

PROGRESS.

Works May 94

VOL. VI., NO. 296.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HE HIT THE SECRETARY.

WOLFVILLE RESIDENTS INDULGE IN A QUARREL.

Carried to the Police Court—Complimentary Words Exchanged—Where the Directors Came in—Medical Testimony Called—The Curse of the Company.

HALIFAX, Dec. 28.—It was an interesting trial which took place in the police court the other day, and it showed only too plainly that the management of the Wolfville Fruit and Land Company must be anything but a happy family. The company is all right and its prospects are good, if those in charge of it can get on together amicably, and instead of fighting each other, combine their energies to push business and meet competition. The company has a subscribed capital of some \$40,000 and its object is to make money by the cultivation and sale of fruit, and by the sale of land properties in its control at Wolfville. The company was promoted and originated by W. C. Archibald, who had previously, in connection with other enterprises, made a fortune of a small orchard at Wolfville. His success induced him to aim higher, and he organized a company to carry on business on a larger scale. Dr. G. E. DeWitt, then of Halifax, was interested in the company by Archibald to a considerable extent. Dr. DeWitt is a man of some means. A couple of years ago, he abandoned this city and settled in Wolfville. There he took an increased interest in the affairs of the Wolfville Fruit and Land Company, and became its president.

Before long there arose friction between the secretary and managing director, who was W. C. Archibald, and the president. If both men had been Dr. DeWitt's in character and disposition, this friction would have been only what was expected, but one of them, being of so apparently an easy-going disposition, so mild-mannered a man as Archibald was supposed to be, such a thing as open warfare was not anticipated. Appearances were deceptive, and fierce and bitter conflict ensued. DeWitt and Archibald armed themselves to the teeth against each other. They do not seem to have been able to get along except at sword's points. Each had his own policy, and each was determined to follow it regardless of the others' wishes. Trivial matters, as well as great, roused their ire.

The ill-feeling between them culminated in the police court a few days ago. A meeting of the directors of the company had just been held in this city in the office of one of the board, Dr. DeWitt was in the chair, and, besides Archibald, there were present others of the company. Old feuds between president and secretary were being aired. DeWitt charged Archibald with carelessness, or something worse, in allowing cattle on the lands of the company, so that the company's trees had been seriously injured, though Archibald had taken good care, so it is alleged, to protect his own private trees. They were nicely fenced in from the bark-destroying cattle which roamed over the company's grounds. More of the same kind of thing was charged by president DeWitt against Managing Director Archibald. It was too much, even for Archibald's urbanity, if indeed, he is an urbane man, and the secretary shouted out:

"You are a liar," and "you are the curse of the company."

President DeWitt, more than once, during his residence in Halifax, showed himself able to use his fists, as I health Inspector Meagher will remember quite vividly, when the doctor was on the board of health. When Archibald, at this meeting, thus gave the president his opinion of him in such plain and emphatic English, Dr. DeWitt's face turned as white as his shirt front. He jumped from his chair, and bounded over toward Archibald. Fists were clinched and eyes ablaze. The other directors, saw what was coming, and they rushed between the men. DeWitt made two or three vigorous lunges at poor Archibald, who was only saved from licking the dust by the timely interposition of the directors. And Dr. DeWitt really got in a blow on Archibald's head, will forever remain a matter of doubt and dispute. One thing is certain, DeWitt would have quickly "done up" the company's secretary if Archibald had been the only force to consider.

No sooner was the meeting over, and it soon ended, than Archibald ran over to the police court, where he swore out a warrant for DeWitt's arrest, charging him with assault and battery. Blue-coated policemen soon found DeWitt; he was arrested and taken to the police station. He was not locked up, for bonds were given, and the prisoner was released to appear in court and stand trial. Not a word was said of it outside, and before the public knew anything of the affair the trial was begun and was over. W. B. Ross, Q. C., prosecuted and C. H. Smith defended.

Archibald swore that DeWitt had struck him on the head, and he produced the other directors to testify to the violence of the assault. But these men could not go further than tell how they saw DeWitt rush at Archibald. They could not swear they

saw the doctor's fist and the secretary's head in contact. Archibald went so far as to produce the wound on his head. Dr. McKay was called in to examine the alleged damage. He, too, was at fault, for he could not say whether the indistinct discoloration was caused by a blow from the hand—the doctor's hand—or whether it might not have been made by too rashly dressing the hair with a sharp comb. The counsel for the defence insinuated that the wound might have been caused by the plaintiff running his head against the wall. Many a wordy battle had Dr. McKay and Dr. DeWitt engaged in at the board of health when both were members, a couple of years ago; they were sure to take opposite sides then. That made it interesting to spectators now, as McKay, with microscopic minuteness, examined the mark that appeared on Archibald's head. The testimony would have great weight with the court, and in view of the non-committal testimony of the directors might mean either the infliction of a \$50 fine or a discharge, for DeWitt. McKay was undecided what might have caused the mark he found on Archibald's skull.

What could the magistrate do? Archibald had called DeWitt a "liar" and "a curse to the company," and all that was proved to His Honor's satisfaction was that DeWitt had got white in the face; that his eyes had flashed, that he had run toward Archibald, and that the other directors had kept the two men apart, as well as they could. So Stipendiary Motton, for once in recent months acted promptly, and dismissed the case. "Not forever" as it would have been in Scotland, but "don't do it again."

Archibald and DeWitt will have the privilege of each paying his own costs of the trial, and the question is: Who got most satisfaction out of the whole affair—the passionate doctor and president, or the mild-mannered managing director? It is to be desired, from the ill-success of the first attempt, that neither Archibald nor DeWitt will try it again. Some good will result if the cows are kept confined near Wolfville and the hope is expressed that the Wolfville Fruit and Land Company will inaugurate an era of peace within its directorate, that prosperity may continue on its estates.

Judge Palmer and His Honor.

When the Attorney General made a few remarks in the Equity Court room Tuesday in regard to the presence of Stenographer Fry at Calais to hear the evidence of John C. Brown, he found Judge Palmer in a curious mood. He hates to lose his reporter even for a day, and objects repeatedly to his presence at any other court. Judge Tuck had appointed Mr. Fry to hear the evidence of Brown at Calais this week, and this would necessitate his absence from the equity court, where the Bradshaw case was going on. This the attorney-general desired to intimate to Judge Palmer, but he was interrupted in the usual style of the judge to the effect that Mr. Fry could not go. "But your honor" said Mr. Blair, "Judge Tuck has appointed his commissioners to take the evidence and made the order." "I don't care. He can't go" growled the judge. "What were you saying Mr. —" turning to the lawyer who had been arguing in the Bradshaw case. But, the newspapers stated that Mr. Fry went to Calais just the same.

Their Little Plot Failed.

There was one feature of the presentation of a turkey to John McCarty by the barrowmen at the Custom house that exemplifies the old saying, "An Irishman is very difficult to beat." As all are already familiar with the presentation and the very complimentary address that accompanied it, it is not necessary to detail them. The intention of the givers was to steal the turkey from Mr. McCarty and give it to another barrowman; then to tell McCarty that the barrowman had stolen it. It was expected that there would have followed a rich scene but it was badly frustrated as McCarty, no sooner heard the address finished than he hastened home with the turkey.

Plenty of Work Yet.

The tax reduction association scheme, as passed by the legislature at its last session, has been proclaimed and becomes law after the first of February. This will be ample time for the association to make its candidates acquainted with the people, or rather the people acquainted with the candidates. The less of that there is to do the better. The new year should see the work begun, however, if the programme laid out is to be carried into effect.

Affidavits Can Be Bought.

Perhaps the most startling development in the Shatford case—or what should be the most startling—was made at the last hearing when it was found that the affidavits of some of those who made statements that blasted characters, and then denied them, were purchased. The fact that this can be done places every person in the community at the mercy of those who have no respect for an oath.

WEARY OF HER SAD LIFE.

MRS. THOMAS GASS ENDS IT IN A SUDDEN WAY.

A Letter and a Revolver Found Along Side of Her—A Life of Happiness and Misery—Some Facts that are Interesting and Have Not Been Told.

As a PROGRESS representative walked down King street Tuesday morning, the first greeting that met him was, "Mrs. Tom Gass shot herself this morning."

A moment later the report was contradicted. Both of them came from the house where Mrs. Gass lived, and it was quite evident that something was wrong, and an attempt was being made to keep it quiet.

The first report proved too true. The bright little woman, who was known in the days of her girlhood as Jennie Whitley, and later, as Mrs. "Tom" Gass had indeed ended her life, and passed away from her worries, her trials and tribulations in an instant. She had ended her own life with a bullet from a .32 calibre revolver,—apparently planned it in a short time on the evening of Christmas day, taken leave of her bright and winsome children, arrayed herself in her white dressing robes, and hastened to another world.

Beside her on the carpet was a letter, an envelope and a revolver. The letter was from her husband who was in Boston. It was dated a few days before Christmas and must have reached her about the preceding Wednesday. Before giving an idea of its contents—which must in a great measure clear up many of the surmises and careless statements that have been made since the sad event—a brief glance may be taken at the life of the woman who at 30 years found the burden of it too heavy for her to bear.

Before Miss Jennie Whitley met Tom Gass she had a number of young men of her acquaintance who would have gladly become more than a friend to her. Offers of marriage were not wanting but the bright and winsome girl who pleased by her manner and charmed and attracted, both men and women, was careless of all attention given her until she met Gass—a good hearted fellow with too much money to spend. He lacked the sterling qualities of character of many others who sought her acquaintance but it was not long before he and Miss Whitley were "engaged."

Even at that time Gass was a wild, careless fellow. He drank too much and too steadily to make any girl happy as his wife, and so the friends of Jennie Whitley thought. At their solicitation and with the hope that it might arouse him, the engagement was broken. Presumably this had the desired effect, for it was renewed. But Gass' reformation was not permanent, and twice afterwards the same thing occurred before they were married.

It was not long after this event before the shipping property of the Wright estate that yielded Gass at one time the handsome income of \$7,000 a year, began to prove unremunerative, and he and his wife were actually in want. This sobered Gass more than anything else, and all the man that was in him came to the front. He had fitted himself for nothing, and in order to do something, he accepted a job at \$3 a week in the paint shop of the Harris car works. He worked there for some time, and before he left was earning \$4 a week. Then suddenly shipping came up again, and with it Gass' income returned. He dropped the paint brush and looked around for a house that would suit his altered circumstances. The Park's cottage on Mount Pleasant was in the market, and he rented it, furnished it comfortably, had it painted and decorated at much expense, and began to live his life again. He had learned nothing from the past. Economy was not in his dictionary, and he spent every cent of his income. The Park's cottage failed to suit him it seems and he moved to Princess street.

But shipping dropped again and again, Gass found his income leaving him. He and his wife boarded instead of keeping house and finally when a year ago Gass found it too hard to get work in this city, where he was so well known he went to Boston and left his wife and two children in the care of her stepfather, Mr. Chas. G. Turnbull.

A dependent life is not a happy one under any circumstances, and Mrs. Gass found it so. Her income—that which had been made over to her in charge of trustees—C. A. Stockton and C. G. Turnbull—was only about \$200 a year, which did not bear much comparison to that she had been used to.

Gass seemed to get along fairly well in Boston until this fall, when, in common with many hundreds and thousands he lost his situation, and began to hunt around for enough to do to keep body and soul together. Of this he wrote nothing to his wife,—in fact, after a visit of hers to Boston in the summer, the correspondence between them appears to have been irregular—but he did give Mr. C. A. Stockton, who was acting as trustee, some idea of how hard he found it to get along. After receiving one of these letters early this month, Mr. Stockton thought it only right

to tell Mrs. Gass the true state of things, as far as her husband was concerned, and the information came to her with a crushing blow. Naturally of a bright temperament, she was subject to melancholy spells, when life did not appear worth living to her—as she expressed it—and hearing such news as this from her husband, had the effect of making her far more despondent than usual.

She wrote to her husband at once, and it is evident from the reply, told him that she knew that he was idle and hard pushed to get along. This is the reply she received a few days before Christmas, and which was found beside the lounge on which she lay dead:

"Thanks for your kind letter: it was so entirely unexpected. I am sorry Mr. Stockton told you the state of affairs as you would never have known from me. I am rather surprised at his doing so. I have had rather a tough experience for quite a time, but have survived notwithstanding the hard work. Often I have dined off a five cent loaf and enjoyed it immensely too. One can suit his appetite to the size of his purse, unpleasant as it may be. When I was in funds I laid a supply of Armour's corned beef in for the week, and that with bread and a drink of water was not bad. I have, in three weeks, made \$10 so you can get some idea of the way things are.

It was not so much the above that moved me as the thought that you did not care, and no doubt thought I was enjoying myself here. I do not lay it to you yourself but to some outside influence as I would not ever believe you to neglect writing me at last about the children if left to your own good feelings. I am very sorry you ever found this out, as I think you know me well enough to know that I am not one to cry baby to you, and wish I had never written to C. A., but I was when I wrote in a very bitter mood, and somehow I could not help it.

Please do not worry as the worst is over. I am used to it. I am so glad the children are so well, and you yourself, how are you? I send you a Christmas paper, could not help sending you it, so do not imagine me extravagant.

I was going to send Vera a coat but got out of work for two weeks and could not. Kiss the children for me, and tell little Vera that I hope to see her some time."

There may not, in the light of the above, be so much reason for surprise why Mrs. Gass committed her rash act. The effect of such a note upon a nervous moody temperament can only be imagined.

In spite of the fact that she was surrounded by her friends on Christmas day and evening it almost appears that she thought out this plan while they were with her for no sooner had Mr. Keltie Jones, the last one to leave, departed, than she prepared for the end.

Mr. Jones says she was despondent and moody, when talking with him, and complained of a pain about her heart. He called there between nine and ten o'clock, and remained for two hours. This fact, and the circumstances that Mrs. Gass was an attractive lady, whose husband was absent, has caused a good deal of talk, but the explanation has been so frank and straightforward, that even the most censorious can only question the propriety of visits at such an hour, and under the existing circumstances. The penalty of Platonic affection is sometimes more severe than is necessary.

Mr. Gass arrived in the city Thursday afternoon, and the funeral was delayed until yesterday on that account. He did not give conclusive evidence to his friends that he had left his old ways altogether, and mingled too freely outside to awaken much sympathy for him.

Presents That are Worth Something.

The newspapers with more or less fidelity have spoken of the Christmas presents and boxes, incident to the season. Some of them have not forgotten to mention their own which after all is perhaps a useful paragraph since it tends to disabuse the public mind of the idea, created by the worn out jokes of ancient humorists, that the main efforts of editors and publishers are to print all the scandals they can obtain and scurry after the Saturday pay roll. But there were a few notable remembrances at this holiday season one of which is worth noting since it amounted to some thousands of dollars. It came from the head of a household who presented each of his children and there are some seven or eight sons and daughters with \$1000 in cash and a further gift of the household expenses for the year.

A Seasonable Joke.

A prominent member of the C. M. B. A. of this city was the recipient of a novel Christmas card this year. It came from a friend in Halifax, who evidently originated what was a clever and appreciated joke. The card was a folder on the face of which was drawn with more or less artistic ability a cork-screw and a cork. On the inside were the words "I'm not much of an artist but I can draw a cork with you any day."

"GOING TO ROME, GO IT."

MR. FARMER SAYS THIS OF ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.

Because There was a Cross in the Simple Christmas Decorations—A Difference of Opinion Among the Congregation Over a Trivial Matter.

There was a little surprise in store for the congregation of St. Luke's church on Christmas morning, when vestryman R. Farmer walked slowly up the aisle with his eyes fixed on the decoration about the chancel. He was evidently so intent on what he was about to do or say that he forgot his usual custom of taking off his hat before he entered the church. He stopped in the aisle just before the decorations, and looking for a moment at the simple cross that formed part of them, exclaimed "You are going to Rome. Go it." Then remembering that he was in the church he removed his hat and walked slowly down the aisle to the entrance and went out. While doing so, however, he met his daughter, another member of the congregation, and forbade her from worshipping in the church.

Mr. Farmer should have been in the best of humor that morning but it appears he was not. The night before he appeared before the gentlemen who were purposing to decorate the church. It was after the service and the choir had remained to go over some of their Christmas music. The decorations which were very simple had been completed by Mr. Wallace and other members of the congregation and were all ready to be put in their place. It was necessary to nail two small cleats on the floor to hold them in position and Mr. Wallace had just completed tacking one of them down when Mr. Farmer appeared. He did not look pleased and said:

"My house shall be called a house of prayer, but you have made it a carpenter shop."

Mr. Wallace replied that so far as his memory served him the quotation was incorrect, and remarked that it was a shame to misquote scripture in that fashion. Mr. Farmer said no more but went out, and about 2:30 o'clock Christmas morning the volunteer corps of decorators completed their work and left.

The decorations were of the simplest character. Back of the chancel was a retable, with two panels in white surrounded by a green edge. On these panels were the emblems of Alpha and Omega and Chi in autumn leaves. The centre was in scarlet with a simple cross in the centre. In front of the chancel was a rood screen of spruce, with the usual appropriate text.

St. Luke's church is perhaps the "lowest" church in the city but in spite of that fact the congregation have never up to this time objected to the cross being shown—the cross which is one of the emblems of their religion. In fact the church is of Gothic style of architecture and there are crosses on the windows. But it won't do to have a cross among the Christmas decorations according to the views of a number of the congregation.

The rector sees no harm in it and it so happens, that he is a past master of an orange lodge.

Many members of the church are taking sides in the matter and those disposed to get along quietly are concerned unless the matter goes to such bounds that it will make trouble. One of the members who is opposed to the "cross business" says that if it is there next Sunday he will tear it down. It is to be hoped that he will change his mind before tomorrow.

Mr. Farmer, who made the first objection, is opposed to modern church ideas. When a short time ago there was confirmation in the church and the candidates came marching in from the school-room with the bishop and the rector singing the hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers," he termed it a "processional" and entered his objection to it.

When the singing of the "Te Deum" was first introduced into the church, he objected to it, and it is said, left the church for a time. Better counsels prevailed and he returned again. His ideas are so strict that they have come in conflict again and again with those of other members of the church. He acts, however, from his standpoint of right, and this entitles his views to greater respect than they would have otherwise.

THEY SPREAD THEIR DOCTRINES.

The Seventh Day Advents are Working the Province.

A new sect of Christians, or perhaps it will be better to designate it as a religious denomination, has during the past year appeared in St. John, with the intention of making a lodgement therein. This sect is the so-called Seventh Day Baptists, or Tunkers.

Their peculiar belief is that Saturday is the "Sabbath" set apart as the seventh day to be hallowed. There is latitude in this province for all so-called christians to carry on their worship, no one daring to molest them.

It will be remembered that last summer these people held meetings here in a tent.

They had a good attendance, and as they had some very clever speakers they did not fail to convince several that the Sabbath day that we observe is not the divinely appointed Sabbath.

One evening a penitent appeared in their tent and asked what he should do to be saved. This was a poser, as those in charge of the meeting were only supposed to deal with that one point, the Saturday-Sunday.

A lady member of the F. C. baptist church rose, and in no mincing terms denounced the adventists as impostors. Why do you not tell that seeking man what he wants to know? she said; your discussions as to Sunday do not help him any. Your religion does not go far enough.

Just at present this city is being worked by agents selling books dealing with the question of Seventh Day observance.

One of these agents called on Rev. G. W. McDonald and endeavored to sell him a copy. Mr. McDonald refused, but told the agent to bring him a book when he was delivering as he would like to look over it and if it suited him he would buy.

Imagine Mr. McDonald's surprise when a reverend brother told him that the agent had called upon him and as he (McDonald) had subscribed for the book he had also ordered a copy. Mr. McDonald told his friend that he had not so subscribed. The other replied that the agent had shown him his name in the subscription book.

In due course the agent presented himself at Mr. McDonald's and showed him the book to get his criticism of it and then Mr. McDonald asked him about the use he had made of his name. The agent cried and prayed over it and of course the reverend gentleman forgave him.

This is one sample of the way in which they are spreading their doctrines. The province is full of their agents. Every city, town and village will be worked this winter. Last year parties of their agents went down the Miramichi, selling a book at almost every house. The plan they followed was to learn at one house the religious persuasion of the next neighbor and then when they entered his home they would represent their books as Methodist, baptist, presbyterian, etc. This plan they followed all over Northumberland and Gloucester counties and though they often met with trouble yet they generally sold their books which seemed to be the important point aimed at.

The Seventh Day Advents hold some peculiar views. They were founded in 1708, at Schwarzenau, Germany, by Alexander Mack and several others, who they said, without any knowledge of the existence of other baptists, were led to the rejection of paedobaptism. They got the name Tunker or Dunker (from the German, tunken, to dip) as a nickname distinguishing them from the Mennonites. They are also called Tumblers from their mode of baptism which is by putting the person while kneeling head first under water.

They anoint the sick with oil for recovery, and use trine immersion with laying on of hands and prayer, even while the person baptized is in the water. They celebrate the Lord's Supper with accompanying usages of love feasts, the washing of feet, the kiss of charity and the right hand of fellowship.

While the present sect may differ in some degree in the church ritual from these just described, yet most of their tenets are identical.

If their creed is worthy of belief and they can show to their own satisfaction that Saturday is Sunday, there is surely no necessity of their having to deceive the people whom they approach, as to their practices, or as to the books they offer for sale. The names of some of these agents can be given, but for the present they are withheld.

The Bishop on Christmas Day Amusements.

Bishop Sweeney touches upon local topics not infrequently in his addresses from the pulpit and when he does so, he rarely fails to say something that remains in the minds of his congregation and has much effect with them. Last Sunday he dwelt for a few moments upon the growing practice of making Christmas day more of a holiday than a holiday, more of a day of amusement than it should be. He spoke of the tendency—the growing tendency—to have theatrical performances upon that day and expressed his disapproval of the practice of attending such performances.

A Banner Year in Business.

Messrs Macaulay Bros. & Co. make the announcement in their usual space in this paper, of interest to all house and hotel keepers. As they are determined to make their Linen and Cotton department a leading one, no doubt that they will give buyers every advantage of careful buying in the best markets. This is their 20th. year in business and it will be for them a banner year.

A Happy 1894.

To-morrow is the last '93. May 1894 be the brightest and happiest in the lives of all who read this.