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GOOD MAN GOES WRONG

AN ERRING MISSIONARY MAKES TALK AT GRAND MANAN.

There is Serious Charge Against Him—A Matter Which Has Been Kept Very Quiet by His Brother Pastors—He Will Have to Resign or Will Be Expelled.

Another good man has gone wrong, and the ranks of the ministry in Grand Manan have lost one who has been looked upon as an earnest and hardworking missionary. He is Rev. Mr. Richardson of the reformed baptist denomination, and the story is one of a sad and sudden fall from grace.

The charge against Mr. Richardson is the somewhat serious one of attempting an assault on a young lady of Lubec, Maine, a member of his own denomination, and a person of unblemished character. The scene of the occurrence was on a lonely road at Lubec, and the affair might have been of a much more serious nature, had it not been for the unexpected advent of a man on a bicycle. The occurrence took place a number of months ago, but all parties appear to have kept it a secret until a recent period. Like all other secrets in a small community, however, it was gradually confided to this one and that one until rumors of it became so current that it reached the head quarters of the denomination, and resulted in an investigation by prominent ministers of the body, who went from St. John, for the purpose. Leading members of the denomination in St. John, decline to give information on the matter, but it was understood that the investigation, held last week, was a searching one. The result of it, as near as can be learned, is that Mr. Richardson has been requested to hand in his papers and resign from the ministry. Should he decline to do so, the only course left will be to expel him.

The story, as told by a correspondent, makes a very strong case, and contains reflections which are not necessary for the establishing of the facts. From other sources it is learned that the story is true in all its essentials, but with the popular opinion on the matter PROGRESS has nothing to do. The case of the erring man has been investigated, and it is but just to him to say that the investigation has revealed no other dereliction on his part than that which is the cause of the present trouble.

Mr. Richardson is a man little past forty years of age, is married and the father of a large family. He is a native of Grand Manan, and has always had his home there. Like the majority of the residents of that island, he was brought up as a fisherman and followed that occupation until about three years ago, when he believed he had a call to preach the gospel. He had but a limited education, and was not supposed to be of a highly spiritual nature, yet as he seemed earnest, and anxious to go about doing good, he was in due time examined as to his qualifications and was ordained. The reformed, or holiness, baptists are a comparatively recent outgrowth from the parent body in this province, and missionaries have been in demand to spread abroad a knowledge of their teachings.

Mr. Richardson has acted as a missionary ever since his ordination, and has never had a settled pastoral charge. His field has been wherever he was required, and he was particularly well known on the island and at Lubec, at which latter place there is a church of his denomination. It was to this church that the blameless woman in the case belonged, and the fact that she looked to the missionary as a spiritual guide and friend does not make his offence any the less serious one from every point of view.

After the offence was committed, Mr. Richardson continued to perform his missionary duties, and it is reported that he does not, even now, appear to think that there was anything terrible in his lapse. This may be readily understood in the case of a man having early surroundings not favorable to the development of a high spiritual nature, and there is, perhaps, nothing surprising that such a man should fall when assailed by temptation.

So far as appears, no complaint has been made by the young woman with a view to a legal prosecution. She is probably better satisfied to be thankful for her escape than to bring herself into unenviable publicity in a case of this nature. The offence, too, having been committed in the United States would not be a matter of which the courts of this province could take cognizance.

Some of the Grand Manan people are said to express themselves very strongly in the matter, and have even charged the investigating ministers with trying to suppress the affair. This assertion is denied by members of the denomination here. They claim that prompt action was taken as soon as possible, and that Mr. Richardson has been dealt with as severely as the body had power to deal with him. He will not be allowed to preach again, and the only clemency extended has been in giving him the opportunity to resign, without proceeding to oust him in a more summary way. That they have been un-

willing to make the affair public is not strange. They consider that publicity would not help the matter now, and that in the minds of many it might not only give a bad impression of their denomination, but of religion in general. The reformed baptists have a belief in continued holiness after conversion, and it is conceded that the body as a whole is composed of earnest and zealous workers. The defection of one of their number, for whose education and environment every allowance must be made, is no reflection on the denomination or its principles. Just why the erring missionary did not persevere in holiness is a question of theology which PROGRESS cannot undertake to explain, unless on the theory that there was something defective about his conversion in the first instance.

This much is certain however, that whatever may be urged in extenuation of Mr. Richardson's offence, his usefulness as a missionary has been so materially impaired that he will do the wisest act of his life when he surrenders his license and devotes himself to some other line of work.

Did the Doctor Go.

The question which is agitating the minds of some of the citizens is whether coroner Berryman went all the way to Beaver Lake to hold an inquest, last Thursday, or whether he found out sooner that the subject offered for investigation was a cow. The story goes that some men who were fishing there found a number of bones, and believed they had at last solved the mystery of the fate of the missing man Robert Horn. They drove at once to the city and notified Coroner Berryman, but the doctor did not hold an inquest. He found out the bones were undoubtedly those of a deceased cow, but it is understood that when a reporter questioned him as to whether he went there to find the fact out, he declined to be more specific. The presumption is that the doctor had a pleasant little drive, even though he did not succeed in making the world any wiser as to the mystery of the Horn case.

When the Steamer is Due.

The arrangements for letting the public know the hour at which the International steamers are due would be better if the information were more definite. As it is now, anybody who expects a friend by the boat needs to be on hand half or three quarters of an hour before the time named on the bulletin board, though it may be the boat will not arrive for half or three quarters of an hour after the time announced. There is no certainty whether the boat will be early or late. The reason for this is that the bulletin is based on the time of the steamer's arrival at Eastport, the time of departure being a matter of guess work. When the boat reaches Eastport the agent finds out, by an estimate of the freight to be handled, what time it is "expected" to leave, and wires accordingly. It would seem to be a simple matter to wire when the boat really left, so that there could be some certainty of the time it was due in St. John.

The Wall Was Not There.

A few days ago an old gentleman from river came to the city on business and went to a restaurant where he intended having his dinner. He entered one of the stalls, and while awaiting the appearance of a waiter proceeded to look around him. After he had fully satisfied himself as to his surroundings he began preparations for his midday meal. He began by attempting to hang his hat upon what looked like a nail in the wall, but leaning forward a little too far he found that even the wall wasn't there. The occupants of the adjoining stall were a little surprised, and started at his sudden and ungraceful entrance among them and somewhat amused at his remarks as he pecked himself up and went out. He did not wait for his dinner and says he will stay at a hotel when he visits the city again.

Was a Shore Line Story.

Both the St. Andrews Beacon and St. Croix Courier speak of the Charlotte country supplement recently issued by the Telegraph as the work of a "special commissioner" of that paper. As a matter of fact the descriptive matter was written in 1890, by a member of PROGRESS staff, Mr. Reynolds, for the management of the Shore Line railway. It was published in the Telegraph in 1891, as an advertisement for the railway, and did duty in the same line again last week.

Covay Loses His Stripes.

Chief of police Clark took prompt action when removing the ban of suspension from Sergeant Covay. When he removed his suspension he took away his stripes as well and reduced him to the ranks. Covay's punishment is the least he could have expected because his offence was a particularly flagrant one. The chief's prompt action will have a good effect upon the discipline of the forces. Officer Caples now has the prefix Sergeant to his name. The promotion is popular among the men.

ONLY WAITS THE CROWD

THE TRAVELLING ACCOMMODATION IS FINE THIS YEAR.

Railway and Steamboat Facilities Never Were so Good or at Such Low Rates—The Service to Halifax, Boston and Across the Bay—The Hotels.

Never in its history has St. John possessed such accommodations for tourist travel—or for that matter for any class of travelers as it has this summer. The improvement is so marked both in the facilities provided by the railway companies for coming to and going from the city and in the line of extended hotel accommodations that there is an impression in some quarters that the prospect of summer travel has been somewhat overestimated and the preparations on a larger scale than the patronage will warrant. But that remains to be seen. Up to date the tide of tourists has not been up to the average but the season has only just fairly begun and there is plenty of time for hot weather, and crowds of breez and fog hunters.

Those who have studied the announcements of the railways and steamship lines, will make up their minds easily on one point—the public never had such a chance to get to this province so cheaply and so quickly as this year. Beginning with the service of those big railway companies, the Canadian Pacific, Main Central, Bangor & Maine, &c. They have given provincialists and returning tourists a more convenient service than ever was presented before. To step on the train here at 4:36 in the afternoon spend a pleasant evening on board the train and wake up the next morning in Boston is not much more than going to Fredericton or Woodstock. The same thing is true coming, this way, only instead of starting in the afternoon the journey is begun later in the evening and completed here at noon. Then in addition to this there is a fast all day service which leaves St. John and Boston every morning and arrives in each city the same evening.

Then take the service to Halifax. Three trains a day; the morning express which stops at every still, almost, on the 276 miles and fairly flies between stopping points, the Atlantic express which leaves here between one and two o'clock and drops you off at Halifax in time to retire before midnight, and the night service permits a passenger to go to bed—if he takes a sleeper—between ten and eleven o'clock in this city and breakfast in the sister city by the sea. The same service prevails from Halifax to St. John, though perhaps not at such convenient hours for the public to leave that city.

But that is not the only way to get to Nova Scotia and to do it quickly too. The Dominion Atlantic with their new bay steamer has made a startling bid for passenger traffic and have opened up a new route from Boston that, for swiftness and cheapness has taken the people by surprise. The Prince Rupert is the new bay flyer and making two trips connects closely with the trains for Halifax and Yarmouth. Leaving here at the usual hour in the morning a person can cross the bay and be in Halifax by three o'clock in the afternoon. Or if he be in Halifax he can step upon the fast D. A. R. express about eleven o'clock in the morning and reach this city about supper time. He gets a great chance for varied scenery and has a short sea journey as well as a quick one by rail.

But the surprising journey is that from St. John to Boston by this line. Leaving St. John in the afternoon, a passenger crosses to Digby, takes rail for Yarmouth, then the Yarmouth steamship line for Boston, and gets there the next day at noon. Perhaps the most attractive part of this is the fare, \$3.50 or \$5.50 for a return ticket. Who has ever wanted to "go to Boston," who would not avail themselves of this trip and at the same time return with the consciousness of having made quite a circuit to get there.

The old and favorite local steamer, the Monticello cannot hope to rival the Prince Rupert for speed but in many other respects she still has the favor of many people. A local boat with a home company behind her and a strong local interest must retain enough of the patronage of a city to make opposition unprofitable for the most improved service. Then there is a paragraph going the rounds to the effect that a rival fast boat is going to oppose the Prince Rupert and the Monticello run to Windsor and Parrsboro and other points up the bay. This may be a mere rumor but it has gained currency nevertheless.

Anyone who notes the throng coming from the International boats every day cannot help concluding that this is as popular a line as ever. Hundreds sail from Boston by these boats every trip and many of them come right through to St. John and just stop long enough to take the train to their destination in the provinces.

And here is where the hotel men say the increased accommodation in this city is getting it, vulgarly speaking, "in the neck." When there are trains and boats at all

hours, travellers have no particular use for hotels but push right forward. Still the hotels are making every possible bid for business. Who of those who noted the appearance of the Royal front and office last year will recognize it to day with its handsome appearance and an improved interior. The same is true of the Victoria, which is now one of the most imposing buildings on King street. Then the Dufferin is full of life where all was silence a year ago, and from it and the New Victoria the sound of band concert music reminds the people that the enterprise of the hotel men is providing them too with enjoyment while they please their patrons. The Aberden is bran new from top to bottom, elegantly furnished and with an elevator that will not only take a guest near his room, but also within easy distance of a proposed roof garden.

Taken all in all, St. John has no lack of accommodation for tourists in the year of ninety-five.

NEW CEMETERY RULES.

They are Designed to Meet the Needs of Both the Present and the Future.

Mr. James R. Ruel takes as much interest in the cemetery as in the public library, and is an authority in regard to each of these institutions. His position as an executive officer demands his attention to both, and he gives it. For some time past he has been getting information as to the regulations in the leading cemeteries of the United States, and the new regulations are the result. Some of them are designed to be merely protective—that is, to be enforced only when the necessity arises, while others are to be enforced on all occasions. Some of them may not yet be needed, but the time may come when they will be, so the legislation is in view of the conditions of the future, as much as of those of the present. All are intended for the general good, and they are such as the decent public will be glad to endorse.

One of the new regulations is that smoking will not be allowed in any part of the cemetery. This may be considered a little strict by men who have been wont to take a stroll through the shady walks, aiding their meditations on the brevity of life by the use of a fragrant cigar. To distinguish between fragrant cigars and the six for a quarter kind, however, would impose too much work on the custodians, and it cigars were allowed so should the abominable cigarette and all kinds of bad tobacco. Ladies who venture on the streets of St. John have to suffer enough from ill-bred fellows who assail them with tobacco smoke without having the nuisance repeated in the avenues of the cemetery. Therefore smoking is put under the ban, as it never has been before.

Dogs, running at large, are also prohibited. A lady or gentleman may lead dogs with a ribbon or chain or carry them in their arms, but when the keepers find an animal not so held in bond, they will serve a process of summary ejection. If any man wants his faithful dog to pine away on his grave after he is dead, he will have to seek some other burial place. The faithful dog is not in it when the staff of thirteen guardians is around.

There is also new legislation in regard to bicycles. When wheelers come to the gate they must get off and either leave their wheels behind them or walk alongside of them.

One new rule which has caused a great deal of talk has not been clearly understood by the public. It is that omnibuses will not be admitted to the grounds. A good many people, who want to take their families to the cemetery, have been in the habit of chartering a bus, on account of its being cheaper than a coach. They want to do so still, and so they can, for the word "omnibus" applies only to the large excursion barges, holding a score or so of people, and has no reference to the ordinary, everyday bus, army-worm or bug. They can traverse the grounds as well as a coach can. The excursion wagons are prohibited on account of their size.

A very important regulation is that which limits the height of fences, hedges and copings around lots, to a height of one foot. The wish is to do away with them altogether, but existing fences of a greater height will not be disturbed.

One new regulation appears to affect fraternal societies which have decoration days, but it actually merely controls them. It provides that societies, and other large bodies will not be admitted to the grounds except at funerals. This regulation, however, may be varied or suspended at discretion. The idea is simply to have all such societies under control, so that they may be placed in such positions of the cemetery as may be suited to their requirements and where they and the accompanying crowds can do no damage to the lots by tramping on them or otherwise. Hereafter, there has been some cause for complaint in this respect.

The idea of the cemetery directors is to make the grounds beautiful and to keep them so. Public opinion will support them in all they thus do for the public good.

HALIFAX ON THE WHEEL

LEADING CITIZENS WHO LIKE TO RIDE BICYCLES.

The Interest Appears to be as Great as in St. John—An Estimate of the Money Value of the Wheels—How the Craze Affects Other Cities of Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX, July 18.—About one in every forty of the men, women and children of Halifax and Dartmouth, uses a bicycle. On both sides of the harbor we have 42,000 people and the bicycles in use number 1,200. These figures are based on a careful estimate by one who keeps in touch with wheeling here. The number seems large, but it cannot compare with Toronto, where the proportion is something like one bicycle to every twenty of the population.

Last year it is estimated there were 500 bicycles in use here, so that this season the number has more than doubled. The Ramblers Cycle Club this year has a membership of 250, so that the club has gathered in less than one-fourth of the wheelmen and wheelwomen of Halifax and Dartmouth.

We have about forty lady riders in Halifax, but sad to say not one minister except Rev. F. W. H. Archbold, has had the courage to mount the silent steed. Mr. Winfield, an evangelist working in connection with one of the missions of St. Paul's church, is the other nearest approach to clerical wheeling. The lawyers have made a break for wheeling, however. F. J. Tremaine is now to be seen "scorching" along the streets and roads. W. A. Henry, H. McInnes, J. W. Geldert, jr., and W. B. MacCoy, are all Blackstonian wheelmen.

The bending forward on the bicycle may be bad, and wheeling may have injurious effects generally on the human frame, but many of our doctors don't think so, for they are riders. Dr. M. A. Currie, Dr. Smith, Dr. Cunningham, Dr. McKenzie, Dr. Goodwin, Dr. Woodbury, Dr. Cogswell and Dr. Fluek are all enthusiasts who give their horses frequent rests,—those who have them.

Thomas Fyfe, manager of the bank of Nova Scotia, with a salary of \$12,000 or \$15,000 a year, is one of our bankers who delights in the wheel, and he has given his son and daughter opportunities for enjoying the same sport, for all three are frequently seen on the road together. A. E. Ellis, manager of the bank of British North America, is another financial wheelman and so is Horace Flemming, accountant of the bank of Nova Scotia. The bank clerks, of the rank and file, who have become wheelmen, are numerous. Ex Mayor Mackintosh who does by far the largest private bank and stock banking business in Halifax, is a learner this season, and he will soon be able to keep up with all but the scorching class. His son is also a rider. H. H. Bell of the banking firm of W. L. Lowell and Co. is a wheelman of this season.

Our merchants, too, have come to see the benefits of cycling. George E. Boak is one of this year's men. So is John M. Smith, of Burns and Murray, one of the last men who would have been expected to go in for anything so popular as a wheel, but even he has abandoned the horse, has donned the knicker-bockers, and has mounted the wheel. M. R. Morrow, agent of the Dominion coal company, is a wheelman. Both members of the immense clothing manufacturing firm of Clayton and Sons are wheelmen; indeed Edward Clayton is one of the cycle pioneers of Halifax.

Principal Kennedy of the county Academy, Principal Rose of Albro street school and Secretary Wilson of the school board, are representatives of teaching profession who use the cycle for business and pleasure. The secretary of the school board has graduated by smashing a new wheel.

The journalistic profession is not without its cycle devotees, some three or four newspaper men having taken unto themselves wheels.

There is one man who has not been riding for a couple of seasons, but who should be for he is a genuine pioneer of the safety—James Macdonald, of the Macdonald Co., limited. Mr. Macdonald was one of the first, if not the first, who mounted a safety in this city, and while all other wheelmen were on the 60-inch high wheels he was outside the safety which he yet has in his office. "Mac" should get a light pneumatic and experimentally see the difference between it and his original fifty-pound hard tire.

Age is no bar to wheeling here. T. Hemsworth, a north-end merchant, is seventy and he gets as much pleasure out of his cycle as anyone; and we have many other grey-haired cyclists.

Putting the wheels of Halifax down to the low estimated number of 1,100, and placing their average value at \$100, which is below the mark when lamps, bells, cyclometers and other accessories are considered, an aggregate value of \$110,000 is given. The effect of this large expenditure is felt in business. Many young men do without extra clothes they

would have ordered in order to contribute to the price of their wheels. They don't hire horses as they formerly did, and some of them do with fewer drivers in order to find the wherewithal to square with the bicycle dealer. The academy of music, too, has fewer patrons because the young men prefer to save their money to pay for the wheel, and in summer when they begin to use it they like better to spend the evening skimming along the road, free of expense, to sitting before the footlights, at a cost of 50 or 75 cents.

The wheeling organization of Halifax is flourishing, and the Ramblers now have a membership nearly equal in point of numbers to the swell and prosperous Wanderers, and far ahead of them in wealth. Their 250 wheels represent a value of at least \$27,500. President Halliburton and Captain Forbes make the very best of officers. The Ramblers fair last week was a great success. Five thousand people visited the show, and the net profits will be \$700 at least. This sum will be spent in paying for the club-house at Prince's lodge on the Bedford road. The road has to be improved by the clubmen and a town club-house for use during the winter season will have to be provided.

The bicycle has come to stay, perhaps in a yet more improved form, but it has surely come to stay. It's not a craze; it's a permanent and sometimes expensive, but a delightful reality. Rev. Mr. Gandier in Fort Massey church on Sunday night assailed the bicycle chiefly on the ground of its expense and its consequent temptation to dishonesty.

The clergy of the town of Windsor have gone in strong for cycling. Three out of the five clergymen of the place use bicycles. Rev. Henry Dickie, the young presbyterian minister, is a good bicyclist. Rev. Mr. Jones, the church of England minister, is a wheelman, and so is Rev. Mr. McEwan, the baptist minister. The methodist parson has not yet got a wheel, nor has the catholic priest when they do every clergyman in Truro will be a wheelman.

SHE FOUND THE PLACE.

But she will not wait for a Transfer Car the Next Time she Goes.

A lady who is a stranger in St. John wanted to go to the Mission church, Paradise row, the other day and concluded that the handiest way to get there would be to take an electric car at the market square, as she was told the line went by the church in question. She therefore took a car and when she paid her fare she told the conductor where she wanted to go.

The conductor was evidently a man who had never been on the P. & N. road route. "The mission church?" he replied. "That's on Paradise row, isn't it? I will give you a transfer." He accordingly did so, and when the foot of Main street was reached he politely showed the lady where to get a Paradise row car, telling her she would have to wait only three minutes for one. She accordingly stood on the corner, surveyed the street, looked in the shop windows and generally tried to pass the time as pleasantly as possible until her car should arrive.

She had to wait about five minutes, but at last the car came and she got aboard. She concluded that it would be wise to tell the conductor her destination before the car started, so that he could let her know when she came to the place.

"I want to stop at the Mission church, if you please," she said.

The conductor looked at her, tried to conceal a smile and pointed to a building close at hand. "That is the Mission church," he remarked.

So it was, and the lady had stood within a hundred feet of it for five minutes, waiting for a car to take her there.

Sullivan in Halifax.

Twice as many people were at the Halifax exhibition building Monday night to see John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan as assembled on two nights to see the Halifax prize-fighter George Dixon. The home man was not a drawing card, while the big Boston man and John's troubadours with one or two exceptions, were not the kind of troubadours Halifax people care to see, and during half their show hisses from the audience were almost as general as applause. Then John L. and Paddy's part of the performance was altogether too brief to satisfy. Rounds of less than half a minute don't take when there are only four of them. There will not likely be more prize ring shows in Halifax for some time. Certainly there's not much more money to be made in it here. Twice is enough.

Is Sure to be a Success.

Father Collette's picnic is one of the annual events in which Quaco and all the country for miles around is interested. It will take place this year on Monday, the 29th, or the next fine day should Monday be rainy. The festivities will begin at 8 o'clock in the morning, and there will be the usual abundance and variety of amusement and refreshments.