

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1896.

**BAD PROVINCE PEOPLE.**

**THEY GIVE BOSTONIANS A POOR IMPRESSION OF US.**

No Less Than Three Murders in Which Down Easters Have Been Mixed up During the Past Year—Personal Mention of Men who Have Friends in St. John.

BOSTON, Mar. 16.—The acquittal of Mrs. Quinlan, held on a charge of murder, brings to mind the fact that she is a provincialist. She comes from Prince Edward Island as did also her sister, Sophia Grant, with whose murder she was charged.

Mrs. Quinlan's acquittal by the grand jury, after all the efforts made by the police to make out a case against her, has been the source of a good deal of satisfaction to many people who disapprove of the methods used to force confessions from people held on serious charges. But whether guilty or not the investigations made after the murder show that the Quinlan family relations were not what would be expected in any respectable community.

This has only been one of the criminal cases which have brought the provinces prominently before the people of Boston within the past year. As a matter of fact, the principal in one of the most revolting crimes that has been committed here for a good many years was a provincialist, and just before going to the scaffold this murderer—Angus Gilbert—added to the unenviable name he made for himself, by making an alleged confession which is known by all who know anything about the case to be untrue.

Newspaper readers in the provinces are familiar with Gilbert's crime—familiar with all the revolting details of the murder of little Alice Sterling of Dorchester, and nothing has ever aroused Boston more than this crime.

Gilbert was a Nova Scotian. The Alberta Stewart murder case was another in which the parties interested were from the same province. Alberta disappeared from home one day last summer. She left her sister's house in the West End to post a letter and was never seen afterward until her dead body was found a week later in the Charles river. The evidence of the medical examiner showed that she had been murdered.

This little girl had come from Nova Scotia a few years before, and her sister kept a lodging house. The evidence secured by the police in this case showed that the girl had been cruelly treated by her sister and it was thought at the time that she might know more about the murder than she cared to tell.

At the present time there is a young man whose home is in St. John, where his people are well known and respected, is awaiting trial on a serious charge, and if he is found guilty he will probably go to state prison.

All of which goes to show that the provinces have been shown up in a very unfavorable light during the past year. The three murder cases have been about the most important the police have had to deal with during that time.

When provincialists come before the public in this manner it leaves a lasting impression, one which will take a long time to wear off, for the publicity given such cases is always much greater than would be accorded to heroic deeds if done by the same people. Those who have never been to the provinces, who know nothing of the social life of the people there, cannot fail to get impressions which are far from being correct.

A few more cases of the kind might place Canada on a footing with Italy as represented by the Italians in the north end of Boston who are continually cutting up and shooting each other on the slightest provocation. Although all this is done by people of the lower class, Italians everywhere have to stand the brunt of it, and now when anything of the kind occurs and the reporters or police go down to the north end to investigate, a score or more of good living Italians will tumble over each other in their efforts to explain that the bad men came from such and such a place, and that it is not fair to judge everybody who comes from Italy by the standard they set up.

While at Lowell the other day I met Loran Foss, who is still in charge of the dye department of the Massachusetts mills there. He made many friends during the years he lived in St. John and always likes to hear from them. "L." has married and settled down since going to Lowell, but like everybody else he comes to Boston once in a while.

Provincialists who come to Boston usually take in Keith's new theatre as one of the sights—for it is indeed one of the finest theatres in this country—and those especially who come from Halifax usually recognize the gentleman who has a snug little office near the entrance to the auditorium. Since M. J. Keating has been press agent of Keith's he has given up newspaper work and has ended his connection with the transportation companies, but he is of course seen around the press club and the newspaper offices.

Walter L. Sawyer, who has now been with the Youth's Companion about three years, has again gone a step higher, and has left the "reading department" to take a more responsible editorial position.

W. N. Kitchie of the Post, and who conducted a paper called The Jury, in St. John some years ago, is understood to be one of the artists on a paper of the same name now published in Boston.

R. J. Gilbert, after spending some time in Worcester on the Telegram, has returned to Boston and is now reporting for the Post. He had a long interview with a snake charmer in this Sunday's issue. He saw the snakes, too.

Barney McBeth met a good many St. John people at the recent bicycle show, where he represented Chandler & Farous, the Federal street, Machinist Supply concern.

R. G. LARSEN.

**GOOD FRENCH TRAITS.**

One of Them Is That Children are Taught to Respect Their Parents.

Respect and love for parents is so ingrained in French character as to become a matter of remark by those who have been privileged to enter into the family life of French people. This trait, which American children, alas, so often lack, is brought out very clearly when we catch glimpses of the private life of some of France's greatest sons. Sid a traveler, recently, who has spent several years in Paris:

"President Carnot, who was certainly a busy and a much-worried man, devoted every Sunday to the aged Madame Carnot, mere. Her other son, a very hard-worked professor of the Ecole des Mines, consecrated to her his mid-week half holiday. She went once a week to dine or breakfast at the Elysee, and more often to dine at the Ecole des Mines. Thus, between the two sons she had always companionship. General Boulanger, when war minister kept up the old habit of giving his Sundays to his mother, who was then near 80 and slightly demented. She lived some distance from Paris; but let the weather be what it would he was always at her place by the forenoon, and stayed on through the evening to play an after-dinner game of loto and to say good-night to her when she was in bed. This was done simply as a matter of duty, and without any idea of self-advertisement. Most Frenchmen in Boulanger's place would have done as much. The uncles of the Pretender were pattern sons to Marie Amelie. When she was Queen of the French they so managed that at least two of them should be always near her. Every day they used to meet in her dressing room to chat and laugh with her; to bring her the news of the town, the theaters, the studios, and their different families. The absent sons wrote gossiping letters and diaries for her entertainment. They addressed her 'Carissima majeste,' as 'la plus adoree des Reines' and as 'l'incomparable maman.' When they married it made no difference. At Neuilly, the summer residence of Louis Philippe, there was a cottage in the grounds for each offshoot of the family. All met in the evening at the paternal chateau. After Louis Philippe's death his sons gathered closer round their mother. She became the head of the family. When she grew infirm the Duc de Nemours became her factotum and constant companion. The Duc de Montpensier, the settled in Spain and intriguing to win the Spanish crown, found time to pay long visits to England to be near his mother."

**BETWEEN YOU AND ME.**

The Harmony that Should Exist Between a Girl and Her Skirts.

Do you know the girl with the ragged petticoat—the petticoat which has little jags and streamers and tails of black facing gaily dangling from the hem, just behind her trotting tootsies? In the ruddy autumn she bought that petticoat, and gradually it has succumbed, as petticoats will, to friction, wear and tear of brushes damp streets and general constant usage. It seems so strange that the girl keeps on wearing it, apparently thinking that what she doesn't see no one else will. It's a horrid thing to repair, but it's still horrider, when she daintily lifts her natty tailor-made skirts over a snow bank, to look at. And you'd be amazed to notice how many girls give one the shock of seeing it. The other day I was outting with a woman and in crowding into a narrow seat of a carriage, the woman's Panquin skirt got badly twisted and huddled. It was of plain black, but it was bound with that new commodity the "Wakefield leather" binding and underneath it was a lovely petticoat of lace and ribbon, the daintiest dream of a skirt, hidden away like some charming unobtrusive thought of refinement and beauty. And because we are largely creatures of sight and sense in our worship, I bowed me before the woman with the delicate and dainty petticoats, and felt rampant enough to write this paragraph about the people whose tails are a bit raggy and worn.—Exchange.

Those trim ladies of England, long ago learnt to appreciate the "Wakefield leather" bindings and to its lasting and tidy qualities they attribute the graceful appearance of their well worn skirts. Any wholesale house in Canada, will show you the "Wakefield leather" skirt bindings, if you are up to the times ask to see them.

Michigan has 35,000,000,000 feet of pine standing.

**SOLD BY HIS OWN SLAVE.**

QUEER STORY OF THE OLD TIME DAYS DOWN SOUTH.

The Master Had a Young Bondman Who Had the Style of a Gentleman—How He Turned the Tables and Got Away to Liberty With Money in His Pocket.

The patriarchal idea was, as all the world remembers, at once the moral foundation and justification of the slavery system in the South under the old regime. But in none of the slave States was this idea carried into the practical every-day life of the people so fully and consistently as in Virginia. The condition of affairs, both moral and material, growing out of the situation thus created had already become critical when the civil war solved the problem.

Among the slave owners of eastern Virginia especially it was held to be a point of honor to protect and maintain their human chattels at whatever cost. The man who sold a slave, except under absolute compulsion or necessity, was disgraced. The present generation will never realize the heaviness of the burden thus imposed upon and accepted by the Virginia slave holder. The owners of estates which would have yielded a handsome revenue with, let us say, 100 slaves, found their substance consumed and their profits destroyed by the increase of a dependent population which their own principles and the moral sense of the community would not allow them to dispose of "down South."

It was this surplus of the negro population which made slaves so cheap in Virginia, and the business of the slave speculator so profitable. For when ruin overtook an old estate, then was the harvest time of the despised "nigger dealer." Slaves which would sell for \$400 or \$500 in Virginia readily brought \$1,000 or more in New Orleans, and hence the speculators were always on the alert for such opportunities, which were all too few to satisfy their trade. It was the custom in Virginia for the friends of an embarrassed man to purchase, so far as their means allowed, the best of his slaves, to save them from being "sold away."

One of the most successful negro speculators who operated on the Peninsula in the forties was a man named James Hubbard. He lived upon his own estate near Yorktown, and was accounted one of the wealthiest men in those parts. The nature of his business, however, debarred him and his family from all social intercourse with the better class of whites, and his whole energy was concentrated upon the accumulation of wealth, in which he was eminently successful. He left, at his death, a very considerable fortune for those days to each of his two sons, who were both gallant soldiers in the Confederate army, the eldest dying in one of the battles in the Wilderness.

About the year 1845 James Murder, a young man, last in the male line of the old colonial families, died suddenly, leaving his large estate completely involved. It was necessary to sell off everything to satisfy his creditors. Among his slaves was a body servant called "Mack," who was a remarkable character. Mack was nearly the same age as his deceased master. The two boys had been reared together, and the slave had been allowed to enjoy all the educational advantages of his master, as which, as was sometimes the case, he made by far the better use. He had lived for some years abroad with young Murder, and through constant and close association with good society in many countries had acquired an ease and grace of manner and fluency of speech which, combined with his handsome person, would have made him an ornament to any society. There was very little pure negro blood in his veins and he would have passed as a white man anywhere. Between Mack and his former master there had been an intimacy and affection which had well nigh obliterated the social gulf between them, and the faithful servant and friend of the unfortunate Murder was held in high esteem by all the latter's friends.

It was therefore determined that Mack should be saved from the hands of the speculator and find a purchaser among his master's friends. Accordingly, upon the first day of the year, which was the date established by custom for the sale and hire of negroes, a number of gentlemen attending at the Court House in Williamsburgh prepared to pay a long price for the accomplished young negro. James Hubbard was also there. He was familiar with Mack's history and talents. He knew, too, that the Williamsburgh people were determined to prevent Mack going to the New Orleans market. Therefore he swore an oath that he "would take that nigger if it cost him his fortune." For Hubbard had a two-fold grudge to gratify. Many a time before the Williamsburgh men had prevented him from securing a "bargain" on such occasions as this; and he was very bitter against them because of the social ostracism which his business had brought upon his family. So that in the end Mack was knocked down to

**AFTER THIRTY YEARS.**

On the second of April, 1866, Manchester, Robertson & Allison sent out their first circular to the citizens of St. John, announcing their intention of opening a First Class Dry Goods Store, and soliciting a share of the patronage of their many friends and the general public. The response to that circular was most hearty, and the generous support that has continued all through the past thirty years has enabled them to go on enlarging and improving their business premises until up to the present time, and they now claim to have the most extensive and convenient Dry Goods Establishment in Canada.

M., R. & A. desire to say here that all this has not been achieved entirely through their own efforts, and it gives them the greatest pleasure to acknowledge and return thanks to all those friends and customers, many of whom have continued to favor them with their valued support ever since they opened in the little store on Prince William Street; and they also beg to assure the citizens of St. John that, with the greatly improved facilities for transacting business and the extensive New Branch's they are thereby enabled to carry on, they never were in so good a position to cater to the wants of the public. It is from this standpoint that M., R. & A. ask for a continuance of past favors.

**ENLARGEMENT OF PREMISES.**

Opening of New Warerooms and Change in Location of Departments.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON have the pleasure of announcing to the public that the extensive building and alterations in connection with their Retail Department are completed, and request their numerous customers to take note of the following changes in the location of the departments here mentioned.

**THE CARPET DEPARTMENT**

Has been removed to their new premises, Germain Street, immediately opposite to the Country Market. On the ground floor of the building will be found the Floor Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Cork Carpets, Wool Carpets, Squares, Rugs, etc.

**ON THE SECOND FLOOR**

A large, well-lighted Show Room, 50x75 feet, has been fitted up specially for the sale of BRUSSELS, AXMINSTER, VELVET, WILTON and TAPESTRY CARPETS of all grades.

**THE HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS AND CURTAIN DEPARTMENT**

Will now be found in the New Extension which connects the Germain Street with the King Street premises. This room is eighty-five feet long, and has been specially arranged for displaying the large ranges of Upholstery Goods, Curtains, Blankets, Co-pines, and the various and Artistic Materials and Trimmings that add so materially to MAKE THE HOME BEAUTIFUL. THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Customers who desire to enter the establishment by the Germain Street Entrance can visit any of the Retail Departments by passing through the Oil Cloth Room and down the broad staircase to the Upholstery Department, which leads directly to the

**NEW CLOAK AND MANTLE DEPARTMENT.**

Which is located in the old Brussels Carpet Room. The Mantle Making Rooms are in immediate connection with the Cloak Department, which will no doubt be appreciated by our Lady Customers.

**THE SILK, VELVET AND FUR DEPARTMENT**

Will be found in the old location, but has been greatly enlarged by removal of Cloaks and Cloths to the adjoining room. Both the Silk and Cloak Departments, although in different rooms, are brought in immediate connection by the building of a spacious bridge passageway, and these, as well as all other of our Retail Departments, are now much easier of access than ever before, in consequence of the Germain Street entrance. The New Department opened last September for the sale of

**CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.**

Which was located on the second floor, has been one of the successes of our business, and we have already found it necessary to enlarge it. The Boys' Department still remains in the old position, but we have found it necessary to enlarge the department of

**CLOTHING FOR MEN.**

Which will in future be located in our old No. 1 Carpet Room, immediately adjoining the Boys' Clothing Department.

**EXTENT OF PREMISES IN 1866 COMPARED WITH 1896:**

1866.....One Store, 3 Floors, Size 9 by 60 Feet.	Total.....1,620 S. F.
1896.....Eight Buildings, 34 Floors, Size Various.	Total.....102,000 S. F.

This extensive business will be conducted in the future on the same principles that have made it so successful in the past.

**Manchester, Robertson & Allison.**

Hubbard for a price seldom paid for a slave in Virginia. A few days later Hubbard started south with his band of negroes, taking Mack with him as a body servant. Hubbard was a man of powerful physique and coarse manners. His hair and eyes were intensely black and his complexion so swarthy that he would have suffered by comparison with many of the human chattels he dealt in. On their arrival at New Orleans, Hubbard soon disposed of his negroes to good advantage, but retained Mack in his personal service, either because he could not find a buyer for him at the high figure he had paid, or because he had become vain at having so accomplished a valet. At any rate Mack was still in his possession after a couple of weeks in the Gulf metropolis. Mack had some money of his own, and as a matter of pride as well as business Hubbard dressed him like a gentleman. A great deal of liberty was allowed him, and he took advantage of it to perpetrate one of the most audacious and successful schemes in the annals of the ante-bellum days.

Keeping carefully out of his master's way, Mack frequented the various fashionable saloons and gambling houses of the city, where he easily passed as a Virginia planter and contrived to form a considerable acquaintance among the fast set of the day. While walking on the street one evening with one of these acquaintances his master passed by on the opposite side.

"See that boy over there?" said Mack, carelessly indicating Hubbard, "I brought him down here with me, but he got so devilish independent that I've got to sell him. Think he's as good as a white man, and talks back to me. He's got to go. Mighty smart boy, too. If you know any one who wants a good boy to look after accounts or run a place, he's a bargain. I'll sell him cheap if I can get rid of him without any fuss."

"What will you take for him?"

"Why, he ought to bring me fifteen hundred quick, but I'll take a thousand if it can be arranged quietly."

Mack was well aware that his New Orleans acquaintance wanted just such a "boy," and in less than twenty-four hours they had come to terms, and Hubbard was sold by his own slave. The papers were regularly made out and transferred and

the money paid over, Mack only stipulating that the buyer should take his property quietly, "because he didn't want any fuss." This sort of arrangement was, unhappily, all too common at that time and place to excite either comment or suspicion. So that Mack was enabled to gain a long start before the thunderbolt fell on Hubbard.

When Hubbard was seized of course there was trouble. He fought like a wildcat, but was finally overpowered and taken from the fashionable hotel where he was staying amid the jeers of his quondam friends. He then resorted to the law, and under the statute provided for such cases instituted a "freedom suit." His signature was indented and accepted at the bank which did his business, but the bankers refused to vouch for his person. It was therefore necessary to send to Williamsburgh for aid. Accordingly there well-known residents of that city, properly fortified with papers of identification from the authorities made the long trip to New Orleans at Hubbard's expense, and upon their positive identification he was released and restored to citizenship. The trial had cost him thousands of dollars and consumed a great deal of time, and meanwhile Mack, well supplied with funds by the sale of his master's body, was beyond pursuit. Large rewards were everywhere offered for his apprehension, and the best detective talent was employed absolutely without avail. He was never traced beyond the wharf where he took passage for the North, and is supposed to have gone straight to France, where he had lived during his former master's student days and where his antecedents would never be suspected, and an honorable career would be within his reach.

It may be imagined that Hubbard met with little sympathy on his return to Virginia, and it is said that he never made another trip to New Orleans, but soon gave up the business and died a few years later on his plantation.—N. Y. Paper.

**Altogether Too Suspicious.**

A very worthy visitor, recently deceased, of a charitable organization at the South End, related the following incident in his official experience: "You know, our conference is particular to see that the parties to whom it gives relief are worthy. I was assigned to visit the house of a woman who said that she had no husband, son, or other male support. After being in her tenement long enough to note that she was ap-

parently poor I noticed a man's hat on a table near the door at which I entered, began to doubt that she was bereft of all male comfort or support as she represented.

"Whose hat is that?" I asked.

"She looked surprised, and did not seem ready to answer. Then my suspicions of sinister visitations were aroused, and my imagination conjured up a male visitor to the widow, who must have passed into the adjoining apartment when he heard me coming up stairs, leaving his hat as an unthought-of witness.

"Madam," I said, with increased severity. "I cannot authorize relief sent to you if you are deceiving us in regard to male support, or if you have men coming here whose presence you are ashamed to acknowledge. Now, I ask you again whose hat is that?"

"Why, sir," she answered, with an expression of injury and surprise, "isn't that your own hat, that you left there as you came in the door?"

"It was my turn to be surprised, and seeing the manner in which I had got into an awkward predicament by over suspicion, I was obliged to back out of it as gracefully as I could by saying; 'Madam, the joke is on me. I will order the aid that you need from our conference.'"—Boston Globe.

**Why**

do we experience hard times at different seasons of the year? It is quite natural for each occupation to have a bright and dull season, and the latter is generally made harder to put through than necessary. When the bright season comes on everything has got to go and you never look ahead for the future. If you were to study economy at all seasons, how much better off you would be.

Patronize UNGAR at all seasons and in his line of Dyeing and Laundry work you will save money.

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