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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## PADDY AND THE BATONS.

### THE PARCEL THAT POLICEMAN KILLEN GOT FOR THE CHIEF

Turned out to be a Piece of Silk Which the Customs Officials Seized and Confiscated.—The Chief was Ignorant, so was Killen but the Money Went up all the Same.

The chief of police had a narrow escape this week. So had "Paddy" Killen, one of his trusted officers. Some one tried to play a joke upon them and whoever it was he very nearly succeeded. Paddy has not heard the last of it yet, neither has the chief.

The affair started in a simple way. When the American boat came in some one—probably a passenger—telephoned the chief that there was a parcel there for him. While this was not an usual occurrence the chief was not at a loss how to act. Had he imagined for a moment that the parcel in question contained American goods that had not paid their just proportion of duty the course of the irreproachable chief would have been clear. He would have had the man or woman who telephoned him arrested upon the spot and plunged in the darkness of a police cell, there to lie and suffer without any charge being laid against him for having endeavored to make the chief of police of the city of St. John a party to such nefarious business as defrauding her majesty's customs.

But no such thought entered his head. There was a parcel upon the American boat for him. There was nothing to do but send for it. This he trusted to "Paddy" Killen, and Patrick with full confidence in the man who governs him went at once upon his mission.

Now whether the passenger was acquainted with Patrick or whether he left the parcel in charge of some one who knew the genial Irishman is not related, but it is certain that Killen had no difficulty in finding the parcel. He brought it ashore and as he walked up the gangway that versatile and joke-loving coachman, Billy Mac, inquired of him in an affectionate way. "How long since you've been sending your washin' to Boston, Paddy?" to which the policeman replied, "Sure, it's the new batons we've been waiting for so long."

This little dialogue reached the ears of customs officer Cowan, standing near, and he too was curious. Cowan is a tide waiter, and it is a part of his duty to see that nothing comes ashore from any vessel that is not on the manifest, and he lost no time in following the policeman to the office of the police where he asked to see the batons. Instead of them he saw the chief, who lost no time in showing him what the parcel contained. The quality of the silk was undoubted, and officer Cowan slowly wended his way back to headquarters, and reported the matter to the collector on Monday morning.

The chief of police was sent for and the statement that he made was frank enough. His daughter is preparing her trousseau for an interesting event and wishing to match some silk asked some friend in the States to do so for her and forward the parcel through one of her father's friends in Boston. This was done, the chief says, without his knowledge and without any intention on the part of Mrs. or Miss Clarke to defraud the customs. The whole value of the article was \$10.08 and the duty would have been about \$3, so this can readily be understood. But even in these small matters the customs are strict, and the collector asked the chief to deposit the value of the parcel, \$10.08 and leave the goods in his hands. This has been done, and the statement of the chief with the collector's memo were sent to Ottawa.

There has been a good deal of fun over the affair and a good deal of misunderstanding. All sorts of rumors have been in circulation about the extent of the transaction and the magnifying glasses of many people have exaggerated its proportions, but the facts are as stated above, though the version of the chief does not tally exactly with it. In fact according to him the matter was an absurd trifle, and so PROGRESS considered it until the facts were learned.

It will be some time before "Paddy" hears the last of the "batons" and his "laundry," and the chief will turn his attention to the customs regulations as well as the criminal code. It is well to understand both.

### In Memory of Mr. Hudgell.

The Church of the Good Shepherd is in a fair way to get even with the world and a good start, but the congregation has had much to surprise it in the last year or two. It is much to its credit that the members have stood by one another in the way they have and that there is a healthy body of church of England people devoted to the church and the parish. The latest shock to their nerves was the discovery that the parish was in arrears to the treasurers of the D. C. S. This was the more surprising since it was understood that Rev. Mr. Hudgell had collected more than enough money from the parish to recoup the treasurer for what had been advanced. When written to about the matter he referred

them to his receipts and said he had explained to one of the wardens, about the money he had spent and for which he had left no vouchers, but as vouchers for everything that the church needed were left by Mr. Hudgell, the congregation is at loss to know what became of the \$80 he collected and did not account for. The parish was left in debt to the treasurer for the \$80 which they have paid again.

### The "Telegraph" Picnic.

The Daily Telegraph picnic to Lepreaux last Saturday was a success without a particle of alloy. The rain fell on the just and the unjust at St. John, but did not fall on anybody at Lepreaux. It would not have mattered if it had, for the Telegraph men and their friends were a crowd that would have been jolly under any circumstances. But because the day was fine, and all the omens were favorable, they did not however, as La Mark Tapley, indulge in any conscientious scruples about enjoying themselves when there was no credit in being jolly. The fact was, that the Knight of the Rueful Countenance would have smiled from ear to ear had he been on that picnic. The sports and games were varied and more than usually interesting. The dance in the barn, the fat man's race, the mill between lengthy Jeremiah Sullivan and small Fry, the race of five-year-old maidens, the ladies' race, the wonderful clog-dancing of Mr. Petch, the other attractions—all, all were greatly enjoyed by participants and spectators. Perhaps the most surprising feature of the day was the ladies' tug-of-war, in which five ladies of Lepreaux easily pulled across the line five ladies of St. John. A finer instance of the triumph of science over strength is seldom seen. It was 10 o'clock p.m. before Carleton was roused by the cry, "T-e-l-e-g-r-a-p-h! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah," which told of the return of a merry company.

### The Gala Days of Next Week.

The fireman's tournament in connection with the visit of the governor general next week, promises to be the event of the season. The committee has succeeded in getting very low rates upon the C. P. R., being a little over a cent a mile. The rates on the steamboats and railways of other lines are also very low. The decorations of the engines and hose carts will be very handsome. The morning parade starts from King street, east, at 10.30, and the torch-light procession in the evening, headed by the bicycle club starts from the same point at 8.30. Delegations are expected from Halifax, Amherst, Moncton, Sussex, Houlton, Woodstock, St. Stephen, Fredericton, Augusta, (Me.), and Fairville. The sports on the A. A. grounds, Wednesday afternoon promise to be very good, the entries giving the hope of a grand contest.

### A Fake Boxing Tournament.

The "boxing tournament" at the institute Wednesday was as big a failure in point of attendance as the reception to "Dr" Hartley in another part of the city. The people seem to be about as tired of one as the other—and would like to get rid of both. The law will help them out in regard to the boxers—if it is strictly applied—but the remedy for the "doctor" has yet to be found. Mr. Benton arranged the "tournament" and he made a failure of it. Encouraged by the attitude of the police, who have smiled at the recent bouts he brought a crowd of people here that did not do him or his show any credit. The people did not patronize him and that will probably be the end of such attempt.

### The Fakirs Had No Chance.

There wasn't much faking at the circus, though the fakirs were there all the time and had their eyes wide open. That is the reason that they saw the keenest policeman on the force wandering about with an abstract sort of an air looking at the animals, the snake charmer, etc. Still it was evident that they too were not sleeping for when one of the ticket sellers took a dollar for two tickets and omitted to hand over the pasteboard the act was seen. The distressed woman who lost her money soon had her tickets and she blessed the chief and his police.

### Hit the Right Idea.

Somebody was remarking, the other day, that "Onward, Christian Soldiers" wears well as a hymn for all sorts and conditions of men who go to church in procession. An improvement on it was attempted a few years ago, however, when the Carleton and Fairville batteries attended service in a body at one of the West End churches. On that occasion, by a happy inspiration of the organist the anthem chosen was, "Who are these in bright array?"

### Should Be Looked Into.

Magistrate Ritchie seems to think that the city has plenty of funds, at any rate he did not make his returns for June until the last day of July. This is wrong. They should have been made upon the first of July. Perhaps the committee of the common council at present looking into the matter will find this coming within the scope of their investigation.

## THIS IS STRAIGHT TALK.

### B. A. FIELDING TELLS OF THE FAMILY DIFFICULTY

That Has Recently Arisen between His Son and His Wife's Relatives and which Ended in the Forementioned "Progress" a Week Ago—Who is to Blame.

The letter from Mr. B. A. Fielding, of Halifax, that appears in this column, is printed with pleasure. Mr. Fielding states in his opening paragraph that he requested PROGRESS not to refer to the matter in question. This is quite true, but while there were strong business and personal reasons that his request should have been granted, the editor decided with regret that he could not "make fish of one and flesh of another." If men and women prominent socially, and moving in those circles incident to their education and accomplishments, will draw upon themselves the eyes of the public, the newspapers have no business to put on dark glasses. They do not do so when some one less fortunate makes a slip and PROGRESS, so far as it can, tries to treat everybody alike. Mr. Fielding's letter is published with pleasure:

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS, On the 1st inst. I wrote asking you as a personal favor to myself to refrain from publishing any reference to the trouble at present existing between my son Dr. C. H. Fielding and his brother-in-law Dr. A. Payzant. My request was based upon the obvious fact that no public good would be accomplished by such publication but that on the contrary much unnecessary annoyance and injury would thereby be caused innocent people. I regret that notwithstanding my request you have seen fit to publish the sensational article appearing in your issue of the 4th inst. referring to my son and his difficulties with the family of his wife. As this article is misleading in many particulars and calculated to work injustice, it becomes necessary for me, much as I shrink from the task, to correct it.

In the first place your correspondent states that the marriage in question was a surprise to the friends of the young lady. If by "friends" your correspondent means "relations," I say that it they were surprised they should not have been. The girl's family lived in Wolfville at the time, where my son was attending school. His family then lived in Dartmouth, sixty odd miles from Wolfville, and unknown to me he had been, as I afterwards learned, a constant visitor at their house and constantly in the girl's society for many months previous to the marriage. Her family saw and had means of knowing how matters were going. They should have looked after their daughter, and not permitted her as they did, to leave her home for a week before the marriage took place, without knowing her whereabouts. They should have written me how my son was wasting, at their house, the time he should have been devoting to his studies, in which case I would have removed him at once from Wolfville and thus averted this unfortunate marriage. I have always blamed them for not doing this. My son was then a mere boy of eighteen without a profession or business, with scarcely a preliminary education, and the marriage—which I need not say was clandestine—was a great blow to his parents. All the plans we had arranged for his future had to be abandoned and I was obliged to take him at once from the Arts College and have him fitted to earn a living for his wife.

A multitude of troubles have followed in the wake of that marriage, to say nothing of the pecuniary loss thereby occasioned me, all of which might have been avoided by ordinary prudence on the part of the girl's family, and after all this, it seems too bad that they can presume to inspire articles in your paper such as that in question and advertise themselves as injured people.

Now with regard to the insinuation that my son neglected his wife in any way, I am in a position to say that this is entirely untrue. His devotion to her during the last twelve months, during all of which time she has been an invalid, has been so constant that his health eventually failed and he became utterly prostrated and broken down, as scores of people here will know. So serious did his condition become that acting under medical advice I sent him away for a short vacation of two weeks. Because he thus left his wife he has since been accused of neglect by her and her friends, notwithstanding that before leaving home he arranged with a skillful physician to attend her during his absence, and left friends to look after her with the assistance of a hired nurse.

With regard to the disgraceful occurrence at my son's office, it was in order to avoid a public scandal that I persuaded my son not to prosecute Dr. Payzant for his share in that proceeding. It is immaterial to me who got the better of the encounter, but the alleged cause of the quarrel is more important. Your correspondent suggests that owing to what transpired between my son and his mother-in-law at a certain interview the lady was obliged to

leave his house, and insinuates that the reason of her visit was the relations existing between my son and his wife. This is entirely erroneous. The relations existing between my son and his wife have always been harmonious, and so continued until the arrival of her mother and sister. The mother-in-law had been an inmate of my son's house for more than a week; other members of her family had also been stopping there. My son is a homeopathic physician. His wife's people believe in the allopathic treatment and throughout the entire period of their visit at my son's house they ridiculed his treatment, interferred with his medical instructions, and sought in every way to force upon him their own peculiar views as to treatment and made themselves otherwise most objectionable. So unbearable did this state of affairs become, he was finally obliged in the interest of peace and as he believed the welfare of the patient, to ask them to leave his house which they did.

Thus was brought about the first serious differences between my son and his wife in a period of seven years, during all of which time his conduct towards her was that of a gentleman and during all of which time he enjoyed her confidence and respect. That she has been taken away from his house gives me no surprise. This, of course, was not possible except at her request or at least with her consent. The fact that being seriously ill and her mind weakened by disease, her people might find the task easy of persuading her to leave her husband may lead some to excuse the act. I refrain from commenting upon it.

B. A. FIELDING.

### The Elephant's Little Circus.

The big elephant at the circus had a little circus of his own Monday night just as the performance was over and thousands of people tried all at once to gain Main street through the narrow and somewhat dangerous passage to the grounds. There were holes enough in the plank walk to break legs but there is no record of such an accident. But when the elephant turned around and attempted to retrace his steps the small herd of ponies and horses following him were disconcerted. So was the crowd, though it was too dark for them to know what was the matter. Still there was some hustling and fence climbing for a minute and some people found out for the first time how quick they could get over a rail. The sudden notion of the elephant to explore the field prevented a stampede.

### This is no Easy Task.

The new bonds and their coupons will require from 60,000 to 70,000 signatures of both the mayor and the common clerk. This at first may not appear to be very much work but those who know say that if his worship writes seven hours a day he can do the work in fifty days. The same applies to the common clerk. In other places, so much signing is not necessary. The coupons are signed in fac-simile and only the bond itself is signed. Had this been provided by the act there would have been no such difficulty. Mayor Robertson is a fast writer, but even he must dread the task ahead of him. Ex-mayor Peters was not a fast writer—in fact it was an effort for him to do much writing. He probably did not think of the bonds when he offered again or he might have changed his mind.

### Father Collette's Picnic.

This year Father Collette's picnic will be held at Uplam station. Tuesday, August 28th is the day set for this pleasant event. In the words of the handbill, there will be meals, refreshments, music, and fun plenty. Music will be furnished by the Hampton band and a local violinist. The St. Martins train will run early and late from Quaco and Hampton to the picnic ground. Twenty-five cents is charged for a return ticket to all but children, who pay fifteen cents. The entrance fee is twenty-five cents, children ten cents. And should the day be wet, there's no use going until the first fine day after. No pains will be spared to make Father Collette's picnic an unqualified success.

### The Schools Need Looking After.

PROGRESS comments upon the school board and its methods met with a good deal of approval last week. The facts are so apparent that they are patent to very many of the citizens. The schools are not what they were once. The staff has not maintained its high average of excellence. There are many good teachers upon it but the charge of favorites of the trustees having the preference in the matter of appointment is too true to be disregarded. Applicants should be considered upon their merits and not appointed because their friends have a "pull."

### Bright Scheme of a Richibucto Man.

According to a Richibucto correspondent: A citizen of this place who has a dread of dogs and who had to pass one belonging to a neighbor several times a day struck a novel idea of getting rid of it this week. He purchased it and blew out

## A ROYAL GOOD WELCOME

### EXTENDED TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND HIS LADY.

By the City of Halifax—Some Incidents Worth Noting—Some Omissions at the Banquet—Aberdeen is Popular and Does not Forget Anything.

Halifax, August 9.—The visit of the governor general has kept many in the city on a constant round of gaiety. "Functions by day and by night have followed in rapid succession. High and low, rich and poor all participated in the round of sight-seeing, and amusement.

The Earl of Aberdeen has shown himself democratic. He lives not for the sel-

body, was not asked to be present. Another notable omission was that of ex-speaker M. J. Palmer. The fact that he was not asked gave rise to some decided heart-burnings. Disagreeable thoughts when the absence of some people is called to mind are forgotten in amusement, when it is remembered how some who were present secured admission. Cards of invitation, not transferable, were handed from one to another, and a story is told how a Hollis street lawyer, still in single bliss, was given a friend's card of admission, took a lady in with him, and the newspaper reporters got it down Mr. and Mrs.

The concert at the gardens showed the



The Governor General in Official Costume.

popularity of the governor general. Nearly 8,000 people paid for admission and next day the gardens commissioners deposited over \$1400 in the People's bank as a result of their enterprise. Mayor Keele and handsome Alderman Mitchell well did the honors with the earl and countess. Their excellencies personally congratulated Superintendent Power on the lovely appearance of the gardens, and the Countess of Aberdeen gladdened Chief of Police Sullivan's heart by asking for an introduction to him and praising the police force under his control. By the way Secretary Lane did a tremendous amount of work in making the concert the success it became.

Their excellencies are good church-goers. Twice on Sunday they attended service. In the morning they accepted Bishop Courtney's invitation and occupied his lordship's pew in St. Luke's cathedral. His excellency is a presbyterian elder, and the members of that denomination were somewhat disappointed when they found him in an episcopal church. They became complacent, however, at night, when the vice-royal couple, accompanied by their two children, walked in from Maplewood and took Hon. W. J. Stairs' pew in Fort Massey church. In connection with Fort Massey church there is an interesting piece of gossip, which has the added value of being true. Henry W. C. Boak has a front pew in the church. He also occupies a cottage near Maplewood. If a pew were to be set aside in Fort Massey for the governor general it was natural that it should be done by the session or the managers. Mr. Boak attempted to anticipate those bodies by sending word to his excellency that his pew would be at disposal of the vice-regal party. He thereby sought to steal a march on social rivals. Nothing was said to the ushers about it, but Mr. Boak took another seat, leaving his pew vacant and awaited the arrival of the distinguished visitors. They came not, and it was just as well, for an usher with a touch of mischief in his composition, and who had heard of Mr. Boak's private offer, took particular care to fill the empty pew with the first strangers who came asking for sittings. At night when the representatives of royalty appeared, they were shown into the Stairs pew in accordance with an arrangement made by the managers in the meantime, and brother Boak was "not in it," at all.

On Monday night came the drawing-room. It was successful and brilliant. The most largely attended affair of the kind ever held in Halifax, yet it was remarkable more for those who were not present than for those who were. The military officers

(Continued on fourth page.)