

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1893.

ONLY A TRIFLING LOAN.

INSPECTOR KING AND A MAN WHO MANAGED A COMPANY.

It Was Only a Private Transaction. But the Company Stood By the Manager—Special Officer Bonness and His Ways—An Extraordinary Transformation.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B., Nov. 7.—While on the street a Saturday or so ago, I heard a welcome shout from the newsboy, "PROGRESS, sir? All about King and Ellis." I invested in a paper and by the time I had read all there was about King and Ellis, I found from comments made by parties within my hearing that the boy's statement "all" about King and Ellis was not correct.

Some citizens of St. John have cause to remember King. The manager of the Passamaquoddy Steamboat Co. put two hundred dollars into the hands of the same King, about one year ago, where it still remains. It occurred that the said King came to St. Stephen to go over the Island mail route in the steamer "Arbutus," which the company had provided for carrying the mails, if a suitable subsidy could be obtained. To obtain this subsidy would require the recommendation of the post office inspector. Before the steamer had finished this little excursion, the manager had loaned the Inspector two hundred good dollars—not however, it is presumed with any idea that the loan of this trifling amount would influence the Inspector who was highly pleased with the improvement this route would give to the mail service.

"How could Mr. Clerke refuse so trifling a favour to the Inspector, who was just a little short, to keep up his end of the amusement on the trip, and who had taken so much trouble to come to the St. Croix?" He did not stop off at St. Andrews as on his recent trip when purposing to visit the Fish Exhibition. He had more congenial company on the first trip.

No doubt the loan referred to was a private matter, but at the end of the fiscal year of the Steamboat Co., it became generally known, as some friend of Manager Clerke had been informed by him, and the company voted to pay half the amount to the manager. To one outside this might look like an ordinary business investment, (if one did not know Mr. Clerke) but to some suspicious people it would look like sharp business. Possibly the other hundred may have been paid since the annual meeting.

This town is never without excitement of some kind to set the people talking. One man says a few holders from the Methodist church uses PROGRESS, he expects "the pewholder" in the Baptist church will soon be heard from, as they have one there a very "David," who objects to the ushers showing anyone into his pew. Then there are rumors of necessity of change in secretary of the board of trustees. Just why is only hinted, but it looks like a change in the secretary or in the secretarieship.

There are some interesting incidents having quite direct connection with the smuggling incident referred to on my last visit. It has since transpired that the team that the gentleman and lady drove on the night the officer seized the fancy under garments, (ladies') was also smuggled and has been seized. It strikes some as odd, that an officer so over-zealous for the rights of the government as special Roving Commissioner Bonness would make people believe he is an officer, who is always so full of schemes to entrap the transgressor of customs laws, who only a few weeks since, so report says, was coaching one Curless about how to proceed to search old women's bureaus and like business, should not now be willing to assist and advise the officer who seized Todd's team, and is at work in the interest of the government.

It would appear, however, that the very opposite course has been taken by him. He has even stated there is no question but that the team will be released. Of course, Todd is his son-in-law now, but a man of so high honor would not allow family consideration to interfere with his duties. No one who really knows him well, would think so. However this seizure has developed chameleon possibilities. It will soon be that one will not know their own horse or buggy. Many things in life will then be as unreliable as the reports some customs officers have sent to the department on several occasions.

The facts are, that Todd who is now a son-in-law of Bonness, at sometime either before or after his joining the family—(I am not informed of the time) entered at the custom's as part of his effects as a settler (although born in Milltown, New Brunswick), one chestnut mare and one open buggy. It is presumed the argus eyes of special officer Bonness, who had repeatedly ridden behind this team, looked into the matter to see that all was right. However that may be, when some weeks had rolled by influence hitherto unknown had worked a most remarkable transformation. Notwithstanding that the Bonness family still rode behind this team—the chestnut mare, became a Bay Stallion, and the open buggy one of the more modern Bangor style.

Color blindness, to say nothing of loss of other faculties of perception, must be a terrible calamity in a whole family.

One of the officers—not a special roving commissioner, has evidently not become colour blind and while he had not had the favorable opportunities the roving commissioner had he did perceive the change and seized the transformed team, the very team he claims that had the wedding garments. It is now an understood fact that the S. R. C. is not working to have the seizure upheld, but is working, some think for time, trusting that the stallion may grow darker and become again a mare, and the wagon turn out a top buggy, so that an alibi can be proved if it be offered for sale. It would seem as if he looked upon the whole matter between him and the government as a sort of partnership, saying to the government, "when I seize anything I divide up and give you a little of it; now when I am seized that is my people, you must ease up and more especially since it is the fault of more than one person, it is probably he will win. His favorite expression being "there are a good many holes in a skimmer"—not however when he holds the skimmer. From the time a certain fine house was built and an assignment made which did not prove "for the benefit of the creditors," people gave him credit for being a winner. So possibly in this case the combination will win.

The season for garden parties and musicals and dinners is pretty well through. The young men do not seem to regret it. It is nice to be invited, but then, it is the inevitable collection has to be met, it makes them feel as if they were doing the entertaining at a friend's house. Still if this is "style" they must submit, or let the girls go it alone.

DOCTORS WHO DIFFER.

The Scramble For a Position by Some Halifax Physicians.

HALIFAX, November 9.—PROGRESS article on the scramble of four Halifax doctors for the position of physician of the Halifax district of the I. C. R. employees relief association was the first public intimation of the facts, and has since furnished the theme of a long newspaper correspondence—which has had but one result—to establish the correctness of PROGRESS' news.

The difficulty is settled in the meantime, but not by any means permanently. Word comes from Moncton that Dr. Walsh is to get the position, and he will hold it in spite of the wishes of the majority of members whom he is to serve, and at a possible cost of many railway votes to Messrs. Stairs and Kenny if they again seek re-election to the Ottawa Parliament. The malcontents on the I. C. R. who have to submit to the arrangements made for them as to their physician are breathing out threatenings and slaughter.

The facts, it will be remembered, were that Drs. Walsh, McKay, Hawkins and Somers, were candidates for physician of the Halifax district. Walsh and Hawkins combined their votes dishonestly it was alleged and McKay lost because Somers votes were suppressed. The matter was referred to a committee of five made up of: Thomas Williams, treasurer of the I. C. R.; Murray Flemming, foreman machinist, Moncton; W. G. Robertson, station master, St. John; W. A. McLellan trackmaster, Campbellton; Charles McCarthy, engine driver, Moncton.

The committee came to Halifax and held an investigation. Witnesses were examined and the matter gone into thoroughly. Judging by what members of the committee openly stated, in the hotels in this city, and on the Intercolonial on their way home, they had found that Walsh secured his election by most dishonest means, and they privately gave it out that their report would favor the nullifying of the election. The members of the district who were fighting Walsh and his methods, and aiming at the privilege of having the services of any doctor they chose, who would accept the prescribed fees, thought they had won a victory. The intimation that comes upon them now ruthlessly dashes those hopes to the ground—for Walsh is to be the doctor.

But the railway men say the fight is not over. They are asking how it is that, in view of the well-known opinions of the committee after the investigation, and the report they announced they would present to headquarters, Dr. Walsh is notified to take the position. The fact is the doctorship became a political question and the influence of the party managers was brought to bear on behalf of Walsh. The questions the members of the district are now asking are: Have the head officials of the I. C. R. over-ridden the report of the investigating committee owing to political pressure? or has the pressure been brought to bear directly on the committee, causing them to change their report against their conviction? By far the greater number of the I. C. R. men in the district are convinced of the dishonesty of the election; they believe the committee came to the same conclusion, and they want to know how it is the report is deliberately set aside. If they can't find out now they will continue the fight at the next annual meeting of the association. Before that time the matter will be brought up in parliament and the question ventilated as fully as possible there.

The money involved belongs to the men themselves—\$2.50 annually from 300 members—and they claim that no outsiders should be allowed to say, merely for political reasons, to whom it shall go. The expenses of the investigating committee will be \$100, and there promises to be another kick over the assessments which will soon be made upon the members of the district for that amount. They will want to know how it is that they are asked to pay for the findings of a committee which have been either over ruled or altered owing to political pressure.

OLD AUSTRALIAN DAYS.

ADVENTURES IN THE LAND OF GOLD A GENERATION AGO.

Discoveries Made in the Mountains—How the Restless, Not to Say Reckless, Energy of the United States Manufacturers which is constantly prompting them to seek fresh fields and pastures new, regardless of results, is manifesting itself just now in a somewhat unpleasant manner for English carpet manufacturers.

There has been quite an invasion of American-made carpets in this country of late, and they are being offered mostly at temptingly low prices. In former days there were no happier hunting grounds for English carpet manufacturers than the United States, but the growth of protection in that country, culminating in the McKinley tariff, has completely destroyed our once valuable trade there. The condition of manufacturing in trade in that country seems to be even worse just now than with us, owing to the failures and financial difficulties which are interwoven with the general commercial depression; and the consequence is that in the carpet trade, as in other branches of industry, there is a great deal of machinery idle and many thousands of hands out of employment. The mills where these newly-imported carpets are made, it seems, furnish employment usually to some six thousand hands, but the whole of the work, proper, we are told, have been idle for two months past owing to the depression. At the same time the mill-owners have found themselves burdened with an enormous stock of carpets, for which they could find no sale in the ordinary state of trade. Under the pressure probably of pecuniary exigencies they tried first of all to dispose of the carpets by auction in the United States, but these forced sales caused such opposition among the regular dealers that the mill-owners were compelled to reconsider their position and they ultimately decided to seek a market for their goods abroad and fixed upon England as special "dumping" ground. They are probably assisted to some extent in this venture by the American system of bounties or rebates on exported goods. The rebate, in theory, represents only the amount paid in duties on the materials of which the carpets are composed, but in practice it is so liberally calculated as to constitute an appreciable premium or bounty upon the goods exported. Hence, doubtless, the lower prices asked for the carpets in this country than in the United States. Kidnapper manufacturers, we learn, are quite alive to the gravity of the competition which is thus sprung upon them, but they contend that its significance may easily be overrated. In the first place they point out that the wear of the American carpet will not equal that of the English carpet and in the next place, the supply is limited, and when the present stocks are exhausted there is no likelihood of their being replenished. In order to meet the competition, however, whilst raising the standard of their regular goods, English makers are introducing others of a somewhat cheaper description, which they think better adapted to English requirements; and the makers of Brussels and Wilton carpets, though not directly affected at present, are following suit. There is no reason to suppose that the American competition has "come to stay," for the conditions of manufacture are so much more onerous in the United States than in this country that the competition could only be carried on at a loss.

One striking feature of the place was the absence of wheeled vehicles, as none could approach to within 30 miles. For that distance all goods had to be packed on horses. When I first visited there, the district had a population of about ten thousand with all the concomitants peculiar to a mining town, including crushing mills of steam and water power. One may ask how machinery could be transported on horses, but such was the case—the boiler in bent plates and the engine in sections—and then put together after.

Other discoveries were made in those mountains, one in particular, Crooked river, that I have reason to remember, I having been among its first pioneers. It was a hundred miles further into the interior from Woods Point, but to get there more than double that distance had to be traversed. First a hundred miles out to the low country or Gippsland, then fifty more on the level, then again to take to the mountains, ascend spurs to high ridges, then down again to a river and follow its course for a time to gain a certain crossing. And so on over ranges and rivers for an hundred miles or more, always ascending until an altitude of four or five thousand feet was attained and the region of snow met with. Our reception on Crooked river was in a snow storm—quite a surprise to those who had not yet seen snow in Australia. Though a foot in depth, it did not remain long, but at Mount Hotham, forty or fifty miles distant, snow could be seen well into the summer months. It was interesting to note how distinctly the snow line would be marked, and the different seasons experienced in a few hours travel.

As an evidence of the effect of gold discoveries in opening up a new country, no matter how distant or difficult to reach, I would instance this case where a settlement in a few months rose from two log shanties to a street a mile in length, with good stores, hotels, a bank agency, and the usual appendages incidental to a new rush.

It was from Crooked River that I started on a 350 mile journey to Melbourne, homeward bound. Business required my calling at Wood's Point on my way, and it was when entering the mountains from the level country of Gippsland that I encountered the fire referred to last week. It was in the forenoon that we commenced ascending a spur leading up to a high mountain, over which we had to pass. The day was warm and sultry. At midday my travelling companion and I halted at a roadside house to refresh man and horse. In front was a cleared space, and from this outlook we could see down on the plain that we had left in the morning, and notice the beginning of a bush fire working its way in our direction up a ravine ten miles in width; lying between the ridge we were on and a heavy, dark, howling range opposite.

During the afternoon the smoke became heavy, the sky dark and the heat oppressive. We could not see the fire, but could hear it as it rushed on its course away down in the ravine below. On we hurried in hopes to reach the "Mountain House," a new hotel lately built, but to our dismay were suddenly made aware of the fact that the fire had swept over our path following a grove of stringy barks, a tree with a thick fibrous and inflammable bark. The smaller trees would succumb and fall across the track; at times our horses would have to jump burning logs and rush between blazing trees. Luckily it was a stoney ridge and free from underbrush. Had it been otherwise our situation would have been alarming. Our horses strongly objected to proceeding, but to return was out of the question. There was fire on all sides. Nothing could be done but to rush on in hopes to get through the fiery belt. Fortunately, about as night was closing in, we emerged into a small clearing, in the centre of which stood a characteristic bush shanty, the sides of rough hewn slabs and the roof of bark. It was designed for a house of entertainment but at that time lacked its finishing touches. The interior was as rough as the exterior. All the apartments were on the ground floor, as no floors had yet been laid. On a board nailed on the outside of the building there was written, as it with a black coal, the pleasing announcement "Grub for Man and Horse."

On another board were the words "Tumble Inn," intended as the name of the hostelry as well as an invitation to enter, though one had to tumble in to get in. The proprietor was an eccentric old mountain ranger, who with his two sons had a few months previously entered on this venture in anticipation of a rush through that country. Rough as our accommodations were, we had reason to be thankful, as the next house was ten miles further on and the fire had now commenced to rage in all directions. There being much more green underwood the smoke in consequence was more dense; though the course of the fire could not be so easily traced, its magnitude could be estimated by the roaring and crackling sound.

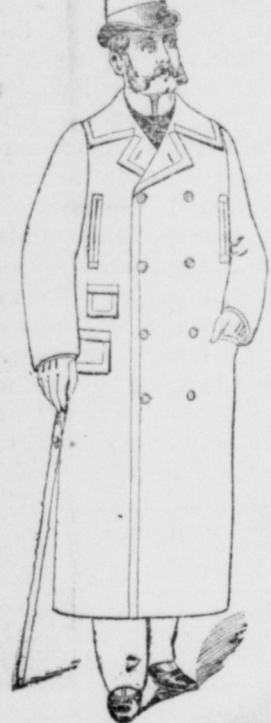
By midnight the welcome rumbling of thunder was heard, and ere long the full force of a storm was doing its work of extinguishing. As the smoke lessened the brilliant play of the lightning could be seen in the heavens above and for 2,000 feet in the valley below—the patter first, then the sheets of rain on the tight bark roof overhead, was comforting to hear as well as conducive to sleep. At early morn when I awoke the rays of the sun were shining through the cracks of the side of the inn. I reached over and nudged my companion on an adjoining stretcher and proposed an early start and breakfast at the "Mountain House." Having settled our bill the night before, we hastened to the stable, a duplicate of the house on a smaller scale, but rougher if possible, saddled our horses and were off, not waiting to tip the hostler or to express our admiration of the landlord's wisdom in locating the "Tumble Inn" in such a desirable situation.

What a glorious morning. Such an improvement on the previous day—then so oppressive. Now so clear and cool and the air laden with the refreshing odor of the gum and peppermint trees, bright sunshine and exhilarating atmosphere. After a good civilized breakfast at the "Mountain House," we resumed our journey. An hour's ride brought us to "Mount Useful" over which our pathway lay. For the last two miles before reaching the top, the ascent is very steep. We dismounted and led our horses, wishing to favor them, knowing well the hard 50 miles before them that day. The top of Mount Useful unlike other elevated positions in those parts is void of trees. A hard barren sandstone with very little soil offers no encouragement to vegetation. For sight

The restless, not to say reckless, energy of the United States manufacturers which is constantly prompting them to seek fresh fields and pastures new, regardless of results, is manifesting itself just now in a somewhat unpleasant manner for English carpet manufacturers. There has been quite an invasion of American-made carpets in this country of late, and they are being offered mostly at temptingly low prices. In former days there were no happier hunting grounds for English carpet manufacturers than the United States, but the growth of protection in that country, culminating in the McKinley tariff, has completely destroyed our once valuable trade there. The condition of manufacturing in trade in that country seems to be even worse just now than with us, owing to the failures and financial difficulties which are interwoven with the general commercial depression; and the consequence is that in the carpet trade, as in other branches of industry, there is a great deal of machinery idle and many thousands of hands out of employment. The mills where these newly-imported carpets are made, it seems, furnish employment usually to some six thousand hands, but the whole of the work, proper, we are told, have been idle for two months past owing to the depression. At the same time the mill-owners have found themselves burdened with an enormous stock of carpets, for which they could find no sale in the ordinary state of trade. Under the pressure probably of pecuniary exigencies they tried first of all to dispose of the carpets by auction in the United States, but these forced sales caused such opposition among the regular dealers that the mill-owners were compelled to reconsider their position and they ultimately decided to seek a market for their goods abroad and fixed upon England as special "dumping" ground. They are probably assisted to some extent in this venture by the American system of bounties or rebates on exported goods. The rebate, in theory, represents only the amount paid in duties on the materials of which the carpets are composed, but in practice it is so liberally calculated as to constitute an appreciable premium or bounty upon the goods exported. Hence, doubtless, the lower prices asked for the carpets in this country than in the United States. Kidnapper manufacturers, we learn, are quite alive to the gravity of the competition which is thus sprung upon them, but they contend that its significance may easily be overrated. In the first place they point out that the wear of the American carpet will not equal that of the English carpet and in the next place, the supply is limited, and when the present stocks are exhausted there is no likelihood of their being replenished. In order to meet the competition, however, whilst raising the standard of their regular goods, English makers are introducing others of a somewhat cheaper description, which they think better adapted to English requirements; and the makers of Brussels and Wilton carpets, though not directly affected at present, are following suit. There is no reason to suppose that the American competition has "come to stay," for the conditions of manufacture are so much more onerous in the United States than in this country that the competition could only be carried on at a loss.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON

Have made arrangements with the manufacturers to place in this market the Carpets referred to in the above article, at prices very little more than half those usually asked for the same class of goods.



A genuine Irish Frieze ulster will wear from ten to fifteen years. Just the thing for the man who wants a coat that lasts

11 to 18 Dollars.

Ours are as long as anybody makes them.

Not much chance for the tailor, or somebody else, if you see them. Young men's suits, a dozen—all different, made up from short lengths of Scotch tweeds for small men, 35 and 36 in. chest measure 12 and 14 Dollars.

OAK HALL,

King St. Corner Germain.

The Big Shop.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., ST. JOHN.

seeing this condition is so much the better and the view from the top that morning, aided by the previous night's clearing storm, was sublime. It was ten o'clock, the sun well up and shining in a cloudless sky. Not a shade of smoke or mist was to be seen. Before us lay the wide ravine through which the fire had raged the day before. On one side lay the long gradually rising spur up which we had come; on the other side a bold heavy range very heavily timbered and as it exulted over its loftier rival Mount Useful with its bald pate. Beyond could be seen the low pastoral country of Gippsland and still further, 80 miles distant, the blue waters of the ocean. We are standing at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea level. To our right rise the Baw-Baw mountains 5,000 feet high, to our left Mount Wellington still higher by 200 feet so say the maps. The sensation was inspiring and elevating leading up to feeling of reverence; I then could understand the fascination of alpine climbing, also the inherent love of country possessed by the inhabitants of mountainous regions. Reluctantly we remounted our horses and turned our backs on the rapturous sight.

Six months previous I had crossed over this mountain on my way to Crooked river. The scene then was very different. It was midwinter, our horses had to labor through eighteen inches of damp snow. The morning sun was shining clearly to a limitless horizon, clouds were to be seen but they were below. With the exception here and there of a dark mountain top, rendered darker still in contrast to the snow white clouds out of which they rose as from a sea of milk, nothing else was to be seen. A mile down the slope of the mountain that we were on the clouds appeared to be solid and stationary and to abut so firmly to the sides almost as if one could step out into them.

It is evident that fires in times long past have played sad havoc with the Gippsland forests. Whilst on my way from Crooked river, I passed a tract of country, 30 miles in extent, that many years before must have undergone a fiery ordeal. A new forest had since grown up thick, strong and vigorous, with trees an hundred feet in height, and interspersed were dead trees from 50 to 100 feet still higher, standing like giant spectres grim, stately, immovable. Fire, no doubt, had at one time robbed them of their vital sap, but failed to consume, and there they stood as if in defiance of decay on the blasting storms of years.

A year after leaving Australia I read an account of bushfire in those mountains that swept over a small mining settlement with such intensity that two diggers were driven to seek shelter in holes under ground. Many thought it to be the last day—the end of the world.

J. E. WILSON.

Ruskin is Rash.

John Ruskin, when sick, is a difficult patient to deal with. He prefers to be his own doctor as long as he can, and has little faith in medicine.

Once when laid up by a severe attack of internal inflammation, he asked the doctor what would be worst for him.

The answer was "beef."

Immediately the self-willed patient, hungered for a slice of cold roast beef. There was none in the hotel where he and his friends were stopping, and it was late at night. But a friend went off to get some, and at last found a slice in an eating-house. He brought it to Ruskin, wrapped up in paper.

He enjoyed his late supper thoroughly, and fortunately the rash act did him no harm.

HALIFAX AMATEURS EXCITED.

The Question of What Does or Does Not Make a Professional.

HALIFAX, Nov. 9.—There has been a great commotion in amateur sporting circles in Halifax and indeed, all through the maritime provinces, over the discovery of "professionalism" in the Ramblers' Cycle Club, of this city. One of the oldest members of the club, it appears, has no standing as an amateur, having taken part twelve or thirteen years ago, in a boat race where a money prize was given. This individual was accepted by the Ramblers' executive four years ago, and took a prominent part in the interests of that organization. He competed in three club races, and there was never a whisper of anything wrong. But now it transpires that, within the interpretation of the rules, the wheelman in question is a "professional." It was only himself who was affected it would not matter much, but the results are such that nearly every amateur in the provinces also became a "professional." Every one who competed with him was professionalized, and those, again, who competed with his competitors were in the same undesirable position. The three or four years of his club membership have produced widespread results. Outton and Cornwall, St. John wheelmen; Mowatt, of Campbellton, and one hundred bicyclists of this city and province, have been rendered ineligible to meet amateurs. Many of the leading athletes of the Wanderers', Crescents, and other clubs in Halifax and elsewhere, were similarly affected. At a meeting of the M. P. A. A. executive last week, however, they were all reinstated wholesale except the original offender, whose case is yet under consideration.

The Ramblers, by the way, are in for more trouble in the matter of professionals. It is said, they have other members who may be hauled over the coals before many days pass. Soldiers, under the rank of an officer, are always looked upon with suspicion from an amateur sporting point of view, and it is understood that the officials of the M. P. A. A. have fastened their lynx-eyes upon a Sergeant Ekins, of the army, who for two years has been a Rambler. If Ekins does not pretty soon hie himself away voluntarily there may be some friction in amateur circles again, at least the M. P. A. A. men say so.

Speaking of professionalism reminds PROGRESS of another phase of it, which has come to light. The chief excitement for a month has been the football championship between the Wanderers and Dalhousians. The match last Saturday was a crushing defeat for the Wanderers. But the point is that while members of the teams would not risk their amateur standing by betting in their own name they put their money into the hands of friends to bet for them. Several leading members of the Wanderers' team are known to have done this largely before Saturday's match. Names could be given, but perhaps to save trouble for the athletes it is better not to publish them just now. It only shows how easy it is for sticklers after the letter of the law to violate its spirit. They are "professionals" at heart if not in name.