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MISSING HERB MOORE.

ANOTHER EFFORT IS TO BE MADE TO FIND HIM.

Is He Living or Dead?—The Masons Could Ascertain Nothing—Some Facts of His Disappearance—His Last Letter to His Friends—The Insurance Money.

The story of the strange disappearance of Herbert W. Moore, barrister at law, formerly of the North end, has just been revived by the high court of the Independent Order of Foresters at Fredericton this week.

Herbert Moore was the son of the late Wm. A. Moore, formerly treasurer of the town of Portland, and was 32 years old at the time of his disappearance, in 1891. He was married to a Nova Scotian lady, and had one child. His domestic relations were happy, but he was somewhat in debt and pressed for money. A considerable sum was due him from one Kilpatrick, a resident of New York, but formerly of Portland. With the hope of getting a settlement of his claim, Moore left for New York on the 8th of January 1891, reached there safely and was there until the 17th of that month, when it was supposed he left for Norfolk, Virginia. Since that date, he has been seen by no one interested in him, and since the 28th of that month no word has been heard of him.

Moore had very little money with him when he left St. John, but he saw Kilpatrick and is believed to have received part of his claim. When in New York he was at the house of his uncle, and also saw his friend W. F. Roberts, then a student of medicine there and now in medical practice in the North End. He was last seen by Dr. Roberts on the 17th of January, and then appeared in every respect physically and mentally well. He said that he was going to Norfolk, Virginia, where he was to get a situation on a railway, through the favor of a friend whom he had met in New York, and whom he had formerly known when a resident in Minnesota. His idea was that, as times were dull in St. John, he would avail himself of this opportunity to temporarily better his fortunes, and return to St. John at a later date. So far his course was a very natural one, and such as any man in his circumstances might be likely to take.

About the first of February his wife got a letter from him, assuming to be written at Norfolk, in which he said he secured, through a letter from a friend in Minnesota a position on the Norfolk & Western railway, that he had been on duty one day, but had an attack of the grip for the past three or four days and would not be fit for work for a week or two.

This letter did not come in the ordinary way, but was enclosed in a New York newspaper. It was written on letter paper which he had taken from St. John, having his office letter head upon it, but the letter-head was scratched out. The did not reach here for seven or eight days after it was written.

This letter was a simple epistle such as a man away from home would ordinarily write to his wife. It was affectionate in its tone, and contained nothing extravagant or unusual in its style.

From that day until this, his wife and family have heard nothing from him. About the first of March, 1891, Mrs. Moore received a card from Kilpatrick, in New York, saying that he had promised to pay the balance due him on March 1st, and asking if Moore was in St. John, so that he might know where to send the money. Mrs. Moore replied that she heard from her husband, who was ill, and she asked that the money be sent to her. In due time Kilpatrick remitted her \$50, which, he said, was the balance due. It is understood that Moore had claimed that about \$50 was due him before he left St. John, so that if the balance due in March was only \$50, he must have had a considerable payment from Kilpatrick when in New York.

As time passed and no further word came from her husband, Mrs. Moore became much alarmed, as did also the mother of the missing man. The story of the mystery became current on the streets, and Moore's friends began to think it was time some closer enquiry was made. He had been a member of the Union Lodge of Portland, F. & A. M., and two prominent members of that body were deputed to seek for information regarding him. These were B. S. Black, the master, and John A. Watson, past-master. This was in May, nearly four months after Moore had been heard from by anybody. In the mean time, however, Mrs. Moore had been getting all the information she could obtain from those who had seen her husband in New York.

Among the details of such information was the statement of Kilpatrick that Moore had written to him from Madison, Georgia, on the 28th of January, but that the letter had been posted at Birmingham, Alabama, on the 29th. In this letter Moore said he had got a nice job in the travel-

ling auditors departments of the railway, but had been sent on the south-western part of the road, a little east of Atlanta. He intended to stay there until the first of May. In this letter he also stated that as pay day was not until the 15th, he would draw on Kilpatrick for some money, through an Atlanta bank on the 1st of March. The letter had several jocose allusions to the country and its people, and was in a very cheerful tone. He did not draw on Kilpatrick, however, and the sum the latter sent Mrs. Moore is supposed to represent what the draft would have been.

Inquiries by the Masonic bodies were made of the leading railway officials of the roads connecting with Norfolk, Madison, and Birmingham, with the masonic lodges in those and other places, and with many civic officials in the three states. The Masonic body circulated an advertisement of the missing man, hotels and lodging houses, in the various cities were visited and enquiry made at all the hospitals. All this energetic search, occupying months left the enquiry just where it was at the start. There was no evidence that Moore was ever in Norfolk. No one answering his description had been employed on a railway train, nor on any railway in Georgia or Alabama. The company with which he claimed to be had never heard of him. There the matter rested, and continues to rest to this day.

Moore was a member of Court Loyalist, Independent Order of Foresters. If he is dead, an insurance of \$3,000 is payable. The dues have been paid up to date by the beneficiaries, so that only proof of his death is required to enable them to get the money.

At the session of the high court of Foresters in Fredericton, this week, a resolution was passed by which enquiries are to be made in order to have a final settlement of the claim. There seems to be a very general impression that Moore is dead, but when or how he came to his death is a matter difficult to establish. One possible way out of the difficulty, in the opinion of some, is for the supreme body of Foresters to order the payment of the amount, on security being given for its repayment should Moore be found to be still living. Whether the members of Court Loyalist would be willing to furnish this security, or whether it would be given by others is a question to be settled. In either case the matter would be decided. It may be, however, that further enquiry will make the evidence of death so morally certain that the claim will be paid without any security being required.

Not A Big Question.

The few hundred dollars expended yearly by the reporters of the supreme and equity courts of the province in printing their reports, has incited representatives of the labor council to inquire of the leader of the government why one report is printed outside of the province and the other in an office which does not ask or care whether an employe belongs to the typographical union. According to their own report the committee found that Hon. Mr. Blair received them well and reminded them that he too was a union man since he belonged to the Barristers society. Though this was no doubt said in a jocular way it did not seem to occur to the committee that it was. The facts of the matter appear to be that the reports are being printed by PROGRESS at a price that is somewhat less than that charged by the Telegraph. The men engaged upon it are as good printers as any in the city. For all PROGRESS knows they may be union men or they may not—that was not inquired into when they were engaged. If the typographical union really wishes more work for its members and for printers generally in the city and province, they should inquire why the school books are imported instead of being printed here.

Declined the Object Lesson.

Chief Clark was before the council on Thursday, with a patent restraining apparatus which he had imported at a cost of \$60 or so, and which he wanted the city to adopt. The design of this apparatus is to secure the hands of people who see snakes as the result of a jag, or are otherwise so crazy as to be liable to take their own lives when in the cells. The board of safety will consider the matter. The chief had the straps with him in the council chamber, and wanted to put them on somebody to show how they would work. Since the citizens have edited out the turbulent element of the board, however, there are none of the aldermen who seem to need restraint, and no one wanted to volunteer to come forward in this instance. One of the board suggested that the chief put the straps on the high constable, who was standing conveniently near, whereupon that official sat down with great haste and an emphatic shake of the head. He was quite willing to serve his country, but not in the way of being made an object lesson in that particular line.

WILL CHASE THE DOGS.

THE POLICEMAN'S LOT WILL NOT BE A HAPPY ONE.

Better Exercise than Baseball—Difficulties to be Overcome in Matters of Detail—Work for the Detective—Fun for the Public if Not the Force.

The suggestion of Aid. Millidge has been taken in earnest by the board of public safety, and the council has directed the chief of police to instruct his men to drive off the square all dogs which are not accompanied by their owners. This will give the police plenty of exercise without their having occasion to amuse themselves with games of base ball, and it may be the dogs will prove more of a match for them than did even the team from the Harkins dramatic company.

Just how the police are to set to work on the absorbing occupation will doubtless be a matter for Chief Clark's earnest consideration. The words of the council are plain enough. The dogs to be chased off the square are those unaccompanied by owners. This latter reservation is a wise one, and will save much trouble. Had the edict gone forth that all dogs should be chased, the police would have had more than enough to do, unless they chased the owner and his dog at one and the same time. They will, therefore, have a comparatively simple task in pursuing only the dogs without the owners.

This will be an easy matter to decide. A lady leading a pug by a ribbon, for instance, will be in direct evidence as an owner, and so will a man who is on the way to a dog fight with his animal secured by a chain. So too any man whose dog follows obediently close at his heels need have no fear that the police will descend in an armed squadron on the faithful creature.

It is only when a dog is not led or does not stick to the heels of his master that the police will have presumptive evidence to enable them to act with vigor. The chief will have to decide how near a dog must be to a man, in order to know how to act with intelligent zeal. The chief may have to adopt a standard of measurement to make matters certain in this important point.

One way out of the difficulty is suggested by the fact that one of the policemen is down on the rolls as a detective, and that he goes about without a uniform, so that the public will not know who he is when he is working up a clue. In a pretty peaceful city like St. John, where crimes which require more intelligence than an ordinary policeman has are rare, a detective must find time hang heavily on his hands. He could advantageously employ his spare moments in acquainting himself with the personnel of the dogs around town, so that he could tell at a glance whether any particular dog was really following a bona fide owner, or sneaking along after a stranger under false pretences.

Dogs with owners, known to be such beyond doubt, appear to be all right. The police have no special authority over them. They may disregard and defy the ominous warning of "keep off the grass," and for all that appears to the contrary they may even do some amateur gardening around the flower beds. The police are not instructed to chase them, but there seems to be no reason why the vigilant guardians of public safety should not howl at them, or even at their owners, until the dogs return to the paths of rectitude and asphalt.

Just how the chief is to arrange the force to do the chasing effectually is a matter of detail for him to think out and execute. One man is certainly on the King square beat during the day, but as he usually stands around the corners of King and Charlotte street, it will be of comparatively little use unless he is furnished with field glasses. As to the Queen square, nobody sees a policeman at that vicinity on ordinary occasions. In any case, even were there a man placed specially on each square he would be of little avail at times, for two, three or a dozen dogs might come from different directions at once, and while he was chasing some off in one direction all the others would be dodging around his heels in other directions. He would have no end of a chase, and it would be funnier than blindman's buff.

At least four policemen for each square will be required in order to do really efficient work, and each square should be in charge of one of the sergeant-captains, with the detective to co-operate in identifying dogs with owners and dogs without them. Perhaps even a larger squad would be better, for the regulation may mean that the dogs must be chased so far that they will be too tired to come back. It would be manifestly absurd for policemen to merely chase the creatures to the edge of the grass plot and have them coming back a minute later. It would be like the game of tag a man in the woods has to play when the black flies are around his ears.

The whole problem appears to be as

serious as any which has confronted the police for a long time. It may be that the council will have to rescind its former resolution designed to reduce the size of the force and add a dozen or so more men, or create a squad of park police, whose chief recommendation will be the length of their legs and the strength of their wind.

Whatever happens, the flowers must and shall be preserved, even if all the dogs in the country are chased.

SULLIVAN AND HIS SHOW.

He Came and Saw but Wholly Failed in His Desire to Conquer.

The great ex-champions have come and gone, and apparently they made scarcely a ripple upon the surface of affairs. That little prefix "ex" seems to account for the indifference which Sullivan encountered here. Had he been still the invincible John L. that he was of yore he could probably have met with a more enthusiastic reception. A few years ago he was here with his honors still thick upon him and many flocked to see him. This time no one seemed to go out of his way to have a look at the hero of the prize ring.

This time John L. did not increase the esteem in which he was held here. The company by which he was surrounded did not shed lustre upon his name. When they came first they attracted public attention by being bundled out of the Bangor house. They were a little too lively for the proprietor. The ladies of the company distinguished themselves by buying cigarettes in the cigar stores and in other ways asserting their right to be numbered among the "new women."

The company were around for a week before the leading attraction of the show arrived. When Sullivan came there were crowds at the station to see him and quite a number congregated about the Dufferin to get a look at him. There was a full house that night at the Institute and things seemed to start in favorably. But it ended there. The following nights there were small houses. Tuesday night there was only a fair house and Wednesday night there was scarcely anyone there at all. There were about twenty downstairs and a proportionate number in the balcony. It was a very poor show and people were not going to patronize it even though John L. was there. They proved to be an aggregation of the lesser lights of the dime museums and the performance that they put on flavored of cheapness.

Their experience here was enlivened by a row on their first night and another on their last night. They were to have put on a piece called "McSorley's Courtship," written by William H. McCart, who was with the company. McCart had a row with Sullivan just after the latter arrived about his share of the rewards of the piece. They could not come to terms and he placed an injunction on the house. The doors did not open at 7.30 and the crowd began to collect. They kept collecting until eight o'clock and still the doors did not open. It looked as if there would be no show, but at eight the difficulty had been settled and the performance proceeded. Consul Derby had been sent for and he succeeded in settling the dispute. But McSorley's Courtship was not played; they put on a variety show instead.

Still more trouble came for McCart. He was arrested Wednesday evening at the instance of his wife for an assault committed upon her. He went into the hotel where they were staying and asked her for some money. He was drunk at the time and so she refused him, whereupon he beat her.

She evidently wanted to frighten him merely, for on Thursday she did not appear against him and he was released.

The company have gone to Moncton to further pursue their chequered career.

A Great Service Interrupted.

The accident to the high pressure cylinder of the Prince Rupert, is one of those regretful incidents for which the management cannot be blamed in any way. She made trips enough to show what a revolution the service will make in the travel to Halifax and Nova Scotia. The Prince Rupert goes at race horse speed, across the bay in two hours and four minutes, and with close connection with the fast D. A. R. service. Lands passengers in Halifax three to four hours quicker than the usual time. The boat will be repaired in a short time and the service begun again.

Did the Right Thing.

The common council did Thursday what it should have done long ago. It restored the salary of the mayor's clerk to \$600 where it was years ago. The cut to \$400 was made when there was a need of very strict economy, but of late years there has been a general feeling that a thoroughly efficient man like Mr. Ward was worth \$600 at least.

"PROGRESS" is for Sale in Boston at King's Chapel News Stand.

TRACED BY HIS HASTE.

BUCHANAN'S HURRY TO REMARRY CONVICTED HIM.

Because it led to Newspaper Comment Which put the Authorities Upon His Track and Caused His Conviction and His Death—Incidents in His Life.

HALIFAX, July 4.—No execution ever so interested the Halifax people as the death in the electric chair at Sing Sing, of R. W. Buchanan, M. D. The condemned wife-murderer was a Halifax boy. Scores of people in this city remember him as a schoolmate, and hundreds knew him afterwards as a clerk in A. & W. Mackinlay's bookstore, and after that as a medical student and practitioner, though the law prevented him from long "keeping out his shingle" as a physician. The medical council objected to his degree or lack of degree rather.

Buchanan never had a very good reputation in this city, even when he professed conversion in a north end church, but there are plenty of people in Halifax today who will say that, after all, they believe he was innocent of the death of his second wife.

He has come to his untimely end through a Halifax newspaper, allied to his own rashness, apart from the question of his commission of the crime, of which the scripture says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Only a few days after the death of his second wife Buchanan was back in this city—his object to marry his first wife. A minister in Halifax refused to perform the ceremony and Buchanan went to Windsor where he found another minister who consented to tie the knot.

If Buchanan was guilty, as supposed this marriage was a very reckless thing for him to undertake, among people who knew him and all about him. An evening paper here had a passing reference to the event. The fact of Buchanan's marriage was telegraphed to the New York World. That paper's suspicion was aroused, and next day the Halifax correspondent of the World in obedience to an order for the news, had a three column despatch in that paper. Buchanan's antecedents, his questionable history, and the story of the re-marriage to his divorced wife, were graphically and fully told. The New York authorities were aroused to action by the enterprise of the World. When Buchanan returned to New York he was arrested. Everybody knows the details of his vigorous fight for life in the United States courts and of the tragic end in the electric chair.

Buchanan is the only Halifax man who has suffered the extreme penalty of the law. He was brought up a Presbyterian, and in the boyish theological discussions which took place among the pupils at the Albro street school eighteen years ago, "Bucky" as he was called, frequently declaimed with flashing eye and upraised hand "thank God, I'm a Presbyterian." Happy would it have been for him and others had the religious and moral teachings of that body of christians been heeded by him as the rule and guide of his life.

IT MAY BE MURDER.

The Passionate Act of a Musquodoboit Man and Its Result.

HALIFAX, July 4.—Middle Musquodoboit is one of the most law-abiding districts in Nova Scotia, inhabited by an intelligent prosperous community of farmers. Yet the occurrences of the past twelve months would unwarrantably cause outsiders to think the settlement was peopled by the opposite of the staid, religious, model citizens they really are.

The recollection of the horse-beating case, where a man lacerated the flesh of his faithful animal with a chain, was followed by the business failure of the same man and his running away, leaving many sad and impoverished creditors behind.

Next came the case of John Millen an overseer of roads, who felled to the earth young Higgins who was doing statute labor on the road under Millen's direction. Millen, though over 50 years of age, seems to have hated this Higgins, who was not more than 18 or 20. On this occasion Higgins came up with an ox-load of gravel. No others were near except the children and teacher in the Brookvale school house. Millen directed Higgins to dump the gravel at a certain point on the road, an order which was wilfully or accidentally disregarded. An altercation followed which ended in Millen striking Higgins on the head with a spade, almost cutting off the left ear and breaking the lower jaw in two places. First Millen's story was that Higgins ox team had thrown its driver and crushed his head under the cart wheels. Miss Reid, the school teacher nailed that lie by telling how she saw the blow struck. Higgins remained unconscious for days. The night of the tragedy everybody thought Higgins would die. Millen became alarmed, and he disappeared.

That was ten days ago, and he has not been seen since. Detective Power joined in the search at Musquodoboit and obtained no clue, but the detective thinks that, whether the man is in the woods or the States, he will sooner or later be cap-

tured. Musquodoboit has been in a ferment over the cruelty and disgrace of this affair.

Argus Gilbert, who has been convicted of the murder of little Alice Sterling in Boston, is also a native of Musquodoboit, hailing from the section known as Meagher's Grant.

Crimes, like troubles, sometimes come not in single file but in battalions. But the untoward and exceptional events which have marked the past few months will not long tarnish the good name of so respectable a community as this portion of eastern Halifax.

MEN WHO ARE LOST.

A Few of the Many Instances of People Who Have Disappeared.

The province seems to have more than its quota of well known men who have mysteriously disappeared leaving no trace behind them. The story of Herbert W. Moore is told elsewhere, but to enumerate all who have strangely disappeared in the last twenty years would make a record as remarkable for its length as for its mystery of the individual cases. St. John has had its full share of these, and next in order comes the county of Westmorland, the latest case in the latter being that of Edward Cogswell, the story of whose disappearance was fully told in PROGRESS last week.

Nothing more has been heard of Mr. Cogswell, but there seems little doubt that the case is simple and sad enough. He is no longer alive and the story is plain enough to hazard the conjecture that he took his own life while mentally deranged. Them who had seen him for weeks before his disappearance had noticed a change in him, and indeed he had never been wholly himself after having had an attack of the grip. Add to this the undoubted fact that his business affairs were in a bad condition, and the great question as to his position as agent of the Crane estate, it will be readily seen how he was impelled to plunge into the waters of the river. It is doubtful if any further trace of him will be found, for the chances are very great that a body carried out into the Bay will never be recovered. It is an exceedingly sad case.

The case of Mayor Snow, of Moncton, is easily explained. From the very outset PROGRESS has steadily maintained that Snow was not the victim of foul play, but that he left the province alive and in his usual health. There was a great deal of wonder, at first, at the supposed absence of motive, but later information showed quite a sufficient motive in financial difficulties. It seems very likely that Snow, who was a high spirited man, undertook to seek a new country, retrieve his fortunes and repay all he owed. Whether he is still living is another matter, but that he left the province is hardly to be questioned.

It is not the purpose to even mention all the men who disappeared from St. John leaving their friends ignorant of their fate. More than a year ago, Robert Horn went fishing a short distance in the country, and not a trace of him, alive or dead, has since been found, save that weeks afterwards his dog came back in a half-starved condition. Horn may have left the country, and many think he did. It may be that he perished in the woods. No one can tell.

In addition to Moore, the North End has had a number of well known men vanish from sight. One of these, six or seven years ago, was Patrick McManus, a constable, who left his home one night six or seven years ago, and never returned. There was no reason why he should run away, and few people think he did. The general supposition is that he met with foul play at the hands of toughs around the wharves at Indiantown.

Were Afraid of the Risk.

The Bank of Emergency was robbed the other day, and the thieves carried off a cash box, which they doubtless supposed contained cash or valuable collateral. Not having a key, they cut a hole in the bottom of the box, and found the contents to be chiefly notes of hand given by some men about town who occasionally have recourse to Uncle Wells when in financial straits. These appear to have given the thieves a pretty bad scare, for they dropped the box on the ground at Long Wharf and fled. They were willing to take chances in committing a robbery, but the risk of holding some of the promissory notes was entirely too much for them to stand. They will try for something easier the next time they go a hunting.

Unought Compliments.

Mr. Scott, the editor of the Sun, has been in Ottawa several weeks, but the paper has appeared every day, just the same without him. "The worst of it is," says Scott, "that a number of people, who do not know I have been away, stop me to compliment me on the fact that the paper has been improving for the last month and that I am doing better work than I ever did."