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A BATTLE OF THE TURF.

ARCLIGHT AND PILOT JR. MEET AT MOOSEPATH

At the Circuit Races Next Week—The Speedy Hallie will also be there—Some Interesting Facts about Pilot Jr.—Owned by Mr. Willis.

One of the features of Labor Day will be the horse races that afternoon at Moosepath. This will be the first meeting of the tall circuit arranged between St. John, St. Stephen and Calais and it gives promise of being a good one. The free for all is filled and that champion of the maritime turf, Pilot jr., who created such a sensation at Amherst a few days ago when he walked away with all the speedy ones, will meet Arclight, the horse about which there has been so much talk and who is good enough to do battle with the best of them.

This horse Pilot Jr. is a small stallion that never made his owner think he had a trotter. Some time ago he went in a race and got a mark of 2.45, but this summer he seemed to find out that he could speed and went in a race at Kentville in 2.25 1/2. He did not make him ineligible for the event at Amherst, and there he was booked for the 2.45 class and the free for all. He took both of them, though the free for all tested him. He and Israel and Stranger fought an alternate battle the first day and when the postponed race came on the next morning the skillful reinsman, Browne, was behind Pilot Jr. Brown had \$80 bet on the wonder and as he had odds of 2 to 1 it was \$160 for him if he won. There was no trouble but he drove Pilot three seconds below the Maritime Province record and some four or five seconds faster than the heats of the previous day. In view of the fact that this horse is owned by E. Le Roi Willis and trots here in this meeting, these facts are interesting from a local standpoint. Willis will drive him in the race himself and he is cool and steady enough to give both the horse and his admirers confidence.

Perhaps it is a curious fact in these days of boots and over-draws to see a horse that will go without any of them. It is said of Pilot jr., that he does not wear an extra strap of any kind but goes without boot or over-draw. He must be a natural trotter, and perfectly gaited to do this.

The price paid for him, it is understood in the vicinity of \$700. He was sold for \$160 last winter, and then two horse-men, Messrs. Bill & Rockwell paid \$350 for him. They soon doubled their money on him, besides the purses he picked up for them, and yet he is a cheap horse. Arclight may have greater possibilities, though many doubt it, but the price he is held at is \$4000.

There is another horse in the free for all that many St. John people know from her performance at Bangor last year when she beat Speculation in the 2.28 class. This is the mare Hallie who has a mark under 2.24 and who, it is said has gone as good as 2.21 this year. She is not to be despised by any means. Speaking of Speculation, the expulsion of him and his owner at Bangor was heard with much regret here and yet Carville's refusal to do as the judges wished cannot be excused by his best friends. It was evident that many there tried to persuade him to let another driver get up behind "Spec" but he would not and the result was expulsion. This is rather a serious matter for any man who has such a speedy horse as Speculation.

A COUNTY GHOST STORY.

How The Rag That Marked the Scene of a Crime was Removed.

By one of the many roads leading from the city into the county of St. John there is a well known pathway, diverging into the half grown forest—a wild looking place, and to those who know its history dreary and weird. For the path leads to the scene of the Munroe tragedy and is made by curious persons who find some satisfaction in looking upon the spot where the crime was committed.

For years the spot was marked by a piece of cotton tied about the top of a spruce tree. Who placed it there is not known, but the fact is that it remained for years and strangers inquiring about the place were directed to it by this means. One day it disappeared and no one seemed to know who removed the rag that marked the scene of the murder. A few days ago PROGRESS heard the story of its disappearance from a gentleman who knows the county thoroughly and was curious to inquire from a man he met near the spot where the old soiled mark had gone.

"Well, gentleman," remarked the farmer, as he pulled up his team and pulled out a worn and blackened T. D., in a contemplative sort of a way, "I think I kin tell ye how it was. You see it was all on account of Montague who lives up the road. He took a notion that Munroe was haunting him, and it got so that he was actually afraid to pass the spot. Why, I remember bein' with him one night, and jus' as we got down the road yonder, nigh the spot, didn't Montague begin to stare right between his horse's ears, and as he

did he nudged me and said, 'Don't you see him?' I looked, but whether it was too dusky, or my sight wasn't good—I couldn't see nothing. But he did, and that's what makes me think we ain't all alike; some folks can see things others can't. Anyhow, Montague, he kept a-lookin' in a wild scared sort of way, and as we passed the spot his eye followed that something until he turned clear around. I felt kind of creepy myself from his acting so, but I didn't see nothing. Anyhow, shortly after that Montague went in broad daylight, and took that rag down from the tree, and since then he has never seen anything of the ghost. Funny, ain't it, that such a notion should have got into his head. Do ye s'pose Munroe walked back and forth there until the rag that marked the scene of his disgrace was torn down?"

And the farmer pulled away at his pipe as he waited for an answer. But he did not get one.

A POPULAR INSTITUTION.

Prospects of a Successful Year for the Morley Ladies' College.

The autumn term of the Morley Ladies' College, Conservatory of Music and School of Art opens on Tuesday next, and Miss Morley and Miss Haydon, the painstaking principals, are to be congratulated upon the prospects for an even larger attendance than usual. The rooms are roomy, and are well-fitted up, every possible contingency that would interfere with the comfort of pupils being forestalled. The arrangements made for the convenience of students during study hours are particularly to be commended.

The collegiate year consists of three terms—the autumn term, from September 4th to December 18th, the winter term, from January 7th to April 6th, and the summer term, from April 16th to June 22nd. The course, as will be seen by the advertisements in another part of the paper, includes everything taught in a first class ladies' college. The terms, as may be learned from the same source of information, are very moderate. The students are divided into three classes—seniors, juniors and kindergarten pupils.

A unique feature of the last department is the admission of "young gentlemen between the ages of seven and twelve." This is not the only provision that this ladies' college makes for the education of the sterner sex, however, as the evening classes, which commence in about two weeks' time, are open to both ladies and gentlemen. The fee for each subject is only four dollars per term of twenty lessons, and the four subjects are literature, French, art, and harmony and musical history.

Of course, the merits or demerits of any institution of learning depend largely upon the knowledge and faculty of imparting knowledge possessed by its teachers. Miss Morley is well known as a very efficient teacher, and it is her pride that she employs none but teachers of the first rank in their respective subjects. Miss Haydon, Herr Karl Walther and Miss Lugin, are too well known to those taking any interest in education or music, to make a description of their talents necessary. Prof. W. Gunn, B. A., is a master of Spanish and German. The typewriting and shorthand departments will be in charge of Miss Rand, whose skill both as a stenographer and typewriter is well known. She has had much experience as a teacher and constant practical work has added to her capability.

Collegiate School Boys' Success.

Mr. W. C. Leslie, a pupil of the Collegiate School, Windsor, has been placed first on the list of successful candidates for cadetship at the Royal Military College of Canada; and Mr. G. S. Hensler, from the same school is only a few places behind him. This is only the second year since the re-organization of the school, with a complete staff of Oxford and Cambridge graduates, but it has already succeeded in winning the highest honor in the way of outside success, in competition with boys from all the best schools in the Dominion. Mr. Leslie is the eldest son of Mr. William Leslie, a leading merchant in the Magdalen Islands; and Mr. Hensley is a son of Mr. Albert Hensley of Halifax, whose eldest son won a commission in the British army some years ago.

They Think They Are John the Baptist.

A widely-copied item is to the effect that "an old, illiterate man who can quote scripture by the hour is creating a sensation in Kentucky by claiming to be John the Baptist." Many Annapolis county people remember a man who several years ago dwelt near Annapolis, and who, like the Kentucky man, believed himself to be John the Baptist. It is a fact that this man, following the most popular, if not the most authoritative idea as to the biblical meaning of "locusts," lived for a while on the insects of that name and the honey of the bumblebee. At length, as locusts are scarce in Annapolis and the seeking of wild honey is fraught with danger, he changed his diet to that of grasshoppers and molasses.

HE IS POPULAR THERE.

THE PEOPLE OF HALIFAX LIKE ABERDEEN AND HIS LADY.

The Press Gains Recognition at Last—A Young Man who didn't like His Sex—The Fine was Paid and Nothing Said—A Paragraph that Brought Denials.

HALIFAX, August 30.—The governor-general's state dinners and other entertainments are delightfully pleasant functions, not only because they are so well managed, but because of the personal magnetism and charming manner of the noble host and hostess. Everybody in their company is made to feel perfectly at home.

It is an interesting fact to note that for postage alone the invitations to governor Daly's brilliant garden party cost about \$20—1000 at 2 cents each. Mere financial outlay is not considered by the governor-general, of course, but it may be stated that the governor-general saves the postage on the invitations he sends out. The governor or the general is handicapped to that extent. The magic words "A. Gordon, free," on the corner of envelopes from Maplewood ensures their transmission without charge through the post office. The people pay for it, and in the case of so popular a governor-general as Earl Aberdeen most ungrudgingly.

A recent writer in an American paper remarks upon the subordinate position assumed by the press of Halifax in regard to the various social functions of a semi-state character given by the governor-general and others at his time. The writer says that in the United States the papers would make a "big spread" next morning in their report of such an affair as a state dinner by the governor-general. Possibly the reason for this difference in treatment may be explained by the way the press is received. The facilities are not given for the securing of a better report, and when such an affair has to be written up from the point of view of the back door, or the butler's pantry, it is not very surprising that specially graphic accounts are not furnished by the papers. In this connection it should not be forgotten how courteously press representatives are received by his excellency. His thorough fine feeling is displayed to them as it is to his friends and to the public. Representatives of the different papers were invited guests at his garden party on Saturday, a courtesy that was also extended at Bellevue by General Montgomery-Moore. But this has by no means always been the rule in Halifax, and the newspapers have hardly yet realized that a different day is dawning.

Mr. Fielding Has the Pull.

HALIFAX, Aug. 30.—Commissioner F. H. Bill opened his court of enquiry into Stipendiary Motton's administration of police court justice, and adjourned it for a week, doubtless to afford an opportunity to Mr. Motton to resign without the ordeal of a disagreeable report to the government. It is admitted on all sides that the lawyer who has the inside track for the stipendiaryship is George Fielding, brother to Premier Fielding. John T. Ross would take the position if he could retain his business in the supreme court, but not otherwise. A resolution was moved in the city council last week that the man to be appointed be given a salary of \$1500 and allowed to practice in the supreme court. Mr. Motton's superannuation would then be \$1000. This resolution was in the interest of Mr. Ross. Recorder MacCoy's idea had all along been to combine in himself the positions of recorder and stipendiary, but the legislature vetoed that last year. It is now said that he would be quite willing to resign the recordship and take the police court especially if the privilege of supreme court practice were granted. The stipendiary's full salary with fees, should be worth from \$2500 to \$2700 all things considered, and the fact that the tory lawyers are out of the race altogether, points to Mr. Fielding as the stipendiary of the near future.

He Didn't Like His Sex.

HALIFAX, Aug. 30.—That was a funny episode—the arrest of Thomas Cullen, a man who for months has been masquerading in feminine attire. Chief of Police O'Sullivan has the credit of ending Thomas' career in Halifax, despite the efforts of lawyers hired by friends of the bogus woman. Thomas is a monomaniac, who enjoys nothing more than appearing to be something other than he is. He is the youngest son of Thomas Cullen, of Little Harbor, Pictou county, and about 22 years of age. The child was pampered and spoiled by the older members of the family, his sisters making an unusual pet of him. As a boy he loved to frighten his companions by dressing in strange costumes, and one of his delights was to disguise himself as a bear, suddenly appear on the road, and scare the other children. As he became older, he showed a strange partiality for the company of the girls of the village, playing with them in preference to the boys, whom comparatively he shunned. He was sent to acquire the tailor's trade and learned it. He worked at home and elsewhere and finally came to Halifax.

Here he made his advent as a tailor and not as a tailor. He worked in more than one place in this city, appearing as a rather good-looking girl in stylish attire. His face and voice were like those of a woman. But Chief O'Sullivan heard rumors which made him doubt the femininity of Thomas, and as stated above, after four months or so in Halifax "Miss" Thomas Cullen was arrested and lodged in prison.

The story that was there unfolded was a remarkable one. It showed that there are many very foolish young men in this city. Thomas had used his charms to make many a dollar out of susceptible dudes. He was a redoubtable "masher" with light-headed young men. His conquests were many. A north-end expressman was so much in love with Thomas that he paid his board for several weeks. A well known local boxer was a rival of the north-ender for Thomas' affections. A dozen dudes were named by Thomas as under the spell of his charms. He told an amusing story of his sway over the affections of a St. John cop, for it seems he took in that city, too, in his masquerade.

Thomas was sent back by the police to Little Harbor, no doubt not one whit wiser, but certainly a much more subdued and sadder man.

The Witnesses Did Not Appear.

HALIFAX, Aug. 30.—There is a certain coroner in this city who has more than once obtained an undesirable prominence, in various ways. His experience in the past has not sufficed either to make him more cautious or better behaved, and the other day he was again in trouble. He was not alone either. Another doctor, one who was an important personage in the recent election contest in this province and city, was the coroner's companion in misfortune. Inspector Banks was at the bottom of the affair, though rather strange to say, there has not been a word of it in the Halifax papers.

Mr. Banks made one of his nocturnal visits to Malcolm McDonald's liquor shop, Göttingen street, thinking that possibly he might find infractions of the license law. His appearance was of the usual sudden character, not more startling, however, to McDonald than to those men whom the inspector saw there. One was the coroner, another the political medico, and the third Banks thought was a Mr. Managhan, but he was mistaken, for it turned out to be somebody else. The coroner and his friend were served with subpoenas, and so was Managhan, the man whom Banks unwittingly substituted for a well known member of one of the national societies of Halifax. The finding of the three prominent citizens made it a sure thing for Banks. There was no need for him to trouble himself about the case, for he could rest assured that the fine would be paid—on the quiet. Paying fines on the quiet is one of the great institutions of Halifax. On the morning of the day set for the trial Lawyer Harrington came in to see the magistrate accompanied by McDonald. The conference was short. The liquor dealer was assessed \$50 for being open that night, and the coroner and the M. D. once more escaped a compromising position in the witness box.

In connection with liquor suits, Heber Hartlen and two other citizens are asking who it was that played on them a practical joke a couple of days ago. Some way obtained blank subpoena forms, and filled them in with Stipendiary Motton's name forged, and sent them to Hartlen, and the other summoning them to appear as witnesses tomorrow (Friday) to give evidence in an alleged charge against the proprietor of the Seaside Hotel. Of course there was no such case, but the receipt of the subpoena considerably but needlessly frightened Mr. Hartlen et al. Who sent that subpoena is the question.

A NAPOLEON OF FINANCE.

How It is that "Progress" is a Source of Revenue to a St. John man.

"You read PROGRESS, do you not?" said a St. John pastor to one of his flock this week.

"Read PROGRESS?" repeated the one addressed. "Why, sir, I derive a portion of my revenue from PROGRESS!"

"Indeed!" said the surprised clergyman. "Are you, then, Argus or Astra?"

"I am neither," said the man of revenue. "Are you the musical critic?" asked the minister, with an I've-got-you-at-last smile.

"I am not," was the reply.

"Then for gracious sake what are you?" said the mystified clergyman.

"I am a born financier," said the other, proudly. "I am, in fact, a Napoleon of finance. Wasn't it Solomon that said saving was earning? Well, sir, my neighbor takes the Sun. I take PROGRESS. We swap. Six times two are twelve—that's what the Sun costs a week. Whatever the real worth of PROGRESS may be, its intrinsic value, as fixed by the publisher, is five cents. Five from twelve is seven. Let's see what it would be in a year. Seven times fifty-two—"

But the disgusted clergyman had gone.

SHE IS NOW A "MISSUS"

THOUGH SHE WAS LOATH TO SAY SO AT FIRST.

A Romance Begun in Boston Ends in St. John—He saw her Home and Married her at the Journey's end—All's Well that Ends Well.

There was a marriage in St. John recently which was romantic. In days of old, when knights were bold, and barons held their sway over the hearts of gentle maids, it was not an unusual thing for marriages to be romantic. Nowadays the god of love seems to have grown more methodical in his habits, and yet occasionally there comes to him a wild desire to play a prank such as he was wont to play in the halcyon days when the world and he were young.

It was in the month of April that Mr. David Hargrove brushed the mud of Clinch's Mills from off his feet, preparatory to going to the city of Boston, there to win fame and fortune. Perhaps in the glowing visions of futurity which lit up the young man's eye, there appeared a life partner—a Boston girl, not only beautiful, but cultured; not only cultured, but skilled in the art of making delicious dishes from the fruit of Fabius. Nothing less than a spectacled beauty, born and bred in Boston, would suit this fastidious youth from Clinch's Mills.

But after Mr. Hargrove had been in Boston a few months, and had acquired a goodly share of the wisdom to be found in that luxurious city, he came to the conclusion that the most attractive Boston girls were those who came to Boston from New Brunswick. This realization may have had something to do with the fact that Mr. Hargrove was a frequent visitor at the residence of Mr. Charles Hepburn, now of Charlestown, but once a respected resident of Gooseberry Cove.

Mr. Hepburn, like Artemus Ward, was pleased to find that the young gentleman had discovered that he was "a pretty entertaining old fellow." Miss Elizabeth Hepburn was not supposed to have anything in particular to do with Mr. Hargrove's frequent visits to the Charlestown residence of the gentleman who was once a respected resident of Gooseberry Cove.

It was only a few weeks ago that Miss Elizabeth Hepburn received word that a relative of hers was seriously ill at Fairville, and wanted Miss Hepburn to come to St. John. Before this message arrived, Mr. Hargrove had informed the Hepburns that as he was out of employment, he was going back to New Brunswick in a few days. After the Fairville letter came, the Hepburn family were greatly pleased when Mr. Hargrove told them that the day Miss Hepburn was to leave Boston was the very day on which he was to start for New Brunswick, and that Miss Hepburn could have a protector on her journey. That is, all the family seemed pleased but the young lady, who appeared to think that she was old enough to take care of herself.

Soon after the pair arrived at St. John, Rev. Mr. Gates performed an interesting ceremony for the young lady had considered that while she was able to take care of herself now, the day might come when a man would be very handy to have in the house. There were other considerations too.

Then Miss Hepburn went to see her relative. "You don't mean Miss Hepburn?" Certainly; the relative was expecting Miss Hepburn, and the young lady did not want to give the invalid a shock by announcing herself by any other name. The young man went to his home at Clinch's Mills; and the girls he had left behind him still believed him single.

But matrimony, like murder, will out. In future it is Mrs. David Hargrove, if you please.

The couple are now engaged in "living happily ever after."

THE MINISTER AND THE JUSTICE.

A Cumberland Clergyman's Repartee at a Magistrate's Expense.

One of the best known and most popular presbyterian clergymen in the county of Cumberland, or indeed in the whole province of Nova Scotia, was the late Dr. Clarke, a north of Ireland man, who was as ready as repartee as he was zealous in his Master's cause. One day the doctor was driving through one of the suburban districts of his parish, in a new sleigh, which, together with the horse and harness, was a recent gift from his friends and parishioners; when he was met by one "Squire" Brown, one of a batch of J. P.'s lately commissioned by the local government in recognition of political services. The "squire," after critically inspecting the "rig," thought he would amuse himself and friends at the doctor's expense, so, assuming an expression of great intelligence, and at the same time glancing archly at his friends, he said:—

"Doctor, the ministers now-a-days are not like the apostles of old, eh?"

"In what do they differ?" asked the doctor.

"Why in those days the Apostles rode

on asses, but now ministers of the gospel are so proud that they drive about the country in fine carriages and sleighs!"

"Well yes, so they did," replied the doctor thoughtfully, "they rode asses, but you see since the government has been appointing all the asses J. P.'s it is impossible to get an ass to ride, and we are therefore compelled to do the best we can."

And a merry jingle of sleigh bells broke the long cold silence into musical fragments, as the doctor drove calmly away, and the new made J. P. looked about in the snow for a rabbit's burrow, into which he could crawl, and recover himself.

TOO MUCH FOR "JIMMY."

He Was Bound to Protect the Judge and he Contradicted his Wife.

An incident in the Probate court a few days ago caused much amusement at the time and has furnished fun, again and again since when told by one of those present. The somewhat celebrated Fawcett case was on and the wife of one of the parties interested was giving evidence. She was sure about the date a certain event had happened and when pressed by the council why she was so positive, she replied that it was on the same day as the mayor's election. "Now what in the world would make you remember that the mayor's election was on that date," asked the lawyer.

"Well, it was this way," said the witness, as she prepared for quite a story, "I remember Jimmy coming home that afternoon and saying that he had done a good day's work—yes, two good days' work, said he—for I went over to the Granite works this morning and this afternoon I went into Judge Skinner's office and he gave me \$2 for voting for his man for mayor."

"Jimmy" was sitting in the court room, and as his wife concluded this bit of interesting evidence, he slowly turned his head to one side, looked at the judge and without a smile ejaculated,

"It's a d—d lie. Ain't it judge." And everybody smiled, the judge included.

Mr. McAlpine and The Hunter Estate.

Mr. E. H. McAlpine tried to defend himself from the statements published by PROGRESS last Saturday in the Globe of that evening. It would have been far better if he had remained silent. PROGRESS was not anxious to tell the whole story, since, if all the ridiculous scenes in the court of late in which Mr. McAlpine figured were described there would be only one thing to do. One day the judge of the probate court in his indignation apply characterized it as a "panorama of drunkenness" and this seems to about fill the bill. The friends of those interested in the Hunter estate have discovered what it was for McAlpine to lose a will or rather to attempt to prove a lost will. The estate has paid \$1,500 already in costs, some \$800 or \$900 of which have gone to the lawyers, and the lost will is not found yet nor any part of it. These costs were increased by repeated adjournments frequently made necessary by the scenes in the court. One claim of \$50—a legacy said to be left to a friend of the deceased, was represented by Mr. Davis. His fee so far, paid to him, is \$122, while the claim is by no means proved. This gives evidence of what this business is costing the estate.

What It Cost the City.

The item of expense, so far as the city is concerned, incurred to entertain the Governor General, will probably be about \$1000. This includes the furnishing of the assembly rooms, the decoration of the council chamber, the firing of salutes, coaching and other incidentals so necessary for the success of such an event. The new carpet placed upon the assembly room cost \$1.35 per yard and sold by auction at \$1.15. So the city only paid 25 cents a yard for the use of it. The other stuff did not sell so well but probably brought 50 per cent. of its value. The coaching cost \$135 and the firing of the salute in honor of his excellency brought in a bill from the military of \$27. The trip about the harbor in the steam yacht Dream was at the mayor's expense. The yacht was tendered to him by the owners Messrs. Thorne and Troop so the luncheon was the expensive part of the affair.

Chief Clerk in a New Role.

Chief Kerr's driver was at his tea the other evening, when box 27 was rung for a lamp explosion in the market building, but Chief of Police Clark gallantly came to the rescue and drove the team to Chief Kerr's house, picked up that official on the fly and speeded him to box 27 to find the fire all out. Then Chief Kerr got this volunteer driver to take him to the Union Club, from which place he sent him back to the ladder house with the team. Of course Chief Kerr thanked Chief Clark, and there is a rumor that he also gave him a cigar. It is now suggested that the investigating committee of the council may consider the advisability of combining the offices, so as to make the chief of police the driver of Chief Kerr's wagon, or else make the latter functionary chief of police.