoices in the front name of Bruce struck up that popular air, "Saw my leg off." The effect on the audience can be better imagined than described.

A NATIONAL ISSUE SETTLED.

How a Carleton County Hamlet Received Its Name.

The little hamlet of Cork, which lies just on the borders of sun-down in Carleton Co., N. B., did not always bear its present name, nor, indeed, a "given" name of any kind. "The Settlement" was for a long time its sufficient designation among its own inhabitants, outside of whom it is doubtful if anyone, at that time, had ever heard of the place. After a time, however, the need of a post office suggested itself to Mr. Patrick Gillespie, the possessor of the leading intellect and only grist mill in the village. To that end he therefore prepared a petition, which was forwarded to the proper authorities, and the prayer of which was duly answered by the establishment of a post office bearing his own name, "Gillespie," and with himself as the first postmaster.

Now it happened that Mr. Gillespie was the only person in the village of Irish name and descent, the balance of the population being descended from various old English settlers. These, therefore, while fully recognizing Mr. Gillespie's claim to the position of postmaster, contended that, being the only Irishman in a village otherwise composed wholly of Englishmen, he had no right to give an Irish name to the place, but that in simple justice to the majority an English name should be substituted. A second petition was therefore drawn up, setting forth the circumstances of the case, and praying that the name of the village be not Gillespie but York. To this petition Mr. Gillespie was not asked to subscribe, nor was he even notified of its existence.

In addition to his intellect and his mill, Mr. Gillespie had still further possessions in the person of an only daughter, who inherited his intellect and has, doubtless, before this, inherited the mill also. On her devolved the duty of making up and distributing the meagre mail that passed through the newly established office, and thus, in the natural course of events, the petition last referred to fell into her hands. With the conscientiousness peculiar to post office keepers of her sex, she straightway carried the package to the water kettle and neatly opened it with the aid of the steam therefrom. This was her invariable custom with all letters received at the office, and a valuable safeguard against the use, by unscrupulous persons, of her majesty's mail for unlawful ends. It also kept Miss Gillespie au courant with events both in the village and in outside districts.

On reading the petition Miss Gillespie at once grasped its import and also the situation. She then extracted an idea from her intellect. The neat erasure of a single letter and substitution of another was all that was necessary to change the entire meaning of the petition; and that is why, in response to its prayer, the name of the village is no longer Gillespie but Cork.

FAGIN.

Will Still Have its "H. of C." Trunks.

When C. W. Weldon, Q. C., was moving from the King square house where he has resided so long, a few days ago one of the prominent features of the change was a large number of House of Commons' trunks. Mr. Weldon was in parliament a long time, and each year captured, along with ever member, a good sized trunk full of the finest stationery, paper cutters, knives, inkstands, and anything that can be thought of as useful to a man at a desk. Curiously enough, Mr. E. McLeod, the new member for the city, moves into the same house which will still contain some "House of Commons" trunks.

Where Titles Didn't Count.

High Constable Stockford was very indignant one evening this week. He with a great many others had a burning desire to see the wedding in Trinity church on Wednesday evening, but as he happened to be in a crowd that the police were determined should not enter the church, tickets or no tickets, the dignity of his office was lost sight of and he had to take in the wedding from the outside.

Whv Papers Are Missed.

Several boys in different parts of the city have been employing their time on Saturday mornings in stealing copies of PROGRESS from vestibules and other places where they were left early in the morning for subscribers. Progress has secured the names of several of these young thieves, and a reputation of this kind of work will probably end very unpleasantly for them.

Better Means of Crossing Wanted.

The fearful accident of yesterday morning in the harbor will perhaps have the effect of forcing the council to provide suitable transport across the harbor in the night hours when the ferry is not running. If there had been a good boat handled by skilled men, the accident would probably have been averted.

More Popular Than Ever.

The Beavers repeated their former successes at the sports Thursday evening. They crowded the Palace rink, and this says something about the popularity of the club.

SEEN ABOUT THE CITY.

FAMILIAR NOTICES, AND WHAT PEOPLE ARE THINKING ABOUT.

How the no Smoking Rule is Enforced in Public Buildings—Hustling in the Freight Shed—The Riggers' Strike and the Effect the Weather Had on It.

In nearly all public buildings the walls are adorned with notices of some kind or other for the guidance of frequenters, but by all odds the most popular sign is "No smoking allowed." The wording never varies; it is always the same, until now it has become so commonplace that its usefulness is almost gone. Like a great many laws that are much more valuable it is regarded as an ornament more than anything else, yet it serves its purpose, in making life a little bit easier for those who are employed to enforce the rule it so unconcernedly sets forth. Officials very seldom enlighten the offender in words. They merely point to the sign, and unless he cannot read, that is usually enough. There used to be a notice in the country market that was very ineffective in this respect. It announced that no dogs were allowed within its doors, but when one did venture in the sign was never the means of making him go out again, nor did the deputy clerk, ever refer the dog to the notice, and see the animal put his tail between his legs and skulk away. Harsher measures were used.

"No smoking allowed," is also in the market, however, and although the cards are somewhat dirty and worn, a case occurred the other day of a man who consulted the deputy clerk before lighting his pipe. The butchers and men who frequent the market are very different from the man referred to. They light their pipes when there is the least possible chance of the clerk being around, and when he does make his appearance there is a whistle and they all know what it means.

The I. C. R. depot is another place where "No smoking allowed" is displayed everywhere and strictly enforced. If the walls were papered with such notices, however, they would not do away with the necessity of having a policeman to direct attention to them. Nearly every other man who passes through there either has a pipe or cigar in his mouth, or carries it in his hand until he reaches the street or car shed, and every train brings passengers, who will loiter in surrounded by clouds of smoke. But they never enjoy it in the depot for more than a minute, for the officers always seem to look at a man's mouth the moment he enters the door, and if he is smoking there is a pantomime performance which sometimes surprises him.

In the street railway transfer office the no smoking notice is anything but consistent with the business done there, and the clerk is sometimes very much embarrassed. For instance, when he sells a man a cigar and then sees him settle himself on one of the benches for a comfortable smoke, it seems unkind to point to the notice on the wall. But the rule has to be enforced.

They Didn't See Him.

The arrival of Mr. Collingwood Schrieber in town this week caused some excitement among the employees in the freight sheds. Nothing short of a chance to ask for more pay will produce this effect in that department of the railway, and when the opportunity arrives there are always a number ready to take advantage of it. Consequently, while Mr. Schrieber was in town there was some hustling among the employees. Several of them awaited his arrival and a chance to interview him, but he wasn't to be seen at the depot. Nor could they get a chance to speak to him anywhere else, for he took refuge in the Union club, and the rules of that institution made it impossible for them to get past the front door step. It is said Mr. Schrieber has expressed an opinion in regard to the freight shed employees, to the effect that if they did less grumbling and more work they might be very much better off. Perhaps it is just as well for some of them that they did not meet him while he was here.

The Way They Look at It.

The alleged strike of the riggers employed by Mr. Lang seems to have been misunderstood in a great many quarters. The difficulty arose over Mr. Lang's refusal to comply with the rules of the riggers' society, and give one of his men an hour's pay for twenty minutes work. The strike, however, was imaginary, as Mr. Lang settled the matter, and the weather prevented work going on. In asking a full hour's pay for working only a portion of that time, the riggers are much more reasonable than a number of other trades' unions in the city. Some of them demand that their members shall receive pay for a quarter day for an hour's work, and for other short jobs in proportion. They claim that when a man works a few hours his day is broken and his chances for doing more work on that day spoiled, and reasoned in this way when making up their scales of wages.

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

MR. HARTLEY IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Some Fun at His Expense—How He Got His Degrees.

Rev. "Dr." H. S. Hartley is wandering about Nova Scotia, lecturing and selling an occasional book, the price of which is little value for the time he would waste by his persistence. There is a good joke about his last canvass in this city, which is good enough to tell.

Three young lawyers in Pugsley's building put up a job on the colored mendicant, and chipped in a third each to buy one of his books. When he came around to canvass them, the first one of the trio that he called upon was busily engaged in reading his book, and to Mr. Hartley's astonishment told how he had purchased it from an agent the day before. Before Mr. Hartley had finished his indignant harangue about fraudulent agents and piratical editions of books, the volume in question was quietly sent to lawyer No. 2, who was also deep in its pages a few minutes later, when the noiseless divine passed into his room. The same story of the agent and the book was poured into the author's ears and his excitement became intense. It was difficult to restrain him, but the lawyer was a plausible enough talker to hold him until the book had gone on its mission to its third owner, where the reverend "doctor" found it ten minutes later. The same story was repeated without a smile and Hartley's frantic appeals for justice were only quieted when an ingenious advertisement was concocted and printed in the daily papers threatening all sorts of things to the person who was selling a pirated edition of his work.

Hartley had a good many jokes played upon him and not the least of them was the securing of the degrees which he sported at the end of his ancestral name. The degrees were the "git" of the Chicago degree factory, which supplies them for certain considerations. The consideration in the Hartley case amounted to about \$100, which was supplied by the club of fun loving fellows who banqueted Hartley and had many an hour's fun out of him. It did not take him long to get the degrees, and when they arrived they looked much the same as two or three others held by other professional men in the city, the only difference between them being that the gentlemen referred to paid for their own "parliament honors" while the "boys" paid for Hartley's.

NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT.

Little Going on in Baseball Circles—Gossip of the Clubs.

There isn't much life in baseball said a crank to PROGRESS this week. Why last spring the town was agog at this date with news of the game and the players. This year there is not a word. The Shamrocks are talking lacrosse for all they are worth, and the A. A. club is not doing any talking except a new pavilion which almost argues for tennis. Some of the old members are in favor of amateur base ball, but the sight of a professional is not longed for.

The Y. M. C. A.'s proposition to give \$200 for the use of the A. A. grounds for its members was, as PROGRESS readers already know, not regarded with favor. The managing committee of both clubs are still talking about it, but the A. A. people are firm in their contention that there is nothing fair and business like in the proposition to allow about 200 Y. M. C. A.'s the use of their grounds for such an amount as \$200. They claim that any young man would be justified then in joining the Y. M. C. A., and leaving the A. A. club, and by so doing he could have the use of the grounds, and the Y. M. C. A. privileges as well.

The Beavers are also talking of joining the banner of the A. A. club; retaining their name and simply join the association in a body, much the same as local sporting bodies range themselves under the banner of the Montreal association.

PROGRESS understands that even in the event of an amateur nine in the A. A. club that Capt. Frank White could not be counted among them, as he has decided to cleave to the Y. M. C. A.'s and get in his fine work for them.

A Fairly Good Rental.

The Messrs. Pugsley have not, it is understood, succeeded in getting a suitable tenant for their new hotel. The figures placed upon it PROGRESS understands range between \$3,000 and \$4,000 for the new building without a front entrance and, without the law offices (now used as such.) If these are thrown into the new building the figure is nearer \$7,000. What is known as "Pugsley's building" now is one of the best paying bits of real estate in the city.

On the Ocean As Well.

When the numerous passengers from St. John on the *Parisian* that sailed from Halifax last Saturday found time to glance at the saloon table they found several copies of PROGRESS of that day there. The same train that carried them to Halifax Friday, carried PROGRESS to the steamer.

WILL NET ABOUT \$800.

THAT IS THE CASH RESULT OF THE CENTURIES.

The Expenses were Heavy, but it is Thought They Will Not Exceed \$1000—Some of the Booths' Remarkable Financial Success—The Nineteenth Century Leads.

"I think" said Secretary C. H. Ferguson of the A. A. club, as he tilted back in his chair and the smoke curled up lazily from his well-beloved briar, "that we will clear about \$800 from the centuries exhibition. That isn't too bad considering the enormous expense of the interior fitting of the rink. Some of those booths are built strong enough to support a regiment."

PROGRESS understands that this amount will be even more than sufficient to erect the ladies pavilion, the estimated cost of that being about \$600. It is quite probable, however, that the extra \$200 will come in very handy for fitting up the interior.

Something more than 5000 people paid quarters and fifteen cents into the ticket windows of St. Andrews rink last week, and not more than 1000 included all those who put in an appearance Monday, Tuesday and Saturday evenings. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday were the big nights, and Friday discounted any of them.

The entrance money was of course the greater part of the receipts, but by no means all. There was a wonderful financial and business woman in the nineteenth century booth who, it is said, after paying all expenses of the booth, will have \$250 to hand over. Of course there is where the crown heads lotteried off an art gallery. Pretty good tintypes also poured their value into the same cash box, to say nothing of the peanut and candy man, the post office or the catch nickel schemes of Florence Nightingale.

The refreshment booth will come next in order with cash. It must be remembered that all the booths set out with the laudable ambition of paying their own coaching and other incidental expenses out of the booth receipts and handing the balance over.

There is an idea—the project of some enterprising person—to lease the rink for the summer just as it is at present, and run a continuous entertainment of some kind. The bowlers where kings and queens and lords and dukes have rested and displayed themselves would suit the people admirably in the cool summer evenings.

The Penny in the Slot Collection.

Anyone who wants to know how much trouble a person will take to save a cent, should call on PROGRESS.

Mr. Beverley has transferred his collection of penny in the slot curios to this office. It consists of over fifty pieces of lead, brass, tin and iron, cut as nearly as possible to resemble a cent. The majority of them are made of lead with the impression of a cent stamped upon them, but they try everything from an iron washer to a cotton factory check. Yet none of them had the desired effect, and it is not likely that the machines will ever be able to compete with the church contribution boxes.

They Will Look Very Gay.

The Citizens' band is considering the advisability of getting uniforms, and the silk hats will have to go. The band, although not fully decided upon the suits, intend to startle the public when they appear in them. The uniform that at present finds the most favor among the members, is made up of a long red coat with bottle green silk facings, blue trousers, and white helmets with plumes and incandescent lights for evening engagements. A uniform of this kind would take the novelty off all minstrel bands that might come to St. John in future, but the Citizens would be popular.

The Little Girls and the Stairs.

PROGRESS pointed out many months ago the anomaly in the Victoria school of the big girls being in the lower rooms and the little girls on the top floors. Mr. Secretary March attempts to go to the rescue, but does not get very far. The only excuse is a medical reason, and perhaps it does not do to interfere with the doctors; but think what it must be for such small girls as are included in the Victoria school to climb those long stairs so many times a day!

The "Strikers' Opinion.

A number of young "strikers," as they sign themselves, in Leinster street school have sent a note to PROGRESS, expressing their opinion that if a teacher has to call in the aid of his principal it is time for him to vacate. The principal will probably ask one or more of the "strikers" to "vacate" before that happens.

And He Has a Pose, Too.

The "harpers" are on the tramp already. One of the first trio in town includes a young lad with a splendid voice, who does not fail to draw a paying crowd.

Open Evenings. Duval, 242 Union street.

WON'T TAKE HIS PAY.

Captain Fred Jenkins Refuses to Accept a Patrolman's Wages.

One of the things the new council will have to deal with in the new future, will be the police committee's report which was adopted by the board of safety some time ago, and which sets forth a scheme for establishing a secret service, and several other matters in connection with the force, among them the question of Capt. Fred Jenkins' pay. When he was appointed to the captaincy the board refused to give him increased pay, and the disgraced officer, John Weatherhead, has been getting captain's pay ever since for doing patrol duty. Capt. Jenkins has not drawn any money since he was promoted, being probably under the impression that when matters are settled he will receive captain's pay for the time he has been holding the position. Members of the council who are in a position to know, say it is very improbable that his hopes will be realized. Elections and other business have made it impossible to deal with the police difficulties, but it is said that the aldermen have not changed their views in regard to them, and there is likely to be some fun before everything is settled. Meanwhile John Weatherhead is still on the force, much as some of those interested would like to see it otherwise. When the statement went forth that coaches were seen driving up to the dance in Lower Cove on Easter Monday night, despite the denials of the chief, he blamed Weatherhead for giving them currency, and ordered him to hand in his resignation. Weatherhead, it seems, postponed this ceremony, and still wears the buttons.

ROUGH ON MR. CLARK.

Ex-Policeman Corbett Explains Why He Reported the Victoria Hotel.

Ex-policeman Thomas Corbett, of the Northern division thinks he has been grossly misrepresented of late. The reason he was discharged from the force was because he had been found playing cards for amusement in a place where a flask of liquor was found under the counter. Mr. Corbett, however, thinks that this was not the only reason; but that his superior officers merely took advantage of this to further their own ends, without regard to any reflection they might cast upon his character. Although his dismissal was somewhat unexpected, a change from the Northern to the Southern division would not have surprised him. On the contrary, he expected it. He says the captain of the Northern division contemplated having a change made to suit the convenience of a relative of his who lived in Indiantown, but was in the southern division of the force.

Ex-officer Corbett also lives in the north end, and although it would have made it very inconvenient for him to do duty in the South end he was the man to be changed, despite the fact that several of the men in the northern division live in the city. But he was disposed of in another way. Mr. Corbett says he had a reason for reporting the Victoria for selling liquor after hours. When he was before the chief, on the charge of being a frequenter of a place where liquor was for sale, unlawfully, the latter said he could not see how officer Corbett could be in the place and not know that liquor was sold there. Mr. Corbett says he merely wanted to show how easily it would be for a man to board in a house where liquor was sold unlawfully without knowing anything about it.

A Sensitive Clergyman.

In one of the larger towns of eastern Nova Scotia, the congregation of one of the churches thought they would like a change of ministers, as the then present incumbent had occupied the desk for nearly twenty-five years. A man of great piety, learning and ability, they found great difficulty in securing an excuse to ask him to resign. Last Sunday week, when the clergyman ascended the pulpit he found a slip of paper on his desk containing these words: "Please do not read your sermon this morning." He complied with the modest request, and instead of reading his very carefully prepared paper, he preached his farewell sermon. Who placed the note on the desk is not known, but the preacher thought it generally voiced the sentiments of the congregation.

Surprised a Large Audience.

An amateur performance that was far ahead of many professional minstrel shows that have visited St. John within the last few years, was given in Berryman's hall, Monday evening. In fact there was nothing amateur about it, and the idea of weekly shows should be carried out.

Electric Light, No Coke.

A King street merchant wanted some coke to use in his repairing work, and sent to the gas company for it. He did not get it. The answer was, "No electric light or gas, no coke."

"Progress" is There Too.

The *Critic*, of Halifax remarks that PROGRESS is now with them early Saturday mornings, and Halifax may be said to have four weeklies.