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FAKIRS WORKED TRURO.

NO RESPECTER OF PEOPLE OR THEIR PERSONS.

A Sunday School Superintendent and the Sheriff Were Among the Victims—the Latter Brought the Fear of Dorchester Into Play and the Fakir Squealed.

TRURO, Aug. 16.—“Five brings you ten and ten brings you twenty.” These were the words that greeted Mr. George A. Hall as he entered one of Cook & Whitby's side shows in Truro on Thursday last. Mr. Hall is head of the firm of J. H. Croskup & Co., secretary of the liberal-conservative association of Colchester County, and otherwise prominently connected. As the fakir's words struck George's ears his curiosity was deeply aroused. He had read of the nutshell fake time and again and was loud in his condemnation of those who patronized such a game and allowed themselves to be victimized. George, however, had never seen the game played and was anxious to know how the slick-fingered combination worked their victims. He elbowed his way through the crowd and was soon alongside the fakir's barrel. He had not watched the movement of the shells very long before he saw “just how it was done,” and could not understand why so many people lost their money in the game when it was such an easy matter to keep track of the pea. The gambling spirit took possession of him. He saw chances to make some money and at the same time square matters with the fakirs for the way they robbed the innocent farmer; but how was this to be accomplished? When he left his store he had no idea of running across such a “dead sure thing” and had put but a couple of dollars in his pockets. Would the nutshell man accept his cheque for say \$20 or \$25. Why of course he would, the nutshell man seeing in an instant by George's business-like appearance that his cheque was as good as specie. George was about to write out a cheque for a small amount when Mr. Shaw, a visitor in town, kindly offered to lend him \$20. This offer George graciously accepted and the fun began. His first attempt to “pick it up” for a tenner was a failure. Two more unsuccessful attempts to locate the wily pea and George was broke. He felt his loss quite keenly and turning to Mr. Shaw who kindly advanced him the \$20 he soundly abused that gentleman and accused him of being a party to the swindle. He refused to pay Mr. Shaw back his money but offered to give him one dollar and call it square. This of course Mr. Shaw would not listen to. George was now worked up to a terrible degree of excitement. He had a cheque for six hundred dollars on his person and the craze for gambling had taken full possession of him. He backed out of the crowd and wandered around the tent in a bewildered manner. He was afraid to trust himself. Meeting a Mr. Hennessey, a old time tory, who had voted the straight ticket for years, he handed him the six hundred dollar cheque and asked him to keep it for a few hours. George then took a walk around town and after recovering his senses came back and got his cheque from Mr. Hennessey and returned to his place of business a sadder and wiser man. Mr. Shaw threatened to bring action against Hall for the recovery of the money he (Shaw) loaned him but Hall settled and the matter did not go into court.

Mr. Hall, however, was not the only prominent person that was taken in by the game. Leander J. Crowe, sheriff for the county of Colchester, and a Methodist Sunday school superintendent, who has been escorting prisoners to the penitentiary and running down criminals for the past twenty years, spent \$14 trying to find the pea. When he saw that there was no chance of getting square with the game by “squealing up,” he threatened the fakir with arrest. Visions of Dorchester penitentiary came up before the nutshell man and he handed the sheriff back his \$14 sooner than run the risk of getting a free ride to Dorchester. The sheriff was not at his place in Sunday school yesterday and, strange to say, the Sunday school lesson was gambling.

Gardner Clish took \$7 worth of stock in the nutshell enterprise but failed to realize on the investment. He threatened, backed up by the sheriff, to have the fakir arrested, and was handed back his money.

Editor Putnam, of the Weekly Times, had only a five dollar bill in his possession but thought he saw a chance of making \$25. His expectations were not realized however, as he failed to find the pea the first time, and none of his friends were willing to advance him a “V” to get even with the game.

W. A. Aston, the popular Inglis street jeweller, thought he could make more money turning over nutshells than selling jewellery, but what little he learned about the game cost him \$20.

Bert Bales, a dry goods clerk, had more money than he knew what to do with and attributed \$20 towards the fakir's fund.

John Alex. McKenzie, a well-to-do butcher, sold the circus people fifty dollars' worth of meat. He looked in to see the side show on his way home after collecting his money and could not resist the temptation to try his luck. He lost all the money the circus people paid him and became infuriated. He attempted to get his money back by force but was jumped upon by three of the fakirs and severely pounded.

TOMMY HOPKINS.

THE FAKIRS AT MONCTON.

They Placed the Pea Beneath the Shell; Beneath Which One They Didn't Tell.

MONCTON, Aug. 15.—The city fathers have a bone of contention now. The cause of dispute is the effort to find out upon whose shoulders can be shifted the responsibility for the very extensive operations of the Cook and Whitby fakirs, on circus day. The mayor was out of town—as far as Boston—so he was certainly clear of all blame in the matter, and when the police committee were called upon for an explanation at the first meeting of the board after his return, they succeeded in proving that not only had explicit orders been given to the police force to arrest any fakirs who were caught plying their nefarious trade upon the grounds, but eight special policemen had been appointed to keep a watchful eye upon the circus people, and protect the interests of the citizens.

In view of these extra precautions it is a very curious thing that although numbers of men who should have known better, beside the usual contingent of innocents from the rural districts, were cheated out of sums varying from one to forty dollars by the pea and shell, and the loaded dice, swindlers; and although the thieves plied their trade quite openly, in the side show tents, not one arrest was made during the day, nor, so far as the spectators could see, was the slightest effort made to check the operations of the most determined and best organized gang of fakirs ever seen in Moncton.

The mayor commented on this fact in unmeasured terms, and used some very strong language on the subject of what he called the manner in which the police neglected their duties. He also stated plainly that he had been informed the force had been, in the language of the joking fraternity, “greased,” and expressed the opinion that the matter should be ventilated. It has been pretty thoroughly ventilated by this time, I think, and the police force have received rather more censure than they deserve, since the discussion at the council board showed that the instructions given to the police marshal were not by any means explicit, no special mention being made of the inside of the tents, where the fake shows were almost exclusively carried on. Indeed, they formed part of the side show, and were just as much under the protection of the firm of Cook & Whitby as were the half-draped females who displayed their opulent charms on raised platforms around the tent, the tattooed gentleman who imprinted your own, or your best beloved one's initial on your arm in indelible ink, or the gum-chewing houri who pasted a spirit-alcohol—photograph of your future husband, or wife, on the back of your hand, for the modest fee of ten cents.

In short you paid your ten cent entrance fee just as much to see how the shell and pea operator managed his little game, as to see any of the other wonders, and nobody interfered with him any more than they did with the equally flagrant swindle of pasting a decalcomanie picture on the back of some innocent's hand, calling it the photograph of her future husband, and collecting ten cents in payment. The police had no authority for interrupting this little game, and probably they did not imagine they had any more for stopping the rest of the side-show even when it included other branches of the faking profession, as all seemed equally authorized by the circus managers, and under their distinct patronage.

Whether they really were or not, and whether the police of Moncton were fully blind, or only uncertain how far their authority extended,—one thing is beyond question, and that is, the effect of the Cook & Whitby experience on the future outlook of the circus industry in Moncton. The next show of the kind which visits the city will probably reap the bitter fruits of its predecessor's transgression and be called upon to pay a license which will materially alter the profits of the performance, besides being placed under a police surveillance too close to be very pleasant.

SWINDLING A SHOWMAN.

How a Halifax Officer Cheated the Circus Out of Ten Dollars.

HALIFAX, August 16.—It is not generally supposed to be an easy matter to get ahead of the circus in a sharp game. The “fakir” work is all supposed to be on the part of the show people and their hangers-on. But exceptions sometimes prove the rule, and there was an exception furnished last week on the occasion of the visit of Cook & Whitby's circus. A young man,

who moves in rather fashionable society, occupies a good position in a prominent business house, and is a lieutenant in the 66th P. L. F., had in his possession a note of the defunct Consolidated bank for \$10. The note was no good in ordinary business, but it occurred to the young militia subaltern that it could be turned to good account in the purchase of circus tickets. He knew the crash would be great at the ticket seller's box, and the chances were the bogus \$10 bill would be taken at its face without question. He calculated aright. The bill was presented with a demand for three tickets, and quick as a flash the pasteboard was handed over, and \$8.50 good money besides. There might possibly be some excuse for a fashionable young man getting circus tickets in exchange for bad money, but what palliation can there be for his walking off with \$8.50 of lawful money which practically he had stolen from the circus. The moral of this tale would seem to be that men should look out for “fakirs” in the towns they visit. What do the 66th officers think of it?

ARCLIGHT IS A GREAT HORSE.

He has More Speed Than Ever, and His Managers More Wind Than Sand.

“Went into his boots” is a phrase of greater expression than elegance, and yet, in the opinion of local horsemen this week, that is about the only proper language by which to express the action of the manager of the horse Arclight. It is not necessary to state that Arclight is at Moosepath and has been there all summer, that he is handled and, some say, managed by C. W. Bell, who has fitted him to such a degree that he has all his speed or more speed than he has shown yet. He has trotted quarters at a 20 clip, halves at about as good, and the report is that he went a full mile in a fraction over 2.21. These little stories were sent broadcast, the daily papers gave them insertion without charge and day by day and week by week the stock of Arclight has risen steadily; he has gone up in the estimation of his owner as well as in the opinion of the public, and when some enterprising horseman asked for a figure on him one day he was cooled considerably by the reply “Four thousand.”

Though Arclight has not been worried by the free-for-alls at Halifax, Yarmouth and Moncton, where Speculation, Brazilian, Israel and Stranger have shown what they can do, yet when the local meeting was advertised here and a fair purse offered for a free for all, it was expected that Arclight would be one of the horses entered. Without having any actual claim upon him, the track expected it because owners of good horses have to depend upon tracks to give them races and the tracks depend upon the horses to furnish them with a paying attraction. They cannot afford to ignore one another. More especially is this the case with a local horse and a local track.

But the manager of Arclight waited. His horse was going fast but Mr. Bell is cautious. When it was learned that Speculation and Lycurgus with an unknown “Gracie” were the only horses entered Arclight's entry went into the post-office. This was on the afternoon of the 9th, while the entries closed on the 8th. Secretary Frink didn't get the entry until the 10th and of course it was not legal. But “Gracie” turned out to be a newspaper error and meant Israel, whose entry had been telegraphed the night of the 8th. Then when the track tried to make a special race for the same purse between the four horses, Arclight's owner declined to go unless the purse was doubled with 60 per cent. to the winner. This, of course, was making conditions for the track which could not be listened to. Israel, on the contrary, said “yes” at once; Lycurgus too was willing to trot. Israel started at once for St. John and reached here Saturday night only to find that he could not measure speed with the black son of Rampart. He made a lot of friends and the track management recognized his effort to do the best he could by paying his expenses.

Arclight is a great horse and PROGRESS thinks with many others that he has more speed than ever just as truly as his management has more wind than sand.

Curious Postal Clerks.

Another package of manuscript came to PROGRESS last week decorated with the suggestive and encouraging phrases “Closed against inspection,” “Fourteen cents to pay.” Of course it was a day late. As a matter of fact the package was not lost against inspection. Talk about the curiosity of women—that of some postal clerks would double discount it! PROGRESS has had occasion again and again to remind the post office officials of the fact that copies of it are abstracted from dealers' bundles while passing through the mails and to this a stronger term than curiosity might be applied. The writer once had occasion to visit the post office newspaper department Friday afternoon and found one of clerks coolly reading a PROGRESS that had been taken from one of the single wrappers, but these are exceptions. Nineteen out of

twenty of the clerks are obliging and courteous to a greater degree than one would expect from men continually in contact with an exacting public.

“DUTCH” ERVIN AND ABERDEEN.

How the Two Celebrities Met Each Other at the Royal Hotel.

The governor-general has no warmer St. John admirer than Mr. Ervin, the ever-popular telegraph operator, who is known and hailed by telegraphers all over the continent as “Dutch.” Mr. Ervin received a telegram for his lordship on Tuesday night, and, not daring to trust a messenger, took the despatch to Lord Aberdeen at the Royal. “Dutch” is modest, and did not hand the telegram to the Earl himself. He wandered about the room, however, waiting to see if Aberdeen had any answer to send. His lordship noticed “Dutch” going around like a lost soul in Paradise, and thinking that he was lost, and was looking for the way to the street, went up to him, and, with a few pleasant words, showed him the door. Somebody informed his excellency of his mistake, and he then made an apology to “Dutch,” which that gentleman graciously received. Then Mr. Ervin asked him if he could take an answer to the telegraph-office or the post-office. His lordship said he would wait till the morning, but thanked “Dutch” cordially, and had quite a talk with him about the events of the day. Lady Aberdeen then came over and spoke to Mr. Ervin, and smiled on him. “She's not very handsome till she smiles,” says “Dutch,” “but she smiles most all the time, and when she smiles she's just beautiful.”

It is needless to say that the society editor of the now defunct Daily Hogo was delighted with his reception. “Some governor-generals,” he said, “would have slung me down stairs after they got the despatch.” As stated before, Mr. Ervin is modest.

“But he'll get his back pay for his decency,” says Aberdeen's new friend. “People have found out just what kind of a man he is, and if ever he comes back to St. John people will be glad to see him.”

THIS IS A HARD CASE.

Driver Dan Moore Who Was Badly Injured Laid Off Without Pay.

An old railroad man, Dan Moore of St. Stephen, was in town Thursday night on his way to Portland, Me., where he expects to undergo a painful and uncertain surgical operation on his arm which was broken some months ago and never healed properly.

Moore was engaged on the Shore Line at the time. He had been there ever since he began to railroad and that dates back to the time the road was built. He was an employe when such great things were thought of the new line and he saw the prospect of them fade away and vanish. The managements changed and so did the owners but Moore remained. He stood at his post day after day on a road that required strong nerve, on a road practically without ballast and dangerous alike to life and limb; more than that, he remained without pay or with but part of it until his arrears of wages amounted to \$1,200. Then the company sold out to Russel Sage and the present owners and Moore was not in it. Sage took the road but not the liabilities—the employes had no lien and, Moore, hoping against hope, continued to give the road the best years of his life.

This went on until one day, a few months ago, there was an accident—the old track had got in its fine work at last, and the engine ran off. Moore came out of the affair with a badly broken arm. This occurred at 11 o'clock in the morning and at sharp noon of the same day his pay stopped. He has not received a cent since that time and has been unable to do a day's work to support a wife and ten children. No, not a wife, for she died two months ago, and some say the hard usage her husband received hastened the end, but this may be conjecture.

Manager Hugh H. McLean of the shore line has been appealed to again and again but he has done nothing. It is said that Moore has a promise of half pay but the fact is that he has received nothing. This is an example of the flinty nature of a corporation's soul. It was not necessary to prove the attitude of the Shore Line towards its employes but this case is too hard to pass without comment.

Mount Allison Institutions.

The coming year will be a great one for Mount Allison. The beautiful new University residence will be open on Sept. 27th, when the term opens. The principal of the Ladies' College expects a large attendance that year at the popular institution; Prof. Hammond will still be in charge of the Owens Art gallery. The Conservatory of Music will employ eight instructors. The fall term opens on Aug. 30th. Either Dr. Allison, president of the University, or Dr. Borden, principal of the Ladies' College, will be delighted to send calendars of their respective institutions, which give detailed information concerning the courses of study, scholarships, prizes, board, etc.

IT WAS A MERRY WEEK.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN ENJOYED THE FUN.

St. John's Reception to the Governor General of Canada—The Firemen's Great Share in It—The Procession and the Sights—Some Incidents Worth Noting.

Aberdeen! Aberdeen!! Aberdeen!!! This was the musical burden of the shout that rose from thousands of voices Monday evening when the train that bore Canada's governor-general and his lady drew into the station of this city.

Talk about a crowd! Not since the days

in spite of the rain-bearing clouds that scurried across the sky as if afraid to stay in the vicinity, went to work and fairly flooded the streets included in the route of procession. Such confidence as this was rather foolhardy, but there was no mistake about it—the contract that Robinson made held good and the day of all days dawned fine.

To start in and give a detailed description of the events would fill PROGRESS as it did the five dailies nearly all the week. It would be useless to add a sixth account of sports but there were some incidents not covered, some comments not made and



THE YOUTHFUL ABERDEENS.

of Lorne and Louise, or the Prince of Wales has such a congregation of people assembled to meet visitors to the city. And it was a good natured crowd. Nothing disturbed its serenity. They all knew what they came for—to see the man and woman who have been honored in many places by many people—who, though “born in the purple,” have not been willing to idle their lives away, but have done what they could for those who are less fortunate than themselves. Few expected even to see the pair; and they were about right. But they saw a crowd; and if they liked a crush how they must have relished the rough and tumble good natured struggle there was to overwhelm the visiting party and shake hands with them. They were not privileged to do this, but what a great reception Aberdeen and his countess might have had there! There was not an “evening dress” in the party, but the hand shake and the welcome would have been none the less hearty for all that. Formality to the winds!—there was no guard of honor—there is a story back of that—nothing to prevent the people from giving them the people's welcome—if they had only known.

But they didn't know, and so the chance was lost. But all this time, while throats were getting clearer, the mayor and Sir Leonard, the host of the visitors, had given them a particular welcome. They told them in their happiest language just how glad they were to see them, while the people kept backing up their language in an unmistakable fashion. The passage of the barouches was one full of excitement. Mayor Robertson looked every inch a mayor as he walked alongside his excellency. It might be said that it was the proudest moment of his life. He may have known happier times since; when, for instance, he pointed out the resources of the town to his lordship, not forgetting to mention the magnificent harbor and all that went with it, but, all things considered, “his worship” looked conscious of the importance of the duty that had devolved upon him when he slowly made his way through the crowd escorting the distinguished visitors.

But there must be an end to all good things and so there was to this. Half an hour later where thousands had stood there was not one, and the hurrying and belated wayfarer wondered at the change of scene.

If the firemen had not much to do with the welcome to Aberdeen they proposed to be in it next morning. Secretary Jack Robinson had made special arrangements (by C. P. R. telegraph) with the clerk of the weather and had his promise to keep all the fog and rain in Halifax, or some other place, until the visitors left town. So nobody lost any sleep on that account;

and the street department, the night before, this, perchance, PROGRESS will attempt.

Getting a procession into line is slow work and is only equalled by the presentation of addresses. Some happy spirit ordained that both of these should go on at the same time, and while Aberdeen was bored to death in the council chamber by such formal trifles, the firemen and their marshals were getting hot and dusty in their stupendous efforts to get into line. And all the time thousands of people forgot to notice the sign “keep off the grass” on King Square. They left the imprint of their feet everywhere save on the flower beds. They used the gutters for footstools and the banks for benches. They perched upon the Young monument and almost covered it from view. They sat upon the tombstones in the old burial ground and forgot where they were. Benches were at a premium and those who possessed them used them not to sit but to stand upon.

Meanwhile the cannon thundered forth the salute. Slowly, but surely, the reports came. Some amused themselves with trying to guess how long it was between the reports, and they discovered that the gun was not fired at regular intervals, forgetting though, that it was not fired by regulars but militiamen.

All of which did not seem to disturb the serenity of Aberdeen and his countess. Probably they were used to it. Even the rather grim attendance in the grim old council chamber of the court house did not seem to discompose them. They had evidently come for a pleasant, easy sort of a time and proposed to ignore trifles. If the governor general ever has the good or bad fortune to have a book written of his tour or if his secretary keeps a library of scrap books he may discover some day when he is no longer the chief man in Canada that the people of St. John thought a good deal of his ancient family and his illustrious descent. He will also discover that this city was founded by the loyalists and that there was a loyalist society. Some other things may also occur to him in a humorous light. If he reads his own reply he will also call to mind, no doubt, who his secretary was at that time and speculate for a moment upon his literary ability.

Besides the mayor, the council, the officials and the rope that did duty when the Prince of Wales was here, there were present four societies representing Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen and that unforgotten band of pioneers—the Loyalists. The first three came without parchment. Each had their special claim upon Aberdeen but good sense and council prevailed and they did him honor by assembling to welcome him without addresses. The