

PROGRESS.

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NOW IT IS FRED BREEN.

HE COMES TO THE FRONT AMID DEAFENING CHEERS.

Popular Hugh McCormick Beats His Record, but the New Man Goes One Better, and Will Represent St. John in the Future.

It is passing strange that the one man destined to prove himself the superior of Hugh McCormick on the ice should have been born and bred in the same county, near the same river—the Kennebecasis—and within an hour's sail, or an half hour's skate of his opponent. It may be remembered that several other skaters of more than local repute have hailed from that section of King's county which lies between the St. John and the Kennebecasis rivers. Among them was the long distance skater Norval Braun, who did good work in the Victoria in his day. Then there was Lamb, who could hold his own among the boys, to say nothing of the famous "Pitts" who were always in the race for fun or wind.

So Breen comes from a skating country where boys learn to glide over the ice almost as soon as they can walk, and where the tests of endurance and speed are as frequent as they are severe in winter time. It is not an unusual thing to find hundreds of skaters on the river when the ice is glare. Then there is fun. The speediest does not always come in ahead, for his slow neighbor who has the strength, muscle and wind, who can face the north blast without any sensible diminution of speed often proves his superior in the race.

When Sunday is fine and the ice is good every pair of skates in the country is out. Men and women go the river for fun and exercise and they get plenty of both. The prowess of the skaters is talked about, and the day is more than complete if a race can be arranged and carried out. This is not always possible, for there are always "fast" ones who hesitate to show what they can do for fear of finding their superiors.

No wonder then that Breen and McCormick can skate. And yet, strange to relate, Breen tells PROGRESS that he can only remember one occasion meeting McCormick on the river, and that was when they both skated homeward in a storm from Rothesay. The home of the victorious skater is on Kennebecasis island, which lies off Moss Glen. His father is a farmer—but for the past two or three years Breen has not followed that occupation, but, instead, has worked in the city at the Wiggins' orphan asylum. He is in his 23rd year, and when not in training weighs between 160 and 170 pounds. At present he is under 160, and as hard and muscular as he needs to be to get around the Victoria rink 28 times in 6 minutes and 14 seconds. His trainer, Arthur McHugh, thinks he has something of a wonder to develop, and those who have seen Breen in private trials are, PROGRESS learns, more inclined to his view even than those who saw him beat McCormick.

His training has not been hard—nothing like Fitzsimmons' work when he trained for his fight—but just two ordinary skates of between 30 and 40 minutes duration each day, morning and afternoon, and a thorough rubbing with alcohol and liniment after each. Good, wholesome, strong food and plenty of rest completed his programme every 24 hours.

Breen is apparently modest. He does not seem inclined to talk about his victory. It was not won too easily he confesses, but he is confident that he is able to do better. He and McCormick are as friendly as two skating rivals could well be.

McHugh remarked admiringly of McCormick that he skated just the same when Breen passed him as he did throughout. He was all pluck and there was not an atom of let up about him. He spurred as long as he could and skated the race to the very end. Comparing Laidlaw's race with that with McCormick, Breen said the latter was by far the hardest man to beat. Laidlaw tried to win in the first half mile and when he found he could not he was done.

Breen laughed when PROGRESS asked him about Norway and Hagan and said that depended upon what his backers said.

THE SCENE AT THE RINK.

The Crowd, the Excitement, the Skaters and the Race.

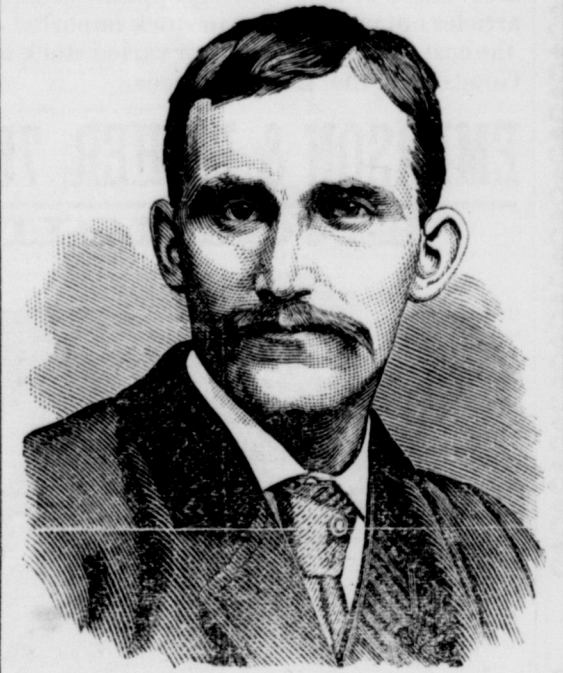
It was the great skating event of the year, and all St. John was fully alive to the fact. Everybody expected to see everybody else at the rink, and had an idea that they would be on hand early. And nobody was mistaken.

As early as six o'clock, crowds of ten or a dozen hurried along the streets leading to the City Road, as if they were going to a fire, and the rink was crowded before most people had eaten their supper.

From six to eight o'clock, the walk from the street to the rink was one solid mass of suffering humanity. The strong put forth their best efforts to get breathing room, while the weak wriggled, used their elbows

and prayed for deliverance. For it was an awful crowd. St. John has seldom seen anything like it, and few hanker after a second experience. The man who thought of taking lady friends was thankful that he went alone, and said as much between breaths; while the sufferer at his elbow said "God help a woman in this crowd." But there were women there, and the men wondered at their courage. They forced into the crowd with the rest and were carried along, but at what cost only the man, whose circumference was reduced, knew. They were given all the consideration possible in such a crush. Some gasped, some screamed, and one woman fainted. There was no false modesty then. Lifted above the heads of the crowd, she was passed along to the street, much the same as a log would have been, and was thankful for it.

Meanwhile the crowd surged on—on toward the door, which opened at two minute intervals, let enough in to crowd the hall and was closed again with a



FRED BREEN.

mighty effort. Men stood on the railing near the entrance, caught the top of the doorway, and swung themselves over the heads of the crowd below until they dropped into the hall.

To get into the building was the sole aim of every man of the thousands outside the rink, and they were willing to risk anything to do it.

And when they did get in! To see the ice cost another struggle. Early in the evening there was a tier four deep around the promenade, and every minute it was becoming more difficult to get breathing room. Scores of men clambered up the whitewashed walls and grabbed at a straw for support, with no thought of the whitewash that was making them whiter than snow. Now and again a board gave way and down they came with a crash, but even that did not discourage them. Temporary stands were erected and up they went again.

Then there was another crash—this time from the outside.

At Smith's drug store all the clerks had taken the floor with bundles of tickets, and disposed of them at a quarter a piece, as if they were handbills. Hundreds of those who besieged the rink had bought them there, but saw no chance getting in. They grew desperate and tried the windows.

And they were responsible for the crash on the outside. They forced the windows in and gained an entrance, and when officials came around tickets were taken at the windows until the rush could be stopped. Then a small gang of rink men with hammers and nails went to work to make the windows more secure.

It was a continual battle for position all evening. At every opportunity daring ones rushed across the ice and climbed up into the spiral, to the annoyance of the band. But this was not all that the musicians had to contend with. A number of their instruments were on the outside of the building and it was a question of time when they would get in.

The throng on the ice grew to alarming proportions, and finally the question arose as to whether there would be room enough to skate. Referee Bell settled the matter by announcing that the men would not come on until the ice was cleared. Then the police had their hands full, and worked well. The big crowd was forced behind the ropes, but not before several blows were struck, and wrangling was loud and bitter. Nevertheless the crowd was good natured, and when ladies were forced through to the spiral, they had no reason to complain.

But the crowd grew impatient, but happy withal. It whistled "the British Grenadiers," and sang "God save the Queen," and when the amateurs were started off for a mile race, gave some idea of what it had in store for the professionals in the way of shouting. Young Breen won, and the noise subsided. Then there was a wait, as usual, for the great race.

When Fred Breen emerged from the crowd and glided over the ice, there were a few cheers of recognition—but that was all. He was almost unknown. Everyone in that vast crowd had heard of him; they

GOVERNOR AND JUDGE.

ONE OF EACH MUST BE NAMED FOR THIS PROVINCE.

There May Be Two New Judges and a Chief Justice—Some of the Probabilities and Possibilities as to the Men who Will Fill the Positions.

Does anybody know who is to be the next governor of New Brunswick, and who is to be elevated to the bench of the supreme court?

These have been the leading questions around town during the past week, and a good many widely varying opinions have been advanced among those who are on both the right and the wrong sides of the fence. It is not likely that anybody can give a positive answer as yet, for though the slate may have been arranged, there is no certainty that it will remain as it is. The general impression is that nothing will be done until the end of the session of parliament.

Sir Leonard Tilley has held his office for sixteen months beyond the end of his term, and is therefore merely a tenant-at-will until a successor is appointed. There are two men whose respective friends consider them entitled to the office, and one of them at least appears to be after it with considerable vigor. One of the men is Sir John C. Allen, chief justice, and the other is Hon. Peter Mitchell. The friends of the latter claim that while he has done much for the country, the country has done nothing for him. It has been pointed out, indeed, that he is the only one of the fathers of confederation who has not had a substantial reward, and that it is high time some provision were made for him.

The appointment is one that rests with the New Brunswick members, and it is enough of them, and the conservative bosses in St. John, unite on Mr. Mitchell. Frederick will be enlivened by his official presence for the next five years. It is said that Premier Abbott favors him, and it is also announced that "Mike Adams is working for him," whatever significance the latter fact may have.

Should Mr. Mitchell be appointed, there will be but one vacancy on the supreme court bench to be filled—that caused by the death of Judge Wetmore. Dr. F. E. Barker is spoken of for this, but there are several others mentioned as anxious for the position. Chief among them is Mr. C. N. Skinner, who is admittedly a good lawyer and who, if judged by his past politics, would not be bigotted in his views on one side or the other in suits brought before him. Hon. D. L. Hanington is another man mentioned, and while his elevation would be the legislature's loss, it would be his undoubted gain. He has never made anything out of politics.

The suggestion that Judge Landry of the Kent court be transferred to the supreme bench raises a question of precedent. It has never been the policy of the government to appoint to the supreme court from the lower one, but it is claimed that Judge Landry has Sir John Macdonald's promise that an exception should be made in his case. The north shore has a candidate in the person of Mr. R. A. Lawlor, who already holds a government office as inspector of inland revenue at Chatham. If Judge Landry were appointed it would be a compliment to the Acadians, while Mr. Lawlor, though not an Acadian, is a Roman Catholic.

Should Sir John Allen be made governor, there will be two vacancies on the bench, and one of the old judges will be made chief justice. Judge King is in line for the latter, on the ground of seniority, though the friends of Judge Fraser think that he is the right man for the place.

If Mr. Skinner goes on the bench, there will be a vacancy in St. John, but in the light of the last two elections and the present condition of things at Ottawa, the government is not likely to worry about the result. The liberal party is said to have a candidate all ready. He will be a young man this time and not a lawyer.

Mr. A. H. Gillmor is the lone liberal from New Brunswick in the present house. There has been a petition hanging over his head, too, for many months, but the trial of it has been postponed. The idea seems to be to give him a place in the senate. So long as he runs for Charlotte county, he is likely to be elected, but if he is out of the way the conservatives think they have money enough to elect Sir Leonard Tilley's brother-in-law, John D. Chipman. Mr. Chipman is a popular man, and has means to put into a fight. He came within 80 votes or so of beating Mr. Gillmor in 1887, but did not think the prospects favored his coming to the front in the last election. It is pretty well known that Mr. Gillmor would have been got out of the way by an appointment as post office inspector, before Mr. King was appointed, had not the St. John friends of the latter gentlemen had too much of a pull with the government.

It will be seen there are several moves on the political chess board, which are likely to interest the public in the not far distant future.

AN UNWORTHY ACT.

The Attempt of a Pressman to Injure "Progress" Machinery.

The St. John Typographical union had a report before it at its last regular meeting, which, PROGRESS is glad to say, is seldom brought to the attention of organized labor.

The competent pressman and printer who has been in the employ of PROGRESS since it moved into its present quarters in 1889, so far forgot what was due to himself, his craft and his employer, as to desert his post with his assistant at the busiest hour of last week, and emphasized his going by acts unworthy of any workman, skilled or unskilled.

Rum was at the bottom of it all. More attention to a concealed flask than to his machinery brought a remonstrance from the gentleman in charge during the illness of the publisher. This reproof, in their unusual condition was thought sufficient by both the pressman and his assistant to warrant them in leaving the office. Before they did so, it appears that they threw the "delivery" out of gear—at least so they boasted afterwards. That it was intentional was not suspected by the new pressman, who kindly responded when called upon, though he had great difficulty repairing the act.

The next evening, when the machinery was running more regularly and the usual edition of PROGRESS was being printed, the old pressman returned, and under the plea of friendship, promised to show one of the employees a "hitch" in the folder. Securing a wrench, he quickly tampered with the most delicate portion of the machine, and rising exclaimed, with exaltation, "You have the pressmen of Geo. W. Day and the Globe here, but I defy all St. John to make that folder work now."

And the fellow had done his treacherous work too well, for the machine was so damaged that the manufacturers have had to be called upon to renew a portion of the folder.

These are the main facts of the case that has never had a parallel in this city. In the absence of the publisher from the office no action was taken against the pressman, but the Typographical union has appointed a committee to inquire into the matter.

It is one of the boasts of organized labor that it protects employer as well as employed. PROGRESS trusts that it will prove true in this case.

A Horrible Threat.

The following is a little episode at the session of the common council held on Friday of last week. In the course of the debate on the Rodney wharf scheme, Ald. Kelly made a somewhat pointed reference to Ald. Seaton, whereupon the latter rose to a point of order.

His worship—You must not speak of any man in that way, Ald. Kelly. If you do, I will leave the chair or you will leave the chamber.

Ald. Kelly—You have said that before, your worship.

His worship—I have said it before and I mean it; I am bound to preserve order.

Ald. Kelly—You always are when I am on the floor.

His worship—That is because others are gentlemen.

Ald. Kelly—Thank you for the compliment.

There is a story of the speaker of a legislature who once threatened a member that he would "name him" if he did not keep order. "And what would happen if he did name him?" asked a person from the rural districts of a fellow member. "I don't exactly know," was the reply, "but I suppose it would be something very dreadful." What would happen if his worship should leave the chair some day is a matter for vague and horrible conjecture.

Who Were the Trustees?

The county court has been having some difficulty recently in trying to find out who are the trustees of the Portland free christian baptist church. When Mr. Segee undertook to do some work on the church building and parsonage some time ago he had no doubts in the matter; but before the courts it was different. Members of the congregation gave contracts and said they were trustees. Some of the contractors were paid and others were not. Mr. Segee was one of the latter. The same men who engaged him had hired others, and paid them. This was shown in court; but Mr. Segee had given the names of the wrong men, as trustees.

The judge had some remarks to make on the subject, and his opinion in the case was not a very exalted one. Mr. Segee had done the work contracted for, and the judge thought he should have been paid. The evidence had shown this, but the wrong men had been named and his only course was to submit to a non-suit. The case will again be brought up for trial, however, and will probably prove more interesting.

A Woman Pugilist.

There was a little excitement at the depot Sunday evening. It only lasted a minute, but that was enough for one of the news agents. He had said something that she did not like, and was answered by slap on the face, quickly followed by another. Friends stepped in before it got any further.

BEFORE THE ELECTIONS.

THE COMMON COUNCIL IS TAKING THINGS VERY EASY.

Little Opposition to the Present Members—How the Aldermen Lose Time by Talking—A Resurrection of the Harbor Commission Scheme.

The civic contest mill is not in full operation yet, but in such places as the machinery has started there is a decidedly lively hum. The chief buzz up to date has been in Brooks ward. Ald. Lockhart has retired, but Ald. Stackhouse and Messrs. Wright, Baxter and Davis, are in hot pursuit of the electors, all being tolerably sure of success. Mr. Wright has the advantage of being a professional canvasser, having had most valuable experience as a life insurance agent. The others have the advantage of having been over the ground in previous contests, and of knowing how the people voted the last time.

On the east side new men are slow in coming to the front. So far, there seems a prospect of a triangular contest in King's ward, with R. O'Brien as the new candidate. In Prince, A. H. Bell is to the front, and so are Alds. Nickerson and McKelvey. The latter is somewhat incensed at the opinion of PROGRESS that "there are a good many intelligent electors in Prince ward, but most of them seem to be away on their vacation at election times."

There will not be a new council for next year, save in the contemplation of the law. There will be only a few fresh patches on the old garment, which may or may not improve its appearance.

Thursday's session was marked by a vast amount of talk about this and that thing on which this or that member had failed to inform himself before coming to the meeting. The aldermen mean well, no doubt, but it gets a little tiresome when half an hour is taken up because this man or that wholly misunderstands the purport of some simple matter upon which a committee has reported. Then, too, there is a great deal of time taken up in arguments which must come up before committees and can do no possible good at the board.

Ald. McCarthy seems to be the watch dog of the council in detecting constitutional points which others are apt to overlook. On Thursday, for instance, an apparently innocent bill was read providing for the construction of winter roads in Stanley ward and the marking out of the ice on the river. Ald. McCarthy thought he saw a chance for a good deal of trouble to the city in case the bill became law, as to the municipal jurisdiction over the Kennebecasis. Ald. Kelly explained that the bushing was intended to apply to the lakes in Stanley ward, but as the bill distinctly said the "river" the matter was sent back to be reconsidered in the light of the recorder's opinion. The information that Stanley ward had lakes which needed winter roads rushed out on them was a genuine piece of news to the board.

Thursday was St. Patrick's day, and there was a long discussion on a recommendation that \$100 be paid to Patrick Gleason for extra services in connection with the Lancaster lands. This was one of the things which some of the members failed to grasp the idea of, and the consequence was a long and tiresome wrangling, which might have been avoided by a very little inquiry at the outset. Mr. Gleason will get the money.

The West side members had the floor a good deal of the time, which prompted Ald. Connor to suggest that they wanted to despatch all the public business without leaving anything for the future. The memorial from the West End better terms delegation was a sensible presentation of the case. Little time was taken up with it, but there was enough without it.

The most interesting event was the presentation of Ald. Baskin's harbor commission resolution. It did not appear to have many supporters outside of the mover and seconder, and the former, having had several verbal encounters with the mayor on points of order, did not seem as cheerful as he might have been. His worship called him to order several times, but he submitted that he knew just as much about order as his worship did. Just as he was rising to put his resolution, Ald. Barnes jumped up and gave notice of a resurrection of the Rodney wharf scheme, amid a general ripple of laughter. Ald. Baskin really had the floor, but the mayor happened to see the alderman for King's first, perhaps because he was nearer and bigger than the alderman from Guy's.

Ald. McCarthy defied all precedent by reading a speech against harbor commission, but it was both an able and witty document, and the board appeared to appreciate it. Then Ald. Allen put a resolution which was intended to bring the matter to a popular vote again. In the end, after a good deal of sensible talk, Ald. Baskin's resolution was withdrawn and Ald. Allen's—to have the whole subject reconsidered by a committee—was passed.

"What do you think of our bear garden?" asked one of the aldermen after the board adjourned. He was wrong. It is not nearly so bad as that. As compared with some old time councils, it is a very orderly body, but there might be a good deal less time wasted in needless discussion.

BEQUEATHED BY THOMAS CHUBB.
The Home for Aged Females the Residuary Legatee under the Will.

The Home for Aged Females has had a legacy left to it, amounting to at least \$9,000 and probably more. Just what the sum is cannot be known definitely until further information is had in regard to some of the securities of which the estate consists.

The will donating this generous gift was proved in St. John on April 6th, 1891, but singular to say, no mention of the matter has been made by the daily papers, and the directorate of the Home appear to have been equally reticent about it. When PROGRESS asked the secretary about it, the other day, he appeared to think it was a matter on which he was not at liberty to talk without consulting the board, and intimated that it would be advisable to have no mention made of it just yet, until there was a more accurate knowledge of just what the amount would be. The will is on record, however, and as a good many people feel an interest in the Home, it is quite time for facts to be given.

The donor was the late Thomas Chubb, brother of G. J. Chubb, and son of the late Henry Chubb. He died in New York about a year ago. His will, dated April 1st, 1890, begins as follows:

The last will and testament of Thomas Chubb, born in St. John, N. B., 1826. I, Thomas Chubb, retired publisher and stationer, at present residing at No. 33 East 10th street, in the city of New York, being of sound mind, do make this my last will and testament, all others being destroyed.

First—If I should suddenly pass away, I desire that my body be placed in an air-tight coffin with glass lid, and conveyed to the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick, in Canada, there to be buried beside that of my mother in our family burial lot in our rural cemetery; and being a master mason, formerly of Union Lodge, of Portland, in New Brunswick, I desire the services of freemasons generally, wherever I may be, to see that my desire is carried out.

Then follow the private bequests: To G. J. Chubb, \$2,000; to G. J. Chubb, in trust, \$1,000, to be divided equally among the sons and daughters, if any, of his cousin, James Watson, deceased, formerly of Fredericton; to his cousin, George S. White, of Boston, \$500; to the children of his last named cousin, Lizzie Partelow, \$100; Hannah Lugin, \$100, George William \$100, Ida Jane \$100, William Henry \$100, Nathan Alexander \$100; to his cousin, Fred A. Lugin, \$2,000 and two valises and contents; to his cousin Elizabeth Lugin, \$1,000; to Simeon Phillips, \$500.

The last clause of the will reads: Lastly, after the payment of burial expenses, legacies and just debts, which cannot possibly be more than \$50, it is my will and wish and I do hereby devise and bequeath the remainder of my real and personal estate in trust to the trustees of the home for aged people now established in the city of St. John, called I believe the "Home for Aged Women," toward the support of that institution, and for this purpose and for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this will, I do hereby appoint, without requiring bonds, Edward Sears, Jr., of St. John, N. B., to be the executor of this my last will and testament.

Admitting the estimate of the last bequest to be something over \$9,000, the total value of the estate will be less than was generally supposed.

Mr. Chubb was a man of singularly quiet life. He was a thorough printer, and was with Chubb & Co. until the suspension of the old *Courier* in 1865, after which he went to the United States. He was unfortunate in some of his publishing ventures, and lost a good deal of the money he originally possessed as an heir of the Henry Chubb estate. His death, as may be remembered, was very sudden, he expiring in his room while in the act of brushing his hair. The remains were brought to St. John and interred as he had requested.

Another New Store.

Mill street is fast becoming a business centre. A few years ago one side of the street monopolized all the trade, but lately new buildings have been erected, and the stores in them give promise of being "lucky." One of the newest comers is W. H. McNis who has opened a tailoring establishment in the Segee building. He has a new stock, the latest styles and good workmen, and business is brisk.

Indications of a Contest.

Is there to be any opposition to the present aldermen in your ward?" was asked of a voter this week. "I have not heard the names of any new candidates," was the reply, "but there must be a prospect of a contest. I saw Ald. — at our church last Sunday, and it is the first time he has been there for a year."

Keeping Up With the Times.

Hallett's shoe store, King street, will hardly be recognized by its patrons when the changes contemplated are finished. The counter will be dispensed with, which will give more room, while much more will be done to make the store convenient and attractive.

Continued on Fourth Page.