

A FINISHED SCOUNDREL.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. CHARLES STERLING.

He Lived Upon His Friends and Promises—Married a Wife and Had a Good Time—Brought Up Suddenly By a Charlottetown Customer.

Charles Edgar Sterling, through the kindness of his friends who paid his bills, will not suffer it is supposed for securing goods under false pretences, the complaint made against him by Mr. Carvell of Charlottetown, P. E. I. and which charge was the cause of his incarceration in one of the cells of the St. John jail, this week.

Charles is about as accomplished a scamp as has visited the city for some years, if all the stories told about him are true, as many of them undoubtedly are. He has been in St. John only a few weeks, but in that time has run up bills for over a thousand dollars in the stores, secured two or more cars of farm produce without any visible way of paying for them, he has married a wife, got a well furnished home, and a private room in the prison.

The story goes that the versatile Charles came to St. John, about the first of April though that does not denote him a fool by any manner of means.

He represented himself as one of a family of four.

My brother John, myself, and two sisters are worth \$40,000, he said, and on the strength of this he secured some loans of money to carry him along.

His principal victim was Henry Kearney, a dealer in hay and oats, a native of Carleton county, who has a business in Pond street, this city. Sterling went to Kearney about April 3rd and desired to go into partnership with him, telling him about the \$40,000 and that "brother John would help him out." After a few visits he asked Kearney to loan him \$16, saying that he had an order for \$100 from Brother John on Mr. Drury of the Imperial Oil Company, that Mr. Drury was out of town and that he could not get it cashed any place else. Mr. Kearney on the strength of this order lent him the sixteen dollars asked for and Sterling disappeared.

A week later Mr. Kearney had occasion to go to his home at Woodstock and there he learned that a very rich young man of St. John had got married that morning. On enquiry it proved to be Mr. Sterling who had borrowed the sixteen dollars to pay the expenses of marriage. It is said that when Sterling got off the train on his way to Gordonsville, where the ceremony took place, that as he left the cars he waved the license over his head and shouted, "This is the document that carries the bells of Gordonsville." He had never seen the young lady before, and the mystery is how he learned there was such a person. It is supposed that her name cropped out in some conversation and that believing she had some money he made the venture.

Mr. Kearney returned to St. John, where in a few days Sterling arrived with his wife. He was asked for the sixteen dollars, but said that he had secured the \$100 at the last moment when leaving town and had paid it all out for a car of hay at Woodstock. If he was not pushed for the money he would give Mr. Kearney an order for the hay if the latter would pay him \$40 more, as he wanted some money pretty badly. Kearney was suspicious and telegraphed to Woodstock and found that the hay had been purchased and was on the way. He let him have the forty dollars.

Then the man whom Brother John was going to carry through wanted again to go into partnership with Kearney. Kearney agreed after a time to take him in on consideration that he bought one-half of Kearney's stock. He agreed to do this and everything was progressing favorably for a trade when Sterling decided to borrow again. This time Kearney refused to supply him, but Sterling showed him a telegram stating that a car of oats had been shipped by Carvell Bros., Charlottetown, P. E. I., to his order at St. John. The car was turned over to Kearney, the money advanced and all was well. Kearney was suspicious and was afraid that Sterling would give an order for the car to someone else and so waited till the car arrived, then he paid the freight and took possession, taking out some of the oats and putting a pad lock on each door. Then another car of oats was ordered by Sterling and this also transferred to Kearney.

In the meantime Carvell Bros., began to press for the payment of the price of the first car and notified Sterling. He then sold the second car to Kearney on 90 days time, showing him a despatch to that effect. Carvell Bros., receiving no satisfactory reply to their request began to threaten and Sterling's shifts and subterfuges would fill a volume.

The next stir was occasioned by Mr. Kearney making a second visit to Woodstock. Sterling then employed Dr. Alward and Deputy Sheriff Rankine was empowered to visit Kearney's shop and seize

the contents. The statement was made that Kearney had run away and that he owed Sterling three or four hundred dollars. Mr. Kearney's clerk interferred however and the sheriff decided to wait a few days to see if Mr. Kearney would return. Mr. Kearney did so and when he had heard how affairs were visited Dr. Alward and inquired as to the affair. The doctor told him that Sterling was not accountable for his action. Kearney is said to have replied "that he was accountable enough to pay \$15 for advice in the case."

Then Mr. Carvell appeared on the scene, and the sportive Sterling was arrested for securing goods under false pretences. He was lodged in jail and an effort made to get Mr. Kearney to pay for the oats, amounting to some \$600.

After the arrest a conference took place at one of the hotels between Carvell, Kearney, Dr. Alward, G. C. Coster and Mr. Jones, Sterling's father-in-law. Kearney refused to pay for the oats, as he had purchased them from Sterling at ninety days, at the expiration of which time he was willing to pay Sterling or Carvell; it was of no consequence to him, he said, who got it. The matter was finally settled by Kearney paying Carvell \$100, when the latter departed for his home on the Island.

Sterling is still in jail and the whole matter is in the hands of magistrate Ritchie who may or not prosecute. It is doubtful if he will now, that the matter has been fixed up as far as possible by Sterling's friends, but should the latter be set at liberty it is believed he will have bills enough after him to keep him on the move for some time.

THE CONDUCTOR WAS BOUNCED.

For Daring to Prove that the Checker was Incorrect.

Several of the conductors of the street railway are complaining that of late many of the envelopes they send in to the office of the superintendent have been returned to them with "shorts" marked upon them. Every conductor is supposed to make a return of each trip in an envelope furnished for that purpose. Upon the envelope he marks the amount of the contents. It is only natural to suppose that they would be fairly correct and when they began to see that their returns were short they did not understand it. There are three envelopes before PROGRESS now from one conductor—a hard working fellow against whom no person has a word to say—on which are marked short 25 cents, 25 cents and 30 cents. This was all the three says and it meant that at the end of the week they would represent 80 cents in his wages. The conductor knew he was not wrong because he took especial pains to be correct, so after he found that expostulation had no effect he tried the following plan. On one trip he took in 35 cents, and in the envelope enclosing his return he placed 40 cents, in the presence of a witness. Still 35 cents was all his return called for, and the next morning when he appeared at the office he inquired if everything was all right.

"Yes, everything all right," was the reply.

"No shorts?" asked the conductor, perhaps with a suspicion of irony.

"No, shorts," was the short reply.

"No overs?" again queried the conductor.

"No" was the shorter answer.

Then the conductor asked why in the return for trip No.—40 cents had not been found when the trip only called for 35 cents, and why the five cents had not been returned.

There was an awkward pause. The checker reported the matter to superintendent Bliss, who bounced the conductor in short order, for trying the incorrectness of their checking system. There does not seem to be any justice about this. The conductors have no proof save their word that their returns are right, and to find them wrong repeatedly and to have to make up the difference must be exasperating. The conductor cannot be blamed for proving the checker wrong and in the light of all the circumstances it would seem as if the superintendent should have turned his bouncing apparatus upon the checker, even if she is related to him.

The Benefits of Dyeing.

Every year the people are learning more and more to utilize everything that will cheapen the cost of living. Formerly, before the possibilities of dyeing were placed before them many a garment was cast off because it appeared old, because the colour was unsuitable or, perhaps, it was soiled. Now while such concerns as the American Dye works are in business, thrifty people patronize them and save money. To recolor dresses, to give a fresh and inviting appearance to old and faded garments is their business. They do it well, better than most people imagine or believe until they have tried them.

"Progress" is on sale in Boston at the King's Chapel news stand, corner of School and Tremont streets.

LOOKING FOR BUSINESS.

CORONER HAWKINS' SUSTAINS HIS REPUTATION.

The Police Court and its Head—An Unwillingness to Interfere—A Young Man's Entry into the Insurance Business and His Cash Capital.

HALIFAX, May 31.—One of the wrongs in this city, that should be righted, is the administration of justice in Stipendiary Motton's police court. This has been written of before, and it then seemed as if something was to be done to abate the lamentable state of affairs. But the good intention passed away without action. Matters are worse now than ever. Lawyers and litigants talk about it, but no one seems prepared to take the steps that should be taken. This delicacy is natural, but the public interests should not be allowed to suffer so grievously on account of mere sentiment. Robert Motton, Q. C., has been a good and an incorruptible judge, but in his present condition he is perfectly useless. The poor man's wasted intellects are completely gone; every one knows it, but no one has the moral courage publicly to say so. A delegation of lawyers had almost arranged to wait on the local government and ask for its intervention, for the appointment is vested in the government, but some one suggested first bringing up the question at the council of the bar society. A meeting was called and there was no quorum, so the matter dropped.

Scores of instances could be given of Mr. Motton's outlandish decisions,—how he finds for both plaintiff and defendant, inflicts fines on prisoner and witness alike. A sure way to secure judgment is for counsel for one party to steal a march on his legal brother and when his back is turned make a motion to the court. Mr. Motton is certain to grant the motion. If both lawyers are present the counsel who speaks loudest will win. So now the lawyers when a case is being summed up, adopt the practice of both talking together, and thus neither has an advantage, so that it becomes purely a matter of chance how the court will go. Mr. Motton cannot remember for two minutes anything he hears. This is no exaggeration, but is the plain, unvarnished truth.

It is Chief O'Sullivan who presides at the police court and not the magistrate, and sometimes it is a good thing that a man of the Chief's good sense is present to keep matters straight.

It is a disgrace to the city of Halifax that the police court should remain as it is, and that no one dares to publicly state the facts, or publicly do anything to secure an improvement. The city council is to blame; the bar society is to blame; Premier Fielding and the local government are to blame. A stroke of Mr. Fielding's pen is all that is needed to render the office vacant and to appoint a successor.

In the name of all that is just and right, and even decent let something be done and that quickly.

Coroner Hawkins' Escapades.

HALIFAX, May 31.—The man most to be pitied in Halifax, the past few days, has been Dr. A. C. Hawkins, coroner. He has hardly a defender among the 40,000 people in this city and Dartmouth. The story of how he took the body of poor W. H. Fullerton out through Undertaker Snow's window, in order to hold a \$10 interest is known through the length and breadth of the land. Here follows an incident in coroner Hawkins' history, that has never been told, but which is true as gospel. A couple of months ago a son of Messenger Anderson, of the merchants' bank Halifax, shot himself in the bank building, while temporarily insane. The poor suicide lived for eight hours after the fatal shot entered his brain. The tragedy occurred at 8 o'clock in the evening. That night coroner Hawkins was engaged with a party of friends at one of the Hollis street hotels till after midnight. Just after twelve a friend told him that young Anderson had shot himself.

"I'll go over and claim the inquest if no one has been there before me," said the coroner. It happens that the messenger in the bank of Nova Scotia is also named Anderson and it was in the latter bank that Hawkins was told that the shooting had taken place. He did not know whether the man was dead or not, either, and in fact Anderson lived till four o'clock in the morning. Hawkins chanced it, however and started quickly for the bank of Nova Scotia. He pounded heavily and authoritatively on the heavy bank door, and it was long ere the messenger came down stairs. The coroner announced himself, but the messenger would not open the door and the gruff conversation took place under difficulties. The messenger within saw Hawkins was making a mistake and he tantalized the coroner. His replies were vague and caused Hawkins to angrily inform the man that he was acting at his peril in repulsing him, a regularly commissioned coroner, admission, and all the thunders of the law would be called down upon his head next day. At last the mes-

senger within becoming tired of the parley told the coroner that there must be some mistake, and that the dead man, if he were indeed dead, was in the Merchants' bank just round the corner. Then it was that the fact dawned upon S. Hawkins that Anderson was also the name of the messenger at the Merchants' bank, and that there he would find his body.

Coroner Hawkins started off for the Merchants' as quickly in the first instance, as he had left the hotel for the Nova Scotia bank. In a minute his blows on the door of the other bank resounded in the calm morning air. But there was no response. The Anderson family had shut themselves up with their sorrow and would answer no call or warning. They were watching beside the body of their dying son, business surely sad enough without any addition to their grief. But Hawkins persisted so long, and thumped so loudly, that at last sergeant Dillon and policeman Pace came running to see what caused the disturbance. Dr. Hawkins told them what he was about and insisted on his rights, and his intentions to secure an entrance. The policeman pertinently asked:

"How do you know the man is dead?"

Hawkins answered that he understood he was, and as coroner he demanded admission. The window idea did not occur to him, so he rapped once more upon the door. At last the police officers told Coroner Hawkins that no matter how august his prerogatives, nor how great his commission, if he did not cease his unseemly disturbance of the night hours they would arrest him and take him to the lock-up. A couple of friends with the doctor, who up to this time were enjoying the "fun," now realized it had gone far enough and urged the coroner to go home and return to the bank early in the morning to demand the inquest. Strange to say he took their advice, but when Hawkins next came down town, Coroner Finn had viewed the body and announced his intention to hold the inquest.

Dr. Finn is not one of the coroners who sham their morbid anxiety to hold inquests. He had waited till the poor man was dead. If all the coroners in Halifax were as honorable and conscientious as Dr. Finn there would be no scandals such as lately have been seen.

Coroner Hawkins' commission is one which Premier Fielding has the power to revoke, and he should exercise his power at once. C. P. Fullerton, brother of W. H. Fullerton, has officially brought the recent scandalous business to the notice of the government, and that body has no excuse for not acting promptly.

One Way To Do Business.

HALIFAX, May 31.—A young man well known in St. John and in Halifax some months ago entered into partnership with an electric light agent to run an insurance business for an American company. The young man was to do most of the work while the electrician was to furnish office accommodations etc. One of the first acts of the young man was to write to the company for an advance of \$100 to begin business. The insurance people replied that if he would send a joint note of himself and partner for the amount, at three months, they would advance \$100. He drew the joint note, but the electrical man knew nothing of the use of his name or of the note. No business was done, which seemed a little strange to the insurance company. It was stranger still that the note was not taken up when it came due. But the strangest part of it all was to the electrician when he was written to personally, acquainted with the facts and asked for an explanation. What he wrote in reply has not been stated, indeed the whole matter has been kept quiet, but one thing is sure—the partnership is no more.

The Warships Are In Port.

The visit of the warships Blake and Tartar is the event of the week. It is not often that two of Her Majesty's warships arrive at one time in this port. Their coming was looked for Wednesday but Bar Harbour was enveloped in fog and they could not set sail. Thursday afternoon they dropped anchor in the harbor under the eye of thousands who lined the wharves to welcome them. Admiral Hopkins has been here before and the acquaintances he made then will no doubt be renewed. The dinner party he gave upon that occasion and the pleasant little incidents connected with it received some attention in these columns. Every attention was shown the Admiral and even Jack was not forgotten for, it will be remembered, that when their sweethearts mail arrived the head of the post office department took good care that they should receive it promptly.

Mr. Lang's Restaurant.

A good restaurant is always hailed with satisfaction by a large number who patronize it quite liberally, at least in the summer season. Mr. Lang has opened another, this time upon Charlotte street, where he proposes to give a splendid service to all who become his patrons.

DREAMING ABOUT GOLD

AND PUT THEIR MONEY IN A HOLE IN THE GROUND.

The Truth About Mining Ventures at Dorchester—How the Fever is Kept Up—A Scheme at Present on Foot to Float Stock and Raise Money.

Dorchester, the shiretown of Westmorland County is noted for its quietness. It possesses one of the finest cemeteries to be found any where. Its people are justly proud of it. Mark Twain tells us the people of Bermuda base their pride on the onion, it is their symbol of excellence. A Bermuda father, he tells us, in sending a son forth in the battle of life, counsels him to "be an onion." A friend, in praising another, bankrupts applause when he says "he was an onion." In a like manner the influence of Dorchester's cemetery permeates the whole community; quiet reigns, a Dorchester man never laughs, they all wear funereal visages. The influence shows itself in another direction, their fondness for digging; having nobody to plant, it takes the form of digging for buried treasure.

An old resident who knows most everything, particularly matters of ancient history; tells me, however, this characteristic is due to the influence of a man who died in A. D. 1802. This man was known to everybody as Uncle Billy (I have forgotten his other name). Uncle Billy was the seventh son of the seventh son, and he dreamed three times of buried treasure, but failed to locate it, or to specify its kind. He intended to have dreamed it all out later, but dying suddenly he left nothing behind to show whether it was bullion, gold in its natural state, copper or albertite coal.

About fifteen years ago an old lady at Jolicure dreamed three times of buried treasure thereabouts, and a few days afterwards a cow in crossing a field put her leg down a hole; the owner of the cow upon investigation, found a peculiar shaped hole filled nearly full with earth of a different kind from the surrounding earth. It was at once concluded Capt. Kidd had been around there burying treasures. A strong company was formed and excavation continued for two summers, when at the depth of 150 feet hard pan was struck and the work discontinued. It then turned out that the old lady was not a seventh daughter at all, hence the disappointment. She was just an ordinary old lady and dreamed the same as other folk.

I have visited the spot and like everyone for miles around, have viewed the hole. It is as nice a hole for the money as can be found any where. Dorchester's oracle was not responsible for this failure, it was hardly to be expected he was going to dream treasure for the Jolicurians. Before proceeding I must say the Jolicure hole is one of the institutions of the place, some visitors however, have not shown an appreciation of it, they remind me of Mark Twain's story of the blue-jays finding a knot hole in the roof of an old building and starting in to fill it up with acorns. After working for hours, and from time to time looking down the hole to note progress they got mad and went to work to fill that hole or die. After three days hard labor one of the jays happened to look in at the window and discovered they had been firing acorns on the floor all the time. The joke on them was so good that the birds from all parts came to look down that hole and laugh. They all appreciated it except an owl from Nova Scotia who took it in on his way to the Yosemite Valley, he said he saw nothing funny about it, he could show better knot holes in Pugwash N. S.

Returning to Dorchester, the people here occupy the most of their time discovering mines. It is considered a dull day when a mine is not discovered. I came nearly being a mine owner myself last fall. A local company were taking up a property and offered to let me in "on the ground floor" as they called it for \$700. Being out of funds I had to let it slip me. How true the words "There is a tide in the affairs of men, etc., etc."

A number of years ago Albertite coal cropped out at Belivee Village, Dorchester, and a strong company was formed and spent a lot of money to procure a few pounds of it. Later copper cropped up in the vicinity of Dorchester and an American company and a local syndicate vied with each other for its possession. They went chasing each other around with special trains and finally the American company got the copper properties, thus securing another of what should be a Canadian heritage. The Americans built some fine buildings, put up a mill and took four kerosene oil casks of ore away with them. The latest developments are, as you of course know, the gold mines of Memramcook, Gouldville and other points in this parish: the discovery that gold existed here was made by a medical gentleman an adept in the manipulation of the witch hazel rod. He had been prodding around Nova Scotia and other parts of New Brunswick with indifferent success, and finally he ran against this "conglomerate" It is stated the pay dirt" was formerly used

for ballast on the I. C. R. and that the electricity generated on the wheels and friction took up the precious metal and adhered it to the wheels and that a wheel scraper in the car shop at Moncton had been secretly scraping it off and growing rich.

The beauty about these mines is, that the gold "runs all alike" through the conglomerate, thereby assuring one of a steady output and none of that uncertainty experienced in placer-mining and nugget out-crop. Mr. J. B. Neilly of Halifax is the chief promoter of the property at Memramcook and is now making a tour of New Brunswick accompanied by an Ex-M.P.P. who is an interesting talker but at present out of a political job.

They are disposing of shares, it being their idea that when you have a good thing you should pass it around for the general good. Joe Gould, an Acadian resident of Gouldville, called on me the other day and after getting the loan of a dime wherewith to buy "Havelock water," intimated that on his next visit to town he was going to put me on to a gold mine. He had had a dream, he only wanted to have another dream at it before telling me about it. If any of your readers want to go into the gold business come to Dorchester. It is enjoyable, refreshing and exhilarating employment. Joe Gould says the Gouldville party last year had a perfect round of picnics and that the vicinity of the mine where they had the old Frenchman digging, is strewn with the exterior covering of "Buchanan" enough he says to patch sheol a mile. Joe uses the revised version.

A Surprising Assignment.

The surprise of the week in commercial circles was the assignment of Messrs. Lantalum & Co. There was a general impression that this firm was solid and substantial and if it was able to realize anything like the value of its assets there is no doubt that the surplus would be comfortable. The difficulties of Messrs. Chesley seemed to precipitate matters however. They had some of the firm's paper and when it fell due offered to pay the bank about one-third of it and [renew for the balance. The bank refused and there was nothing to do but assign. Some of those interested were so surprised at this sudden turn of events that they have hardly realized it yet. They and the friends of Messrs. Lantalum were so confident that their affairs would come out all right that they tried to persuade the manager of the bank to "carry" them for a while longer. But Manager Harvey, it is said, could not see things in the same light as they did and refused.

Where Are the Blind People.

A note from the management of the school for the blind at Halifax says that according to the last census there were 27 blind persons in this county and the request follows that clergymen, physicians, school teachers or any others who possess information of the names and addresses of these persons should forward the same to Superintendent Fraser at Halifax. The work that is being done in the institution is worthy of all the encouragement the public can give it. Those who have relatives or friends afflicted in this manner could do no greater benefit than by reporting their names and then using their influence to persuade them to send them to school. Those who are able to pay their own way do so but this does not prevent those not so fortunately placed from receiving equal benefits.

How a Joke Sprang Into Life.

A firm that does considerable advertising talked to a printer a few days ago about printing 100,000 newspapers, illustrated and devoted to the interests of the business. A bystander suggested that he might make a hit with Manager Harvey's picture, as at that time he was more talked about than any other man. This suggestion was received with a laugh, yet in some way it got abroad that the Manager's portrait was to appear as the centre piece of the first page of the advertising sheet. It is said that there was an immediate stir, the printer was interviewed, and the firm approached as to its intentions. The joke was kept up for some time, and then when the foundation of the story tumbled, nothing more was heard of it.

Recitals of Mr. and Mrs. Lely.

The appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Lely in Scottish Song and Story in the opera house next week will be an event, especially among those who pride themselves upon the fact that they or their fathers hailed from the "land o' cakes." The recitals will be under the auspices of Clan McKenzie O. S. C., an organization that has shown wonderful vitality in the past year or two. June 4 and 5 are the dates and the Opera house the place. A tour covering all of the Maritime provinces has been arranged, the date of many of the recitals appearing in this paper last week.