

PROGRESS.

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IS HE THE SAME MAN?

THE STORY OF A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER AND HIS DEEDS.

There was a Rev. Alexander Anderson Watson in Carleton, and there is one in Denver—If they are not identical the coincidence is very remarkable.

“What has become of the Rev. Alexander A. Watson?” is a question that has occasionally been asked of members of the Carleton presbyterian church, without getting more definite information than that after he left Carleton he “went west,” and nothing has since been heard from him.

Rev. Alexander Anderson Watson supplied the pulpit of the Carleton church in the interregnum between Rev. Wm. Stewart and Rev. Godfrey Shore, about three years ago. He was a Scotchman, about 33 or 35 years old, but came to Carleton from some other part of Canada. He was believed to be a duly ordained minister, but he had evidently had a hard struggle with adversity and was in poor financial circumstances. He remained in Carleton some months, hoping to be called to the permanent pastorate of the church, and he made an effort to secure a position as missionary at Pisarisco, but failing to get what he wanted, he betook himself to fresh fields and pastures new in the United States. So far as is known the officials of the Carleton church have heard nothing of his good or bad luck in the new land of his adoption.

Mr. Watson did not suit the Carleton people. Apart from the fact that he showed little of erudition or brilliancy, they had doubts as to his moral standing. It may be that they judged him wrongfully, but there was a good deal of “talk” of one kind and another and he was viewed with more or less suspicion by some of the women of the congregation, while the venerable elders shook their heads, and said Mr. Watson might be a very good man, but ministers were only human like themselves. No charge was made against him, and there was no definite scandal. It was simply the aggregation of a rumor here and a rumor there that caused the cloud of doubt to rest upon him and obscure his career as a minister to the congregation of the church upon the hill. He was soon forgotten after he left, for Rev. Godfrey Shore arrived on the scene and gave the people enough to think about when he undertook to manage matters.

When Mr. Watson came to Carleton there was a belief among some of the people that he was an unmarried man. It is not known that he encouraged this belief, that some of the women were amazed and indignant to learn later that he had a wife, though just where he had left her did not appear. She did not materialize during his sojourn in Carleton, and he is said to have assured some of the young ladies that while it was true he had a wife in Scotland, it was his intention to get a divorce from her as soon as possible.

When Mr. Watson first reached Carleton, he had a young lady as a companion on his journey, but nothing was urged against him on this account, and so far as is known his conduct in regard to her was perfectly proper. It was, however, soon learned that he was a “ladies’ man,” and the Carleton elders were warned to enquire into his record before they engaged him. They did not do so, however, but they declined to make him their pastor.

“What is the reason I cannot suit the Carleton church?” he asked a prominent official of the presbytery.

“Well, Mr. Watson, I don’t know whether it is because you are too fond of the ladies, or that they are too fond of you,” was the reply.

In November last, PROGRESS happened to notice in a United States paper an account of the downfall of a Rev. Alexander A. Watson, in Denver, Colorado. The account described the man as a presbyterian clergyman who had come from the east. It proceeded to detail that while in Denver he was so poorly paid that he was in a state of chronic hunger and likewise developed a thirst. Charged with immoral conduct, his case was considered by the Denver presbytery and the following resolution was adopted by that body:

Whereas the Rev. Alexander A. Watson, upon his own confession, is guilty of unministerial and immoral conduct as charged, he is hereby suspended from the office of the Gospel ministry and from church privileges, with the understanding that unless at the expiration of one year he gives satisfactory evidence of repentance and reformation, he shall be deemed excommunicated without further trial.

The unfortunate minister made a statement in which he attributed his downfall to hunger, due to the miserable pittance paid him by his congregation. Then he made the following remarkable declaration:

Time sped on, and my exchequer became low. I became so much reduced that I was almost destitute. Oftentimes I knew not where I should find anything to eat and was glad to be fed by one or another of my present accusers. Some days I had scarcely anything to eat.

After reading this pitiful story PROGRESS felt a good deal of sympathy with the man who seemed so down on his luck, and preserved the information for future reference. It was by this means sure that the Alexander A. Watson of Denver was the Alexander A. Watson who had been in Carleton. Had the Denver story given a full name the identity would have been more certain, for PROGRESS knew that the Carleton man was named Alexander Anderson Watson, a name identical with that of a citizen of St. John, to whom, however, he was no relation.

Quite recently an extract from a Dumfries, Scotland, paper has reached PROGRESS, and while it undoubtedly refers to the Denver man the public can judge whether it is not pretty strong evidence that the latter is the Carleton man.

The paper in question gives a report of evidence taken before Lord Stormonth-Darling, a month or two ago, in an action of division by Margaret Barclay Miller, or Watson Dumfries, against her husband, Alexander Anderson Watson, of Denver, Colorado. The woman, aged 36, said she was married to Watson in September, 1886. He was about 30 then, and was attending classes with a view of entering the united presbyterian church. She paid for his classes, and over and above that, he borrowed money from her. He wanted her to borrow money on her property to pay his debts, but she refused. Immediately after, in April or May, 1887, he left her without giving an explanation, and she had not seen him since. Later she found he had gone to America. From there he subsequently wrote, asking her to come out. She asked him if he could provide a home, and he replied that he had the prospect of a church. She wanted something more than prospect, and did not go.

Mr. Watson seems to have contented himself without her, and the next thing she knew was that he served divorce papers on her, and got a divorce under the laws of the state where he lived, on the ground of her having deserted him. She then made enquiries and found he was living with another woman. So far as she knew, he had never been anything but a student, and had failed to pass his exit examination.

The hearing of the case was continued for further evidence.

If this man is the Rev. Alexander Anderson Watson who was in Carleton, there seems to have been some grounds for the suspicions about him in 1889. If he is not the same man the coincidence of name, age, dates and other circumstances is one of the most remarkable on record.

AMONG THE HORSEMEN.

Some Flyers at Moosepath—Helena B. Trots a Mile in 2.34.

If one would judge entirely from the paragraphs in the daily papers there are some trotters in training at Moosepath that will stop the watch at the finish of a mile close to 20 or even better. When the report is printed that quarters are time d to 33 1/2 and eights at 16 seconds then there are people sceptical enough to declare that something was wrong either with the timers or the distance. But without doubt the local horses are doing faster work this year than ever before but it can be said that they are better fitted to do so, taking bicycle, sulkeys and other things into consideration.

Speculation never showed so speedily a clip and those who have had a chance to see Helena speed give the well bred mare a better place than she has ever taken before.

Charlie Bell is giving Arc Light and Katrina regular work and both are doing as well as could be expected for the short time they have been in training.

Among the other flyers are Mr. Johnson’s Rosa L—now in the pink of condition—Rocket and Neptune Lea—both going satisfactorily, Mr. Henderson’s J. O. C. and a number of younger horses that are improving every week.

PROGRESS remarks last week about the management and the lack of races seem to have met with the approval of the horsemen and the approval of the committee. That is always sure to be the case unless a writer balances on the fence with the skill of a literary rope walker.

Helena B., a daughter of Wilkes, owned by Mr. Boyle of Fredericton and driven by Dave Stockford went an easy mile a few days ago in 2.34 on the Fredericton track pulling an old style 60 pound sulky. She will make some of the four year olds move this fall and is looking for Harry McLellan’s \$100 prize to the first get of Wilkes to enter the list this year.

New Plan for Counting Change.

It seems pretty good evidence of a late session the previous night when a man tries to calculate change by looking at his watch. An early customer at the chop of a well-known citizen, this week, made a ten-cent purchase and handed the seller a quarter. The latter took the coin, pulled out his watch, and immediately after exclaimed, “Why, bless me, I never did such a thing before in my life. Here I am looking at my watch to find out whether that is twenty-five cents or a twenty-cent piece.”

FINING THE DRUGGISTS.

CARLETON PHILOSOPHERS HAVE SOMETHING TO DISCUSS.

The Liquor Question in the West End—A Division of the Police Force Transferred and Rumors of a New Deal in Regard to the Location of Sergt. Ross.

The members of the Emersonian Institute, and the other philosophers of the West End have had a good deal to talk about this week. The discussion was started by the transfer of the police force in the first place, the reporting of two druggists for selling liquor next engaged attention, and now the rumored removal of Sergt. Ross to the east side, is provoking a great deal of comment wherever a knot of Carleton men sit down to swap experiences in the cool of the evening.

Up to very recently, policeman McLaren was a division of the force in Carleton under Sergt. Ross, and as he lives there the arrangement has suited him and the public very well. The other day, however, Mr. McLaren was transferred to the east side, and a policeman from the North End, Mr. McCordock was sent to Carleton in his stead. There was no complaint against McLaren but it is understood that McCordock, had been indiscreet on his walk and conversation. The Chief did not suspend him, but as something had to be done in the interests of discipline he sent McCordock to Carleton as a mild sort of punishment.

The charge was more of a punishment for McLaren, who was thus not only compelled to forsake the peaceful promenade of the West end for the noise and dust of the city streets, but when on night duty was really deprived of one of the inalienable rights of a St. John policeman, that of getting home and to bed when on night duty, after having made an arrest later than midnight. This regulation in the past has had the effect of getting more fish in the net than would otherwise have been caught, for many a man the worse for liquor but neither incapable nor dangerous has been “pulled in,” when otherwise he would have been helped on his way, simply because his arrest relieved the arresting policeman from further duty for the night. It may not be the theory of all the present members of the force, but it was the style of some who were there a few years ago. Whatever be the motive, however, the policeman is thus rewarded, goes to his bed and is around again at ten o’clock to swear, if necessary, that the prisoner is guilty.

The friends of McLaren are incensed to think that he is deprived of this reward. If he arrests a man after midnight he can get off duty, it is true, but he cannot get to his bed unless he walks around by the bridge. He can either sit around the station or tramp the streets until the first boat leaves at six in the morning. The best way to avoid this dilemma is obviously to avoid making an arrest, and so remain on duty.

Two Carleton drug stores have been reported for selling liquor contrary to law, and their proprietors, Samuel Watters and W. C. R. Allan, have paid up without contesting the matter. The latter was disposed to show fight in the courts, and Monday next was set for the hearing, but as several sorts and conditions of men who had purchased liquor for medicinal and other purposes were in a panic, lest they should be summoned as witnesses, Mr. Allan paid the fine, though protesting against it as unjust.

The information in these cases were made by Sergt. Ross, but it is understood that the movement was initiated by somebody else. The provincial law directs that druggists shall sell liquor only under certain conditions and shall keep a book in which their sales are recorded. The Carleton druggists claim that they have kept such books in the past, though eastside druggists did not, but finding no inspection was ever made of them they discontinued the practice. The other day Sergt. Ross saw a man coming out of Mr. Allan’s store with what seemed to be a bottle under his coat. The man was from the Conolly works, and possibly liquor is required there for mechanical purposes. Sergt. Ross went into the store and found Mr. Allan was absent. He looked at the book where liquor sales should be recorded, but found no recent entry. He then looked at the day book, though by what authority he did so is not clear, and found evidence of the sale. Mr. Allan was thereupon reported, and so as not to appear partial in the matter, a descent was also made on Mr. Watters.

It is claimed that if the law were enforced as to the sales of liquors, half the druggists in St. John could be fined, as few of them attempt to keep the book as directed. On the other hand it is urged the liquor sales of the druggists on the east side are comparatively small, because when a St. John man wants liquor for medicinal, mechanical or other purposes, he goes to a licensed liquor store and gets it fully as cheap and equally as good as at a drug store. Some of the most popular bars of St. John are so situated with all sorts of

approaches through buildings that the most prudent can enter and retire from them without observation by the general public. The West End man, on the contrary, in case of chills, ague and “that tired feeling” has no place but the drug store to which to go. Thus the sales of liquor by the Carleton druggists must always exceed those of their city brethren.

Following this comes the report that the Chief intends to transfer Sergt. Ross to the East side, and there is a good deal of talk about the idea. It is generally conceded that such a move will be a very bad piece of policy on the Chief’s part. It may be that such is not his plan, or it is that he will reconsider his intention before he makes a blunder.

MR. FERGUSON WAS LEFT.

And He in Turn Left a Lot of Other City People and Merchants.

Mr. Ferguson who has been a resident of Boston for some months, returned a few days ago with a well defined plan of operations in his fertile brain. He managed by means of introductions to livery men to secure a horse and wagon for a week and buying a pedlars outfit from a well known grocer, proceeded to tour the country. He returned on time, paid for his horse hire and engaged the same animal for the next week. The grocer and the owner of the wagon were not so fortunate and he led them a merry chase for their cash.

Monday he bought a wagon from Mr. McGowan, who accepted a five weeks’ note in payment: then he proceeded to exchange wagons with Messrs. Price & Shaw, who secured themselves by a lien on the vehicle. He did not have that long before he tried to dispose of it, and failing in that to ship it out of town. But Price & Shaw discovered what he was about and secured their property again. Before this time the livery men had taken their horses from him and Ferguson himself left for unknown parts.

He made it merry while he moved about and persuaded a good many people that he was reliable. He has been here before and knew his ground.

All About a 45 Cent Hat.

Any one who has ever made the somewhat common mistake of exchanging his own hat for that of another will sympathize thoroughly with the trouble such an incident brought upon the little son of Mrs. Naves a few days ago. Mrs. Naves boy goes to Sunday school and so does the little son of Captain Hastings, a stalwart officer of the police force. Last Sunday Master Naves in his hurry to get home accidentally exchanged a straw hat with Hastings. Both of the hats had seen some wear and the original cost of each was 45 cents. A day or two later Captain Hastings called upon Mrs. Naves and demanded the price of his boy’s hat on the ground that the exchange was not a fair one; that the hat of his son was better than the hat of Mrs. Naves son. Mrs. Naves, however, objected and insisted that the mistake was a natural one, that the hat of her son was just as good as that of Captain Hastings’ boy and finally refused to listen to the demand made by the stalwart captain. This resulted finally in a complaint being laid against Mrs. Naves boy for theft, and she was instructed to bring him to the police station and have the matter settled before the magistrate. Of course she procured the services of a lawyer and Mr. John Kerr was there to see that her rights were protected. After Captain Hastings had told his story, and Mrs. Naves had told her story, somebody suggested that the easiest way out of the difficulty would be for Mrs. Naves to pay the 45 cents and avoid further trouble and costs. This she did, and it is presumed that she paid her lawyer something. In return for all this she has an opinion of the police office, police magistrate, policemen in general and Captain Hastings in particular that is probably worth all that it cost her.

What the Fire Developed.

The Fairville fire did more than the census enumerators to discover the industries of that village, for it disclosed the existence of bar rooms before unknown to some of the residents. Some were swept away by the flames, but it is understood enough are left to supply all the headache that is required. Fairville appears to the stranger to be a peaceful, if not a model settlement at ordinary times, but on the occasions of its annual fires there is a good deal of rowdiness developed, to say nothing of the harvest then gathered in by the thieves. It is understood that an agitation for a water supply for Fairville will be begun on an early day.

Too Late for “Progress.”

An unusual pressure on the advertising and reading columns of PROGRESS this week renders the omission of a great deal of late news matter unavoidable. At this season of the year correspondents should mail their letters so as to reach this office Wednesday, and at the latest by Thursday morning.

Large assortment New Books at McArthur’s Book Store, 30 King Street.

NO MORE SUNDAY BALL.

McNAB’S IS DESERTE BY THE SUNDAY BALL TOSSERS.

“Progress” Correspondent and Others Have Something More to Say—An Anecdote About the Check Passing Stranger—He Always Carries a Blank.

Halifax, July 13.—The best people in the community are outspoken in their praise of PROGRESS for the publicity it gave the young men who spent a recent Sunday afternoon playing baseball on McNab’s island. If they prove free from the prosecution of the police it is a matter for congratulation that those young men cannot escape the punishment of the notoriety that has befallen them, and which will certainly fall on them again if similar offences are committed. Since PROGRESS came to hand much of the time of “City Club” and Hillside Hall “Perfect Ladies” baseball players has been spent in the vain effort to find out who of the crowd was the traitor who “gave the snap away”. They’d never let him play baseball again with them,—even on a week day,—if they could but discover the villain.

One name might have been added to the list of excursionists that Sunday, though he was not an active member of either ball team. He looked on and applauded the good plays, and came in for a share of the good things supplied for the inner man. He shall be nameless even now, but it would be just as well for him in future to choose his company and his surroundings a little more carefully on Sundays. Men who, like him, are officials of the provincial government, who are of a decidedly literary turn of mind, and who think they can afford to look down upon nearly everything Nova Scotian as of very inferior quality, as this visitor to McNab’s on that memorable Sunday afternoon referred to does, might just as well spend the afternoon quietly in the Club house of the yacht squadron, and thus be safe.

Continental Sunday in Halifax.

Ladies Who Use Guns and Make Good Points with Targets.

According to a correspondent the observance of the Continental Sunday in Halifax is favored by more than the base ball players. The other Sunday, he writes, on grounds not very far removed from Admiralty House, two ladies with full equipment of targets, butts, marking bulletins and discs, were in active competition at a one hundred yard range. Their weapons were small-bore rifles, with pistol-grip stocks. One of the ladies proved to be a good shot and made some splendid scores.

The correspondent, in view of the latter fact doubtless did not venture on an interview as to the advance of civilization as regards Sunday sports, but he is ungalant enough to say that the shooting off of guns at this place was dangerous, and was more-over contrary to a city ordinance, which forbids the use of firearms within the limits by civilians of either sex, and whether in or out of society circles.

At the risk of being threatened with a libel suit, PROGRESS may add that there is a current rumor that Mr. Smith, of Halifax, recently went boat sailing on Sunday. What is the country coming to anyway?

A Credit to the Province.

Besides those who read the Boston and Nova Scotia papers very few can really appreciate the amount of summer travel between the ports of Boston and Nova Scotia, especially Yarmouth. Between these two points one of the fastest and most complete steamship lines in America, the Yarmouth SS Co. is running two elegant steamers which carry an immense number of patrons between Yarmouth and Boston every year. They prove a convenience to the regular run of travel, to the people who are seeking their fortunes westward, and in the summer time to the thousand of Americans and provincials who hasten eastward to the cool sea breezes of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

The Spike is Still There.

That spike, which is believed to be a file, is still in the “great gun” on Carleton heights, and nobody knows how to get it out without breaking up the gun. Frequent councils of war are held and suggestions offered. One of these is to put a heavy charge of powder in a water-tight bag, having a fuse in a rubber tube, fill the rest of the gun with water, light the fuse, decamp and await results. Another is to borrow a small diamond drill from the plant of the manganese mines of Major Markham, of Markhamville, and make a hole by its aid. In the meantime the gun is in a state of innocuous desuetude.

Shifted All the Numbers.

In placing the new letter boxes in the post office, the number of them was reduced from 600 to 400, as less than 300 had been occupied. The idea has been to have on alphabetical arrangement as nearly as possible, for the convenience of the sorting clerks. In assigning the new boxes there has been a great changing of numbers, to the disgust of some firms which have their box numbers on their cards and letter heads. There was just one man, and only one who got a new box with the same number as the old one. The new boxes are much superior to the others in every respect.

Sorry to Lose Him.

It gives PROGRESS much pleasure to say a word of praise for Master George Douglas of Amherst, who has for years pushed its sale energetically and successfully in the border town. Master Douglas’ business relations with PROGRESS have always been most satisfactory, always characterized by promptness and correctness and while it is pleasant to know that he has secured a good position, the services of so good and faithful an agent are lost with much regret. Master Charlie Hilloast will dispose of PROGRESS in his stead.

He Always Carries a Blank.

A rather amusing fact has become semi-public property in connection with the “English officer” bogus check-manipulator—Buchanan, Bennet or Borman, whatever his name is, who is now the guest of a leading citizen at one of our second class hotels. A phase of his financial career in Halifax was given by PROGRESS last week.