

PROGRESS.

VOL. V., NO. 253.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ONLY ONE CENT A TRIP.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO MAKE THE CARLETON PEOPLE HAPPY.

The New Ticket System Goes into effect on the Ferry—Citizens Who Are Known by Numbers—Admiral Glasgow's New Functions—Chances for Hitches.

The West End people have got their monthly tickets at last, and still they are not happy. Least of all is Admiral Glasgow delighted with his new functions as general passenger and ticket agent of the line of steamers plying across the harbor.

The new system went into operation on Wednesday, and the tickets arrived at the chamberlain's office that morning, where the numbers were checked and the system studied out by the Chairman, Admiral Glasgow, Aids Smith, McLaughlan and others, the discussion being enlivened by various speculations as to what was going to happen, and what not to happen after the system was adopted.

The Admiral has been strongly of the opinion that it is nonsense to pay him a salary of \$800 a year if he is to be kept in his office to sell tickets. He thinks a ticket agency should be established at the chamberlain's office. He was quite convinced of the fact after the sale of the tickets began.

By the new system, the invention of Mr. Lawson, of the Globe job office, each set of tickets is numbered, and every man who buys a bunch has his number registered, and henceforth becomes No. 850 or whatever it may be, for the future. When his bunch of 50 is used up he can get another, or he can buy as many bunches as he pleases at one time, but the number is never changed. The collector in the toll houses has a list of names and numbers, and when a ticket is presented by any other than the person to whom the number is allotted he may refuse to accept it and demand fare. The tickets for one month are not good for another month, so that if a man neglects to use up his supply he is "stuck" for whatever he has on hand.

The number allotted to a man thus becomes the permanent property of its possessor, and he can have it marked on a badge or on his clothes as a means of identification in case he loses himself or gets lost on his travels. A telephone message to the ferry collector will always establish the identity of any regular patron of the line. Each bunch of tickets costs 50 cents, making the fare one cent a trip to regular customers. Anybody can buy a bunch and be registered, but it is no object for the citizen to do so unless he has to make the round trip more than a dozen times in the course of a month.

Something more than 300 names have been registered so far. Most of the buyers invested only to the extent of one bunch and in only two or three instances did anybody venture to the extent of three bunches. Ald. Baxter was one who did so, as he has to cross five or six times every day. Ald. Davis, on the contrary was, at last accounts, showing a reckless prodigality by paying his fare at the regular rate of two cents a trip.

As there is nothing to compel a man to buy more than one bunch at a time, or to buy at any special time in the month, it will be seen there is an evident presumption that the superintendent or a deputy is supposed to be in his office every day to attend to possible customers, as the man at the turnstile has nothing whatever to do with the sale of tickets. That is why the Admiral thinks there should be an agency at the chamberlain's office.

Each ticket states plainly that it cannot be used except by the person to whom it is issued. On the first day of the change a collector found two tickets bearing the same number had been presented on one trip. A reference to the list showed that the number was that of a St. John plumber, who had probably supposed that he could supply his workmen with tickets when they had a job to do across the harbor.

Just here is where there is always a possibility of a hitch. Supposing a ticket is presented by a man to whom it is not issued, what is the collector to do about it? Refuse to accept it and make the man pay fare, is the answer. That is a very good theory if the collector can put it into practice, but when a man slaps down a ticket and begins to argue the point, and a crowd behind is clamoring to get through to catch the boat, the execution of the task is not so easy. As nobody can picture just what would happen if Mayor Peters should sometime carry out his terrible threat of leaving the chair at a session of the council, so nobody knows just what would be the result if the ferry collector tried to collect two cents from a man who insisted on his right to give a ticket, while a dozen impatient citizens were pushing behind him.

It is reported that one Carleton man was so apprehensive that he would have to pay two cents to come to the city on Wednesday, where the regulations would permit him to go for one cent, that he expended four cents in a special trip to the east side on Tuesday afternoon in order to buy a bunch of tickets at the reduced rate.

As a whole, so far, the ticket system

seems to be working well, but like everything else that has been tried by the committee its value can best be shown after it has been fairly tested.

A NEW THEORY.

Editor Stewart Champions Crisp and Thinks Little of Dr. Gardner.

A new champion has been discovered for Rev. Mr. Crisp in the editor of the Chatham World, who takes PROGRESS to task for the manner in which it treated the affair. One would almost think to read the World's version that Mr. Crisp knew little or nothing of Mr. Currie's visit to Scotchtown. In his opinion the evidence against Crisp was of such a flimsy nature that "a cat couldn't be condemned, in a court of law, on evidence so flimsy, on a charge of lapping cream."

"The two persons who voted guilty must have had their minds made up before they began the investigation at all," says the World, and it continues:

"There was not a tittle of evidence, other than Mr. Currie's baldheaded assertion, that Mr. Crisp had been a party to any conspiracy against Mr. Currie, or had done anything to prejudice Mr. Currie in any way, and all the members of the committee were forced to say not guilty on that count."

"Nobody who is conversant with the facts, and believes it more likely for a girl to lie than for the laws of Nature to stretch the truth abnormally, believes that either of the accused gentlemen is the father of the child. Dr. Gardner, who was on the scene all the time, who was in the girl's confidence seven months before she became a mother, who wrote accusing letters to others, and who has made affidavits which conflict with each other and with known facts, is much more likely to be the author of all the trouble."

This is certainly a new theory that Mr. Stewart has advanced and one not supported by any fact other than that he was in Scotchtown spending the summer. Not a few people will, however, agree with the statement that both Currie and Crisp are not guilty of the gravest charge against them, but at the same time there seems to be a consensus of opinion that neither of the gentlemen seemed to have a proper appreciation of the relations between a pastor and the more attractive members of his congregation. Flippancy and geniality are not always taken so seriously, but considered in connection with youth and beauty they have worked a world of mischief with Currie and Crisp.

Racing for Fun and Glory.

The races on the ice at Moosepoint came off Tuesday with beautiful weather and a good crowd to help them along. There were five starters in each class and the fun was plenty for a time. The horses that would have made an interesting race in the "green" class owned by Messrs. Fitzpatrick, McAvinn and Berry, were barred and Johnnie Dick had nothing to bother him. He trotted in 3.15, 3.12 and 3.08, and will now, no doubt, be ready to defend his place against other green horses on ice or turf. Lady D. owned by Mr. Coles and driven by W. McEvoy, won the last class without much difficulty. She showed both speed and endurance and trotted very level. The best time was 2.52. Bad send offs were the order of the day. Several of the judge's decisions might have been disputed, such as giving a horse which ran under the wire a place, but perhaps the size of the purse and the spirit of the races, which were more for fun than cash, prevented them splitting hairs. The success of the winter meeting encouraged the report that there were to be more races today, the particulars of which have not arrived at this writing.

Will Exemplify the Chapter Degrees.

Royal Arch Masons in all parts of the jurisdiction will be interested to learn that the date for the exemplification of the capitol degrees has been definitely fixed for Wednesday the 22nd instant. The G. H. P. T. Nisbet Robertson has taken charge of the arrangements, at the request of the ritual committee, and has appointed the officers for the occasion. The work will be divided between the High Priests of the three city chapters, assisted by an efficient staff of officers, and it is believed the work will be presented in strict conformity with the ritual. In order to suit the convenience of visitors from other places, all the degrees will be worked on the date named, beginning at half-past two in the afternoon. Supper will be served in the Masonic building, so that as little time as possible will be lost. The occasion cannot fail to be pleasant and profitable to all who feel an interest in capitol masonry.

Who Is the Lucky Poet?

The name of the winner of the five dollar prize for the best original verse published in PROGRESS during February, will be announced next week, no decision having yet been reached. In the meantime the indications are good for an abundant supply of poems for March.

IT IS STILL A MYSTERY.

NOBODY KNOWS WHAT HAS BECOME OF MONCTON'S MISSING MAN.

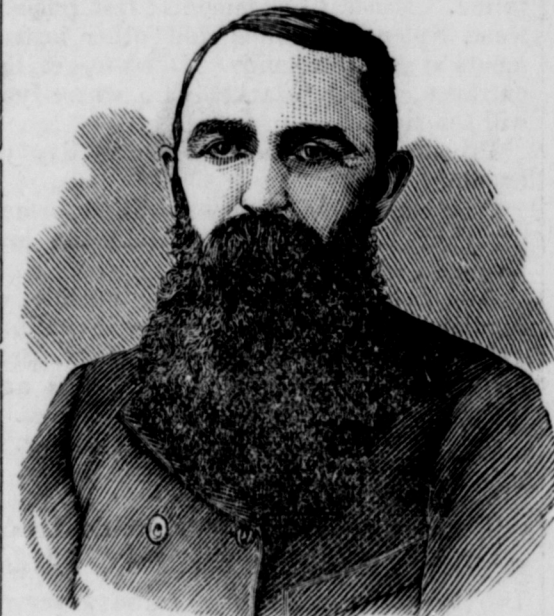
Seven Months Have Passed Since the Mayor of the City Disappeared—An Extraordinary Case—Some Possibilities—A Queer State of Apathy in Moncton.

What has become of John McC. Snow? If he is alive, where is he?

How has he evaded the search of his friends for more than seven months, and that in all that time not even the slightest clue has been had as to his whereabouts? If he is dead, how, when and where did he come to his death? Did he take his life or was he murdered? In either case what was the impelling motive?

These are the vital questions which pertain to the mystery surrounding the disappearance of one of the leading citizens of Moncton, one who held the highest position in the gift of his fellow citizens, the office of mayor. A man well known and popular with his fellows, one with many warm, personal friends, disappeared in a day as completely as if the earth or the ocean had swallowed him. Since that morning in July when he was seen on the station platform at Hampton, not a trace of his presence in the world has been found. His friends believe him to be dead.

There is much that gives a color to their belief. It is true that at the time of his disappearance Snow was in financial difficulties, but he had friends who would have



JOHN MCC. SNOW.

helped him out, and he knew it. He had availed himself of the assistance of some of them in the making of negotiable paper in the past, and he must have known that they or others would be willing to see him out of a tight place at any time. He was a man who commanded the confidence of others, and no one doubted his honor in matters of business. Even supposing that he was unwilling to ask or unable to procure the accommodation he desired, and that he felt that he could not remain and face unfulfilled obligations, it seems inconsistent with the character of the man that he should abandon wife, home and friends, and leave them in utter ignorance of whether he was alive or dead. He was kind-hearted and considerate of others. His friends claim that he would be one of the last of men to act in a manner so cruel to those who were connected with him by the ties of family or friendship. What, then, became of him?

Supposing he could so act, that his nature could be so changed by sudden insanity for instance, it is very easy to understand how he could get out of the country. While Snow was well known in Westmorland and other eastern counties of this province, he was but little known in St. John. It would have been quite possible for him to pass through this city and reach Boston or New York without encountering a person who knew him by sight. When he first disappeared PROGRESS made enquiries about him at the leading hotels of St. John, only to find that he was not known at any of them, nor did officer Stevens who knows most of the people who travel to and from this city on the Intercolonial know what kind of a looking man J. McC. Snow was, until he was shown a photograph. Then he recognized the face, but said he had not seen that man in St. John during the week he disappeared from Moncton.

Yet as PROGRESS stated at the time, Snow was in St. John that week, though it is claimed that the time when he was seen in Hampton was on the day following that on which he was seen here.

If he could thus come and go from St. John almost unnoticed, he could easily go to the United States. Did he do so? At the time of his disappearance PROGRESS endeavored to procure his photograph for publication. It did not succeed, because such a course was opposed by those most immediately concerned in his fate. This circumstance gave color to the theory that less anxiety was felt by his friends than the public supposed, and so the matter was dropped.

This was a great mistake on the part of Mr. Snow's friends. Supposing him to be living, had his picture been published at the time it is possible that among the thousands of readers of PROGRESS some one or more would have had the memory of the face fresh in their minds, and a trace of him could have been had. It was a striking face, but no verbal description could con-

vey the character of it as well as a portrait could. But the opportunity was lost, and there is but faint hope that the circulation of the picture at this late day will be of any avail.

Unless Mr. Snow was murdered and his remains most effectually concealed, or unless he changed his whole nature and determined to hide himself, it is difficult to imagine what became of him. There appears to be only one of two alternatives—there was the purpose of concealment either on his part or on the part of others. Had any accident befallen him, or had he even been found demented in a strange city, he was a man who usually carried numbers of papers by which a clue to his identity would have been obtained. Yet where he was known, there seems no motive for murder. He was not a man who had enemies, nor was he one who would be supposed to carry large sums of money. And in an ordinary murder, the murderer gets away as soon as possible, without stopping to bury the remains of his victim. If Snow had been killed in the vicinity of Hampton or St. John, by some desperado who wanted money, it is more than likely that some trace of the crime would have been found ere this.

The most extraordinary feature of the affair is the apathy shown by the citizens of Moncton. Their mayor disappeared, and after waiting until there was no probability of his returning, another man was put in his place. That seems practically nearly all that was done, except by the Oddfellows who caused several hundred photographs to be sent to lodges in the United States. This was well enough, as far as it went, but unless Snow was provided with a "travelling card" he could not visit an Oddfellows lodge outside of this jurisdiction, and it is not probable he had such a card. If he had, there was no need of sending his picture, for the card would show his name and mother lodge.

It may be that photographs were sent to the police officials of some cities, and it was rumored that skilled detectives had the matter in hand in Boston. This seems very unlikely, for it is a remarkable fact that the chief of police of St. John, the city in which Snow was last seen alive, have not only no photograph of him, but has not even been communicated with on the subject.

From time to time, this man or that among the leading citizens of Moncton has said to his neighbor that something ought to be done to solve the mystery, but apparently nothing with any system about it has been done. More than seven months have passed since Snow disappeared, and no one can conjecture what has become of him.

Perhaps it is too late to look for him now, and perhaps it is not.

LETANG CITIZENS ARE MAD.

And They Do Not Think St. Andrews the Best Winter Port.

A St. George Correspondent writes that Caleb Stuart of Owen Head paid that village a flying visit the other day. He said the St. Andrews' bay has been frozen over three times this winter, so that his son skated from Clark's Point to the Widow's Cove (St. Andrews) nine miles of the bay. The funny man's winter port, according to this story, is funny indeed, says the correspondent. Much displeasure has been expressed by the people living near Letang harbor, at the stand taken by Hon. A. H. Gillmor in advocating St. Andrews as a winter port, when within seven miles of his home lies the finest natural harbor in the world.

Do You Wear a Badge?

The plan of the Dominion Identification Company—composed of Messrs. W. G. Scovill and A. H. Beal, of this city—is set forth on the ninth page of PROGRESS this week. For uniqueness and completeness it will bear comparison with any recent idea. To be able, living or dead, to prove that a man is John Smith and not John Brown, has advantages which are freely set forth there. The identity badge is sure to become a fad, and a useful one at that. The explanation of the plan is interesting reading, and its advantages are explained there, far more fully than it is possible to do here.

To Know How and When.

It is a good advertiser who is clever enough to take advantage of incidents of daily life and turn them to good account in pushing business. This was done by Daniel Robertson this week when a runaway team broke a plate glass window for them. The hundreds of people who looked at the broken plate saw also a printed placard stating that everything was all right inside—prices included.

Will Know Their Fate Soon.

Next Friday is fixed as the date for finding out whether C. B. Welton and Dr. Randall will join Rev. Sydney Welton in the blessings of freedom, or go to Dorchester under a five years' sentence. They will probably welcome a decision of any kind after the suspense in which they have been kept as jail prisoners all winter.

IT SHOULD BE SETTLED.

THE PUBLIC HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF THE STEVENS-NASE CASE.

Both Parties Claim to be in Search of Justice in the Courts—They May Not Be Happy If They Get It—The Sooty Pot that Smirches All Concerned.

Despite of the occasional rumors that the case of Nase against Stevens is about to be settled, nothing in the nature of a settlement has been approached. The suit has been begun, and in the ordinary course of events will be entered for trial at the May circuit. It does not follow that the case will come to trial then, for it may stand over until the August or November sittings of the court in this city. When a plaintiff is not anxious to have a suit tried it is possible to have it stand over for two or three years. The names of some cases on the dockets of the past have become veritable chestnuts.

It is true that under certain conditions the defendant can take the lead and give notice of trial, but whether either plaintiff or defendant is anxious to have this case tried is another question. Mr. Nase can, however, keep Mr. Stevens in suspense, and thus interfere with any arrangements Mr. Stevens might otherwise make for a residence far removed from the scene of his trouble. Mr. Stevens is reported to have declared to some of his friends that he intended to remain here and "live it down," while to others he has stated his desire to go away. Many of those who see his position more clearly than he may be able to realize it counsel the latter course.

It is rumored that in event of the Nase suit being pressed, Mr. Stevens will assume the aggressive and enter a criminal prosecution against Mr. Nase on one or both of the charges perjury and blackmail for which it is alleged he believes Nase has made himself liable. Should this course be taken, the criminal suit would be disposed of before the civil action. Were there ground on which, in the judgement of a grand jury, an indictment would lie, the issue would be merely as to whether the act charged against Nase were committed, and the famous letters would probably have nothing to do with the case.

They would be an important feature of the civil suit, on the part of the plaintiff, however, while the previous record of Mrs. Nase would be investigated on the part of the defendant. Whatever the verdict might be, both parties would be likely to suffer under the fires of cross-examination.

In the interests of both parties, as well as in the interests of public morals, the matter should be kept out of the courts. It is a bad business—a sooty pot which is bound to besmirch all who meddle with it. Both parties ought to recognize this fact and come to a settlement of some kind.

PASTOR WELTON IN LUCK.

He Gets a Well Filled Purse and a First Class Certificate of Character.

Rev. Sydney Welton has decided to depart hence and reside in Sussex, and his friends have presented him with an address and purse of money. It is possible he needs the former more than the latter, for a snug legacy has recently come into his family. The address tells the beloved pastor, in effect, that he is a gentleman and a scholar, if not a martyr, and one section of it reads as follows:

"It would have been highly gratifying could you have continued your pastorate among us for many years yet to come, preaching the grand old gospel, as you delighted to do, so well suited to encourage and edify those that believe, as well as lead the unsaved to Christ; and now that our paths are so soon to diverge, and we are to be separated, we wish to assure you of the exalted place you occupy in our esteem as a Christian minister and brother; and moreover tell you that our best wishes and prayers will follow you, that the success that constitutes the joy and crown of those that preach the word of salvation may in a large measure be yours wheresoever Providence may direct you."

The hymn of "Blest Be the Tie that Binds" was sung as part of the proceedings. Rev. Sydney appears to be in great luck, but what about the unfortunate Cephas B. and Dr. Randall?

Some Changes For the Better.

PROGRESS has been making some changes again in order to attain more room in its mechanical department. The editions printed since the first of the year have showed beyond a doubt that in order to do satisfactory work in the mailing department Friday afternoons, that there must be more room. Huge bundles of papers waiting for the mail were in the way of the mailing staff and the partition which enclosed the editorial sanctum prevented any more space being allotted to the mailers without tearing it down. This was done this week and the entire lower floor of what at one time was editorial, business office, stock press and mailing rooms is now thrown into one large press and mailing room. It is 90 feet long and the flood of light from the front plate glass window makes it one of

the pleasantest press rooms it would be possible to have. The editorial rooms have been moved up-stairs, where away from the noise and bustle incident to its former location, the occupants will be free from the interruption of sound and certainly effectually hidden from entertaining callers who always made life pleasant for them at the hours of going to press.

THAT LUCKY BAKER.

He Had a Soft Snap, Though Not at the Big Salary Reported.

PROGRESS is informed that the baker instructor at the Dorchester penitentiary, who was referred to in last week's issue, did get the figures mentioned, but that the punctuation work was in the wrong place in the Sun's statement. It should have been after the figure "8," so that the figures would read \$378.54 instead of \$37,854. A point is a small thing, but it makes a world of difference sometimes.

It seems, however, that the baker is a lucky man in other ways. A reader of PROGRESS sends a communication in which he says that though he did not get the remarkable salary quoted he has had a soft snap. The last baker, a St. John man, died about two years ago and from that time up to last autumn the baker shop was presided over by one of the convicts, who performed that duty very satisfactorily and, in fact, is still doing so. The office of instructor was left unfilled till last November when the authorities came to the conclusion it was too good a position to have vacant. The present incumbent, to the surprise of the other men, was then appointed, and the appointment dated back to the day of his entering on duty as guard, so that if he did not get the fabulous sum reported in the Sun, he still got considerably more than in strict justice he was entitled to. His qualifications for the position may be briefly summed up as follows:—he comes from the North Shore; he is married to the Deputy-Warden's niece; he goes regularly on Sunday to the Warden's church, instead of loafing at the corner; and lastly, in the days of his youth he held the ribbons on a baker's wagon for six months. He is quite able to fill the position though—as long as that convict holds out—who, if he lives the length of his time, may find time to instruct the instructor.

Older men on the force, quite as capable of filling the position, may think they have a grievance, but if they do, they very wisely keep their thoughts to themselves.

Mr. Vaughan is not satisfied.

Since PROGRESS of last Saturday, Mr. Lorenzo Vaughan has been busy writing letters to the daily newspapers, terming the paragraph concerning his connection with the demurrage of the "Harry Bailey" "a fabricated statement." The matter is still before the Equity court so far as the costs are concerned, and when it is out of it PROGRESS will show to the satisfaction of Mr. Vaughan that its statement was not untrue in any particular, but simply incomplete, since the publication of the whole truth regarding the affair would have reflected far less credit on Mr. Vaughan.

Candidates Are Holding Back.

No new aspirants for aldermanic honors are to the front this week, or if they have they had not made themselves public. It may be that the possibility of a new law in regard to the abolition of ward elections is having its influence. Should such a law be passed it goes without saying that a good many chances of defeat would be added to the prospects of some candidates who would be safe enough in a ward contest.

Return of an Old Soldier.

According to the Moncton correspondent of the Sun, the people of Fox Creek are welcoming the return of one Amos LeBlanc after a very long absence. "When Mr. LeBlanc left here the American revolutionary war was still an exciting question," says the despatch; and as the war in question ended considerably more than a hundred years ago, the returned traveller must be a fine specimen of a centenarian.

Will Be More on the Move.

PROGRESS' Halifax representative will, in future, be more through the province of Nova Scotia than he has been, attending to the interests of the paper in the different towns. When our regular representative is absent from Halifax, Mr. A. M. Hoare, manager Knowles' book store, will attend to the business of PROGRESS Branch, with power to make contracts, receive orders and sign receipts.

They Are Leaving Him Alone.

Though the appeal of Mr. John V. Ellis to the supreme court of Canada has been dismissed, and he stands convicted of contempt, nothing dreadful has yet happened to him. It is generally felt that the judges feel a little uncomfortable over the matter, knowing as they do that should they imprison Mr. Ellis they would make him about the most popular man in this part of Canada.

Away Ahead of Time.

Calais, Me., has a daily paper now, the "St. Croix News," which seems to aim not only to keep up with the times but to get ahead of them. Its issue of last Tuesday was dated February 29.