

HE IS A KEEN DETECTIVE.

YET SOMETHING HAPPENED HE DID NOT EXPECT.

The Merits of Chief Clerk Extolled by Men He Has Promoted—The Men Tell How Efficient They Are and the Chief Tells What He is Like.

It was the fate of Columbus to discover a new world and to die as an illustration of man's ingratitude to man. So often in history does one read of great men whose names have not been recognized until after they are dead, that it is refreshing to read of a modern instance where talent has been recognized at the outset and has received its fitting reward.

Chief of Police Clarke has been presented with a gold headed cane and a gold pin with diamond setting. Also with an address.

Considering that a while ago there were grave doubts as to whether the chief would not wake up some fine morning and find himself a private citizen, the announcement of such a fact might give the public a shock of surprise were no further explanation made. Why should the citizens so suddenly recognize his merit and overwhelm him with marks of their favor? What had he accomplished that they should so richly reward him for his service? Why is this thus?

Softly, friend, the citizens who howled at the chief, have nothing to do with the case. It was the police did it, and in doing it, they gave a fresh proof of their efficiency and skill. They took the chief by surprise, something that nobody unacquainted with the subtle methods of modern detectives would undertake to do. They decided that the presentation should be kept a secret, and they succeeded. The argus eye of the great detective failed to pierce the mystery of their deed until the surprise came with a sharp, steely ring.

The chief took it like a man. He did not say that he knew all about it beforehand, and had been keeping his eye on it until the right moment came to act. He admitted that he was ignorant, which was a very remarkable admission indeed for him to make, and he summed it up in the expressive words, "This is very unexpected."

It is no reflection upon his astuteness that it happened. They took advantage of his absence from the city, and it is no wonder that the chief did not get on to the gait of his trusty captains, detective and men.

The address refers to the cordial relations existing between the chief and his men and his solicitude for their welfare, they might have added, by giving Capt. Rawlings the grand high bounce of the 99th and last degree of exhausted patience. It further speaks of his display of energy, firmness and detective, as well as executive, ability possessed only by the few.

It was a great thing that John Ring, one of the committee should admit that anybody outside of himself, from Halifax to Ottawa, should have any detective ability. He did it and it was very decent of him. Good for you Jack.

Let them should be thought too modest, however, they asserted that they felt justified in saying that the force under the chief had "attained a degree of efficiency which in its usefulness gives a service to the city that should inspire a feeling of safety and security. The chief in reply said the force under his direction was efficient, and that he prided himself in always being successful in managing men (barring Rawlings of course) and always retaining their good will and friendship (barring Rawlings, the Weatherheads, Wood and others, this time.) Then he said some other pleasant things, and wiped his brow with the confidence that he had given himself and the men quite as much as they had given themselves and him.

There are some things he omitted to say. If the men made him the presentation because he bounced Rawlings, he should have admitted that he did not do so until PROGRESS, backed by public opinion, forced him to do so in justice to himself. In so doing it proved a better friend to him than he wanted to be to himself. He might have added, too, that it is largely due to the probe and lance of PROGRESS he has reached a point where it is not necessary to weary the public week after week by dwelling on his deficiencies.

For the chief has been doing remarkably well of late, and especially so since he was freed from the incubus of a tyrannizing subordinate. So long as he continues to do so PROGRESS will be his friend. It has nothing against William Walker Clark, but the chief of a department, police or fire, has duties and responsibilities which no honest newspaper will knowingly permit him to neglect or abuse.

Swing your cane, chief, and sport your diamond. You and the men have had a nose-rubbing that pleases you, and does not hurt the public. But don't run away with the idea that you are Inspector Byrnes, Cyrus Small or any other of the notables whom you may have seen or heard about. Nor do you flatter yourself that your force

is the most efficient this side of Boston. It has some good men on it, and some who are not so good. It is only this week that a story was brought to PROGRESS in regard to one of the men on whom you are said to rely, which shows that your force is far from perfect. It is with the hope that the men will do better in future that PROGRESS does not give the name, time and place, which can be proven by witnesses. The man is probably a good officer and is usually sober. He will probably be still more so when he learns that PROGRESS "has him on the list." So far he has done no more than some higher in authority have done, and like them he ought to be given a chance. There are other points that might be taken in regard to some of the allegations in the address, but as you are doing well, chief, nobody will try to discourage you. Only, don't get inflated until you have done something more than the public can see you have done, the words of the address to the contrary notwithstanding.

CHIEF KERR'S BRIGHT IDEA.

He Wakes Up the Town When He Wants to See the Firemen.

When an alarm from Box 25 was rung in on Tuesday night, people did not know whether to get out and get or not. Box 25 is on Number One engine house, and there was a suspicion that Chief Kerr was simply working out some bright idea, as he had done in the morning at Number Two engine house.

It began to snow Monday night, and there was sleighing Tuesday morning. There was also a fair sized blizzard. The telephones were in working order, however, and it would not have been difficult to have brought every member of the department to a given point without the general public being the wiser. The chief had a bright idea, however. Winter had come, and it was time to put the runners under some of the apparatus. In order to get the men together for the purpose, the chief, late in the morning, caused Box 2 to be pulled.

Every bell in the city spoke out, while the man at the ferry house dutifully responded and told the people around Prince William street the news that there was a fire in the centre of the city. People ran, in the face of the snow and the wind, and a good many timid people were alarmed. It was a fearful day for a fire, and everybody realized the fact. So firemen, salvage corps men and citizens ran like mad in the direction of the court house.

When they got there, out of breath, and found out how they had been fooled, some of them would have been happy to pitch the chief into a snowbank.

It may have been a bright idea, chief, but it would be just as well not to try it again.

Equalled the New York Style.

A New York stranger was sitting one morning this week in a shaving saloon on King street, and as the skillful tonsorial artist snipped the scissors over his shaggy head he made many inquiries concerning the barbers of the big American town, and finally told the stranger a story showing how a customer of his, who had been in New York and gone to a barber's saloon for a shave, had taken everything that they wanted to give him and paid seventy-five cents instead of ten cents as he intended. It took him some time to tell the story and when he had finished he had not only cut the hair of the stranger, but shampooed, shaved him and fixed him up in his best style, and the check he presented him with when he left the chair was quite as large in proportion as his friend had received in New York. He had reached the New Yorker quite as effectually as his customer had been reached in New York, though, no doubt he gave him good value for his money.

Put Out the Sand.

In old times, an hour or so after a snow-storm the police used to go round to householders, who had neglected to clean off their sidewalks and admonish them to perform that duty. Nowadays, they are not so particular, and people wait for the corporation scrapers to come around. Snow, however, is more inconvenient than dangerous to the traveller. The danger is in the icy sidewalks, such as there have been of late. Sand is put on sometimes, but at more times it is not. Why a great and steep thoroughfare like King street should be made the sliding ground of hoodlums to the risk and annoyance of everybody else is not quite clear. Put out the sand as soon as the ice comes, even if it does interfere with the recreations of joyous but utterly reckless youths.

In the Ranks, and Likes It.

Captain Frink's retirement from the command of the Salvage corps, did not mean his retirement from the ranks. He is still a member and runs to the fire with as much zeal as he ever did. He was at Reed's Point when Chief Kerr invited the firemen to Box 2, on Tuesday morning. He made good time to the spot, but it is doubtful if he was more than half pleased when he got there.

HE POSED AS A MARTYR.

AND WAS REWARDED BY HAVING TO REMAIN AT HOYT.

Mr. Zebedee R. Everitt Has an Interesting Experience on the Canadian Pacific Railway—He Says Van Horn is a Bluffer—The Results.

Hoyt Station as a summer resort is restful and soothing. As a winter resort Hoyt Station is not a marked success.

Such at least is the freely expressed opinion of Mr. Zebedee R. Everitt, of Fredericton, and Mr. Everitt ought to know. Mr. Everitt spent the whole of Monday afternoon last at Hoyt Station.

Mr. Zebedee R. Everitt did not journey to Hoyt in search of his health, for Mr. Everitt's health was not mislaid. Nor did he come to Hoyt as a missionary unto the froward and unrepentant Uncle Ned. Not at all. The particular role in which Mr. Everitt appeared at Hoyt Station on Monday last was that of a martyr—the victim of monopolistic greed. The fact is that Mr. Zebedee R. Everitt had been "fired" off the train because he wouldn't pay his fare.

Mr. Everitt left Fredericton on the 11 o'clock train. As the train rolled out of the station, Mr. Everitt revealed himself in his true character as a martyr at once. He quietly settled back in his seat, tied his legs up in a knot, folded his martyr robe about him and calmly awaited the future.

Conductor Hagerman asked Mr. Everitt for his fare. Mr. Everitt tendered a special, limited excursion ticket that had expired a natural death on the 4th instant. Conductor Hagerman refused to accept it. Mr. Everitt said that Van Horn was a "bluffer." Finally Conductor Hagerman paid the fare himself, and gave Mr. Everitt a chromo in the shape of a coupon that entitled Mr. Everitt to collect ten cents at any ticket office of the C. P. R. Mr. Everitt about this time had a vague feeling that Conductor Hagerman was going into the martyr business, too.

When Mr. Zebedee R. Everitt boarded the express at the Junction he repeated his statement that Van Horn was a "bluffer." He likewise remarked that the C. P. R. was a Grinding Monopoly, a Vampire on the body politic, an Octopus and a Leach! Whereupon Mr. Everitt again settled down in his seat, coiled his legs in a double and twisted knot, gathered in his martyr robe and serenely awaited the future.

He didn't have long to wait. The future revealed itself in the person of Conductor Guilloyle. When Conductor Guilloyle said "fare please," Mr. Everitt fixed his gaze pensively on the roof of the car. When Conductor Guilloyle repeated his demand, Mr. Everitt took another hitch in the martyr robe and remarked that he didn't propose to pay any fare. He said that on the 26th ult. he had bought a ticket from Montreal to St. John; that he had only used it as far as Fredericton Junction; that the porter of the sleeping car had taken it up and refused or neglected to return it. He now claimed the right to proceed to St. John de novo.

"Have you anything to show for it?" asked Conductor Guilloyle.

Mr. Everitt produced a letter from Mr. W. H. Thorne, who had been a fellow passenger on the 26th. Mr. Thorne's statement was a carefully guarded one. He agreed with Mr. Everitt on the facts of the case, but ruled against him on points of law. Conductor Guilloyle declined to receive the letter, or even to punch it. He informed Mr. Everitt that if he did not pay his fare, he would be under the painful necessity of removing him from the train at the next station. Then the conductor passed along.

Mr. Everitt reiterated his statement that Van Horn was a "bluffer." He further stated that the C. P. R. was a soul-less Corporation, an Octopus, a vampire and a bo-constructor! Then he coiled his limbs together, adjusted the martyr robe and calmly awaited the future.

This time the future showed up in large gold letters on a dark blue ground. Its maiden name was Hoyt. Conductor Guilloyle requested Mr. Everitt to disembark. Mr. Everitt refused to do so.

Then a totally new idea dawned upon Conductor Guilloyle. He seized Mr. Everitt by the slack of the martyr robe and likewise the fulness thereof, He unlimbered the sinewy limbs. He boosted Mr. Everitt gently but firmly from the seat. He propelled Mr. Everitt down the straight and narrow aisle and out the door. He steered Mr. Everitt down the icy steps. Then he sang out "All aboard." But he didn't mean Mr. Everitt.

As the train pulled out some of the passengers took a farewell look from the rear of the car. Mr. Everitt was reclining peacefully on the soft side of a deal bench in the station-house.

He had coiled his nether limbs together, taken a reef in the martyr robe and was calmly awaiting the future. BILLDAD.

Very Considerate Indeed.

The severe character of the weather has probably had the effect of making kind-hearted people more than ever considerate of others, that they may not suffer by needless exposure to the elements. With this

idea, possibly, the following advertisement was inserted in Monday's Globe:

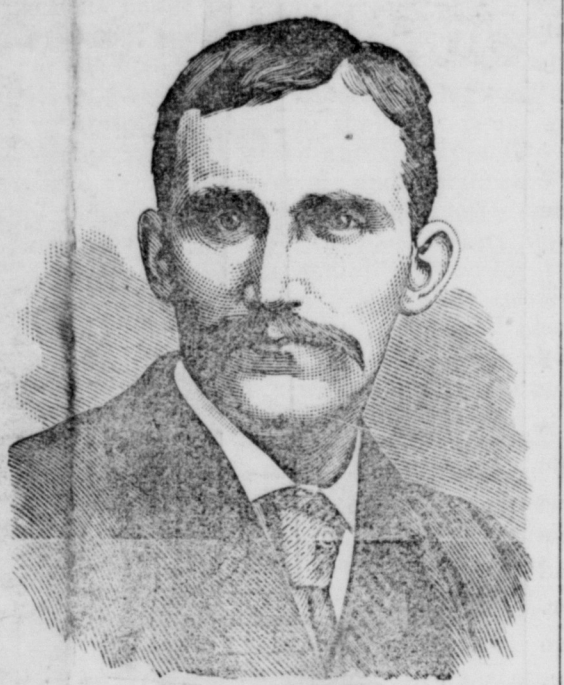
BOY WANTED—About 14 years of age, to hold a horse and do other light work about a house. One who lives near Duke's Ward preferred. Inquire at—GERMAIN STREET.

The chance of holding a horse about a house is a soft winter job for any smart boy, whether a live horse or a clothes horse is in the question. The job must have been snapped at, for the ad. was given only one insertion.

THEY KNOW HOW TO SKATE.

Portraits of Two of the Men of Whom the Whole Continent is Talking.

The skating contest at Minneapolis is engaging the attention of the people of two continents. PROGRESS gives herewith the portraits of two skaters whose names have been in everybody's mouth of late and in



F. C. BREEN.

whom the province people feel more than a passing interest.

The first of these is Fred C. Breen, now 25 years old with a weight of 150 pounds, and a record supposed to be 2.49, with pos-



JOE DONOGHUE.

sibilities unknown. Odds are now given on him at the contest in Minneapolis.

The second is Joe Donoghue, the world famous amateur who is credited with a private trial of 2.48 which equals Hagen's best mile performance. He has so far been considered well nigh invincible.

THE TIME WAS NOT LONG.

Yet an Innocent Man Was Kept in a State of Fearful Suspense.

W. F. Danaher, who died rather suddenly the first of this week of congestion, was perhaps one of the best known "sports" in the city. At one time he was a successful saloon and restaurant keeper and made money rapidly. The writer remembers an incident in which Danaher thought himself placed in a peculiarly trying position. He had been to the States for a trip and one of the lady passengers on the steamer by which he returned, fell overboard and was drowned. There was not much doubt but that the act was intentional, and as Danaher was standing close by the rail when the woman fell overboard he was summoned as a witness at the coroner's inquest which was held almost immediately after the arrival of the boat at this port. There were only a few present including the jury, reporters and the coroner, in the saloon of the steamer, and Danaher stood there as pale as marble telling what he knew about the accident. It did not take the jury long to return a verdict in accordance with the facts which, to the surprise of all present, was greeted by Danaher with the greatest joy imaginable. Strangely enough he had imagined that he was under arrest for throwing the woman overboard, and although he knew he was innocent, the hour or two of suspense and anxiety were just as actual to him as if he had really been accused. In his excitement and pleasure at learning that such was not the case he drew out an immense roll of money from his pocket and throwing it on the table declared that he would have given ten times that amount five minutes before he was known as much as he did now.

He Gets a Pension.

Professor Henderson, the well known barber who met with an accident on the street cars which necessitated the amputation of his leg on Sunday last, is a pensioner of the United States Government and receives \$12 a month as regularly as they come round. He was employed in the navy during the civil war.

AFTER CHRISTMAS DAY.

HOW A BANK MANAGER IMPROVED THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

The Great Moral Lesson Taught by a Halifax Bank—It Conceals an Assignment for Eighteen Months and then Pounces Suddenly on Its Victim.

The question of business morality is to the front in Halifax. The papers are not discussing it, but the people are, and they are not slow to express their opinion in the matter.

The banks are the guardians of commercial morality, in Halifax as elsewhere. They are very virtuous. Indeed, according to a recent correspondent of one of the papers the manager of one of these institutions gave his views before the board of trade, last winter that "any business man who failed in business, and then compromised with his creditors, stole the amount from them."

One of the leading banks, which has a very high standard of morality indeed, is the Bank of British North America, A. E. Ellis, manager. Mr. Ellis bears a character as begets his responsible station, and it is a logical inference that he has a good conscience. He probably ate his Christmas dinner with a feeling of thankfulness that he was not as some other men—distillers, for instance. This dinner seems to have set him thinking about distillers in general, and the firm of A. M. McDougall & Son in particular. Accordingly at the earliest possible moment, to wit, on the 27th of December, he jumped on the firm with both feet.

Just here a little bit of history is necessary to a clear understanding of the case. A. McDougall & Son are a firm of 25 years' standing as wholesale liquor dealers and distillers. They are well off, and even at this day show assets of a dollar and a half to a dollar of liabilities, though in property on which they cannot immediately realize. A few years ago, the Dominion government, at the instigation of the large distilleries at Ottawa, passed an order in council that all rye whiskey be kept two years in warehouse for maturing purposes. One of the laudable designs of this seems to have been to kill off any maritime province rival.

The order was a disagreeable surprise to McDougall and Son, and it put them to their trumps. They sought aid from the Bank of British North America. Such aid not proving sufficient they gave the Bank an assignment of all "book debts and other debts and sums of money, whether in or in connection with such business or otherwise," then due, owing or accruing, or which should afterwards become so. This was in July, 1891.

This assignment was not put on record by the Bank, but for eighteen months Mr. McDougall's credit held good, they doing a business of more than \$200,000 a year with a high standing on the books of Dun, Wiman & Co. It was a false credit, but the public did not know that, and were in a position to be inveigled to any extent. The first intimation the world had of such a state of things was after Mr. Ellis, having digested his Christmas dinner, inserted a notice of assignment of debts in the Halifax papers.

The Christmas season is the time when firms like McDougall's expect the best business of the year to come. In this instance the sheriff walked in and took possession.

The whole transaction, from the 31st day of July, 1891 to the 27th day of December, 1892 is a graphic illustration of how the Banks sometimes try to elevate the standard of commercial morality.

It is understood now that Manager Ellis does not feel so comfortable now as he did after he had eaten his Christmas dinner. There are pictures drawn by novelists of how in Merrie England, at this festive season, is brought forth the rare old wine which has not seen the light of day for years. In the present instance the manager celebrated the day by bringing forth a bill of sale which had been hidden for eighteen months, to illustrate the idea of what constitutes commercial morality.

CIVIC EXTRAVAGANCE IN HALIFAX.

The Taxes are Going Up While the Sewers are Going Down.

HALIFAX, Dec 11.—A mayor and six aldermen have to be elected here this Spring. It seems almost certain that Mayor Keele will not get the usual complimentary second term. Alexander Stephen will be a candidate, and if a successful business career and long experience at the council board go for anything, Ald. Stephen's chances ought to be good for the mayoralty.

Ald. Pickering also has aspirations for the mayor's chair, but whether this will be a good year for Mr. Pickering to run, remains to be seen. It was generally believed that Mr. Pickering wanted to run last year, but he was persuaded by Mr. Keele not to do so, but to support him (Keele) instead, and in return Mr. Keele would retire this year and let the head of the fire department have a chance.

It is understood that Alderman Dennis

will not be a candidate for aldermanic honors this coming year.

The civic debt has reached such an enormous amount that a great many people are wondering what is to become of the business community, especially as the council seem inclined to continue their extravagance. Of course the people in trade suffer the most by the heavy taxation, as they are taxed for all the stock they carry, while there are hundreds of men who earn large salaries who are not taxed one cent on their incomes, there being no income tax levied.

Then again tax exemptions are in vogue to an enormous degree in Halifax. Such buildings as the Halifax and City clubs, Academy of music, Orpheus hall, St. Mary's hall, St. Patrick's hall, Masonic hall, Temperance Hall, Old Fellows' hall and many others are exempt from taxation, and why it should be so, does not seem clear to the average citizen who has to pay taxes for something he has no interest in.

The tax rate this year will be 1.62 as against 1.49 last year, but in the face of this the board of works are going on building sewers at this time of the year when they have the report of the city engineer in front of them, stating that it costs double as much to build sewers in the winter as it does in the summer, and not nearly as good a job can be done in frosty weather.

Does it occur to anyone that the aldermen who compose the board of works, will be seeking re-election next Spring and that it is votes they are looking for and not the interests of the city.

CAN YOU WRITE POETRY?

"Progress" Will Give Its Readers a Chance to See What They Can Do.

While some of the big magazines can afford to pay fabulous sums for the offerings of famous poets, the newspaper or even the weekly literary paper is in a very different position, and rarely looks upon verse as a commodity of commercial value. It may be worth money, but it does not pay to expend money for it. Even if paid for at ordinary space rates, the amount the writer would get would be ridiculously small as compared with the value of the verse, if it was worth anything at all.

PROGRESS, from the first, has been glad to get really good verse, and a search through its files will show some of the most choice original verse that has been published in this part of the world in recent years. Anxious to encourage the production of really good verse, it now proposes to offer a slight reward, open to all its readers.

For the next three months, as an experiment, it will give the sum of five dollars each month to the author of the best original poem published in PROGRESS during that month. This sum may be much less than the poem will be worth, but it may be looked upon as an honorarium given in recognition of talent. The judges will be gentlemen and ladies of recognized literary ability, who are in every way qualified to judge of the merits of the verses submitted.

The offer dates from the present time, the remainder of January and all of February being counted as one month. It is advisable that the poems should be as short as is consistent with the expression of thoughts. It need not be said that all verse contributed will not necessarily be published, but every contribution will be subject to editorial discrimination as usual.

PROGRESS hopes to hear from some of the future great poets of Canada, before the spring is over.

Go It a Little Slower.

There is no reason why the law should permit fast driving on the streets in the winter any more than it allows it in the summer. The temptation to drive fast is greater, but the public safety ought to be considered, within the bounds of the city at least. As it is now, the pedestrian crossing a street has to keep his eyes open in every direction lest one or two speeders come around a corner in racing time and knock him down. With ladies and elderly persons the risk is very serious indeed, and the reckless driver is as apt to come upon these as upon the agile jumper. One or two cases reported at the police office might have a good effect.

Not Forgotten at Christmas.

The daily papers have failed to mention one Christmas presentation to a prominent official. Magistrate, Thomas A. Peters of Hampton, was the recipient of a parcel sent by express from St. John, on which he cheerfully paid 25 cents. On opening the package he found two goose wings, not mates, but each from the same side of the birds which had worn them. This is supposed to be suggestive of his one-sided justice. The gift was accompanied by an address. As goose wings are worth five cents each, Mr. Peters may find some consolation in the fact that he is only fifteen cents out of pocket by his Christmas box.

PROGRESS is for sale in Boston at "Ki g's Cha" News St. ad.,—Corner of School and Tremont streets.